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INDIAN SCOUT WITH LOST TROOP HORSE.

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SOME AMERICAN RIDERS.

BY COLONEL THEODORE AYRAULT DODGE, U. S. A.

Second Paper.

PREVIOUS to our civil war the lack of knowledge abroad with regard to the United States was singular. We were ignored in the economy of nations, in the schools and society of the Old World, as of no importance. To most people America was as yet undiscovered. Only the most advanced thinkers had divined that we were working out the problem of the future. To see their countries become Americanized was the nightmare of rulers, as it is now the dream of the more intelligent of the peoples. The blot of slavery was still upon us, and we were numerically among the smaller nations. When, sent to a monastic school in Belgium at the age of ten, I was led into the Petite Cour and introduced by the Père Supérieur to the crowd of eagerly expectant boys, "Tenez, mes enfants, voilà votre nouveau camarade, le jeune Américain!" I well remember a fair-faced lad (he was son of a banished Polish noble), who went up to the father and plucked him by his skirt, with, "Mais, mon père, il est blanc comme nous." His keen disappointment at my not being black, for he had never seen a negro, he always rather laid up against me. And when later I attended the Friedrich-Werder'schen Gymnasium in Berlin, the only two ideas I could ever find that boys of my age had assimilated of the shreds and patches they had been taught about America were Niagara and slavery. How much did a Massachusetts lad who had left home in his first decade know about slavery, or how many, in those stage-coach days, had been to the Great Falls? "Ach, du bist kein Amerikaner," my playmates would exclaim, "wenn du Niagâra nicht gesehen hast!" imagining, no doubt, that this world-famed cataract was at every man's back door. And my never even having seen a slave stamped me still more an impostor.

This ignorance on the part of Europeans concerning us was, however, in no wise more curious, and was much less culpable, than our own ignorance of to-day respecting our South-American neighbors, despite even the Pan-Americans. How many of us can tell the form of government of half the South-American states, or their geographical features or limits, or their chief products, or their population or climate or capital cities, unless he is still in the grammar-school?

Our civil war wrought a change. We hewed ourselves into notice by doughty blows. Yet were the most conservative among the military autocrats of Europe unwilling, till toward the very end, to look upon us in any other light than as armed mobs, and even in the war of '66 they declined to profit by our experience. But by 1870 the Germans, with their keen instinct for war and more numerous ties with the States, had adopted many of the methods we had first devised, and to-day not only are our campaigns studied as samples (of good and bad alike, as all campaigns must be), but fair justice is done to our actual merit in the province of war, and to the exceptional ability of some American generals.

Among other ideas they have borrowed from the versatility of our cavalry arm. Cavalry which fought on foot had been sneered at for generations. It could not, said the *beaux sabreurs*, be even good mounted infantry. A cavalryman of this ilk must "ride like a hinfantry hadju-

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tant." He was of hybrid growth, neither flesh, fish, nor good red herring; and this though history, among other instances, shows us that Alexander's Companions dismounted and took intrenchments from which his phalanx had recoiled, while no body of five thousand cavalry ever held its own in pitched battle so long by virtue of repeated and vigorous charges, and with such heavy losses, as the Companions at the Hydaspes. We Americans were wiser; our cavalry was well suited to our needs, and when it became worthy the name was singularly effective on our peculiar *terrain*. Our Western cavalry is now the pattern of the cavalry of the future. Even Prussia is about to abolish its cuirassiers, whose uniform Bismarck has so long honored, and cavalry will soon become largely irregular, if a regular dragoon who mostly skirmishes on foot and rarely charges in the saddle may be so dubbed.

Our frontier cavalryman is the *beau idéal* of an irregular. The irregular horseman of all ages was recruited from among roving, unintelligent classes, and had, except in his own peculiar province, as plentiful a lack of good as he had a superabundance of bad qualities. Our trooper is intelligent, and trained in the hardest of schools. Few civilians, who find it so easy to criticise the operations of the army in the West, would make much of a success in hunting a band of a few hundred Indians in a pathless wilderness or a waterless desert bigger than New York and New England combined. And yet, thus handicapped, what splendid work our cavalry has done! While one civil department of the government has for years been busy sowing the seeds of strife and furnishing the red man arms of precision, the best of cartridges and plenty of them, how ably our handful of bluecoats, under orders of another, have managed to quell the Indian uprisings! A force of fifty thousand men constantly on foot would have been none too great to do justice to our Indian problem since the war; the actual force has been less than a third of this number. Let whoso is tempted to criticise the army make himself familiar with some of the deeds of heroism of the past twenty years by our soldiers on the Plains. Criticism blenches before their recital. But the soldier is no boaster. You must seek his story from other lips than his.

When in the field, the cavalryman is allowed some latitude in suiting his dress to his own ideas of comfort, while kept within certain regulation bounds. It is thus our artist has represented him. He is apt to wear a soft hat—there is no better campaigning hat than the slouch, as thousands of old soldiers can testify—and boots *ad lib.;* his uniform is patterned on his own individuality after a few days' march. His enormous saddle-bags are much better filled at the start than at the finish, and a couple of canteens and the indispensable tin cup are slung at the cantle. His sabre he considers less useful than a revolver, and in a charge it is a question whether the latter be not by far the preferable weapon. Against Indians it certainly is so, for while your Indian is occasionally heroic beyond what the white man ever dreams, as a rule he is cowardly beyond belief, and you can rarely reach him with the naked blade. Cornered or frenzied by superstition or passion or tribal pride, his constancy is marvellous; in open fight he will often shirk danger like the veriest poltroon.

No experience the trooper could possibly have could be a better training than Indian warfare, and at the end of his enlistment the intelligent cavalryman has perhaps no equal as a light dragoon. He labors under some serious disadvantages. His horse is an American, *i. e.*, one which comes from the States, and is in no wise allied to the bronco. This horse is larger and stronger, but less hardy, needs to be acclimated, and never can acquire the old hard stomach of the Plains pony. Used to grain, he more speedily breaks down under lack of forage, and he is vastly overweighted. The cavalry pack is very heavy for pursuit of a foe who has nothing but his own precious carcass to transport, and never spares his ponies, as the soldier must his horse. It has been suggested that the California horse be tried, and in the Southwest this has been done, but without such results as to satisfy all authorities. The California horse is small—fourteen and a half to fifteen hands—weighs under nine hundred pounds, and cannot well carry a heavy trooper and pack whose weight overruns two hundred and twenty pounds. But given light men of not exceeding a hundred and forty pounds, recruited in the Southwest, given a pack reduced to the lowest limits, this horse would be of greatest utility. He is acclimated,

UNITED STATES CAVALRYMAN.

has the much-enduring stomach of the old stock, is more active, and does not so soon get used up.

Considering all the circumstances—that the cavalry recruit is often a city-bred lad, who knows practically nothing about a horse, and has to be taught it all; that he is employed too much on duties which unfit him for his work; that he as well as his horse has to be acclimated; and that the whole business which is new to him is an old story to the Indian—it is astonishing how well he does. His performances reflect unlimited credit upon his superiors.

Our cavalry seat in its best form is perhaps as good as can be. For long marches the saddle is comfortable, and the leathers are of about the proper length for the work. It is neither the one extreme nor the other. You see some cavalrymen with stirrups altogether too long; but the well-trained United States trooper has as good a seat as any rider can have. With some commands it is usual to girth a horse far back, so as to get the saddle well away from the withers, much as they do in most foreign armies, and thus save the weight from bearing too much on the fore quarters; but the usefulness of the habit is still an open question.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating. The skill of the soldier is measured by his performance. It is no doubt natural that we Americans should be a nation of army haters, but it is pity that for the scruple of thanks our little regular army ever gets there should be so many ounces of grumbling. Uncle Sam has no public servants who work so faithfully and endure such hardships and danger. Why should we sixty-five million Americans still harbor an inherited rancor against thirty thousand of our own countrymen because they professionally wear a uniform? The volunteers were always the pets of the nation; the regulars came in for more than their share of abuse. And yet what generals won our battles? What troops stood such decimation? That a volunteer deserves a certain credit beyond a regular for equal service no one will be found to dispute; but let us not forget the one in the services of the other.

What has this to do with horsemanship, say you? True; but let us quote some isolated facts, quite apart from the civil war, to show that our cavalrymen on Indian service have stout hearts under their army blue as well as stout seats in the saddle, and earn credit for them both. Mention need not be made of the risk every scouting party or detachment runs of perishing in an Indian ambush, like Custer or Forsyth; nor of frightful marches of many days with the thermometer at forty degrees below zero, like the command of Henry. Let us look at some good distance riding, for it is in this that our men excel. General Merritt in 1879 rode with a battalion of the Fifth Cavalry to the relief of Payne, and covered one hundred and seventy miles from 11 A.M., October 2d, to 5.30 P.M., October 5th—two days and six hours—accompanied by a battalion of infantry in wagons, which much retarded the march. He arrived on the scene in good order and ready for a fight. Single couriers had ridden in over the same distance from Thornburg's command during the previous two or three days in less than twenty-four hours. Captain F. S. Dodge marched his command on the same occasion eighty miles in sixteen hours. Lieutenant Wood, of the Fourth Cavalry, marched his troop seventy miles in twelve hours—6 A.M. to 6 P.M—and came in fresh; and double that distance has been made from 10 A.M. till 5 P.M. next day. In 1870 four men of Company H, First Cavalry, bore despatches from Fort Harney to Fort Warner, one hundred and forty miles, over a bad road—twenty of it sand—with little and bad water, in twenty-two hours, eighteen and a half of which actual marching time. The horses were in such good condition at the end of the ride that after one day's rest the men started back, and made the home trip at the rate of sixty miles a day. In 1880, Lieutenant Robertson, First Cavalry, rode from Fort Lapwai to Fort Walla Walla, one hundred and two miles, over the snow, deep in places, in twenty-three and a half hours; and starting next morning, rode back in two days. These are but a few out of scores of equal performances. The keen appreciation of pace and of the ability of the animals ridden in such feats is marked. Men who can do work like this and come in fresh must be consummate horsemen.

In constant association with the cavalryman comes that most faithful servant—the only good Indian except a dead one—the Indian scout. There are two hundred and seventy-five of these men enlisted in the army, and many more have been temporarily in service. The enlist-

ed ones receive the pay and allowances of the cavalry soldier. They come of all tribes. The Indian scout finds his own ponies, but has issued to him a government saddle and equipments, and barring spurs, for which he substitutes the invariable quirt, delights in Uncle Sam's uniform, as—more's the pity!—every soldier does not. Why is the profession which, honorably filled, is the noblest of all professions, if courage, endurance, and all the manly qualities in their highest expression can ennoble a profession, looked on askance by all Americans? It is a fact which we should be heartily ashamed of that the United States uniform, which has covered the breasts of so many heroes, is to-day a badge of ostracism. It is this more than any other one fact which lies at the root of the numerous desertions from the army.

Since the aborigines have been kept on the reservations the Indian scout has ridden an imitation of the cavalry seat, and has broken himself of kicking his pony's ribs at every stride. The Indian is vain and imitative, and these two qualities make him a servant of the republic equally tractable and reliable. We are indebted to him for much of the best service, and in his ranks have been numbered many men whose names are household words.

CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE.

All except jealously conservative Canadians will acknowledge that there are many things which the Dominion might learn to advantage from the States; and there are incontestably others in which the Dominion might give us points. Among these is its management of the Indian, which has always been in marked contrast to our own. Among other instruments of its Indian Department is a regiment of cavalry known as the Canadian Mounted Police. This is an uncommonly fine body of men, numbering on its roster many of the better classes. They have the usual military organization, but are distributed in small troops all over Canada. Their duties are chiefly to suppress the whiskey trade for fire-water is still the greatest of the red man's foes keep the Indians in subjection, and aid the sheriffs of the various counties. These men ride a bred-up bronco. Their saddle is what is known as the Montana tree,

and for this style of saddle they ride with rather too short a stirrup to suit our notions. Their seat is akin to the English military seat. On a trot they pound, as with such short stirrups they cannot well avoid doing. The seat of the United States soldier is apparently contrasted to theirs, and each method not only has its advocates, but produces in many individuals the best of horsemanship. The seat of this rider gives him a purchase with the thigh, the inside of the knee, and when he closes his legs, as he must in the ranks, with the upper part of the calf. It is in accordance with the old saw of "'ands and 'eels low, 'ead and 'eart 'igh," under which so many splendid horsemen have grown up—except that his bridle hand is raised by the blanket roll or carbine.

But the world seems to be sliding into other notions. The English cross-country rider of to-day has his foot no more than level when at rest, and keeps his toe well down when in motion. This has partly come about from the trick of holding the stirrup in place when leaping, and partly from the fact that the Briton, even after hounds, does not ride with leathers as short as years ago. We used to hear, particularly during our war, many an Old-Countryman ridicule the American cavalry seat, because our men hang their toes when in the saddle, rather than depress their heels as her Majesty's troopers do. But the variation between the two soldiers is not great. Their seat is otherwise nearly alike. Make a composite photograph of five hundred American, and another of five hundred British troopers, and it will be found that the three lines which establish the seat, the backbone, the thigh-bone, and the shank-bone, will lie with small variation upon each other. The low-carried toe merely gives the appearance of a straighter leg. There is practically the same seat. One advantage of "heels down" is that it lends a bit more gripping power to the upper muscle of the calf; but to gain the ankle play which is essential to comfortable riding with long stirrups, the foot should be level, so as to yield as much up as down motion. Neither extreme is beneficial. Though an advocate of the old-fashioned seat, many wonderful riders with toes pendent have taught me that this style has its advantages. It approaches nearer the bareback seat than the other, and by far the greater number of civilized equestrians ride with toe rather than heel depressed.

The Canadian Mounted Police is one of the most efficient organizations which exist; and it accomplishes its purpose because it is not interfered with. Its work tells and is appreciated, as the much harder and more dangerous duties of our cavalry are not.

PETER IBBETSON.*

BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Part First.

INTRODUCTION.

THE writer of this singular autobiography was my cousin, who died at the —— Criminal Lunatic Asylum, of which he had been an inmate three years.

He had been removed thither after a sudden and violent attack of homicidal mania (which fortunately led to no serious consequences) from —— Jail, where he had spent twenty-five years, having been condemned to penal servitude for life, for the murder of —— ——, his relative.

He had been originally sentenced to death.

It was at —— Lunatic Asylum that he wrote these memoirs, and I received the MS. soon after his decease, with the most touching letter, appealing to our early friendship, and appointing me his literary executrix.

It was his wish that the story of his life should be published just as he had written it.

I have found it unadvisable to do this. It would revive, to no useful purpose, an old scandal, long buried and forgotten, and thereby give pain or annoyance to people who are still alive.

Nor does his memory require rehabilitation among those who knew him, or knew anything of him—the only people

* *The right of translation is reserved.*

really concerned. His dreadful deed has long been condoned by all (and they are many) who knew the provocation he had received and the character of the man who had provoked him.

On mature consideration, and with advice, I resolved (in order that his dying wishes should not be frustrated altogether) to publish the memoir with certain alterations and emendations.

I have nearly everywhere changed the names of people and places; suppressed certain details, and omitted some passages of his life (most of the story of his school-days, for instance, and that of his brief career as a private in the Horse Guards) lest they should too easily lead to the identification and annoyance of people still alive, for he is strongly personal at times, and perhaps not always just; and some other events I have carefully paraphrased (notably his trial at the Old Bailey), and given for them as careful an equivalent as I could manage without too great a loss of verisimilitude.

I may as well state at once that, allowing for these alterations, every incident of his *natural* life as described by himself is absolutely true, to the minutest detail, as I have been able to ascertain.

For the early part of it—the life at Passy he describes with such affection—I can vouch personally; I am the Cousin "Madge" to whom he once or twice refers.

I well remember the genial abode where he lived with his parents (my dear uncle and aunt); and the lovely "Madame Seraskier," and her husband and daughter, and their house, "Parva sed Apta," and "Major Duquesnois," and the rest.

And although I have never seen him since he was twelve years old, when his parents died, and he went to London (as most of my life has been spent abroad), I received occasional letters from him.

I have also been able to obtain much information about him from others, especially from a relative of the late "Mr. and Mrs. Lintot," who knew him well, and from several officers in his regiment who remembered him; also from the "Vicar's daughter," whom he met at "Lady Cray's," and who perfectly recollects the conversation she had with him at dinner, his sudden indisposition, and his long interview with the "Duchess of Towers," under the ash-tree next morning; she was one of the croquet players.

He was the most beautiful boy I ever saw, and so charming, lively, and amiable that everybody was fond of him. He had a horror of cruelty, especially to animals (quite singular in a boy of his age), and was very truthful and brave.

According to all accounts (and from a photograph in my possession), he grew up to be as handsome as a man can well be, a personal gift which he seems to have held of no account whatever, though he thought so much of it in others. But he also became singularly shy and reserved in manner, over-diffident and self-distrustful; of a melancholy disposition, loving solitude, living much alone, and taking nobody into his confidence; and yet inspiring both affection and respect. For he seems to have always been thoroughly gentleman-like in speech, bearing, manner, and aspect.

It is possible, although he does not say so, that having first enlisted, and then entered upon a professional career under somewhat inauspicious conditions, he felt himself to have fallen away from the social rank (such as it was) that belonged to him by birth; and he may have found his associates uncongenial.

His old letters to me are charmingly open and effusive.

Of the lady whom (keeping her title and altering her name) I have called the "Duchess of Towers," I find it difficult to speak. That they only met twice, and in the way he describes, is a fact about which there can be no doubt.

It is also indubitable that he received in Newgate, on the morning after his sentence to death, an envelope containing violets, and the strange message he mentions; both letter and violets are in my possession, and the words are in her handwriting: about that there can be no mistake.

It is certain, moreover, that she separated from her husband almost immediately after my cousin's trial and condemnation, and lived in comparative retirement from the world, as it is certain that he went suddenly mad twenty-five years later, in —— Jail, a few hours after her tragic death, and before he could possibly have heard of it by the ordinary channels; and that he was sent to —— Asylum, where, after his frenzy had subsided, he remained for many days in a state of suicidal melancholia; until, to the surprise of all, he rose one morning in high spirits, and apparently cured of all serious symp-

toms of insanity: so he remained until his death. It was during the last year of his life that he wrote his autobiography, in French and English.

There is nothing to be surprised at, taking all the circumstances into consideration, that even so great a lady, the friend of queens and empresses, the bearer of a high title and an illustrious name, justly celebrated for her beauty and charm, of blameless repute, and one of the most popular women in English society, should yet have conceived a very warm regard for my poor cousin; indeed, it was an open secret in the family of "Lord Cray" that she had done so. But for them she would have taken the whole world into her confidence.

After her death she left him what money had come to her from her father, which he disposed of for charitable ends; and an immense quantity of MS. in cypher —a cypher which is evidently identical with that he used himself in the annotations he put under innumerable sketches he was allowed to make during his long period of confinement, which (through her interest, and no doubt through his own good conduct) was rendered as bearable to him as possible. These sketches (which are very extraordinary) and her Grace's MS. are now in my possession.

They constitute a mystery into which I have not dared to pry.

From papers belonging to both I have been able to establish beyond doubt the fact (so strangely discovered) of their descent from a common French ancestress, whose name I have but slightly modified, and the tradition of whom still lingers in the "Département de l'Ille-et-Vilaine," where she was a famous person a century ago; and her violin, a valuable Amati, now belongs to me.

Of the non-natural part of his story I will not say much.

It is, of course, a fact that he had been absolutely and, to all appearance, incurably insane before he wrote his life.

There seems to have been a difference of opinion, or rather a doubt, among the authorities of the asylum as to whether he was mad after the acute but very violent period of his brief attack had ended.

Whichever may have been the case, I am at least convinced of this: that he was no romancer, and thoroughly believed in the extraordinary mental experience he has revealed.

At the risk of being thought to share his madness—if he *was* mad—I will conclude by saying that I, for one, believe him to have been sane, and to have told the truth all through.

MADGE PLUNKET.

I AM but a poor scribe, ill-versed in the craft of wielding words and phrases, as the cultivated reader (if I should ever happen to have one) will no doubt very soon find out for himself.

I have been for many years an object of pity and contempt to all who ever gave me a thought—to all but *one!* Yet of all that ever lived on this earth I have been, perhaps, the happiest and most privileged, as that reader will discover if he perseveres to the end.

My outer and my inner life have been as the very poles—asunder; and if at the eleventh hour I have made up my mind to give my story to the world, it is not in order to rehabilitate myself in the eyes of my fellow-men, deeply as I value their good opinion; for I have always loved them and wished them well, and would fain express my good-will and win theirs, if that were possible.

It is because the regions where I have found my felicity are accessible to all; and that many, better trained and better gifted, will explore them to far better purpose than I, and to the greater glory and benefit of mankind, when once I have given them the clew. Before I can do

this, and in order to show how I came by this clew myself, I must tell, as well as I may, the tale of my checkered career—in telling which, moreover, I am obeying the last behest of one whose lightest wish was my law.

If I am more prolix than I need be, it must be set down to my want of experience in the art of literary composition—to a natural wish I have to show myself neither better nor worse than I believe myself to be; to the charm, the unspeakable charm, that personal reminiscences have for the person principally concerned, and which he cannot hope to impart, however keenly he may feel it, without gifts and advantages that have been denied to me.

And this leads me to apologize for the egotism of this Memoir, which is but an introduction to another and longer one that I hope to publish later. To write a story of paramount importance to mankind, it is true, but all about one's outer and one's inner self, to do this without seeming somewhat egotistical, requires something akin to genius—and I am but a poor scribe.

. . . . . .
. . . . . .

"Combien j'ai douce souvenance
Du joli lieu de mon enfance!"

These quaint lines have been running in my head at intervals through nearly all my outer life, like an oft-recurring burden in an endless ballad—sadly monotonous, alas! the ballad, which is mine; sweetly monotonous the burden, which is by Châteaubriand.

I sometimes think that to feel the full significance of this refrain one must have passed one's childhood in sunny France, where it was written, and the remainder of one's existence in mere London—or worse than mere London—as has been the case with me. If I had spent all my life from infancy upward in Bloomsbury, or Clerkenwell, or Whitechapel, my early days would be shorn of much of their retrospective glamour as I look back on them in these my after-years.

"Combien j'ai douce souvenance!"

It was on a beautiful June morning in a charming French garden, where the warm, sweet atmosphere was laden with the scent of lilac and syringa, and gay

"A STRANGE, HUGE, TOP-HEAVY VEHICLE."

with butterflies and dragon-flies and humblebees, that I began my conscious existence with the happiest day of all my outer life.

It is true that I had vague memories (with many a blank between) of a dingy house in the heart of London, in a long street of desolating straightness, that led to a dreary square and back again, and nowhere else for me; and then of a troubled and exciting journey that seemed of jumbled days and nights. I could recall the blue stage-coach with the four tall, thin, brown horses, so quiet and modest and well-behaved; the red-coated guard and his horn; the red-faced driver and his husky voice and many capes. Then the steamer with its glistening deck, so beautiful and white it seemed quite a desecration to walk upon it—this spotlessness did not last very long; and then two wooden piers with a light-house on each, and a quay, and blue-bloused workmen

and red-legged little soldiers with mustaches, and barelegged fisherwomen, all speaking a language that I knew as well as the other commoner language I had left behind; but which I had always looked upon as an exclusive possession of my father's and mother's and mine for the exchange of sweet confidence and the bewilderment of outsiders; and here were little boys and girls in the street, quite common children, who spoke it as well and better than I did myself.

After this came the dream of a strange, huge, top-heavy vehicle, that seemed like three yellow carriages stuck together, and a mountain of luggage at the top under an immense black tar-

LE P'TIT ANGLAIS.

paulin, which ended in a hood; and beneath the hood sat a blue-bloused man with a singular cap like a concertina, and mustaches, who cracked a loud whip over five squealing, fussy, pugnacious white and gray horses, with bells on their necks and bushy fox-tails on their foreheads, and their own tails carefully tucked up behind.

From the coupé where I sat with my father and mother I could watch them well as they led us through dusty roads with endless apple-trees or poplars on either side. Little barefooted urchins (whose papas and mammas wore wooden shoes and funny white nightcaps) ran after us for French half-pennies, which were larger than English ones. Up hill and down we went; over sounding wooden bridges, through roughly paved streets in pretty towns to large court-yards, where five other quarrelsome steeds, gray and white, were waiting to take the place of the old ones—worn out, but quarrelling still!

And through the night I could hear the gay music of the bells and hoofs, the rumbling of the wheels, the cracking of the eternal whip, as I fidgeted from one familiar lap to the other in search of sleep; and waking out of a doze I could see the glare of the red lamps on the five straining white and gray backs that dragged us so gallantly through the dark summer night.

Then it all became rather tiresome and intermittent and confused, till we reached at dusk next day a quay by a broad river; and as we drove along it, under thick trees, we met other red and blue and green lamped five-horsed diligences starting on their long journey just as ours was coming to an end.

Then I knew (because I was a well-educated little boy, and heard my father exclaim, "Here's Paris at last!") that we had entered the capital of France—a fact that impressed me very much—so much, it seems, that I went to sleep for thirty-six hours at a stretch, and woke up to find myself in the garden I have mentioned, and to retain possession of that self without break or solution of continuity (except when I went to sleep again) until now.

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The happiest day in all my outer life! For in an old shed full of tools and

lumber at the end of the garden, and equidistant between an empty fowl-house and a disused stable (each an Eden in itself), I found a small toy wheelbarrow—quite the most extraordinary, the most unheard-of and undreamed-of, humorously, daintily, exquisitely fascinating object I had ever come across in all my brief existence.

I spent hours—enchanted hours—in wheeling brick-bats from the stable to the fowl-house, and more enchanted hours in wheeling them all back again, while genial French workmen, who were busy in and out of the house where we were to live, stopped every now and then to ask good-natured questions of the "p'tit Anglais," and commend his knowledge of their tongue, and his remarkable skill in the management of a wheelbarrow. Well I remember wondering, with newly aroused self-consciousness, at the intensity, the poignancy, the extremity of my bliss, and looking forward with happy confidence to an endless succession of such hours in the future.

But next morning, though the weather was as fine, and the wheelbarrow and the brick-bats and the genial workmen were there, and all the scents and sights and sounds were the same, the first fine careless rapture was not to be caught again, and the glory and the freshness had departed.

Thus did I, on the very dawning of life, reach at a single tide the high-water mark of my earthly bliss—never to be reached again by me on this side of the ivory gate—and discover that to make the perfection of human happiness endure there must be something more than a sweet French garden, a small French wheelbarrow, and a nice little English boy who spoke French and had the love of approbation—a fourth dimension is required.

I found it in due time.

But if there were no more enchanted hours like the first, there were to be seven happy years that have the quality of enchantment as I look back on them.

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Oh, the beautiful garden! Roses, nasturtiums and convolvulus, wall-flowers, sweet-pease and carnations, marigolds and sunflowers, dahlias and pansies and hollyhocks and poppies and Heaven knows what besides! In my fond recollection they all bloom at once, irrespective of time and season.

To see and smell and pick all these for the first time at the susceptible age of five! To inherit such a kingdom after five years of Gower Street and Bedford Square! For all things are relative, and everything depends upon the point of view. To the owner of Chatsworth (and to his gardeners) my beautiful French garden would have seemed a small affair.

And what a world of insects—Chatsworth couldn't beat *these*—beautiful, interesting, comic, grotesque, and terrible; from the proud humblebee to the earwig and his cousin, the devil's coach-horse; and all those rampant, many-footed things that pullulate in damp and darkness under big flat stones. To think that I have been friends with all these—roses and centipedes and all—and then to think that most of my outer life has been spent between bare whitewashed walls, with never even a flea or a spider to be friends with again!

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Our house, an old yellow house with green shutters and Mansard-roofs of slate, stood between this garden and the street—a long winding street, roughly flagged, with oil lamps suspended across at long intervals; these lamps were let down with pulleys at dusk, replenished and lit, and then hauled up again, to make darkness visible for a few hours on nights when the moon was away.

Opposite to us was a boys' school—"Maison d'Éducation, Dirigée par M. Jules Saindou, Bachelier et Maître ès Lettres et ès Sciences," and author of a treatise on geology, with such hauntingly terrific pictures of antediluvian reptiles battling in the primeval slime that I have never been able to forget them. My father, who was fond of science, made me a present of it on my sixth birthday. It cost me many a nightmare.

From our windows we could see and hear the boys at play—at a proper distance French boys sound just like English ones, though they don't look so, on account of their blue blouses and dusky cropped heads—and we could see the gymnastic fixtures in the play-ground, M. Saindou's pride. "Le portique! la poutre!! le cheval!!! et les barres parallèles!!!!" Thus they were described in M. Saindou's prospectus.

On either side of the street (which was called "the Street of the Pump"), as far as eye could reach looking west, were dwelling-houses just like our own, only agreeably different; and garden walls overtopped with the foliage of horse-chestnut, sycamore, acacia, and lime; and here and there huge portals and iron gates defended by posts of stone gave ingress to mysterious abodes of brick and plaster and granite, many-shuttered, and embosomed in sun-shot greenery.

Looking east one could see in the near distance unsophisticated shops with old-fashioned windows of many panes—Liard, the grocer; Corbin, the poulterer; the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker.

And this delightful street, as it went on its winding way, led not to Bedford Square or the new University College Hospital, but to Paris through the Arc de Triomphe at one end and to the river Seine at the other; or else, turning to the right, to St. Cloud through the Bois de Boulogne of Louis Philippe Premier, Roi des Français—as different from the Paris and the Bois de Boulogne of to-day as a diligence from an express train.

On one side of the beautiful garden was another beautiful garden, separated from ours by a high wall covered with peach and pear and plum and apricot trees; on the other, accessible to us through a small door in another lower wall clothed with jasmine, clematis, convolvulus, and nasturtium, was a long straight avenue of almond-trees, acacia, laburnum, lilac, and may, so closely planted that the ivy-grown walls on either side could scarcely be seen. What lovely patches they made on the ground when the sun shone! One end of this abutted on "the Street of the Pump," from which it was fenced by tall, elaborately carved iron gates between stone portals, and at the side was a "porte bâtarde," guarded by le Père et la Mère François, the old concierge and his old wife. Peace to their ashes and Heaven rest their kindly, genial souls!

The other end of the avenue, where there was also an iron gate, admitted to a large private park that seemed to belong to nobody, and of which we were free—a very wilderness of delight, a heaven, a terror of tangled thickets and not too dangerous chalk cliffs, disused old quarries and dark caverns, prairies of lush grass, sedgy pools, turnip fields, forests of pine, groves and avenues of horse-chestnut, dank valleys of walnut-trees and hawthorn which summer made dark at noon; bare, wind-swept, mountainous regions whence one could reconnoitre afar; all sorts of wild and fearsome places for savages and wild beasts to hide and small boys to roam quite safely in quest of perilous adventure.

All this vast enclosure (full of strange singing, humming, whistling, buzzing, twittering, cooing, booming, croaking, flying, creeping, crawling, jumping, climbing, burrowing, splashing, diving things) had been neglected for ages—an Eden where one might gather and eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge without fear, and learn lovingly the ways of life without losing one's innocence; a forest that had remade for itself a new virginity, and become primeval once more; where beautiful Nature had reasserted her own sweet will, and massed and tangled everything together as though a Beauty had been sleeping there undisturbed for close on a hundred years, and was only waiting for the charming Prince—or, as it turned out a few years later, alas! the speculative builder and the railway engineer—those princes of our day.

My fond remembrance would tell me that this region was almost boundless, well as I remember its boundaries. My knowledge of physical geography, as applied to this particular suburb of Paris, bids me assign more modest limits to this earthly paradise, which again was separated by an easily surmounted fence from Louis Philippe's Bois de Boulogne; and to this I cannot find it in my heart to assign any limits whatever, except the pretty old town from which it takes its name, and whose principal street leads to that magical combination of river, bridge, palace, gardens, mountain, and forest, St. Cloud.

What more could be wanted for a small boy fresh (if such be freshness) from the very heart of Bloomsbury?

That not a single drop should be lacking to the full cup of that small boy's felicity, there was a pond on the way from Passy to St. Cloud, a memorable pond, called "La Mare d'Auteuil," the sole aquatic treasure that Louis Philippe's Bois de Boulogne could boast. For in those ingenuous days there existed no artificial lake fed by an artificial stream, no pré-Catelan, no Jardin d'Acclimatation. The wood was just a wood, and no-

LA MARE D'AUTEUIL.

thing more—a dense, wild wood, that covered many hundreds of acres, and sheltered many thousands of wild live things. Though mysteriously deep in the middle, this famous pond (which may have been centuries old, and still exists) was not large; you might almost fling a stone across it anywhere.

Bounded on three sides by the forest (now shorn away), it was just hidden from the dusty road by a fringe of trees; and one could have it all to one's self, except on Sunday and Thursday afternoons, when a few lovesick Parisians remembered its existence, and in its loveliness forgot their own.

To be there at all was to be happy; for not only was it quite the most secluded, picturesque, and beautiful pond in all the habitable globe—that pond of ponds, the *only* pond—but it teemed with a far greater number and variety of wonderful insects and reptiles than any other pond in the world. Such, at least, I believed must be the case, for they were endless.

To watch these creatures, to learn their ways, to catch them (which we sometimes did), to take them home and be kind to them, and try to tame them, and teach them *our* ways (with never-varying non-success, it is true, but in, oh, such jolly company!), became a hobby that lasted me, on and off, for seven years.

La Mare d'Auteuil! The very name has a magic, from all the associations that gathered round it during that time, to cling forever.

How I loved it! At night, snoozing in my warm bed, I would awesomely think of it, and how solemn it looked when I had reluctantly left it at dusk, an hour or two before; then I would picture it to myself, later, lying deep and cold and still under the stars, in the dark thicket, with all that weird, uncanny life seething beneath its stagnant surface.

Then gradually the water would sink, and the reeds, left naked, begin to move and rustle ominously, and from among their roots in the uncovered slush everything alive would make for the middle—hopping, gliding, writhing frantically....

Down shrank the water; and soon in the slimy bottom, yards below, huge fat salamanders, long-lost and forgotten tadpoles as large as rats, gigantic toads, enormous flat beetles, all kinds of hairy, scaly, spiny, blear-eyed, bulbous, shapeless monsters without name, mud-colored offspring of the mire who had been sleeping there for hundreds of years, woke up, and crawled in and out, and wallowed and interwriggled, and devoured each other, like the great saurians and batrachians in my *Manuel de Géologie Élémentaire*. Édi

"PRÉSENTEZ . . . . . ARRRMES!"

tion illustrée à l'usage des enfants. Par Jules Saindou, Bachelier et Maître ès Lettres et ès Sciences.

Then would I wake up with a start, in a cold perspiration, an icy chill shooting through me that roughed my skin and stirred the roots of my hair, and ardently wish for to-morrow morning.

In after-years, and far away among the cold fogs of Clerkenwell, when the frequent longing would come over me to revisit "the pretty place of my childhood," it was for the Mare d'Auteuil I longed the most; *that* was the loadstar, the very pole of my homesick desires; always thither the wings of my hopeless fancy bore me first of all; it was, oh! to tread that grassy brink once more, and to watch the merry tadpoles swarm, and the green frog take its header like a little man, and the water-rat swim to his hole among the roots of the willow, and the horse-leech thread his undulating way between the water-lily stems; and to dream fondly of the delightful, irrevocable past, on the very spot of all where I and mine were always happiest!

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In the avenue I have mentioned (*the* avenue, as it is still to me, and as I will always call it) there was on the right hand, half the way up, a "maison de santé," or boarding-house, kept by one Madame Pelé; and there among others came to board and lodge, a short while after our advent, four or five gentlemen who had tried to invade France, with a certain grim Pretender at their head, and a tame eagle as a symbol of empire to rally round.

The expedition had failed; the Pretender had been consigned to a fortress; the eagle had found a home in the public slaughter-house of Boulogne-sur-Mer, which it adorned for many years, and where it fed as it had never probably fed before; and these, the faithful followers, le Colonel Voisil, le Major Duquesnois, le Capitaine Audenis, le Docteur Lombal (and one or two others whose names I have forgotten), were prisoners on parole at Madame Pelé's, and did not seem to find their durance very vile.

I grew to know and love them all, especially the Major Duquesnois, an almost literal translation into French of Colonel Newcome. He took to me at once, in spite of my Englishness, and drilled me, and taught me the exercise as it was performed in the Vieille Garde; and told me a new fairy tale, I verily believe, every afternoon for seven years. Scheherezade could do no more for a Sultan, and to save her own neck from the bowstring!

Cher et bien aimé "Vieux de la Vieille!" with his big iron-gray mustache, his black satin stock, his spotless linen, his long green frock-coat so baggy about the skirts, and the red ribbon in his button-hole! He little foresaw with what warm and affectionate regard his memory would be

kept forever sweet and green in the heart of his hereditary foe and small English tyrant and companion!

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Opposite Madame Pelé's, and the only other dwelling besides hers and ours in the avenue, was a charming little white villa with a Grecian portico, on which were inscribed in letters of gold the words "Parva sed Apta"; but it was not tenanted till two or three years after our arrival.

In the genial French fashion of those times we soon got on terms of intimacy with these and other neighbors, and saw much of each other at all times of the day.

My tall and beautiful young mother (la belle Madame Pasquier, as she was gallantly called) was an English woman who had been born and partly brought up in Paris.

My gay and jovial father (le beau Pasquier, for he was also tall and comely to the eye) was a Frenchman, although an English subject, who had been born and partly brought up in London; for he was the child of émigrés from France during the Reign of Terror.

He was gifted with a magnificent, a phenomenal voice—a baritone and tenor rolled into one; a marvel of richness, sweetness, flexibility, and power—and had intended to sing at the opera; indeed, he had studied for three years at the Paris Conservatoire to that end; and there he had carried all before him, and given rise to the highest hopes. But his family, who were Catholics of the blackest and Legitimists of the whitest dye—and as poor as church rats—had objected to such a godless and derogatory career; so the world lost a great singer, and the great singer a mine of wealth and fame.

However, he had just enough to live upon, and had married a wife (a heretic!) who had just about as much, or as little; and he spent his time, and both his money and hers, in scientific inventions—to little purpose, for well as he had learned how to sing, he had not been to any conservatoire where they teach one how to invent.

So that, as he waited "for his ship to come home," he sang only to amuse his wife, as they say the nightingale does; and to ease himself of superfluous energy, and to charm the servants, and le Père et la Mère François, and the five followers of Napoleon, and all and everybody who cared to listen, and last and least (and most!), myself.

For this great neglected gift of his, on which he set so little store, was already to me the most beautiful and mysterious thing in the world; and next to this, my mother's sweet playing on the harp and piano, for she was an admirable musician.

It was her custom to play at night, leaving the door of my bedroom ajar, and also the drawing-room door, so that I could hear her till I fell asleep.

Sometimes, when my father was at home, the spirit would move him to hum or sing the airs she played, as he paced up and down the room on the track of a new invention.

"When in death I shall calm recline,
Oh take my heart to my mistress dear!
Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine
Of the brightest hue while it lingered here!"

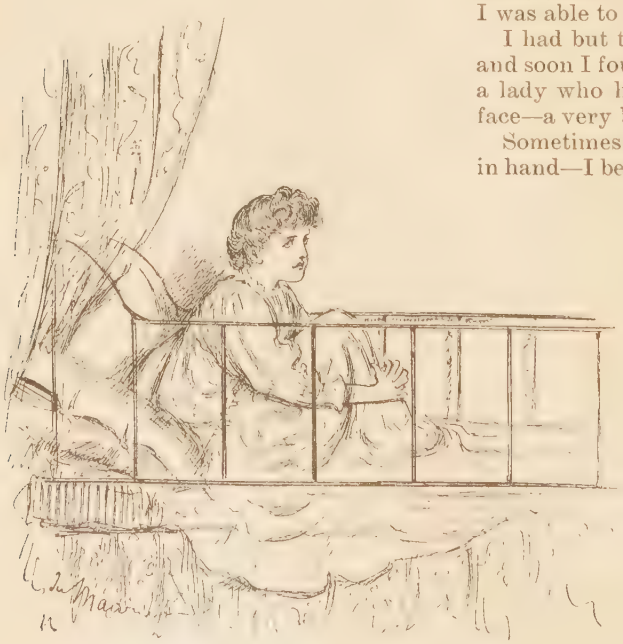
And though he sang and hummed "pian-piano," the sweet, searching, manly tones seemed to fill all space.

The hushed house became a sounding-board, the harp a mere subservient tinkle,

and my small, excitable frame would thrill and vibrate under the waves of my unconscious father's voice; and oh, the charming airs he sang!

His stock was inexhaustible, and so was hers; and thus an endless succession of lovely melodies went ringing through that happy period.

And just as when a man is drowning, or falling from a height, his whole past life is said to be mapped out before his mental vision as in a single flash, so seven years of sweet, priceless home love—seven times four changing seasons of simple, genial, præ-imperial Frenchness; an ideal house, with all its pretty furniture, and shape, and color; a garden full of trees and flowers; a large park, and all the wild live things therein; a town and its inhabitants; a mile or two of historic river; a wood big enough to reach from the Arc de Triomphe to St. Cloud (and in it the pond of ponds); and every wind and weather that the changing seasons can bring—all lies embedded and embalmed for me in every single bar of at least a hundred different tunes, to be evoked at will for the small trouble and cost of just whistling or humming the same, or even playing it with one finger on the piano—when I had a piano within reach.



"OH, NIGHTINGALE!"

Enough to last me for a lifetime—with proper economy, of course—it will not do to exhaust, by too frequent experiment, the strange capacity of a melodic bar for preserving the essence of by-gone things, and days that are no more.

Oh, Nightingale! whether thou singest thyself, or, better still, if thy voice be not in thy throat, but in thy fiery heart and subtle brain, and thou makest songs for the singing of many others, blessed be thy name! The very sound of it is sweet in every clime and tongue: Nightingale, Rossignol, Usignuolo, Bulbul! Even Nachtigall does not sound amiss in the mouth of a fair English girl who has had a Hanoverian for a governess. And indeed it is in the Nachtigall's country that the best music is made.

And oh, Nightingale! never, never grudge thy song to those who love it—nor waste it upon those who don't....

Thus serenaded, I would close my eyes, and lapped in darkness and warmth and heavenly sound, be lulled asleep—perchance to dream!

For my early childhood was often haunted by a dream, which at first I took for a reality—a transcendent dream of some interest and importance to mankind, as the patient reader will admit in time. But many years of my life passed away before I was able to explain and account for it.

I had but to turn my face to the wall, and soon I found myself in company with a lady who had white hair and a young face—a very beautiful young face.

Sometimes I walked with her, hand in hand—I being quite a small child—and together we fed innumerable pigeons who lived in a tower by a winding stream that ended in a water-mill. It was too lovely, and I would wake.

Sometimes we went into a dark place, where there was a fiery furnace with many holes, and many people working and moving about—among them a man with white hair and a young face, like the lady, and beautiful red heels to his shoes. And under his guidance I would contrive to make in the furnace a charming little

cocked hat of colored glass—a treasure! And the sheer joy thereof would wake me.

Sometimes the white-haired lady and I would sit together at a square box from which she made lovely music, and she would sing my favorite song—a song that I adored. But I always woke before this song came to an end, on account of the too insupportably intense bliss I felt on hearing it; and all I could remember when awake were the words "triste—comment sale."

The air, which I knew so well in my dream, I could not recall.

It seemed as though some innermost core of my being, some childish holy of holies, secreted a source of supersubtle reminiscence; which, under some stimulus that now and again became active during sleep, exhaled itself in this singular dream—shadowy and slight, but invariably accompanied by a sense of felicity so measureless and so penetrating that I would always wake in a mystic flutter of ecstasy, the bare remembrance of which was enough to bless and make happy many a succeeding hour.

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Besides this happy family of three, close by (in the Street of the Tower) lived my grandmother Mrs. Biddulph, and my Aunt Plunket, a widow, with her two sons Alfred and Charlie, and her daughter Madge. They also were fair to look at—extremely so—of the gold-haired, white skinned, well-grown Anglo-Saxon type, with frank, open, jolly manners and no beastly British pride.

So that physically, at least, we reflected much credit on the English name, which was not in good odor just then at Passy-lès-Paris, where Waterloo was unforgotten. In time, however, our nationality was condoned on account of our good looks—"non Angli sed angeli!" as M. Saindou was gallantly pleased to exclaim when he called (with a prospectus of his school) and found us all gathered together under the big apple-tree on our lawn.

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But English beauty in Passy was soon to receive a memorable addition to its ranks in the person of a certain Madame Seraskier, who came with an invalid little daughter to live in the house so modestly described in gold as "Parva sed Apta."

"SHE TOPPED MY TALL MOTHER."

She was the English, or rather the Irish, wife of a Hungarian patriot and man of science, Dr. Seraskier (son of the famous violinist); an extremely tall, thin man, almost gigantic, with a grave benevolent face, and a head like a prophet's; who was, like my father, very much away from his family—conspiring perhaps—or perhaps only inventing (like my father), and looking out "for his ship to come home!"

This fair lady's advent was a sensation—to me a sensation that never palled or wore itself away; it was no longer now "la belle Madame Pasquier," but "la divine Madame Seraskier"—beauty-blind as the French are apt to be.

She topped my tall mother by more than half a head; as was remarked by Madame Pelé, whose similes were all of the kitchen and dining-room, "elle lui mangerait des petits pâtés sur la tête!" And height, that lends dignity to ugliness, magnifies beauty on a scale of geometrical progression—2, 4, 8, 16, 32—for every consecutive inch, between five feet five, let us say, and five feet ten or eleven

(or thereabouts), which I take to have been Madame Seraskier's measurement.

She had black hair and blue eyes—of the kind that turns violet in a novel—and a beautiful white skin, lovely hands and feet, a perfect figure, and features chiselled and finished and polished and turned out with such singular felicitousness that one gazed and gazed till the heart was full of a strange jealous resentment at any one else having the right to gaze on something so rare, so divinely, so sacredly fair—any one in the world but one's self!

But a woman can be all this without being Madame Seraskier—she was much more.

For the warmth and genial kindness of her nature shone through her eyes and rang in her voice. All was of a piece with her: her simplicity, her grace, her naturalness and absence of vanity, her courtesy, her sympathy, her mirthfulness.

I don't know which was the most irresistible: she had a slight Irish accent when she spoke English, a less slight English accent when she spoke French!

I made it my business to acquire both.

Indeed, she was in heart and mind and body what we should *all* be but for the lack of a little public spirit and self-denial (under proper guidance) during the last few hundred years on the part of a few thousand millions of our improvident fellow-creatures.

There should be no available ugly frames for beautiful souls to be hurried into by carelessness or mistake, and no ugly souls should be suffered to creep, like hermit-crabs, into beautiful shells never intended for them. The outward and visible form should mark the inward and spiritual grace; that it seldom does so is a fact there is no gainsaying. Alas! such beauty is such an exception that its possessor, like a prince of the blood royal, is pampered and spoiled from the very cradle, and every good and generous and unselfish impulse is corroded by adulation—that spontaneous tribute so lightly won, so quickly paid, and accepted so royally as a due.

So that only when by Heaven's grace the very beautiful are also very good, is it time for us to go down on our knees, and say our prayers in thankfulness and adoration, for the divine has been permitted to make itself manifest for a while in the perishable likeness of our poor humanity.

A beautiful face! a beautiful tune! Earth holds nothing to beat these, and of such, for want of better materials, we have built for ourselves the kingdom of Heaven.

"Plus oblige, et peut davantage
Un beau visage
Qu'un homme armé—
Et rein n'est meilleur que d'entendre
Air doux et tendre
Jadis aimé!"

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My mother soon became the passionately devoted friend of the divine Madame Seraskier; and I, what would I not have done—what danger would I not have faced—what death would I not have died for her!

I did not die; I lived her protestant to be, for nearly fifty years. For nearly fifty years to recollect the rapture and the pain it was to look at her; that inexplicable longing ache, that dumb delicious complex innocent distress, for which none but the greatest poets have ever found expression; and which perhaps they have not felt half so acutely, these glib and gifted ones, as *I* did, at the susceptible age of seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, and twelve.

She had other slaves of my sex. The five Napoleonic heroes did homage each after his fashion: the good Major with a kind of sweet fatherly tenderness touching to behold; the others with perhaps less unselfish adoration; notably the brave Capitaine Audenis, of the fair waxed mustache and beautiful brown tail coat, so tightly buttoned with gilt buttons across his enormous chest, and imperceptible little feet so tightly imprisoned in shiny tipped cloth boots, with buttons of mother-of-pearl; whose hobby was, I believe, to try and compensate himself for the misfortunes of war by more successful attempts in another direction. Anyhow he betrayed a warmth that made my small bosom a Gehenna, until she laughed and snubbed him into due propriety and shamefaced self-effacement.

It soon became evident that she favored two, at least, out of all this little masculine world—the Major and myself; and a strange trio we made.

Her poor little daughter, the object of her passionate solicitude, a very clever and precocious child, was the reverse of beautiful; although she would have had

"UNDER THE APPLE-TREE WITH THE PRINCE AND FAIRY."

fine eyes but for her red lashless lids. She wore her thick hair cropped short, like a boy, and was pasty and sallow in complexion, hollow-cheeked, thick-featured, and overgrown, with long thin hands and feet, and arms and legs of quite pathetic length and tenuity; a silent and melancholy little girl, who sucked her thumb perpetually, and kept her own counsel. She would have to lie in bed for days together, and when she got well enough to sit up, I (to please her mother) would read to her *Le Robinson Suisse*, *Sandford and Merton*, *Evenings at Home*, *Les Contes de Madame Perrault*, the shipwreck from "Don Juan," of which we never tired, and the "Giaour," the "Corsair," and "Mazeppa"; and last, but not least, *Peter Parley's Natural History*, which we got to know by heart.

And out of this latter volume I would often spout for her benefit what has always been to me the most beautiful poem in the world, possibly because it was the first I read for myself, or else because it is so intimately associated with those happy days. Under an engraving of a wild-duck (after Bewick, I believe) were quoted W. C. Bryant's lines "To a Water-fowl." They charmed me then and charm me now as nothing else has quite charmed me; I become a child again as I think of them, with a child's virgin subtlety of perception and magical susceptibility to vague suggestions of the Infinite.

Poor little Mimsey Seraskier would listen with distended eyes and quick comprehension. She had a strange fancy that a pair of invisible beings, "La fée Tarapatapoum," and "Le Prince Charmant" (two favorite characters of M. le Major's) were always in attendance upon us—upon her and me—and were equally fond of us both; that is, "La fée Tarapatapoum" of me, and "Le Prince Charmant" of her—and watched over us and would protect us through life.

"O! ils sont joliment bien ensemble, tous les deux—ils sont inséparables!" she would often exclaim, apropos of these

visionary beings; and apropos of the water-fowl she would say:

"Il aime beaucoup cet oiseau-là, le Prince Charmant! dis encore, quand il vole si haut, et qu'il fait froid, et qu'il est fatigué, et que la nuit vient, mais qu'il ne veut pas descendre!"

And I would re-spout:

"'All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near!'"

And poor, morbid, precocious, overwrought Mimsey's eyes would fill, and she would meditatively suck her thumb and think unutterable things.

And then I would copy Bewick's woodcuts for her, as she sat on the arm of my chair and patiently watched; and she would say: "La fée Tarapatapoum trouve que tu dessines dans la perfection!" and treasure up these little masterpieces — "pour l'album de la fée Tarapatapoum!"

There was one drawing she prized above all others—a steel engraving in a volume of Byron, which represented two beautiful beings of either sex, walking hand in hand through a dark cavern. The man was in sailor's garb; the lady, who went barefoot and lightly clad, held a torch; and underneath was written,

"And Neuha led her Torquil by the hand,
And waved along the vaults her flaming brand."

I spent hours in copying it for her, and she preferred the copy to the original, and would have it that the two figures were excellent portraits of her Prince and Fairy.

Sometimes during these readings and sketchings under the apple-tree on the lawn, the sleeping Médor (a huge nondescript sort of dog, built up of every breed in France, with the virtues of all and the vices of none) would wag his three inches of tail, and utter soft whimperings of welcome in his dream; and she would say:

"C'est le Prince Charmant qui lui dit; 'Médor, donne la patte!'"

Or our old tomcat would rise from his slumbers with his tail up, and rub an imaginary skirt; and it was:

"Regarde Mistigris! La fée Tarapatapoum est en train de lui frotter les oreilles!"

We mostly spoke French, in spite of strict injunctions to the contrary from our fathers and mothers, who were much concerned lest we should forget our English altogether.

In time we made a kind of ingenious compromise; for Mimsey, who was full of resource, invented a new language, or rather two, which we called Frankingle and Inglefrank, respectively. They consisted in anglicizing French nouns and verbs and then conjugating and pronouncing them Englishly, or *vice versa*.

For instance, it was very cold, and the school-room window was open; so she would say in Frankingle:

"Dispeach yourself to ferm the feneeter, Gogo. It geals to pier-fend! we shall be inrhumed!" or else, if I failed to immediately understand—"Gogo, il frise a splitter les stonnes—maque aste et chute le vindeau; mais chute—le donc vite! Je snize deja!" which was Inglefrank.

With this contrivance we managed to puzzle and mystify the uninitiated, English and French alike. The intelligent reader, who sees it all in print, will not be so easily taken in.

When Mimsey was well enough, she would come with my cousins and me into the park, where we always had a good time—lying in ambush for red Indians, rescuing Madge Plunket from a caitiff knight, or else hunting snakes and field-mice and lizards, and digging for lizards' eggs, which we would hatch at home—that happy refuge for all manner of beasts, as well as little boys and girls. For there were squirrels, hedgehogs, and guinea-pigs; an owl, a raven, a monkey, and white mice; little birds that had strayed from the maternal nest before they could fly (they always died!), the dog Médor, and any other dog who chose; not to mention a gigantic rocking-horse made out of a real stuffed pony—the smallest pony that had ever been!

Often our united high spirits were too boisterous for Mimsey. Dreadful headaches would come on, and she would sit in a corner, nursing a hedgehog with one arm and holding her thumb in her mouth with the other. Only when we were alone together was she happy; and then, "moult tristement!"

On summer evenings whole parties of us, grown up and small, would walk through the park and the Bois de Boulogne to the "Mare d'Auteuil"; as we got near enough for Médor to scent the water, he would bark and grin and gyrate, and go mad with excitement, for he

"LA BATAILLE DE VATERLO."

had the gift of diving after stones, and liked to show it off.

There we would catch huge olive-colored water-beetles, yellow underneath; red-bellied newts; green frogs, with beautiful spots and a splendid parabolic leap; gold and silver fish, pied with purply brown. I mention them in the order of their attractiveness. The fish were too tame and easily caught, and their beauty of too civilized an order; the rare, flat, vicious dytiscus "took the cake."

Sometimes, even, we would walk through Boulogne to St. Cloud, to see the new railway and the trains—an inexhaustible subject of wonder and delight—and eat ices at the "Tête Noire" (a hotel which had been the scene of a terrible murder, that led to a cause célèbre); and we would come back through the scented night, while the glowworms were shining in the grass, and the distant frogs were croaking in the Mare d'Auteuil. Now and then a startled roe buck would gallop in short bounds across the path, from thicket to thicket, and Médor would go mad again, and wake the echoes of the new Paris fortifications, which were still in course of construction.

He had not the gift of catching roebucks!

If my father were of the party, he would yodel Tyrolese melodies, and sing lovely songs of Boieldieu, Hérold and Grétry; or "Drink to me only with thine eyes," or else the "Bay of Dublin," for Madame Seraskier, who had the nostalgia of her beloved country whenever her beloved husband was away.

Or else we would break out into a jolly chorus and march to the tune:

"Marie, trempe ton pain,
Marie, trempe ton pain,
Marie, trempe ton pain dans la soupe;
Marie, trempe ton pain,
Marie, trempe ton pain,
Marie, trempe ton pain dans le vin!"

Or else:

"La—soupe aux choux—se fait dans la marmite;
Dans—la marmite—se fait la soupe aux choux,"

which would give us all the nostalgia of supper!

Or else, again, if it were too hot to sing, or we were too tired, M. le Major, forsaking the realms of fairy-land, and uncovering his high bald head as he walked, would gravely and reverently tell us of his great master, of Brienne, of Marengo, and Austerlitz; of the farewells at Fontainebleau, and the Hundred Days—never of St. Helena; he would not trust himself to speak to us of that! And gradually working his way to Waterloo, he would put his hat on, and demonstrate to us, by A+B, how, virtually, the English had lost the day, and why and wherefore. And on all the little party a solemn, awe-struck stillness would fall as we listened, and on some of us the sweet nostalgia of bed!

Oh, the good old time!

The night was consecrated for me by the gleam and scent and rustle of Madame Seraskier's gown, as I walked by her side in the deepening dusk—a gleam of yellow, or pale blue, or white—a scent of sandal-wood—a rustle that told of a light, vigorous tread on firm, narrow, high-arched feet, that were not easily tired; of an anxious, motherly wish to get back to Mimsey, who was not strong enough for these longer expeditions.

On the shorter ones I used sometimes to carry Mimsey on my back most of the way home (to please her mother): a frail burden, with her poor, long, thin arms round my neck, and her pale, cold cheek against my ear—she weighed nothing! And when I was tired M. le Major would relieve me, but not for long. She always wanted to be carried by Gogo, for so I was called, for no reason whatever, unless it was that my name was Peter.

She would start at the pale birches that shone out against the gloom, and shiver if a bough scraped her, and tell me all about the Erl-king—"mais comme ils sont là tous les deux" (meaning the Prince and the Fairy) "il n'y a absolument rien à craindre."

And Mimsey was "si bonne camarade," in spite of her solemnity and poor health and many pains, so grateful for small kindnesses, so appreciative of small talents, so indulgent to small vanities (of which she seemed to have no more share than her mother), and so deeply humorous in spite of her eternal gravity—for she was a real tomboy at heart—that I soon carried her not only to please her mother, but to please herself, and would have done anything for her.

As for M. le Major, he gradually discovered that Mimsey was half a martyr and half a saint, and possessed all the virtues under the sun.

"Ah, vous ne la comprenez pas, cette enfant; vous verrez un jour quand çà ira mieux! vous verrez! elle est comme sa mère . . . elle a toutes les intelligences de la tête et du cœur!" and he would wish it had pleased Heaven that he should be her grandfather—on the maternal side.

L'art d'être grandpère! This weather-beaten, war-battered old warrior had learned it, without ever having had either a son or a daughter of his own. He was a *born* grandfather!

Moreover, Mimsey and I had many tastes and passions in common—music, for instance, as well as Bewick's woodcuts and Byron's poetry, and roast chestnuts and domestic pets; and above all, the Mare d'Auteuil, which she preferred in the autumn, when the brown and yellow leaves were eddying and scampering and chasing each other round its margin, or drifting on its troubled surface, and the cold wet wind piped through the dishevelled boughs of the forest, under the leaden sky.

She said it was good to be there then, and think of home and the fireside; and better still, when home was reached at last, to think of the desolate pond we had left; and good, indeed, it was to trudge home by wood and park and avenue at dusk, when the bats were about, with Alfred and Charlie and Mimsey and Madge and Médor; swishing our way through the lush dead leaves, scattering the beautiful ripe horse-chestnut out of its split creamy case, or picking up acorns and beechnuts here and there as we went.

And, once home, it was good, very good, to think how dark and lonesome and shivery it must be out there by the "mare," as we squatted and chatted and roasted chestnuts by the wood fire in the schoolroom before the candles were lit—"entre chien et loup," as was called the French gloaming—while Thérèse was laying the tea-things, and telling us the news, and cutting bread and butter; and my mother played the harp in the drawing-room above; till the last red streak died out of the wet west behind the swaying tree-tops, and the curtains were drawn, and there was light, and the appetites were let loose.

I love to sit here, in my solitude and

captivity, and recall every incident of that sweet epoch—to ache with the pangs of happy remembrance; than which, for the likes of me, great poets tell us there is no greater grief. This sorrow's crown of sorrow is my joy and my consolation, and ever has been; and I would not exchange it for youth, health, wealth, honor, and freedom; only for thrice happy childhood itself once more, over and over again, would I give up its thrice happy recollections.

. . . . . .

That it should not be all beer and skittles with us, and therefore apt to pall, my cousins and I had to work pretty hard. In the first place, my dear mother did all she could to make me an infant prodigy of learning. She tried to teach me Italian, which she spoke as fluently as English or French (for she had lived much in Italy), and I had to translate the "Gerusalemme Liberata" into both those latter languages—a task which has remained unfinished—and to render the "Allegro" and the "Penseroso" into Miltonian French prose, and "Le Cid" into Corneillian English. Then there were Pinnock's histories of Greece and Rome to master, and, of course, the Bible; and, every Sunday, the Collect, the Gospel, and the Epistle to get by heart. No, it was not all beer and skittles.

It was her pleasure to teach, but, alas! not mine to learn; and we cost each other many a sigh, but loved each other all the more, perhaps.

Then we went in the mornings, my cousins and I, to M. Saindou's, opposite, that we might learn French grammar and French-Latin and French-Greek. But on three afternoons out of the weekly six Mr. Slade, a Cambridge sizar stranded in Paris, came to anglicize (and neutralize) the Latin and Greek we had learned in the morning, and to show us what sorry stuff the French had made of them and of their quantities.

Perhaps the Greek and Latin quantities are a luxury of English growth—a mere social test—a little pitfall of our own invention, like the letter *h*, for the tripping up of unwary pretenders; or else, French education being so deplorably cheap in those days, the school-masters there could not afford to take such fanciful superfluities into consideration; it was not to be done at the price.

In France, be it remembered, the King and his green-grocer sent their sons to the same school (which did not happen to be M. Saindou's, by-the-way, where it was nearly all green-grocer and no King; and the fee for bed, board, and tuition, in all public schools alike, was something like thirty pounds a year.

The Latin, in consequence, was without the distinction that comes of exclusiveness, and quite lacked that aristocratic flavor, so grateful and comforting to scholar and ignoramus alike, which the costly British public-school system (and the British accent) alone can impart to a dead language. When French is dead we shall lend it a grace it never had before; some of us even manage to do so already.

That is (no doubt) why the best French writers so seldom point their morals and adorn their tales, as ours do, with the usual pretty, familiar, and appropriate lines out of Horace or Virgil; and why Latin is so little quoted in French talk, except here and there by a weary shop-walker, who sighs:

"Varium et mutabile semper femina!"

as he rolls up the unsold silk; or exclaims,

"O rus! quando te aspiciam!"

as he takes

"GOOD OLD SLADE."

his railway ticket for Asnières on the first fine Sunday morning in spring.

But this is a digression, and we have wandered far away from Mr. Slade.

Good old Slade!

We used to sit on the stone posts outside the avenue gate and watch for his appearance at a certain distant corner of the winding street.

With his green tail coat, his stiff shirt collar, his thick flat thumbs stuck in the armholes of his nankeen waistcoat, his long flat feet turned inward, his reddish mutton-chop whiskers, his hat on the back of his head, and his clean, fresh, blooming, virtuous English face—the sight of him was not sympathetic when he appeared at last.

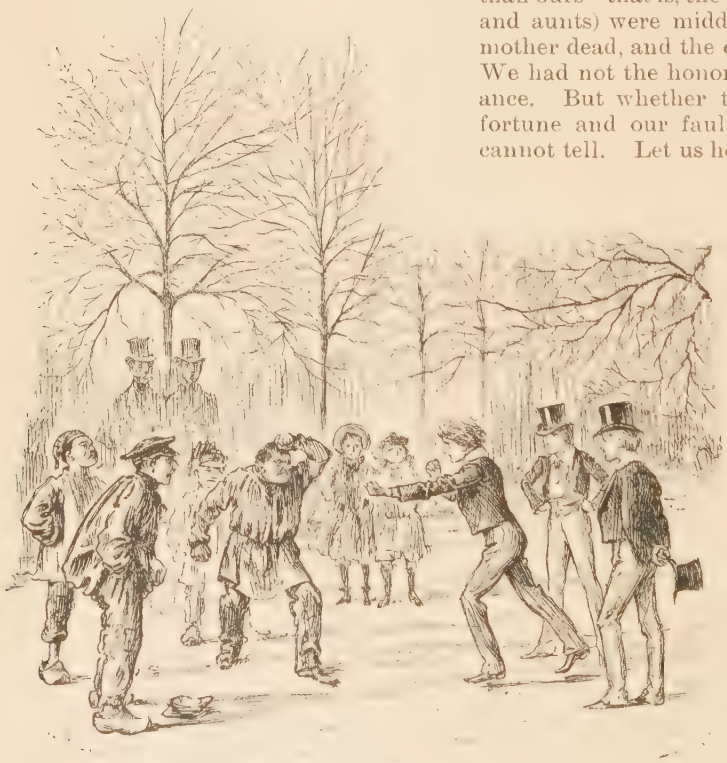
Occasionally, in the course of his tuition, illness or domestic affairs would, to his great regret, detain him from our midst, and the beatitude we would experience when the conviction gradually dawned upon us that we were watching for him in vain was too deep for either words or deeds or outward demonstration of any sort. It was enough to sit on our stone posts and let it steal over us by degrees.

These beatitudes were few and far between. It would be infelicitous, perhaps, to compare the occasional absences of a highly respectable English tutor to an angel's visits, but so we felt them.

And then he would make up for it next afternoon, that conscientious Englishman; which was fair enough to our parents, but not to us. And then what extra severity, as interest for the beggarly loan of half an afternoon! What rappings on ink-stained knuckles with a beastly, hard, round, polished, heavy-wooded, business-like English ruler!

It was our way in those days to think that everything English was beastly—an expression our parents thought we were much too fond of using.

But perhaps we were not without some excuse for this unpardonable sentiment. For there was *another* English family in Passy—the Prendergasts, an older family than ours—that is, the parents (and uncles and aunts) were middle-aged, the grandmother dead, and the children grown up. We had not the honor of their acquaintance. But whether that was their misfortune and our fault (or *vice versa*) I cannot tell. Let us hope the former.



"SETTLING AN OLD SCORE."

They were of an opposite type to ours, and, though I say it, their type was a singularly unattractive one; perhaps it may have been the original of those caricatures of our compatriots by which French comic artists have sought to avenge Waterloo. It was stiff, haughty, contemptuous. It had prominent front teeth, a high nose, a long upper lip, a receding jaw; it had dull, cold, stupid, selfish green eyes, like a pike's, that

swerved neither to right nor left, but looked steadily over peoples' heads as it stalked along in its pride of impeccable British self-righteousness.

At the sudden sight of it (especially on Sundays) all the cardinal virtues became hateful on the spot, and respectability a thing to run away from. Even that smooth, close-shaven cleanliness was so Puritanically aggressive as to make one abhor the very idea of soap.

Its accent, when it spoke French (in shops), instead of being musical and sweet and sympathetic, like Madame Seraskier's, was barbarous and grotesque, with dreadful "ongs," and "angs," and "ows," and "ays"; and its manner overbearing, suspicious, and disdainful; and then we could hear its loud, insolent English asides; and though it was tall and straight and not outwardly deformed, it looked such a kill-joy skeleton at a feast, such a portentous carnival mask of solemn emptiness, such a dreary, doleful, unfunny figure of fun, that one felt Waterloo might some day be forgiven, even in Passy, but the Prendergasts, *never!*

I have lived so long away from the world that, for all I know, this ancient British type, this "grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore," may have become extinct, like another, but less unprepossessing bird—the dodo; whereby our state is the more gracious.

But in those days, and generalizing somewhat hastily as young people are apt to do, we grew to think that England must be full of Prendergasts, and didn't want to go there.

To this universal English beastliness of things we made a few exceptions, it is true; but the list was not long: tea, mustard, pickles, gingerbread-nuts, and, of all things in the world, the English loaf of household bread that came to us once a week as a great treat and recompense for our virtues, and harmonized so well with Passy butter. It was too delicious! But there was always a difficulty, a dilemma—whether to eat it with butter alone, or with "cassonade" (French brown sugar) added.

Mimsey knew her own mind, and loved it with French brown sugar, and if she were not there I would save for her half of my slices, and carefully "cassonade" them for her myself.

"OMINOUS BIRDS OF YORE."

On the other hand, we thought everything French the reverse of beastly—except all the French boys we knew, and at M. Saindou's there were about two hundred; then there were all the boys in Passy (whose name was legion, and who *didn't* go to M. Saindou's), and we knew all the boys in Passy. So that we were not utterly bereft of material for good, stodgy, crusty, patriotic English prejudice.

Nor did the French boys fail to think us beastly in return, and sometimes to express the thought; especially the little vulgar boys whose play-ground was the street—the "voyous de Passy." They hated our white silk chimney-pot hats, and large collars, and Eton jackets, and called us "sacred godems," as their ancestors used to call ours in the days of Joan of Arc. Sometimes they would throw stones, and then there were collisions, and bleedings of impertinent little French noses, and runnings away of cowardly little French legs, and dreadful wails of "O là, là! O là, là—maman!" when they were overtaken by English ones.

Not but what *our* noses were made to bleed now and then, unvictoriously, by a

certain blacksmith — always the same young blacksmith—Boitard!

It is always a young blacksmith who does these things—or a young butcher.

Of course, for the honor of Great Britain, one of us finally licked him to such a tune that he has never been able to hold up his head since. It was about a cat. It came off at dusk, one Christmas Eve, on the "Isle of Swans," between Passy and Grenelle (too late to save the cat).

I was the hero of this battle. "It's now or never," I thought, and saw scarlet, and went for my foe like a maniac. The ring was kept by Alfred and Charlie, helped, oddly enough, by a couple of male Prendergasts, who so far forgot themselves as to take an interest in the proceedings. Madge and Mimsey looked on, terrified and charmed.

It did not last long, and was worthy of being described by Homer, or even in *Bell's Life*. That is one of the reasons why I will not describe it. The two Prendergasts seemed to enjoy it very much while it lasted, and when it was over they remembered themselves again, and said nothing, and stalked away.

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As we grew older and wiser we had permission to extend our explorations to Meudon, Versailles, St. Germain, and other delightful places; to ride thither on hired horses, after having duly learned to ride at the famous "School of Equitation," in the Rue Duphot.

Also, we swam in those delightful summer baths in the Seine, that are so majestically called "Schools of Natation," and became past masters in "la coupe" (a stroke no other Englishman but ourselves has ever been quite able to manage), and in all the different delicate "nuances" of header-taking—"la coulante," "la hussarde," "la tête-bêche," "la tout ce que vous voudrez."

Also, we made ourselves at home in Paris, especially old Paris.

For instance, there was the island of St. Louis, with its stately old mansions "entre cour et jardin," behind grim stone portals and high walls, where great magistrates and lawyers dwelt in dignified seclusion—the nobles of the robe; but where once had dwelt, in days gone by, the greater nobles of the sword—crusaders, perhaps, and knights templars, like Brian de Bois Guilbert.

And that other more famous island, la Cité, where Paris itself was born, where Notre Dame reared its twin towers above the melancholy, gray, leprous walls and dirty brown roofs of the Hôtel-Dieu.

Pathetic little tumble-down old houses, all out of drawing and perspective, nestled like old spiders' webs between the buttresses of the great cathedral; and on two sides of the little square in front (the Place du Parvis Notre Dame) stood ancient stone dwellings, with high slate roofs and elaborately wrought iron balconies. They seemed to have such romantic histories that I never tired of gazing at them, and wondering what the histories could be; and now I think of it, one of these very dwellings must have been the Hôtel de Gondelaurier, where, according to the most veracious historian that ever was, poor Esmeralda once danced and played the tambourine to divert the fair damozel Fleur-de-Lys de Gondelaurier and her noble friends, all of whom she so transcended in beauty, purity, goodness, and breeding (although she was but an untaught, wandering gypsy girl, out of the gutter); and there, before them all and the gay archer, she was betrayed to her final undoing by her goat, whom she had so imprudently taught how to spell the beloved name of "Phébus."

Close by was the Morgue, that grewsome building which the great etcher Méryon has managed to invest with some weird fascination akin to that it had for me in those days—and has now, as I see it with the charmed eyes of Memory.

La Morgue! what a fatal twang there is about the very name!

After gazing one's fill at the horrors within (as became a healthy-minded English boy), it was but a step to the equestrian statue of Henri Quatre, on the Pont-Neuf (the oldest bridge in Paris, by-the-way); there, astride his long-tailed charger, he smiled, le roy vert et galant, just midway between either bank of the historic river, just where it was most historic, and turned his back on the Paris of the Bourgeois King with the pear-shaped face and the mutton-chop whiskers.

And there one stood, spellbound in indecision, like the ass of Buridan between two sacks of oats; for on either side, north or south of the Pont-Neuf, were to be found enchanting slums, all more attractive the ones than the others, winding up and down hill and roundabout and in and out, like haunting illustrations by

Gustave Doré to *Drolatick Tales*, by Balzac (not seen or read by me till many years later, I beg to say).

Dark, narrow, silent, deserted streets that would turn up afterward in many a nightmare—with the gutter in the middle and towerlets and stone posts all along the sides; and high fantastic walls (where it was "défendu d'afficher"), with bits of old battlement at the top, and overhanging boughs of sycamore and lime, and behind them gray old gardens that dated from the days of Louis le Hutin and beyond! And suggestive names printed in old rusty iron letters at the street corners—"Rue Videgousset," "Rue Coupe-gorge," "Rue de la Vieille Truanderie," "Impasse de la Tour de Nesle," etc., that appealed to the imagination like a chapter from Hugo or Dumas.

And the way to these was by long, tortuous, busy thoroughfares, most irregularly flagged, and all alive with strange, delightful people in blue blouses, brown woollen tricots, wooden shoes, red and white cotton nightcaps, rags and patches; most graceful girls, with pretty, self-respecting feet, and flashing eyes, and no head-dress but their own hair; gay, fat hags, all smile; thin hags, with faces of appalling wickedness or misery; precociously witty little gutter imps of either sex; and such cripples! jovial hunchbacks, lusty blind beggars, merry creeping paralytics, scrofulous wretches who joked about their sores; light-hearted, genial, mendicant monsters without arms or legs, who went ramping through the mud on their bellies from one underground wine-shop to another; and blue-chinned priests, and barefooted brown monks, and demure Sisters of Charity, and here and there a jolly chiffonnier with his hook, and his knap-basket behind; or a cuirassier, or a gigantic carbineer, or gay little "Hunter of Africa," or a couple of bold gendarmes riding abreast, with their towering black "bonnets à poil"; or a pair of pathetic little red-legged soldiers, conscripts just fresh from the country, with innocent light eyes and straw-colored hair and freckled brown faces, walking hand in hand, and staring at all the pork-butchers' shops—and sometimes at the pork-butcher's wife!

Then a proletarian wedding procession—headed by the bride and bridegroom, an ungainly pair in their Sunday best—all singing noisily together. Then a pauper funeral, or a covered stretcher, followed by sympathetic eyes on its way to the Hôtel-Dieu; or the last sacrament, with bell and candle, bound for the bedside of some humble agonizer *in extremis*—and we all uncovered as it went by.

And then, for a running accompaniment of sound, the clanging chimes, the itinerant street cries, the tinkle of the marchand de coco, the drum, the cor de chasse, the organ of Barbary, the ubiquitous pet parrot, the knife-grinder, the bawling fried-potato monger, and, most amusing of all, the poodle clipper and his son, strophe and antistrophe, for every minute the little boy would yell out in his shrill treble that "his father clipped poodles for thirty sous, and was competent also to undertake the management of refractory tomcats," upon which the father would growl in his solemn bass, "My son speaks the truth."

And rising above the general cacophony the din of the eternally cracking whip, of the heavy cart-wheel jolting over the uneven stones, the stamp and neigh of the spirited little French cart-horse and the music of his many bells, and the cursing and swearing and "heu! dià!" of his driver! It was all entrancing.

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Thence home—to quiet, innocent, suburban Passy—by the quays, walking on the top of the stone parapet all the way, so as to miss nothing (till a gendarme was in sight), or else by the Boulevards, the Rue de Rivoli, the Champs Élysées, the Avenue de St. Cloud, and the Chaussée de la Muette. What a beautiful walk! Is there another like it anywhere as it was then, in the sweet early forties of this worn-out old century, and before this poor scribe had reached his teens?

Ah! it is something to have known that Paris, which lay at one's feet as one gazed from the heights of Passy, with all its pinnacles and spires and gorgeously gilded domes, its Arch of Triumph, its Elysian Fields, its Field of Mars, its Towers of our Lady, its far-off Column of July, its Invalids, and Vale of Grace, and Magdalen, and Place of the Concord, where the obelisk reared its exotic peak by the beautiful unforgettable fountains.

There flowed the many-bridged winding river, always the same way, unlike our tidal Thames, and always full; just

beyond it was spread that stately, exclusive suburb, the despair of the newly rich and recently ennobled, where almost every other house bore a name which read like a page of French history; and further still the merry, wicked Latin quarter and the grave Sorbonne, the Pantheon, the Garden of Plants; on the hither side, in the middle distance, the Louvre, where the kings of France had dwelt for centuries; the Tuileries, where "the King of the French" dwelt then, and just for a little while yet.

Well I knew and loved it all; and most of all I loved it when the sun was setting at my back, and innumerable distant windows reflected the blood-red western flame. It seemed as though half Paris were on fire, with the cold blue east for a background.

Dear Paris!

Yes, it is something to have roamed over it as a small boy—a small English boy (that is, a small boy unattended by his mother or his nurse), curious, inquisitive, and indefatigable; full of imagination; all his senses keen with the keenness that belongs to the morning of life: the sight of a hawk, the hearing of a bat, almost the scent of a hound.

Indeed it required a nose both subtle and unprejudiced to understand and appreciate and thoroughly enjoy that Paris —not the Paris of M. le Baron Haussmann, lighted by gas and electricity, and flushed and drained by modern science; but the "good old Paris" of Balzac and Eugène Sue and *Les Mystères*—the Paris of dim oil lanterns suspended from iron gibbets (where once aristocrats had been hung); of water-carriers who sold water from their hand-carts, and delivered it at your door ("au cinquième") for a penny a pail —to drink of, and wash in, and cook with, and all.

There were whole streets—and these by no means the least fascinating and romantic—where the unwritten domestic records of every house were afloat in the air outside it, records not all savory or sweet, but always full of interest and charm!

One knew at a sniff as one passed the porte cochère what kind of people lived behind and above; what they ate and what they drank, and what their trade was; whether they did their washing at home, and burned tallow or wax, and mixed chiccory with their coffee, and were over-fond of Gruyère cheese—the biggest, cheapest, plainest, and most formidable cheese in the world; whether they fried with oil or butter, and liked their omelets overdone and garlic in their salad, and used black-currant brandy or anisette as a liqueur; and were overrun with mice, and used cats or mouse-traps to get rid of them, or neither; and bought violets, or pinks, or gillyflowers in season, and kept them too long; and fasted on Friday with red or white beans, or lentils, or had a dispensation from the Pope—or, haply, even dispensed with the Pope's dispensation.

For of such a telltale kind were the over-tones in that complex, odorous clang.

I will not define its fundamental note —ever there, ever the same; big with a warning of quick-coming woe to many households; whose unheeded waves, slow but sure, and ominous as those that rolled on great occasions from le Bourdon de Notre Dame (the Big Ben of Paris), drove all over the gay city and beyond, night and day—penetrating every corner, overflowing the most secret recesses, drowning the very incense by the altar steps.

"Le pauvre en sa cabane ou le chaume le couvre
Est sujet à ses lois;
Et la garde qui veille aux barrières du Louvre
N'en défend point nos rois."

And here, as I write, the faint, scarcely perceptible, ghost-like suspicion of a scent —a mere nostalgic fancy, compound, generic, synthetic and all-embracing—an abstract olfactory symbol of the "Tout Paris" of fifty years ago, comes back to me out of the past; and fain would I inhale it in all its pristine fulness and vigor. For scents, like musical sounds, are rare sublimaters of the essence of memory (this is a prodigious fine phrase—I hope it means something), and scents need not be seductive in themselves to recall the seductions of scenes and days gone by.

Alas! scents cannot be revived at will, like an

"Air doux et tendre
Jadis amié!"

Oh, that I could hum or whistle an old French smell! I could evoke all Paris, sweet præ-imperial Paris, in a single whiff!

. . . . . .

In such fashion did we three small boys, like the three musketeers (the fame of whose exploits was then filling all France),

gather and pile up sweet memories, to chew the cud thereof in after-years, when far away and apart.

Of all that "bande joyeuse"—old and young and middle-aged, from M. le Major to Mimsey Seraskier—all are now dead but me—all except dear Madge, who was so pretty and light-hearted; and I have never seen her since.

. . . . . .

Thus have I tried, with as much haste as I could command (being one of the plodding sort) to sketch that happy time, which came to an end suddenly and most tragically when I was twelve years old.

My dear and jovial happy-go-lucky father was killed in a minute by the explosion of a safety-lamp of his own invention, which was to have superseded Sir Humphry Davy's, and made our fortune! What a brutal irony of fate!

So sanguine was he of success, so confident that his ship had come home at last, that he had been in treaty for a nice little old manor in Anjou (with a nice little old castle to match), called la Marière, which had belonged to his ancestors, and from which we took our name (for we were Pasquier de la Marière, of quite a good old family); and there we were to live on our own land, as "gentilshommes campagnards," and be French for evermore, under a paternal pear-faced bourgeois king as a temporary "pis-aller" until Henri Cinq, Comte de Chambord, should come to his own again, and make us counts and barons and peers of France—Heaven knows what for!

My mother, who was beside herself with grief, went over to London, where this miserable accident had occurred; and had barely arrived there when she was delivered of a still-born child, and died almost immediately; and I became an orphan in less than a week, and a penniless one. For it turned out that my father had by this time spent every penny of his own and my mother's capital, and had, moreover, died deeply in debt. I was too young and too grief-stricken to feel anything but the terrible bereavement, but it soon became patent to me that an immense alteration was to be made in my mode of life.

A relative of my mother's, Colonel Ibbetson (who was well off), came to Passy to do his best for me, and pay what debts had been incurred in the neighborhood, and settle my miserable affairs.

After a while it was decided by him and the rest of the family that I should go back with him to London, there to be disposed of for the best, according to his lights.

And on a beautiful June morning, redolent of lilac and syringa, and gay with dragon-flies and butterflies and humble-bees, my happy childhood ended as it had begun. My farewells were heart-rending (to me), but showed that I could inspire affection as well as feel it, and that was some compensation for my woe.

"Adieu, cher Monsieur Gogo. Bonne chance, et le Bon Dieu vous bénisse," said le Père et la Mère François. Tears trickled down the Major's hooked nose on to his mustache, now nearly white.

Madame Seraskier strained me to her kind heart, and blessed and kissed me again and again, and rained her warm tears on my face; and hers was the last figure I saw as our fly turned into the Rue de la Tour on our way to London, Colonel Ibbetson exclaiming:

"Gad! who's the lovely young giantess that seems so fond of you, you little rascal, hey? By George! you young Don Giovanni, I'd have given something to be in your place! And who's that nice old man with the long green coat and the red ribbon? A 'vieille moustache,' I suppose; looks almost like a gentleman. Precious few Frenchmen can do that!"

Such was Colonel Ibbetson.

And then and there, even as he spoke, a little drop of sullen, chill dislike to my guardian and benefactor, distilled from his voice, his aspect, the expression of his face, and his way of saying things, suddenly trickled into my consciousness—never to be wiped away!

As for poor Mimsey, her grief was so overwhelming that she could not come out and wish me good-by like the others; and it led, as I afterward heard, to a long illness, the worst she ever had; and when she recovered it was to find that her beautiful mother was no more.

Madame Seraskier died of the cholera, and so did le Père et la Mère François, and Madame Pelé, and one of the Napoleonic prisoners (not M. le Major), and several other people we had known, including a servant of our own, Thérèse, the devoted Thérèse, to whom we were all devoted in return. That malodorous tocsin, which I have compared to the big bell of Notre Dame, had warned, and warned, and warned in vain.

"FAREWELL TO PASSY."

The maison de santé was broken up. M. le Major and his friends went and roosted on parole elsewhere, until a good time arrived for them, when their lost leader came back and remained—first as President of the French Republic, then as Emperor of the French themselves. No more parole was needed after that.

My grandmother and Aunt Plunket and her children fled in terror to Tours, and Mimsey went to Russia with her father.

Thus miserably ended that too happy septennate, and so no more at present of

"Le joli lieu de mon enfance!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

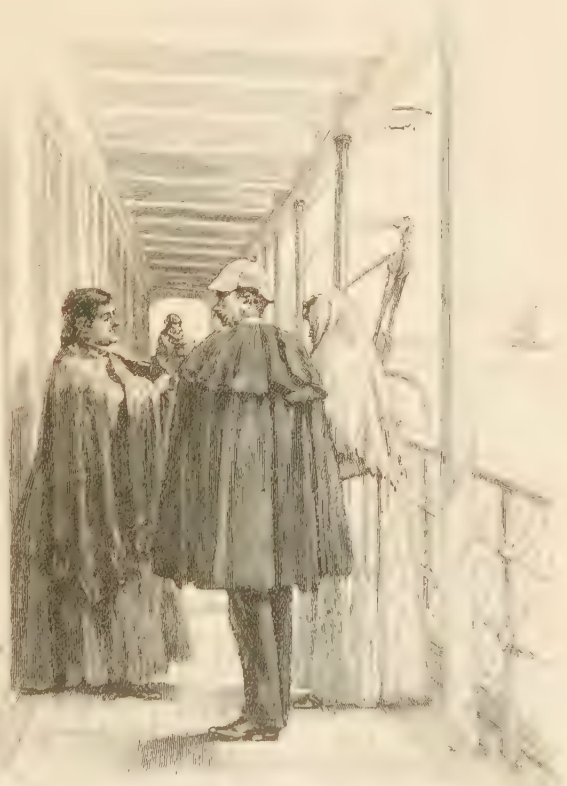
UP THE RIVER PARANÁ.

BY THEODORE CHILD

ON May 20, 1890, I left Buenos Ayres for a trip up the Paraná River on board the Platense Flotilla Company's ship *Olympo*. Generally these ships start from Campaña, 50 miles by land and 110 miles by water from Buenos Ayres; but, *par exception*, we started from La Boca, whose quays presented the usual scenes of animation, confusion, and cruelty to animals for which they are remarkable. We steamed out through the narrow dredged channel, enjoyed a panoramic view of the city, and so gained the brown waters of the river, crowded with steamers and sailing craft of all kinds. We left at noon, and were soon out of sight of land, and it was not until toward sunset, at five o'clock, that we saw across the yellow golden flushed waters some low muddy shores with trees to the right, and on the left a rocky island, named Martin Garcia, some two miles long, rising 130 feet above the water, and distant two miles from the Uruguay shore, and

24 miles from the Argentine shore of the Rio de la Plata. Martin Garcia has been called the Gibraltar of the river Plate. It commands the entrance of the Uruguay River and of the deep-water channel of the Paraná, called the Paraná Guazu, the other channel being called the Paraná de las Palmas, which is available only for ships of light draught. Martin Garcia belonged formerly to the republic of Uruguay, but was annexed by the Argentines in order to prevent it falling into the hands of the Brazilians. The island is fortified, and there is a naval school on it. We are now in the delta of the Paraná, which is 20 miles broad, and extends 300 miles up the river, containing hundreds of islands, some swampy, others of extreme fertility, planted with poplars and peach-trees, and inhabited by market gardeners; others, again, covered only with long feather-grass and *ceibo*, a low-growing tree of the acacia family that bears bright scarlet flowers. On the return journey I passed through the Las Palmas Channel, admired the beauty of these islands, and noted the flourishing new towns and ports of Campaña, Zarate, Baradero, and San Pedro, where there seems to be much business done in refrigerated and preserved meat, agricultural and pastoral products, firewood, and distillation. At Zarate there is a large paper-mill and a government arsenal. All this we missed on the up journey, for after we passed Martin Garcia night fell, the moon rose, and the ship continued quivering along under the clear starry sky between the blue-black silhouettes of islands on either side.

The *Olympo* is one of the finest ships of the Platense Company, a large and commodious side-wheeler, with showily fitted saloons, and as much comfort, I suppose, as the average passenger deserves. For my part I could not complain, inasmuch as the genial Yankee skipper in command took a fatherly interest in my happiness, and did all in his power to make my journey pleasant. My fellow-passengers formed a very mixed crowd: some were owners of cattle farms, others engaged in derivative pastoral industries, others commercial travellers, land speculators, business people of all kinds, two or three English civil engineers occupied on railway work up the river, a Spanish operetta company bound for Asuncion, Paraguay; and an Englishman, his wife, and young brother, who were travelling



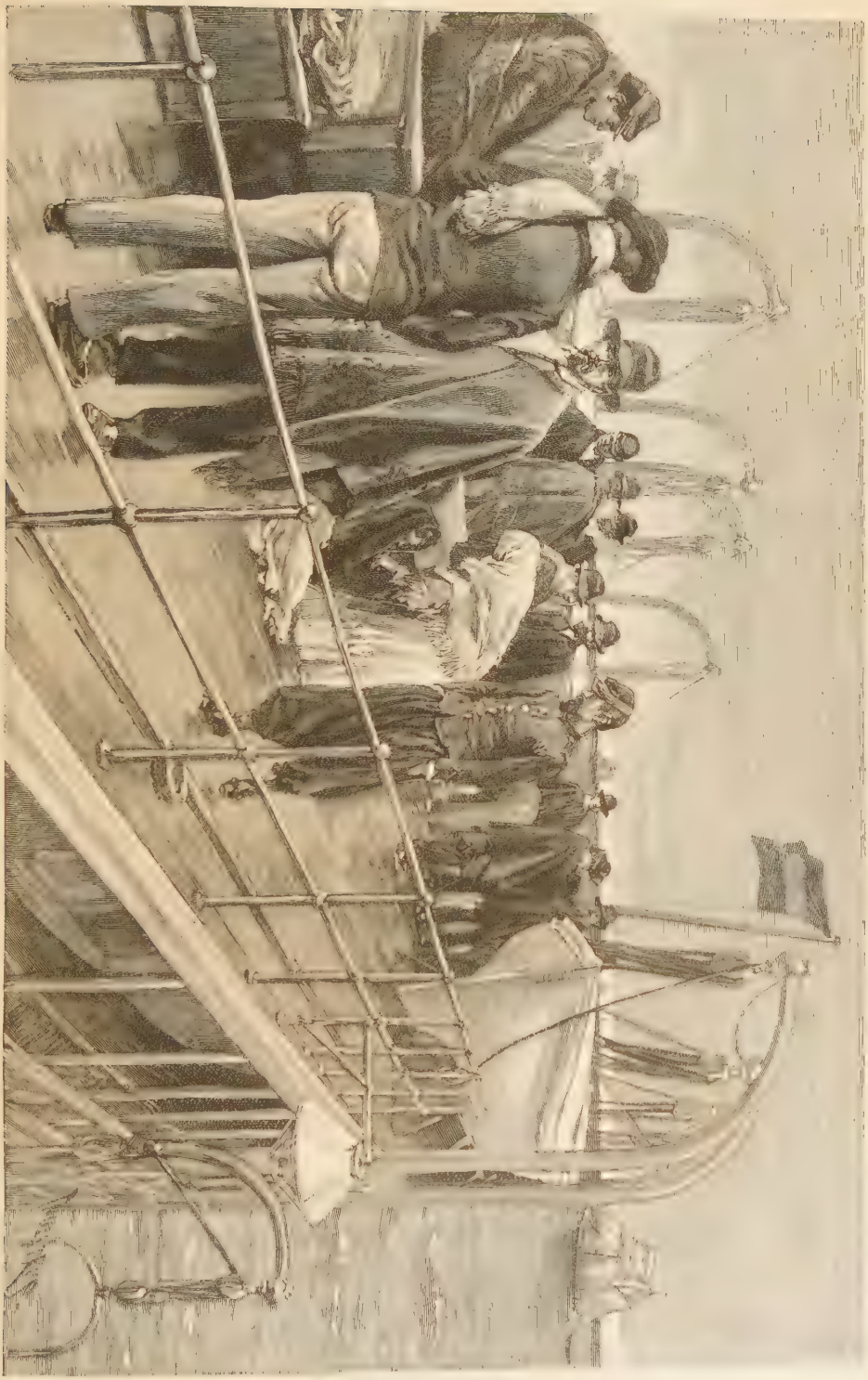
ON THE LOWER DECK OF THE STEAMER

en touristes to see the country. This Englishman summed up his impression of the members of the operetta company, and of the male passengers of Latin descent generally, by saying that he "would not care to meet any of them in a dark lane at night."

With few exceptions the passengers were sallow, ugly, undersized, hard-looking; and the men and women of the operetta company, especially the chorus singers, were singularly unhandsome. The men, with brilliant black eyes and their hair plastered over their foreheads, had faces covered with scars, pits, and holes. The women had likewise brilliant black eyes, strangely plastered hair, yellow faces, and features wholly wanting in regularity or charm of any kind. "*Que tipos tan feos!*" (What ugly creatures!) exclaimed the Spanish-Americans on board. At dinner I observed with curiosity the faces of the passengers. There were a few creoles, men and women of more or less distinguished aspect; there was a numerous collection of the low types of the Flamenco cafés of Madrid represented by the operetta company; and then came the rank and file, suggesting still the crowds of emigrants that one sees on the ocean steamers — the same mean faces, the same signs of hereditary vice, misery, short commons, unwholesome moral and physical surroundings; the same poor European stock, worn and deformed in the struggle for life, but now transplanted and thriving in new soil. Many of these, I imagine, are successful colonists, or the children of colonists and emigrants whom fortune has favored. The stock seems poor, but it is improving. The faces are still wanting in serenity, but the struggle for life is evidently more clement. There is as yet nothing amiable in expression, voice, and manner; there is little gayety manifested, but still there is no evidence of unhappiness. These people are all well dressed, the men wearing good tailor-made clothes, the women ready-made costumes. They are seemingly prosperous, but remain in a transitional state, as if they did not dare to realize and enjoy their prosperity, as if the shadow of the misery of their European fathers and forefathers hung over them like a cloud, veiling the sun of their present felicity.

Revolving in my mind these and similar fancies, I went to bed and slept soundly until morning, when the silence of the engine woke me, and I found the ship anchored in a white fog. We thus lost a couple of hours, and then steamed onward past San Nicolas, a busy town on the right bank of the river, 240 miles from Buenos Ayres, with a population of 20,000 souls and considerable trade, as is shown by the number of ocean steamers anchored off the port, and the movement of lighters and schooners laden with wheat and flour. The land along the right bank of the river rises in steep and continuous bluffs. The stream is immense, measuring nearly 1600 yards wide, with a greatest depth of 72 feet, and a current of an estimated rapidity of three miles an hour. The left bank is formed of low and marshy islands covered with scrub and trees swarming with wild-fowl. The water is of a deep brown color, and heavily charged with sand and organic matter in solution. In the course of the morning we strike on a sand bank, but are able to back off without much difficulty, and at noon we reach Rosario de Santa Fe, 300 miles by water and 186 miles by land from Buenos Ayres. This town of over 50,000 inhabitants, the great emporium of the trade of the inland provinces between the Paraná and the Andes, stands 80 feet above the water, and with its cathedral dome, the white façades of various new buildings, the vast warehouses, the mills with tall chimneys, and the long chutes that convey sacks of grain from the top of the bluffs directly into the holds of the steamers moored at the foot, presents a pleasant and busy aspect. The quays, however, are all in disorder, owing to the works in progress for the construction of an adequate port and moles, and the throng of steamers and sailing vessels is moored in the river to innumerable red buoys, amongst which swarms of squealing gulls noisily dispute the floating garbage. Vessels drawing 15 feet of water can always ascend as far as Rosario.

We remain at this port until midnight, leisurely loading maize and flour for Paraguay, the transport by water from Rosario being cheaper than would be the transport by bullock carts from the country districts of Paraguay into the towns. We also take on board some rough recruits, under the conduct of three dirty soldiers, accompanied by their women folk and children, to whom quarters were assigned on the upper deck abaft the beam.



SOLDIERS AND RECRUITS.

These recruits are, I am informed, jail-birds and criminals, who, instead of being kept in prison, are sent to do duty in the frontier corps at Formosa, in the Gran Chaco, and to keep the Indians at bay when necessary. The soldiers, it appears, seize every opportunity of deserting, and the runaways now form bands of brigands far more dangerous than the Indians. Several engineers whom I met, who had been engaged in various railway surveys and expeditions in the Chaco, reported that they were constantly molested by these brigands, but very rarely had any trouble with the Indians. The system of criminal recruits is of course bad, but perhaps it is the only practical way of getting men for the wild frontier service, where pillage takes the place of pay. The recruits and their escort formed a picturesque group with their varied costume and their more varied skins, ranging from white through bronze to absolute African black. The women were Indians, it being the Argentine usage in warfare against the aborigines to kill off the men, and to distribute the captive women as wives for the troops. The only baggage that these creatures had consisted of *ponchos*, a guitar, an accordion, and several kettles and gourds for making *maté*, or Paraguayan tea, which they drank from morning until night. Our English tourist and his wife were very much scandalized at the dirty ways of these soldiers, and particularly at the manner in which the women washed the children, taking a mouthful of water, then spitting the water into their hands and rubbing it over the faces. This operation is constantly seen in South America amongst Indians and cross-breeds. The idea is that only barbarous whites wash in cold water. Holding the water in the mouth for a few seconds is the easiest way of warming it. The Englishman's younger brother was also greatly scandalized because the military officer who shared his cabin slept in his clothes, did not wash at all, did not even own a tooth-brush, and carried all his baggage in a hat-box. "*Costumbre del pais*," I explained to him — the custom of the country.

Thursday, May 22d, we steamed along between islands covered with scrub and feather-grass, and between low shores of sand and mud, passing many schooners laboriously tacking up or down stream, or being towed up by steam-tugs. At 10.30 we reach Diamante, on the east bank, 370 miles from Buenos Ayres. The bluffs that we have hitherto noticed on the western or Santa Fe bank now appear on the Entre Rios side, and Diamante is built on a plateau 200 feet above the river, reached by a zigzag road up the steep cliff, or *barranca*, as it is called. A distillery with a tall chimney and a few houses are visible in the vicinity of the port; along the golden sandy beach are groups of women washing clothes; on the top of the bluff are tall eucalyptus-trees, and down the zigzag path teams of oxen drag groaning carts laden with grain, some 300 bags of which we take on board, and then, at 2 P.M., resume our journey.

After passing Diamante we begin to find the scenery more and more interesting. On the east bank the high *barrancas* continue, surmounted by thick forests, and reminding one in parts of the famous Cliefden Woods on the river Thames, but on a smaller scale so far as the trees are concerned, the growth being generally low. As for the river Paraná, it seems to become more vast and impressive the higher we go, and before reaching the town of Paraná it widens to 3000 yards. This town, 410 miles from Buenos Ayres, stands at an elevation of 120 feet from the river, and at a distance of two miles from the port. It is a town of European aspect, of no special character because it is purely imitative, but nevertheless one of the few well-built and well-kept cities in the republic, of which, by-the-way, it was the capital from 1852 till 1861. The port is picturesque, and along the shore in the vicinity are many lime-kilns built under the bluffs. From this point a small steamer runs daily up a tributary of the Paraná to the town of Santa Fe.

The *Olympo* arrived at Paraná at 6 P.M., and left at 1 A.M. The next morning broke dark and cloudy, but soon the sun cleared the sky, and gilded the sails of the innumerable schooners that were gliding over the vast river like gigantic water-fowl. The landscape is composed of green expanses of water, with bluffs or *barrancas* on the Entre Rios bank, and flat islands covered with low timber on the other. After passing the colony of Hernandarias, where the forest begins to alternate with prairie, we halt at Santa Elena, a recent settlement, with huge sheds for salting and drying meat, steam-boilers for making tallow, and the usual appli-

A WATER-CARRIER.

ances for the accessory branches of the saladero industry. At noon we reach La Paz, 530 miles from Buenos Ayres, an important town pleasantly situated on heights overlooking the river, and after a halt of an hour we proceed on our journey amidst islands covered with more or less luxuriant vegetation, and across enormous wastes of brown water, whose surface is wrinkled here and there by sand banks and shoals. The scenery is monotonous, it is true, but nevertheless has a charm; the immensity of the river impresses one; the tree-clad expanse of low islands seems to have no limits; there is a fascination in the very solitude of the landscape, which in the long intervals between the towns and colonies is rarely animated except by birds, and now and then by the tents and encampments of Italian wood-cutters and

charcoal burners pitched on the islands. At 7 P.M. we reached Esquina, 590 miles from Buenos Ayres, and in the vicinity we remark for the first time great quantities of tall and dwarf palm-trees, growing in wild profusion in the thick jungle which covers the low and swampy coast, for after leaving La Paz the character of the landscape changes, owing to the disappearance of the *barrancas*. Esquina is about two miles inland up the Corrientes River, on which a small steamer plies in correspondence with the Platense boats. Henceforward the country becomes wilder, and the settlements rarer and less flourishing; on the east bank we have the province of Corrientes, still one of the least secure in the republic; and on the west bank the Gran Chaco, that famous unexplored territory of swamp and woods, which has already devoured men and money beyond calculation, and remains still the dominion of mosquitoes and frogs.

After leaving Esquina we steamed along without incident until past midnight, when, in spite of the skill and vigilance of the pilots, the *Olympo* ran aground in the Yaguareté Pass, one of the most difficult parts of the river, owing to shoals and shifting sand banks. By filling the boats astern with water, and by hauling on a kedge-anchor, the captain managed to get the ship afloat and started afresh; but in a few minutes she was stuck again; in despair the anchor was lowered, and we waited until morning, when we got off without difficulty, and at 10 A. M. reached Goya, 676 miles from Buenos Ayres. The town is situated inland, up a beautiful river lined with fine trees. At the mouth of the river are two or three ranchos, a few schooners at anchor, and a small steamer that comes to take on passengers and a cargo of wine, flour, and canned tomatoes from Genoa. It seems strange to carry tomatoes from Italy to the heart of South America, the more so as the tomato flourishes in the province of Corrientes; the cultivation, however, is not sufficient for the market. For that matter, in all these new colonies and settlements, so much vaunted for their fertility, and in the old-established towns too, good fruit and vegetables are rare and dear. Fruit, well grown, fine flavored, and of clean and agreeable aspect, is with difficulty to be found even in the markets of the capital. People are only just beginning to pay attention to this profitable branch of culture, which has the disadvantage of demanding incessant care.

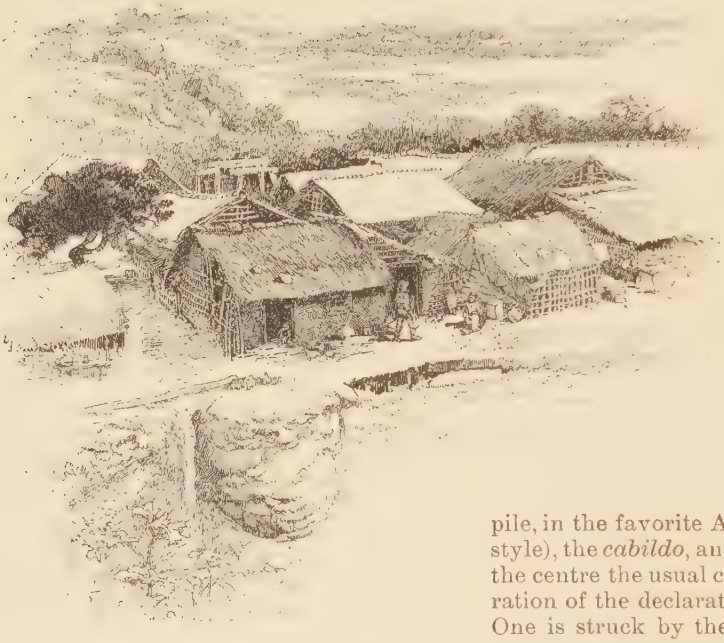
At noon we leave Goya, and at a beautiful spot called Rincon de Soto we notice the first orange groves, loaded with golden fruit. At this point the river narrows from 3000 yards until at one pass it is not more than 200 yards across. The vegetation is luxuriant, and the trees often attain a height of 50 and 60 feet, though most of them are lower. The ground on the Chaco side is swampy and covered with thick jungle and climbing plants that cling to the trunks and branches of the trees, and literally drag them down. Along the shore are hundreds of flamingoes, storks, and turkey-buzzards, which congregate particularly in the many creeks and affluents that run into the main stream between banks overhung with soft velvety vegetation of trees and flowers almost too pretty to seem real. And yet, except for the wood, which cannot yet be economically utilized, these islands and plains of the Chaco are without profit to man; they can be neither inhabited nor cultivated, because many months out of the year they are under water. On the Corrientes side, after an interval of low prairie, the bluffs have reappeared, and rise to a height of 40 or 50 feet, composed of strata of yellow and white sand and clay, with a layer of black vegetable earth and pasturage on the top. This soft *barranca* is being continually eaten away by the river, which thus goes on widening its course and piling up sand banks, first in one place and then in another, now making a new island and now washing it away.

The next halting-place is San Vicente, on the Chaco side, the port of the Ocampo colony, with which it is connected by 40 kilometres of railway; and then at 6 P.M. we reach Bella Vista, 738 miles from Buenos Ayres, splendidly situated on a high plateau commanding a view over the Paraná, and surrounded by luxuriant orange groves. The town is of the usual Argentine provincial type, and consists of a huge plaza and a chess-board arrangement of sandy streets. A large proportion of the inhabitants are French. The port is of a primitive nature, and consists mainly of an old hulk anchored off the shore, which the lazy bullock carts reach by means of a steep descent from

the top of the *barranca*. The mixed Latin nature of the inhabitants is indicated by the two hostelries near the shore, which bear the titles respectively of "Restaurant des Bons Amis" and "Fonda Italiana." After staying two hours to discharge cargo, we start at 8 P. M., by the dim light of the crescent moon, that sheds a crinkled band of silver across the river, which has here once more become a stream of vast breadth. Every day and every night I marvel more and more at the skill of the pilots, who thread their way amidst the shoals and sand banks, trusting solely to the acuteness of their vision and to their constant observation of every inch of the river. The only thing that can stop them is fog; otherwise they go on day and night, perched in their pilot-house on the upper deck, always on the watch, modifying the course of the ship almost every minute, now going straight ahead, now crossing from one bank to the other, now describing a curve or an S. At night the pilot-house remains dark; a dim light only is placed inside the compass-box, and another very dim one inside the dial of the telegraph that communicates with the engine-room. No light is allowed on the foredeck—not so much as the striking of a match; the eyes of the pilots must not be dazzled even momentarily, because they steer entirely by sight and memory, watching every ripple and eddy on the surface of the water, and occasionally casting the lead for purposes of security and verification, the soundings in all the difficult parts being recorded in the log of each steamer of the company both on the upward and the downward voyage, and communicated to the pilots of the other ships of the same line. These men are, with very few exceptions, Italians or, at any rate, born in La Boca of Italian parents. La Boca, still the great port of Buenos Ayres, in spite of the grand new docks, is practically an Italian town, and almost all the coasting traffic of the republic is in the hands of Italians, who begin as boys on board the coasting and river schooners, and gradually rise to be masters and owners. Our two pilots had been on the Paraná ever since they were boys, and for years had worked on schooners such as we saw tacking up and down the river. These boats sail up a reach, and then, in order to get round a point or a bend and catch the breeze again, they lower their skiff, send the boy ashore to tie a line to a tree, and immediately haul on the line until the sails swell, and another reach can be traversed. To go from Buenos Ayres to Asuncion in this way requires several months, but the journey is an excellent lesson for the future pilots.

JUAREZ CELMAN PORT.

After leaving Bella Vista we anchored and waited until daylight in order to pass



VILLAGE ON THE PARAGUAY RIVER.

a difficult point. At Empedrado we staid a few minutes only to land the mails, and at 2 P.M. we reached Juarez Celman, on the Chaco side, a new settlement, and the port of the colony of Resistencia. It being the 25th of May—Independence Day—the flags were flying on board and on shore, where a full-rigged staff stood in front of the custom-house. Juarez Celman consists of four houses, a café, and a rose-colored shed with a corrugated iron roof, blue windows, a green door, and the inscription: "Inmigracion. Colonizadora Popular." On shore we see a couple of broken-down carriages, some heaps of wood, a few men, women, and children loafing, the captain of the port and his crew of marines—most of them colored men—and in the distance the flat prairie and the brown road leading to distant and solitary Resistencia. This vision was interesting as a specimen of how great things begin.

About three o'clock we reached Corrientes, 832 miles from Buenos Ayres, a town of 20,000 inhabitants, and one of the oldest in the republic. The streets are sandy, and one only is completely paved; the houses are partly modern and uninteresting, and partly old colonial dwellings, with palm-tree pillars, broad verandas, small windows protected by wooden gratings, and roofs of bark instead of tiles. The church is of the ordinary Spanish American style. The plaza is large, and surrounded by the usual monuments—the government house (a modern pile, in the favorite Argentino-Corinthian style), the *cabildo*, and the barracks, and in the centre the usual column in commemoration of the declaration of independence. One is struck by the number of Indians seen in the streets of Corrientes. The majority of the inhabitants, I was told, speak the Indian Guarani dialect rather than Spanish. On the two occasions when I spent a few hours in the town business was reported to be at a stand-still, owing to the want of money. The inhabitants had even ceased to pay taxes for the same reason. The governor and the captain of the port were described as tyrants and scamps, who put every obstacle in the way of commerce and navigation. The streets were said to be unsafe after dark; and several benighted European residents assured me that the Correntinos are very bad people, owing to the large admixture of Indian blood. It is in their nature to be idle and bad; and the more intelligent of them admit the fact, and insinuate that they are victims of determinism. All this is very strange, in truth, but from what I saw and heard elsewhere, the authorities and many of the inhabitants of Mendoza, Cordoba, Santa Fe, and other provincial towns are not much better than their colleagues of Corrientes.

The river at Corrientes is three miles broad, and navigable for vessels of nine feet draught. The port ships hides, sugar from Posadas, and tobacco and *maté* from

the Alto Paraná. The stevedores here are terrible men to deal with; they are like the Indians, who will work to satisfy a caprice, but not regularly; they work until they have earned the money to buy a *poncho*, a watch, or some other object of luxury that has caught their eye in a store, and then neither money nor persuasion can move them.

We leave Corrientes at 6 P. M., and at a distance of 18 miles reach the Tres Bocas, the confluence of the Paraguay and Paraná rivers. In broad daylight it is curious to observe the two streams at the point where a long sandy spit marks their junction. The waters of the Paraná are of a dirty green color, while those of the Paraguay are yellowish-brown, and for several miles the two mighty streams flow parallel and unmixed, the meeting of the two being marked by a long line of foam, forming, as it were, a white cord stretching down the middle of the river, and separating the green waters from the brown waters. The Paraná makes a sharp turn eastward, and under the name of Alto Paraná may be followed on the map up to about the nineteenth parallel of latitude, where it is formed by the confluence of the two rivers Paranahyba and Rio Grande. A few leagues lower down, the course of the stream is interrupted by the cataract of Urubupunga. From this point it runs south-southwest as far as the twenty-fourth parallel, where it is again interrupted by the cataract of Guayra. The region traversed thus far belongs to Brazil, and was occupied by Jesuit "reductions" in the sixteenth century. Doubtless in the more or less distant future, when ways of communication have been created, all this fertile territory will once more be occupied. At the cataract of Guayra the fron-

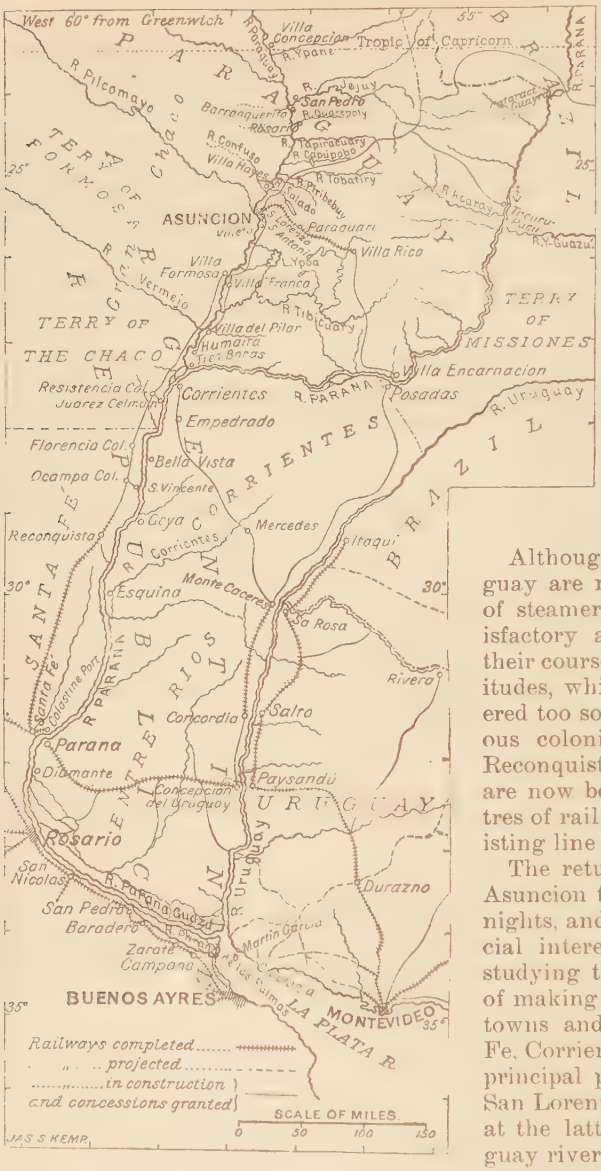
CABILDO AND PLAZA AT CORRIENTES.

LOADING ORANGES AT SAN ANTONIO.

tier of Paraguay begins, and the river runs from north to south, bounding the republic, and then from east to west, until it joins the Paraguay, as above described. The few travellers who have seen the cataract of Guayra describe the falls as being as fine as those of Niagara, but unfortunately they are still in the midst of solitudes to which access is difficult. The Salto de Victoria, some 20 miles from the confluence of the Y-Guazú and the Paraná, is also said to be very magnificent, and somewhat easier of access, but as yet few travellers have seen it. The navigation of the Alto Paraná is difficult, but practical up to a certain point. The Platense Company runs a passenger steamer three times a month from Corrientes to Posadas and intermediate ports—Lomas, Santa Isabel, Ituzaingo. Posadas, on the Corrientes side, is 225 miles from the confluence of the Paraná and Paraguay rivers. From Posadas a smaller steamer of the same company runs twice a month up to Tacuru-Pucu, a few miles above the confluence of the Y-Guazú, and about 400 miles from Corrientes. Beyond this point no screw or paddle steamer has been able to conquer the rapids, currents, and eddies. The whole of the banks of the Alto Paraná, from Villa Encarnacion up to the Salto de Guayra, are covered with forests of *yerba maté*, or Paraguayan tea, and the chief traffic is the transport of this article. Not being able to sacrifice the five or six weeks or more necessary for a trip into these solitudes, which are said to be grandly picturesque, I remained, not without regret, on board the *Olympo*, which, being bound for Asuncion, continued northward up the Paraguay River, passing Humaita, 884 miles from Buenos Ayres, a place famous in the annals of the Paraguayan war, the disasters of which are still testified by the ruins of a large church. The next morning we stopped at Villa del Pilar, and then at Formosa, an Argentine military frontier station, and the seat of the Governor of the Chaco.

The scenery of the Paraguay River is charming; the banks are covered with luxuriant forests full of parrots, monkeys, and birds; the numerous affluents, fringed with trees that are reflected in the glassy water, are beautiful and soft as English country landscape. The comparison, however, cannot be carried into detail, for the muddy and sandy banks of the affluents, as well as of the main stream, are black with large and small alligators basking in the sun. So we steam along past orange groves, broad plains dotted with dwarf palms, thick jungle, and forest, where the trees are inextricably linked together by creepers and lianes. Occasionally on the Paraguayan side, where the ground is always elevated a reasonable height above the river, while on the Chaco side it is low and swampy, we note a few cottages, orange groves, cattle, and women robed in white and carrying pitchers on their heads. At Villeta, in order to deliver a few letters, we are obliged to cast anchor, a formality exacted by the Paraguayan captain of the port, who would raise a diplomatic incident and a case of *falta de respeto* if the steamer did not stop, blow the whistle, and let down the gangway, instead of simply hoisting the mail-bag over the rail. Then we pass San Antonio and San Lorenzo, sight the hill or Cerro de Lembaré, anchor in the bay of Asuncion at 10 P.M. on Monday, May 26th, and the next morning we are allowed to land after the due visit of the sanitary and port authorities. The distance between Asuncion and Buenos Ayres is 1115 miles, and the journey up stream takes six days more or less, owing to stoppages and accidents, such for instance as fogs, which are frequent during the winter season, and the inevitable delays due to running aground when the river is low.

From Asuncion a small steamer of the Platense Company runs once a week as far as Villa Concepcion, a distance of 234 miles. On the left bank of the river the ground is high and beautifully wooded; while on the right bank are the low wastes of the Paraguayan Chaco. The bay of Asuncion spreads out at the foot of the hills of Mangrullo and La Recoleta, which are dotted with white edifices half buried in verdure. We pass the mouth of the Rio Confuso, which winds across the Chaco, and whose waters are as salt as those of the sea; then we halt at Villa Hayes—a colony of the Chaco, not very prosperous—pass the rock of Peñon that rises in the midst of the river, note the mouths of the rivers Salado and Pirybebuy, Capiipobo, and Tapiracuay, and so reach the little port of Rosario, situated on a lofty *barranca* at the mouth of the Rio Quarepoty, and separated from the town by marshes that are not easy to



cross. Above Rosario we pass the mouths of several rivers whose geography is little known, and halt at Barranquerita, a small port, whence a road leads to the town of San Pedro, placed on the banks of the Jejuy, the mouth of which is some three leagues higher up; and at about 40 miles from San Pedro we reach Villa Concepcion, situated immediately north of the Tropic of Capricorn. So far the scenery is soft and charming, the few towns without any interest after one has seen Asuncion, and the country generally very thinly inhabited. In the stretches between the ports a house or a human being is a rare sight.

Above Villa Concepcion the river Paraguay continues to be navigable through the Brazilian territory of Matto-Grosso, to the capital of which province, Cuyabá, a steamer makes periodical voyages at the expense of the Brazilian government, following the Paraguay River to its confluence with the Rio Lourenzo, on an affluent of which, the Rio Cuyabá, the town of the same name is situated. The distance between Cuyabá and Buenos Ayres is some 2500 miles.

Although the rivers Paraná and Paraguay are navigated by a regular service of steamers that offer fair and even satisfactory accommodation to passengers, their course still lies through immense solitudes, which seem to have been discovered too soon. There are, however, various colonies along the river between Reconquista and Formosa, which points are now being connected by 450 kilometres of railway, in prolongation of the existing line from Santa Fe to Reconquista.

The return voyage down stream from Asuncion to Campana took five days and nights, and afforded no incidents of special interest, except an opportunity of studying the orange trade, and a chance of making further acquaintance with the towns and colonies of the Chaco, Santa Fe, Corrientes, and Entre Rios. The two principal ports for shipping oranges are San Lorenzo and San Antonio. We staid at the latter, a lovely spot on the Paraguay river, with a strand of yellow sand, banks fringed with lilies, and in the background trees, some of them forming masses of lilac bloom. The port consists of a square of sand, with the cabin and flag of the custom-house, or resguardo, and a short wooden jetty to the right; a roughly traced road leading into the interior past a sort of store or tambo; and to the left a large tent stretched over palm poles, with a lattice floor made of bamboo. This tent was full of oranges; on the sand outside were other mountains of oranges; and carts drawn by yokes of two or four oxen, preceded by the driver, wearing a

long *poncho* and carrying a bamboo goad, kept groaning and creaking down the slope, and depositing other golden piles along the beach. Under the shady curtain of trees were seated groups of men, women, and children, with oranges, bananas, mandioca, parrots, blue-jays, and monkeys, which they hope to sell, but at the same time make no effort to offer their merchandise, preferring to remain calm and indifferent, sucking *maté* through silver bombillas.

The steamer is moored alongside, and a long gangway of planks is laid on high trestles from the paddle-box to the shore; then, when all is ready, about sixty women and girls and ten men set to work, some to carry baskets full of oranges, others to hand the baskets from beside the paddle-box to the upper deck, others to pass the baskets on from this point to the corral or enclosure that has been built behind the pilot-house, and others still to pass down the empty baskets. The carrying is all done by women, who form a procession passing continuously up and down the gangway, and generally at a run. They are Paraguayans, Guaranis, and other Indians and mulattoes of various shades, clad in white, rose, scarlet, yellow, and other bright-colored Manchester cotton stuffs; all are barefooted, and most of them are without beauty, but gay, and ready to laugh and scream without pretext, merely for the sake of being lively and making a noise. They are like birds and monkeys. Hour after hour this operation goes on. Women and young girls alike have cigars in their mouths in the usual Paraguayan fashion. The rapid movement of brightly clad figures passing in opposite directions, with the glare of the yellow mountains of oranges and of the dazzling white tent on the shore, ends by hypnotizing one, and yet the scene is so original that one continues to watch it in spite of one's self. For that matter, there is nothing else to do. The village, buried in orange-trees, is soon visited; to walk for any distance along the river is rendered difficult by the overhanging trees; and so one remains leaning over the rail, and watching the women and girls toiling, while the men—husbands, fathers, or brothers—loaf on the shore, smoke and play cards, according to the custom of Paraguay, where the women do the work while the men enjoy life. The steamer was supposed to take 250,000 oranges; but there being no means of control, it is probable that, in order to allow for loss, the shipper put on board at least 300,000. These oranges, of fine flavor and aspect, are worth one Paraguayan dollar a thousand at San Antonio. The women, who carry the baskets on their heads, are paid eighty centavos a day, and the harvest of the fruit lasts eight months, beginning at the end of May. The freight from Paraguay to Campana, and from Campana by schooner to La Boca, together with the loss from putrefaction and rough handling during the journey, brings the retail price of a good orange in Buenos Ayres to about two cents.

THE CLOSED GATE.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

But life is short; so gently close the gate.—Winifred Howells.

THUS wrote she when the heart in her was high,
And her brief tale of youth seemed just begun.
Like some white flower that shivers in the sun
She heard from far the low winds prophesy—
Blowing across the grave where she must lie
Had strange prevision of the victory won
In the swift race that Life with Death should run,
And, hand in hand with Life, saw Death draw nigh.

Beyond this world the hostile surges foam:
Our eyes are dim with tears and cannot see
In what fair paths her feet for our feet wait,
What stars rise for her in her far new home.
We but conjecture all she yet may be,
While on the Joy she was, we "close the gate."

THE TECHNIQUE OF REST.

BY ANNA C. BRACKETT.

OUR muscular strength is the means through which we act, but that by which we act is a something behind the former which we call nerve force. Distilled by the mysterious alchemy of life from the food we eat, from the sunshine and the air, it is the life we live. It spans, as it *is*, the impassable gulf between matter and spirit which forms the despair of the psychologist. It is the perpetual miracle which all common things are—the more common, the more miraculous. An aristocratic product of life, it is life itself, for when it is exhausted, the organization ceases to be. We are then not to be surprised that it yields slowly to attacks upon it, succumbing only to long siege, for it is the very force of all forces. Neither ought we to be surprised that to recover from a real attack of what is called "nervous prostration" there should be demanded by cheated Nature a time which always seems to the sufferer unreasonably long, if indeed it be not interminable. But he has not kept his books balanced with the minute care which Nature always employs in the management of her accounts. He has hoped, if he has thought about it at all, that she was at least as careless, or as weakly indulgent as he, and that some few things might be overlooked or haply forgotten. But Nature's ways of doing business are not his ways, as he has found out to his cost. Her ways are not the curving and yielding lines of benevolence and charity, but the rigid and straight ones of truth and justice, and it is better that the punishment for the repeatedly broken law should be sometimes terribly swift and hopelessly fatal in a particular instance than for one jot or one tittle to pass from the law.

With those who have offended against it in the constant mad chase after pleasure, or in the equally mad struggle to win and hold a coveted place in what is called society, I have nothing to do. They must be left to settle their accounts as best they can. But to most earnest people life is hard and fast, and growing continually harder and faster, and to many it is becoming more and more a burning question how they shall meet, like men and women, the demands of each day without falling under the condemnation of that law. It would be comparatively easy for the society followers, if they had any desire so to do, to settle their problem by following Carlyle's plan, and reducing their denominators. He makes it very clear to all those who have passed beyond the stage of childhood, and consequently do comprehend the nature of a fraction—an impossible thing for a child to do, because it lies in the region of relativity—that our wishes and desires stand to our abilities, either pecuniary or mental, in the same relation as the denominator of a fraction to its numerator, and that the value of the fraction of each one of us expresses in terms easily written down the total amount of our solid happiness or contentment. In this view it follows that there are always two possible ways of increasing the amount of the latter—and this is no doubt the main object toward which are directed most of the efforts of most men—namely, to increase our numerator by increasing our possessions, or to diminish our denominator by decreasing the total amount of our desires. The first of these ways is the only one generally perceived by the majority of people, and the one to which they bend all their efforts, but it is often the impossible way, while the other path lies always open to most people, with absolutely sure result. Since that result—that alteration in the value of the fraction—is what we are many of us after, it may be surprising that the always available and sure method is not more generally selected. But, as has been said, to many of us there is no liberty of choice left open. Forced by the demand of the working world to which we belong, we have already reduced our denominator to a surprisingly low figure. We find a positive pleasure, as we walk in the city, in seeing shops loaded with innumerable things that we do *not* want, and would not have even if we could. Even in the matter of books the number which we care to own grows smaller day by day instead of larger. We have learned the great lesson that it is easier to climb at once to the high hills, and drink from the springs which run there, than to accept the diluted stuff which is delivered to us

in conduits often not of the cleanest. This lesson, once acquired, frees one from many perplexities, and confers a not inconsiderable amount of liberty, besides giving us a feeling of buoyant health which the dwellers in the lowlands, who depend upon aqueducts, and are subject to all the inconveniences resulting from negligent or incompetent contractors and engineers, never can know. With regard to society, too, the number of houses into which we do not desire to enter is infinitely larger than that of those to which we aspire. And it confers almost a feeling of royalty to see so many people around us who do not hesitate at any sacrifice or any effort to obtain an introduction into certain circles of society to which no entreaties of our best-meaning friends would be able to drag us for a single evening. We have had so much to do all our lives that we have learned the value of time, and we are blessedly thankful for it, for nobody who has not lived a life of constant labor can possibly know the exquisite delight of a whole half-hour in which one has at last the right to do what she pleases. The fifty years of Europe hold more conscious throbbing life than a cycle of Cathay, and even if we had the liberty of choosing, we would take the fifty years.

But after we have cut off the branch roads with which we once made connection, and concluded that for the future we will take up all the rails but two, and run only express trains on those two, leaving the accommodation trains to be looked out for by other roads, we find ourselves in need of some rules, the result of our own experience and that of other economical people, if we would avoid disastrous collisions, and the consequent necessity of large expenditures in the way of damages. Possibly a few conclusions on this subject of rest by those who have been forced to give many years' attention to it may not be out of place for general reading.

I have said that the time is hard and fast. The slang phrase "Give us a rest" in its very slanginess emphasizes the general widely spread consciousness that the step of invention and science is at present really too long for the ability of human faculties inherited from ancestors who lived in easier times. The business man feels this to his cost. With all the advantages which the railroad and the telegraph offer him for a more rapid carrying on of his business, he is forced by the very close relation of all varieties of trade—one of the unavoidable results of these very advantages—to keep in his mind a great many more particulars than formerly, if he would see his business successful. If he attempts to carry on his affairs in the way in which his father carried them on, he soon finds that his neighbors will not agree to do the same, and he is forced to make a study of statistics which thirty years ago would have seemed to him to have no conceivable bearing on the price of the commodities with which he is dealing. The facts in the case of the simplest kinds of business are set forth with so much clarity and in so fascinating a manner by Mr. David A. Wells in *Recent Economic Changes* that it is useless to do more here than merely refer to them, for a class of readers who in all probability have already read and reread that most delightful book. To give some little idea, however, of the increase of activity imperatively demanded by modern competition in business, it may not be useless to adduce the fact that in some of the large firms in the city of New York it is found necessary to employ at a high salary a man whose only business during the whole year is to keep the firm thoroughly informed simply as to rates of freight on their line of goods. These rates in the time of our fathers were considered a fixed quantity. Then one was in the region of trade-winds in business, and knew what he had to depend upon. By the inventions since that time we have been moved, without our connivance, into the belt of variable winds, and must learn to shift our sails and to tack about with a velocity and with an unexpectedness which would have killed the respectable merchants of old times, and goes a long way toward killing us. The mind has to change with the sky now in a way unknown to the old Latin poet. In this whirl of business, added to by the increasing demands on all sides, everybody is in danger of overtaxing the amount of nervous force at his disposal, for it must never be forgotten that this is not an infinite quantity, but one which is strictly measured out to each one of us, and, as has been said before, one of which Nature will keep very strict account, though we do not. We may think to cheat her by elixirs and by tonics, by coffee and alco-

hol, but such things are only the spur to the tired horse. They do not and never can add to the force we have at our disposal. The only ways to keep that up are those which God has ordained, of rest and sleep. Still, as I have said, there are many small devices by which we can bring our inventive power to our help, and this inventive power could certainly never be put to better use than in aiding those of us who must work continually, and yet who must not wear out, and cannot die just at present, because we are needed, to conserve all the working energy that we have.

The most unfortunate thing seems to be that it is precisely the persons that are most needed that are likely to be overtired, because they are those upon whom everybody who has a mission feels himself at liberty to call, and who are apt to be endowed with a dangerous amount of conscientiousness as to their duties. We all know that when the clergyman wants any help in his parish, or when there is any money to be raised, he is forced to summon those who have already more than they ought to do, if he would expect valuable assistance. The real tragedies of life are often to be found where we should perhaps least expect them. They are going on before us in the lives of many a wife and mother in our American cities to-day, who, between her duties to her husband, her children, her church, and the calls of society, which she often must not slight because of her husband's position, present or aspired to, is being killed before our eyes, tortured at the same time by the incompetent domestic service which makes house-keeping and the creation of a comfortable home almost an impossibility. One such woman I saw die in New York only a few years ago at thirty-nine, literally killed by the brave effort to do all her duty; and they are "dying thus around us every day," with brave smiles on their faces. You may see them by hundreds in the streets and at afternoon receptions in any American city if you have been initiated into the band, and know the passwords and the grip. If you do not, you will think that they are brilliant and beautiful women, and involuntarily bow the head before them for their goodness and their womanliness, but you will not know that you are rendering homage to martyrs as truly as if you saw them led into the Coliseum as playthings for a Numidian lion, and just as truly on account of their religion. If to any one of these women—whom I know all, though I can call only a terribly small proportion of them by name—I may give some little help before it is too late, I shall be very glad. At any rate, they shall know that I do know them and that I will try.

The amount of work that one can do depends greatly on the balance between his nervous force and his muscular strength, and not so much on the absolute amount of either. With some, the balance is so nicely adjusted that there is very little danger of their ever wearing out. If it were not for the Divine decree that no life can be perfect which does not include death as one of its phases, it would seem as if they might live forever. We must depend upon our muscular strength in great measure for the fresh air and exercise which are needed to keep in health the nervous forces, and therefore when we find the brain largely outbalancing the muscles, we have a dangerous temperament, and one that needs watching and care. This is more likely to be the case, of course, with women in general than with the majority of men. We may, perhaps, leave out of the question entirely the many in whom the muscular strength is very much in the preponderance. We really have to do, in a discussion of this kind, only with those in whom the brain, from its larger size or its greater activity, or both, calls for a disproportionate share of the nourishment furnished to the entire body, every part of which is constantly wearing out and being in constant need of repair. There are light signs of nervous overwork which many do not particularly notice, but which are the vanguard of the danger signals. If all our powers are in perfect equilibrium, we ride in a rattling vehicle and scarcely notice the continual clatter; but if the nerves have been a little more worn out than they have been built up, we can hardly think of anything else, and it seems as if we could not endure to stay in our places till we reach our destination. Some people are more sensitive to light than to sound; with some it is the other way; and the first class in such case will complain of the intolerable glare of the sunshine, and try to get relief by hanging still heavier draperies at their windows, thereby making

the mistake of shutting out one of God's most powerful tonics. Or one may find herself suddenly unwarrantably irritable on insufficient grounds. When this happens, the evil is already far on its way, and demands attention.

There is one stage of weariness when we desire to sit still and see other people work; this is comparatively a mild form, though it testifies, I think, to more danger than those before spoken of. In this state there is no more satisfactory place than a luxurious arm-chair in a theatre. It is delight just to see the orchestra straining themselves over their instruments; and when the real dramatic work begins, it does not seem to matter much whether it be good or bad from any artistic point of view, if only the actors will tear themselves to tatters, while we sit absolutely still, and hardly take the trouble to think. I suppose the relief here comes from the truth lying behind the old proverb that "misery loves company," or possibly it may come from our pleasure in vivid contrasts. But the going to the theatre in America can be only a palliative, not a cure, for the morbid state, for it generally means bad air and late hours, and those who have been or are using up nervous force faster than they are making it must, above all things, have all the sleep that they can get. There is, however, a worse stage of weariness than this. If this goes on unchecked, there will come a time when not only one instinctively avoids effort for one's self, but when he cannot endure seeing any one else making any exertion; when he does not like to ride up hill, because the mere sight of the tightly drawn traces and of the pulling horses, who are probably enjoying the exercise, is painful; when one shuts his eyes that he may not see the regular curves on the top of the seat in front of him in a railroad car, because he cannot help thinking wearily that some one had to decide just at what point of the curve up it was to be changed to a down curve, and exactly how many inches and fractions of an inch long the panels of the space between the windows had to be so that they would fit. At this state he would very much prefer to live in a world of chance than in one regulated in any way, even by Divine reason. He has entered too deeply into the secrets of the world's work and never-ceasing labor, and there seems no escape for him, except perhaps by means of books, into the realm of fairy-land, where there exists no distinction even between right and wrong. It seems thus that the evils which are the outcome of a highly developed civilization bring with them their own cure, for art and literature—especially sculpture in the one, and fiction in the other—offer us help even in this state, so that we are not entirely cast away. The fiends that torment us cannot follow into the enchanted forest of Ardennes and the Dream of the Midsummer Night, or on the windy plains of Troy; while the perfect freedom in Greek statuary, if we will only make ourselves passive, and let ourselves be acted upon by it, will bathe our souls in temporary rest. But it is always only ancient art, I think, that can do this, for the modern artist, strive he never so earnestly, and perhaps for the reason that he does strive earnestly, can never manage to get rid of the "endless toil and endeavor," which is just what we are weary with. If we turn to architecture, we shall find that we must leave to those who have had less of the world's work to do than we the aspiring Gothic cathedrals. And we look at the ruins of the Parthenon with the sad inquiry of a friend of mine: "Why couldn't the Greeks, who were so far-seeing, have known enough to build two Parthenons—one for posterity, and one for adversity? They might have known that something was sure to happen to one of them at least, before the discovery of America and of the telegraph; they might have duplicated the original one, which was for their own use, in some thick olive wood, and put up a sign there saying, 'This is *not* the way to the Parthenon.' Then the Turks might have played with one, and by this time Dr. Schliemann would have discovered the other, and we should have been saved. In its perfect lines we could have really rested. But now it is too late!" And then she goes to the depot and buys a ticket for a six hours' trip, for, she says, "it is such a comfort not to have the fireman come in to ask whether he shall put any more coal on the fire, and the engineer pulls his throttle-valve without looking to see if I signal him; and even if the train runs off the track, it is none of my business, and I am sure that it is not my fault, and nobody will think of blaming me for it." The swinging motion of the car and the rhythm of the sounds put her into a

heavy sleep, and so for another reason than that which she has assigned for her journey she comes back the next day ready to go to work again.

But the question is, what shall people do who are conscious that they are overdrawing their deposits in the bank of nervous supply, and yet must go on working, and continually? Of course every one can easily see that in such a case we must cut off all unnecessary expenditures of nerve force, and that we must deposit the largest possible amount of the same; for, after all, our nerve force, as has been said before, is our life. Without it, and enough of it, we cannot digest our food, nor even keep our hearts beating. Everything that we do and that we think stops when that stops, and if we have not enough to run the whole complex machine in the complex conditions of our modern life, some one of the organs of our bodies will have to suffer, just as some of the poor man's children have to go barefoot if there are not shoes enough to go round. So we must give attention to the food we eat that it shall be of a sort to digest easily, and to furnish the greatest possible amount of nourishment with the least possible amount of work put upon the digestive organs. Remember, we have no force to throw away in any department. Economy of expenditure must be the universal rule if the working condition is to be maintained. Next, as supplying food for the tired brain—perhaps I should have said first—comes sleep; for it is only when we are dreamlessly asleep that the brain is not working, be it never so slowly. Always while we are awake we are thinking about something; that is, we are breaking down and reducing brain cells to the condition of useless matter. Even the slightest fancy that flits through the mind as we lie on the grass and imagine that we are doing nothing, does not fail to reduce our active power, and even if we had been made capable of absolute idleness, all the operations of our bodies which are necessary to the preservation of life, such as the beating of our heart and the muscular movements which carry on respiration, demand for their performance a certain amount of the total nerve force of the body. When we are asleep truly, the outgo is reduced to a minimum, while the repairing forces still remain busily at work during our slumber, and that is the explanation of the feeling of refreshment which we have after a night of quiet sleep. It is amazing how much even five or ten minutes of unconsciousness will do toward this refreshment—showing how great is the repairing power of sleep. As regularity in eating will prevent and even cure many forms of indigestion, so regularity in sleep will in the first stages of sleeplessness—that torment which is sure to fall upon those who are overtaxing their nerve force—be, perhaps, quite enough to stop the trouble. There is nothing which tends more to become a machine than the human body, if it be not indeed the human mind, and if it is called on every night at the same time to furnish sleep, it may be relied upon to do it with some considerable degree of certainty. So sure is Montaigne of the beneficent effect of regularity that he says it is far wiser not to change the usual diet on any little illness, for, as he justly observes, it is surely not at the time when the body is out of order that it can be tolerant of a change in its accustomed habits.

There is nothing more conducive to the rapid wearing out of any machine than jerks, of whatever kind. The street-car horses would live and be useful much longer if it were not for the necessity under which they must work, of constantly stopping and starting with a jerk. Do not lend your favorite sewing-machine to anybody who cannot run it smoothly and regularly, if you do not want to have every part of it strained and worn. Go to bed, then, regularly at the same time every night if you can; and if sleep does not at once come when you are ready for it, do not toss about, but lie perfectly still, even to the little finger. This will help it to come; and even if it does not come at once, the utter rest which the muscular force is getting by not being called upon for contractions or relaxations will, at any rate, save any extra expenditure of nerve strength. It may be objected that the holding one's self perfectly still when the tendency is to throw one's self about demands no inconsiderable amount of will, and that that must make as much demand upon the brain as movements; but I am not speaking of persons in perfect health; I am speaking of those who are already in an unnatural state, and who are reduced to the necessity of, as it were, fighting fire with fire. If they had not used their will too much, if they

had not time and time again forced up the unwilling body to the labor from which it shrank, as one forces up a horse to a leap which he instinctively knows to be of doubtful height for his strength, I should have nothing to say to them. But as it is true that we can conquer physical Nature only by her own powers craftily turned against her, using her own force of gravitation to overcome weight in the lever and the pulley, and the substances which she has forged with fire to build our fireproof buildings, so now we can meet and conquer only by force of will—type of the Divine creative will—through which we have for years and years been forcing up the reluctant bodily forces to do our bidding. And now the vapor will not go back into the casket, the flying horse on which you have made your journeys will not descend because the wooden peg in his neck has become fast, the mill which was so useful to grind your corn will not stop grinding even in the night season. These things are your masters now, not your slaves, and the demon of sleeplessness, more horrible and more fatal than the Old Man of the Sea, is upon you, insisting upon your working without, nay, against your will, just as the screw of the vessel whirls round as the wave lifts it out of the water, and shakes her from stem to stern, uselessly and harmfully, as if driven by some demonic power. The demonic power in you, however, is not demonic, but only a heavenly power perverted, like all other so-called demonic powers, for it is, as I have said, only your own will, type of the Divine will, creative will, by which for years and years you have forced up the reluctant bodily powers to do your bidding.

Do not then complain, nor hesitate to use your will to keep yourself perfectly quiet. Only be devoutly thankful that you have enough at your command to do this; and if after a while this will not do, eat something, which by this time you should have learned always to have within reach. One cracker will often be enough to send you into the region of unconsciousness. The physiological reason for the working of this simple remedy is perfectly plain. But if you are accustomed to lie awake for hours, you had better make a practice of eating regularly before going to bed, preferably something warm. While you are waiting for sleep to come to you, you will certainly be thinking of something, probably of the very things which you are most tired of considering; and here, too, you must use your will to determine the course of your thought, and if it persistently goes back to the avoided topic, you must just as persistently call it away and set it on another track. What that track shall be matters not much, but it must be of your own *choosing*, and it must be something which involves a little exercise of the memory, a list of incidents which you recall with a little difficulty, say either in your life or in the life of some one else, and which have a certain order in regard to time, or an arbitrary one which you have given them. To repeat poetry which one knows by heart, or to count, is not enough; I think there must always be a little call upon the memory to produce the best result. If you make a mistake in the order of your events, start at the beginning and go over them again, and if you do this over and over, you will often find that you begin to do it sleepily, and then the battle is won. It may do to rehearse an imaginary sermon which you are going to deliver in case you should ever be requested to preach in Trinity Church. You can arrange your heads, and try to secure sub-heads enough under each to occupy the time assigned; but do not get very much interested in the real welfare of the congregation, for if you allow emotion to invade the domain of thought, you have lost the game, and will have to begin all over again. Never allow yourself to plan what you are to *do*. Don't get into the realm of real action, unless it be past action, and, again and again, be sure you make some demand on abstract memory. Lie in such a way as to leave every muscle in a state of relaxation. In other words, lie as if you were dead. You will find it possible to withdraw your will from even the tips of the fingers, if you will make an effort so to do. Put yourself with regard to every muscle as much as possible into the state of a man who is dead drunk. Do not put your hands into any definite position. Let them drop where and how they will. It may be added that the slow swinging of a hammock is certainly provocative of sleep. There seems to be a direct *drowsying* influence on the brain produced by the rhythmical swing, which gradually grows slower, and finally dies out by imperceptible gradations; and I think that any one who has ever had a hammock

slung in his room will have come to the conclusion that the instinct of the human race was right when it fashioned rockers for the baby's cradle.

So much directly for sleep. But one way of help outside of this is to make yourself as much as possible a creature of habit as to your every-day life. Some regular routine — the most that you can secure under your circumstances — will prove of great assistance, in that it will relieve you of the necessity of constant decisions as to what you are to do, and when. It will put you somewhat in the position of an irresponsible person, or, at any rate, of a person who is responsible only for the carrying out of the orders of another. Allow yourself, then, to fall into as many habits as you can. We do most easily that which we have a habit of doing, from the physiological reason that, as is said by Professor H. C. Wood, in the *Century* for March, 1890, if a nerve cell has once acted, it has a tendency to act again in a similar manner. He was speaking of fatigued cavalrymen falling asleep on the road. I quote his words: "There was no upper brain memory of the past, no consciousness of the present, in that automatic mass of man and horse which, though sleeping, walked forward by virtue of the recollection that lay in the lower nerve centres. Memory is, then, entirely apart from consciousness. It is a function of nervous matter to be impressed with its own actions. If the action has been sufficiently repeated, the memory of it becomes stamped upon the little cell, and that stamp remains and dominates that cell. As a result of the influence exerted upon the cell, there has been formed, so to speak, a mould of that influence, by virtue of which, when the stimulant again comes, the cell reacts as it formerly had done. It is this fact which makes the training of children possible, and it is this that makes the responsibility of training children so terrible. Fixed habits are but the expression of organic form in nerve cells." A consideration of these well-known facts will show that it is possible to save a great deal of nervous energy by filling our lives with habits. It is stated on good authority that all great actors make use of this fact to render it possible for them to exist and to represent night after night the most exhausting human passions. They reduce much of their work to habit, and thereby save strength. It is the necessity under which most of us labor of making the constant decisions demanded by the complex conditions of modern city life that does as much as anything to wear us out.

You have necessarily a great many details to arrange, a great many things to care for, and very little time to do this in. They are things of no value in themselves, they are trifles, and yet it is upon the proper care of these trifles that often the whole comfort of a household depends. Do not try to carry these in your memory. Keep always with you—I am speaking of sensible women, and I take it for granted that all such have attainable pockets—a little memorandum-book, dated on each page for the days of the year. If anything is to be done at a certain time, put it down when you think of it, on its proper page. You will soon form a habit of looking at your book every morning, and you will find there, already set down for you, what you would otherwise have to think of for the day. If you are going to buy things in different shops, arrange from this before you go out the most convenient order in which to visit them, and then follow it as mechanically as if you were a little child, and had been sent out on errands for some one else. I have met with people who objected to this plan of writing down things to be done, seeming to have a feeling that to do so would imply some mental incapacity on their part. Many persons seem to think that the memory is a very high faculty of the mind, and mournfully presage a failure of their powers because they can no longer remember insignificant dates, names, and facts. But this abstract memory, which has for its office to recall quite unconnected and meaningless things, is really one of the lowest faculties that we have, and one in which we are excelled by many animals—the horse, for example. There is no disgrace in not being able to remember names and dates, or the numbers of the houses of our friends. In fact, we ought to feel ourselves glad that our minds are capable of higher and more fruitful contents. But, at any rate with those for whom I am writing, the question is not how they shall invest unlimited millions, but how they shall make the best disposition of the very limited means at their command, while there seems to be only constant increase in the daily and never-ceasing demands. Do not try to remem-

ber at all things which you want to remember only for one day. To do this is simply to cultivate what is known in pedagogics as the "carrying memory," the memory of the railroad conductor for the faces of the passengers on his train, and that cultivated by the crammers who fit our boys and girls for examinations. Except to assure the conductor that he has collected all his fares, except to enable the children to boast of having "passed the examination"—that is, of having walked across a bridge which leads nowhere in particular—there is nothing gained by such a memory. But worse than this, there is no habit which is surer to destroy all capacity for any continuous and useful thinking. To have the mind habitually full of the petty details of every day is, as many a mother of a family sorrowfully knows, to become absolutely unable to read anything but the daily paper, and to see herself compelled to much the same life as that of the tread-mill horse; to feel herself shut out from all the broad and life-giving currents of thought, to find herself at last unable to interest or even to amuse those whom she longs to serve, and to see herself growing old before her time. For nothing cuts the wrinkles of age so quickly and surely as the holding of the mind on the petty trifles of every day; nothing keeps man or woman young and fresh like broad and deep mental activity. Use, then, your little memorandum-book—it must be little, so that you can have it with you always—to keep safe for you the things which you have to do for every day, and save your mind to do what the Creator intended it to do—to grow and develop continually. After all, the life is more than meat, and surely we are bound for another country than that in which we now are. This we are apt too often practically to forget, though we may acknowledge it regularly on Sundays.

It is not the work but the worry which kills. There is no tonic for the body like regular work of the mind, though this is unfortunately not often appreciated or not allowed by the physicians to whom anxious mothers take their growing daughters. There is nothing so sure to steady the nerves of the fretful and excitable child as regular school work in the hands of a real teacher. Many a child who is celebrated for dangerous fits of temper at home becomes entirely transformed under the influence of such a school, till her nearest relatives would not recognize her if they should ever take the time and the trouble to visit the school-room. I do not mean a school-room full of competitive examinations, of "marks," and of irrelevant inducements to make the child commit to memory a mass of unrelated and undigested facts; I mean one where, without any inducement but the natural desire for knowledge, which is all-sufficient with any American child if it be rightly directed, you find steady and well-ordered labor, without haste, though not without rest, and honest, thorough, and pleasurable work. We may learn a lesson from this fact—for it is no theory—of the effect of regular work on our tired nerves, and wise shall we be if we apply it. Even the most consistent homœopathic physician could not object to this kind of tonic, though he would tell you, and truly, that tonics are worse than of no use for overworked nerves.

In every way you must put yourself in the condition to be rested, for, after all, you are in higher hands than your own, and pretty much all you can do is to furnish occasions for anything that deserves the name of real rest. You cannot get at it simply by your will; it cannot be taken by force any more than the kingdom of heaven. The way to it lies not through the path of the overruling of law, but in conformity to it, just as the way to the abolition of the curse of slavery in this country lay. All you can do is to put yourself in the position of rest, and then wait. Take, then, voluntarily all the quietness that is possible for you. If there is anything which you have been accustomed to do standing, and which you can do sitting, make yourself sit down to it. Many people waste more energy in dressing, for instance, than would suffice, properly expended, to learn stenography or the use of the type-writer. But to find out just where in the manifold and oft-repeated process of putting off and putting on clothes, wasted energy in walking and in standing can be saved, requires thought and invention. Most people will be surprised to find how much can be saved. For those who are honestly and necessarily trying to make their "little economies," to use a French expression, equal their necessary nervous expenditures, the old rule may be good, though it would not do

for the world in general—"Never stand when you can sit, and never sit when you can lie down." Avoid all unobjectified motion. I mean, if you are waiting for a street car, do not describe arabesques with the end of your umbrella in the mud or dust of the sidewalk. Do not play with your shopping bag; let your watch chain obey the impulse of gravitation without interference from you; sit perfectly still at the table, and let your knife and your napkin-ring rest too. It would seem that I am unnecessarily repeating only the rules of good-breeding, but it will do no harm to repeat them when they coincide, as here, with the laws of desired health.

By this time you ought to feel a sympathy with even inanimate things, and want to let them lie still. You ought to want to go and help the poor little mullein fallen behind in the great mullein procession that every summer climbs the rocky hill-side, and which has succeeded only in poking its head through the bars of the fence till it is all twisted with the effort—you ought to want to help even the little mullein to get through, and to relieve it from what must be a horrible ache in its woolly neck. The general rule is, make no motion which has not a definite aim and object; and those who will follow this rule, and check themselves every time that they find themselves breaking it, will be surprised to discover not only how many these motions are, but also what a reflex influence toward quietness will be exerted on the mind.

The great master Balzac, than whom no one, not even Shakespeare, has more deeply studied human nature, says of one of his most celebrated characters, one of his masterly misers, "This man used to pause in the middle of what he was saying and remain silent while a carriage was passing, so as not to force his voice." We who need to hoard our nervous energy may learn even from the old miser. Do not, when you are resting, so much as take the pains to place your hands in any particular position. Let them fall where they will, and lie there undisturbed. Even such little things as these will help to put you into the condition of passivity, and that is exactly what you need. It is by a long series of just such trifling activities that you have become to Nature the debtor who has arrears to make up, and she does not object at all to the instalment plan, though she will exact her full pay, even to the uttermost farthing. Shut your eyes whenever you can, and keep them shut. This will not only rest the nerves of the eye, but will remove from your perception many objects which otherwise, if you saw them, you would at least idly wonder about, or which very probably might start a train of thought. It is not necessary for you to see everything in the room where you happen to be. In fact, it is quite desirable that you should not. I venture to hazard the inquiry whether one reason why near-sighted eyes have the reputation of lasting longer than others may not be that they are not used so much. Their owner knows that there are many things which he cannot see distinctly, and hence does not make the effort to see them, and his eyes thus get more rest than if they were normal. But, at any rate, that we have eyelids is a pretty sure indication that we were intended to make use of them to rest the eyes. Take, then, all the voluntary rest which you can get, and for every muscle of the body, not forgetting the little ones of the fingers and the eyes. For those people who are the busiest there is no loss but rather a gain of time in this. The following from one of our best-known physicians describes one way of taking voluntary rest: "How do I do it? I retire to my study, and having darkened the room, I light a cigar, sit down, and perform the operation. How to describe it I don't know, but it is a condition as nearly like sleep as sleep is like death. It consists in doing absolutely nothing. I close my eyes, and try to stop all action of the brain. I think of nothing. It only takes a little practice to be able to absolutely stifle the brain. In that delightful condition I remain at least ten minutes, perhaps twenty. That is the condition most favorable to digestion, and it is that which accounts for the habit animals have of sleeping after eating. I would much rather miss a large fee than that ten minutes every day."

The Arab proverb says, "Hurry is the devil," and this is certainly true in the amount of nervous energy which it takes out of one. But that we may avoid getting into a hurry, one of the chief requisites is that everything belonging to us should be in perfect order. Everything that we own should at all times have its own place, and, unless in use, be always in that place. If we are not of those to whom

such order is a necessity and an æsthetic pleasure, then, if we would preserve all the nervous energy possible, we must cultivate the habit as one of our most precious possessions. One reason why there is rest in heaven is undoubtedly because its first law is order. The amount of time and of worry that is saved by having all things in place is simply incalculable. And like the habit of keeping still, it exerts a powerful reflex influence on the mind, a fact which is seldom appreciated by school-teachers, if one may judge by the condition in which we are sure to find the desks of the children if we open them at an unexpected time.

For those who are tired, and who have the courage and the perseverance which are necessary to lift themselves out of the trouble in which their wills have placed them, it may be added that it will often be quite as necessary for them to avoid pleasure as annoyance. For a concert may make as much demand upon the nervous strength as a piece of work, in the call which it gives to the emotions.

But—and this is often the most important thing to be said—there is nothing which will give a chance for rest to overtired nerves so surely as a simple religious faith in the overruling, wise, and tender Providence which has us in its keeping. It is in chafing against the conditions of our lives that we tire ourselves immeasurably. It is in being anxious about things which we cannot help that we often do the most of our spending. A simple faith in God which practically and every moment, and not only theoretically and on Sundays, rests on the knowledge that He cares for us at least as much as we care for those who are the dearest to us, will do much to give the tired nerves the feeling of the bird in its nest. Do not spend what strength you have, like the clematis, in climbing on yourself, but lay hold on things that are eternal, and the peace of them will pass into your soul like a healing balm. Put yourself in the great everlasting currents, and then you can rest on your oars, and let those currents bear you on their strength.

NO ANSWER.

BY ELIZABETH STODDARD.

YOU tell me not, green multitude of leaves,
Mingling and whirling with the wilful breeze,
Nor you, bright grasses, trembling blade to blade,
What meaneth June, to hap us every year.

The spirit of the flowers is watching now,
As winking in the sun they suck the dew,
The thickets parley with the splendid fields—
What meaneth June, to hap us every year?

Up where the brook laps round the shining flags,
And tinkles foam bells past the weedy shore,
And where the willow swings above the trout—
What meaneth June, to hap us every year?

The clouds hold knowledge in their snowy peaks,
They hide it in their moving fleecy folds,
They share it with the sunset's golden isles—
What meaneth June, to hap us every year?

Fulness and sweetness, and the power of life,
Must I in ignorance remain alone,
And yield the quest of speech for certain proof?
What meaneth June, to hap us every year?

Sweetness and beauty, and the power of life,
Is it creation's anthem—parts for all?
Is this the knowledge—will you answer me?
What meaneth June, to hap us every year?

THE FAILURE OF DAVID BERRY.

BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

MR. DAVID BERRY used to keep his shop in a small wooden building in his own yard, and worked steadily there a great many years, being employed by a large manufacturing company in Lynn at soling and heeling men's boots. There were just such small shoe shops as his scattered among the villages and along the country roads. Most of the farmers knew something of the shoemaking trade, and they and their sons worked in their warm little shops in winter when they had nothing else to do, and so added a good deal of ready money to their narrow incomes. The great Lynn teams, piled high with clean wooden shoe boxes, came and went along the highways at regular times to deliver and collect the work. Many of the women bound shoes, and sometimes in pleasant weather half a dozen friends came together with their bundles, and had a bit of friendly gossip as they stitched. The little shops were only large enough for the shoe benches, with shiny leather seats and trays of small tools, sprinkled with steel and wooden shoe pegs and snarled with waxed ends; for their whetstones and lapstones and lasts, and the rusty raging little stoves, with a broken chair or two, where idlers or customers could make themselves permanently comfortable. No woman's broom or duster had any right to invade the pungent, leathery, dusty, pasty abodes of shoemaking; these belonged to men, and had a rudeness akin to savagery, together with a delightful, definite sort of hospitality as warm as the atmosphere itself. If there were not a life-sustaining broken pane of glass somewhere, the door had to be left ajar. There were apt to be apples on the high window ledges, and any one might choose the best and eat it, and throw the core down among the chips of leather. The shoemaker usually had a dog, which wagged an impartial tail at each new-comer; for the shoemaker always sat in the same place, and society came and found him there, and told news and heard it, and went away again. There were some men who passed their time as guests in shoemakers' shops, especially in winter; their wives were fortunate in having other sources of income, and merely looked out for their rights in the matter of neighborhood news. These shoemakers' guests were a distinct and recognized class. There never were many of them, and they each had a sufficient excuse for idleness, either in their diligent wives, or some slight physical hinderance to active labor.

One cannot follow a farmer as he ploughs his furrows in a clayey field and expect the time to be given to steady conversation, but a shoemaker sits all day pounding, pegging, and silently shaping leather with his thin sharp knife; sits at the receipt of custom and news. He likes to have his time beguiled with idle talk; he grows wise in many ways, and deeply reflective as he grows old. The humble hero of this brief tale, Mr. David Berry, was one of the pleasantest and wisest and least prejudiced of shoemakers. You could not spend five minutes' pegging time with him and miss hearing an ever-to-be-remembered piece of rural wisdom, some light coin of country speech, bearing the stamp of that mint where wit holds the hammer.

He was always an old-looking man for his years, and as wise of countenance as a Greek philosopher. In the days when parishioners listened critically to sermons, and on Mondays and Tuesdays argued excitedly for and against the minister's opinions, Mr. David Berry, though never a fierce partisan, could always keep the points and heads of the discourses very clear in his mind. He was much respected among the old residents of the town, and always made Judge Hutton's and General Barstow's best boots, and patiently repaired the foot-gear of half the men and women of his neighborhood. Everything prospered with him in early life; his wife was busy and cheerful, and helped him to earn, though nobody could help him to save. His steady business brought in enough—Lynn work and custom work together—to pay for their house and bit of land in course of time, but David Berry was one who liked to give for giving's sake; he believed with all his heart in foreign missions; he considered the poor, and was in every way a generous man. People did not notice this trait at first, because he never had large sums to give,

and one never looked for his cramped handwriting at the head of a subscription paper, but you always might find it before you came to the end.

Everything prospered until he and his wife were far past middle life, and then suddenly became aware that the growth of the town was leaving them at one side. The tide of business had swept away from the old shoe shop. Sometimes Mr. Berry did not have a customer all day, and his wife came out with her sewing and sat on the door-step to keep him company. The idlers had disappeared, some to another world, and the rest evidently had followed the track of business; they were off at the square looking at men who drove new horses by and tried to look unconscious; at mercantile strangers who came from Boston; at the great brick walls of the new mills which were going to bring so much money to the town. Professional idlers have no spirit of loyalty, they find occupation in the occupation of others, and they are fond of novelty.

Business had gone to another part of the town, and it was the plainest sort of good sense to follow it. One morning, after much trotting back and forward, an express wagon was backed up to the door of the little shoe shop in David Berry's yard, and loaded with the old shoe bench and the rusty stove, and all the sole-leather and old shoes and boots, and the idlers' chairs, and a great quantity of queer-shaped wooden lasts, and these were soon bestowed, looking meagre enough, in a narrow brick store down-town. The rent had been a great lion in the way to a man who had never paid any rent; but Mrs. Berry was sanguine, and had no sentimental ties to the old shop, which she had always complained of as a dirty place and a temptation to the loafers of that neighborhood. Before long she succeeded in getting a good offer for the empty little building from a neighbor who was enlarging his hen-house, and could not understand why her husband was slow to seize upon such a good handful of ready money, and even after he had taken it, would not stay at home and lend a hand at the moving. Mrs. Berry declared that the yard looked a great deal better without the old shoe shop. She could sit at her favorite window in the kitchen now, where the light was best, and look far down the street, as she never could before, to see the passing.

But David Berry felt old and bewildered in his new quarters. The light was not nearly so good, and his tools were scattered, and he had to get up and cross the room half a dozen times in an hour, when formerly he had only to reach to the shelf above his head or across to the cutting board. He put up some signs in his window, made for him long ago out of friendship by one of the idlers, whose only gift was one for ornamental penmanship. "Boots and Shoes Repaired While You Wait" was the most prominent of these, and brought the industrious little man a good many hurried ten-cent jobs of pegging and heeling. Some of his old friends followed him; those who could afford to have their boots made still did so, for David Berry had won considerable renown for making comfortable shoes. But almost every one in the fast-growing extravagant little town thought it better to spend two dollars three times in the six months than five dollars once, and ready-made boots and shoes were coming more and more into favor. Still there was work enough to do, though life was not half so friendly and pleasant as it used to be; and it always seemed strange to the little round-shouldered old man to take his long walk down the street after breakfast, and put the new key into the lock of an unfamiliar door. Mrs. Berry thought that her husband had lacked exercise, and that his walk did him good. She promoted him to a higher station of respectability in her own mind because he had a store down-town, even though that store was a queer little three-cornered place tucked in at the head of the street between two large blocks.

There was only a north light in the new shop, and this seemed strange to a man who had been browned like a piece of the leather he worked upon because, small as the old shoe shop was, there were five windows in it, facing east and west and north, besides the upper half of the door, which was glazed, and faced to the southward. In dark weather, as the autumn came on, he had to light up early, and the care of the three lamps which were necessary for the new place of business seemed very troublesome. But he pegged and pounded away bravely. The old bench and the lapstone and all the tools were familiar, if the surroundings were not. He often said to himself that he should have felt like a king when he

was a young journeyman to have had such a good location and outlook for business as this. There was an opportunity, besides, for making new friends. An old sailor with a wooden leg came in one morning to have his one boot patched, and the two men instantly recognized a capacity for comfortable companionship in one another. David Berry had made one wretched fishing voyage to the banks before he finally settled upon his trade, and this made him a more intelligent listener to the life history of a mariner than was commonly to be found.

So the old sailor was unmolested in the best seat by the stove, by the time winter had set in. There was a poor little child, too, who came almost every day, and sat by the work-bench and watched the sharp knife and the round-headed hammer, the waxed ends, and the lapstone, do their work. Mr. Berry had seen the little thing as he went to his work in the morning, and it being natural to him to inspect people's shoes before he glanced at their faces, he had been compassionate toward a worn-out sole, and offered his services at mending it. The child put her little hand into his, and they walked along together to the shop. She was a poor little body, and grateful for the luxurious warmth and for an apple, but the mended shoe she took quite as a matter of course. Ever since, she had come every day for a while—to sit beside the bench, to run errands, to love the kind old man and look at him eagerly—but into what crevice of the town she disappeared when she went out of the shop door, he never knew.

It came into Mr. David Berry's thoughts sometimes in the old shop how he had pegged away on his bench year after year, and how many men and women had kept him company for a time and then disappeared. There had been six ministers of the parish to which he and his wife belonged, and they had all gone away or died. It sometimes seemed as if he were going to peg away forever just the same, and the rest of the world change and change; but in these later days the world outside seemed to fare on its prosperous and unhindered way, while he was battling against change himself. But for all that, he liked many things in the new life. He was doing more business, if only the rent were not so high; and Mrs. Berry was completely satisfied with him, which was most delightful of all. She could not have treated him better if he had owned the whole new shoe factory that was just being fitted with its machinery and office furniture. Some misguided persons went so far as to suggest that David should apply for work there, but his wife was scornful in the extreme, and so, to tell the truth, was David himself. Since his days as apprentice, and a few months spent as a journeyman in seeing the shoemaking world, he had been his own man.

Some time went by, and business seemed just as good, and even the continuous stream of passers-by in the street made the old shoemaker feel as if he could not work fast enough to keep up with the times. There was no question among Mr. David Berry's friends about his unflagging prosperity. His friend the doctor, who said always and everywhere when he found opportunity that no shoemaker in town understood the anatomy of the human foot as Mr. Berry did, looked at him sharply once or twice, and asked if he had light enough, and if he had a good appetite nowadays, but there never was anything but an unaffectedly cheerful answer. The change had been good on the whole, and the rent was always paid on the day it was due, though Mrs. Berry forgot about it every quarter, and could not imagine what her man did with his money. Think of the work he had now! As much again as came to him in his shop in the yard. She asked him sometimes if he spent it for nuts and candy, remembering that in his early days he had yielded to such temptations, but David colored, and shook his head soberly. He did buy an apple or an orange for the little girl sometimes, but he could not confess it even to his wife. Mrs. Berry sometimes looked into the place of business, and once or twice had found the child there, and asked all sorts of questions, but the old man hastened to suggest another subject, saying that she did no mischief, and kept some others out of that chair who would be in it and bothering him if she were not. When the little clerk's mysterious grandmother kept her at home, Mr. Berry felt very lonely. She was an odd, silent child; but they felt the warmth of each other's affection without a word being said, and were contented in their opportunity of being together. Mr. Berry sometimes believed that if the grandmother should die, from whom this stray little person ran away daily as a matter of

course, he should try to persuade his wife to give the child a home. Before long Mrs. Berry would need some one to help in the house; but all this got no further than being a pleasant holiday flight of his imagination.

In the second year of Mr. David Berry's occupation of the down-town place of business he yielded to bad advice, and enlarged his business unguardedly. The man who had bought the old shoe shop came in one night to get a pair of new boots, and after beating the price down unmercifully, and robbing honest David of nearly all his small profits, under pretence of hard times, and being a neighbor, and past favors shown about buying the building, he sat down for a friendly talk, saying that it was almost time for closing up, and then they could walk home together. David was glad to have a companion in his evening's journey of three-quarters of a mile. He used to go home to dinner at first, but of late it seemed to keep him out of his shop just when the mill people were likely to wish to come in. The little girl was apt to come in at noon and share his feast.

"You've got more room than you want here," said the unprofitable customer, looking about with a lordly air. "Why don't you put in some new stock? Why don't you keep ready-made boots?"

"I can't recommend them to customers," said the shoemaker, frowning.

"You needn't recommend them; they'll be snapped up quick enough if you keep the prices low. Plenty of ways of getting round recommendations."

David Berry said nothing.

"And you are doing well as you are, so what you could sell extra would be clear gain, and draw in a sight o' folks who don't come in now. I hear they sell second-choice shoes at the factory for next to nothing. My woman gets hers that way. You see, the thread 'll break, or the needle, and make a scratch on the leather, or there'll be some little defect, and the shoe's just as good to wear, but 'twon't do to put in the shipping cases."

"I ain't goin' to palm off no such stuff on folks that respect either me or themselves," said Mr. David Berry, reddening.

"You can tell folks just what they be," urged the poultry merchant. "Some likes that kind the best. I can lend ye something to start on; just as soon lend ye as not."

The shoemaker rose and put by his tools and his apron, but made no answer. The little girl, who was lingering late, waited until he had put on his coat and hat and locked the door, then put her hand into his and trotted at his side. Sam Wescott was amused at the sight, but after they passed two or three squares, the child slipped away silently down the side street.

"I'd think the matter over about extending your business," he suggested again; and this time David Berry said, gravely, that he would think of it, and ask Mrs. Berry; then he spoke decidedly about other matters, but would hear no more of business until they parted.

He went in at the side door of his little house, and hung up his coat and hat in the narrow entryway before he opened the door of the kitchen. Mrs. Berry was putting some old-fashioned shoe lasts into the stove. She was all dressed in her best, and there was a look of festivity; it was evident that she had company to tea.

"Step into the bedroom quick as you can, David, an' put on a clean shirt and your best coat. Mis' Lester is here, an' her son's wife. They come over from West Farms in the stage, shopping, and I overpersuaded 'em to spend the night. I just run over and asked the Wescotts to come too. I've been wantin' to ask them this great while; you know, they're some connection o' the Lesters. I can't make this fire burn, no matter what I do. Them lasts is got too old-fashioned even to burn."

"There, hold! hold!" exclaimed David, rescuing a last from the very jaws of the devouring stove. "That last ain't to be burnt; it's a very particular one with me. I won't have ye take any o' those in the barrel."

"They're all one to me," said Mrs. Berry, laughing. "I wish barrel and all were out o' my way. Come, go and dress up, David, and have some ambition besides hoardin' them old lasts!" She was very busy, but she turned round to look at him. "You feel well, don't you?" she asked, anxiously, disturbed by an unexplainable change in his looks. "Now you're doin' so well, you might shut up shop for a week, and go off and have a good visit somewhere. I'd like a change," she pleaded. "There, David Berry, you don't know how glad I be to have you out o' that little sixpenny shoe shop. I feel so free to have company when I want it, and not to stop and count every cent.

I'm going to make some o' my best tea-cakes, the kind that takes six eggs."

David stood, with the last in his hand, looking at her and faintly smiling approval. He was childishly delighted when she was pleased with herself and him, as she appeared to be to-night. Then he turned and went into the bedroom, and found his clean shirt and satin stock and his Sunday coat spread out for him on the bed.

After tea was over, and the women had settled down to steady conversation, Sam Wescott returned to the subject of the extension of David Berry's capital, and David said that he had been thinking it over, and believed it would be no harm to try and work off a few dozen pairs of the factory shoes. He had put by something for a rainy day, though his rent hampered him all the time, and his wood bill had been double what he expected. There was no place to store firewood at the little shop, and he had bought a foot at a time at an increased price. Before the tea party broke up, he had borrowed fifty dollars from Sam Wescott. There was nothing said about the interest being put low because they were neighbors. David Berry felt uneasy about this departure from his rule of never borrowing money, but he didn't like to touch what they had in the bank. It was little enough, and yet his wife really wanted to feel better off, now that she was in her prime. For himself, he was older, and would be contented to do without tea parties and the tea-cakes that took six eggs. But for several days Mrs. Berry kept saying, "What makes you so dumb, David?" And David would look at her with his slow smile, and make no excuse for himself.

A year went slowly by in these plain lives, and brought no change except that Mrs. Berry had a long fit of sickness, and a woman had to be hired to take care of her, and the doctor's considerate bill was paid, and David Berry, that prudent, saving man, who had feared debt as if it were a tiger, found himself likely to be behindhand with his rent, and obliged for the first time to tell the parish collector that he could not pay the quarter's pew rent or his punctual missionary subscription until next month. The situation was not so terrible, after all, as he might have expected. His wife was slowly recovering her strength, and he had plenty of work to do. The little three-cornered shop was reopened, and he set himself to work again, and felt as prosperous as usual as soon as he felt the old hammer in his hand. The little girl was waiting about the door, though he had not been there for several weeks except for an hour or two at a time. He had forgotten his obligations to the business world in his cares of nursing and forlorn housekeeping; but now, as he assured the little clerk, for lack of a wiser confidante, he had found a good woman, who was glad to come and spend the rest of the winter. She looked at him wonderingly. It never occurred to him to persuade her into more confiding speech, because she always smiled at him when he looked up and smiled at her.

It is astonishing how one may feel secure in the presence of dreaded danger. David Berry became used to the surly calls of the rent agent and the wood and coal man, and to Sam Wescott's disagreeable references to the money that was still owed on account. David answered them all soberly that they must give him a little time. He had been in hard sledding lately, but he was picking up his trade fast. The ready-made shoe business had not been successful, and while he was at home, a leak in the roof had ruined the best of the stock, but he had managed to pay Sam Wescott all but sixteen dollars of the fifty. If it had not been his rule to pay the doctor's bill first after the minister's dues, he might have been ready with his rent. David Berry never was quick-handed; he was growing slower every year, and he took great pains with his stitches and patches. At ten and fifteen cents each for his minor pieces of work, it took a good while to earn a dollar. "Give me a little time," he always said; "I mean to pay ye; I've always paid my bills, and asked no favors of any man until now." He worked as fast as he could and as long as he could, and spring was coming on; with the long days he could do even better.

One day Sam Wescott, an impetuous, thoughtless sort of man, who liked to have his own way about things, and was rather fond of his petty grudges, met the rent collector of the property to which David Berry's place of business belonged.

"Can you get anything out of old Berry yet?" asked the rent collector.

"No, not yet; he keeps promising. I guess he'll pay, but I'm beginning to want

my money," said Wescott, pompously, as if he liked the reputation of having money out at interest.

"'Tain't our rule to keep tenants who get behindhand," said the other. "He's getting along in years, and all that. It ain't a shop that's been called desirable heretofore, but there's an Italian fellow after it sharp that wants to keep fruit, and I've got to warn old Berry out, I guess, one o' these days."

Wescott ought to have been ashamed, but he really felt a lurking sense of satisfaction. The time had been when he had been in debt, not to say disgrace, which David Berry had taken occasion to justly comment upon, and the chance had now come to assist at David's own downfall. He might always have been steady at church, a good neighbor, and prompt of pay, and able to look every man in the face, but the welcome time had come to show him up as no better than other folks.

A few days afterward, the mischief having been set in motion, a blow fell out of a clear sky. The wood and coal man heard a whisper of other debts, and was quickly to the fore with his own account; and the shoe-factory book-keeper sent an insolent young fellow to demand instant pay for the last purchase of shoes, although it wanted two weeks to the regular time of payment. Sam Wescott felt sorry when he slouched into the little shop and saw his old neighbor's scared, hurt, grayish face. David Berry was keeping on with his work out of sheer force of habit. He did not know what his hands were doing; his honest heart grew duller and heavier every minute with pain.

"I was going to pay your bill to-morrow, sir," he said, appealingly, to the rent collector. "I thought that ought to come first. I've been hard up for ready money, but I've got within two dollars of it." He did not look at Sam Wescott.

"The rest of us has some rights," said the shoe-factory messenger, loudly.

A crowd was gathering about the door; the poor little girl—the little clerk—began to cry. There were angry voices; somebody had brought a law paper. In a few minutes it was all over, like dying. David Berry had failed, and they were putting up his shutters.

When he fairly comprehended the great blow, he stood up, swaying a little, just in front of the old shoe-bench. "It ain't fair, neighbors," he said, brokenly—"it ain't fair! I had my rent 'most ready, and I don't owe Sam Wescott but sixteen dollars."

Then he burst into tears—pleasant old David Berry, with his gray head and stooping shoulders—and the little crowd ceased staring, and quickly disappeared, as if they felt a sense of shame.

"They say he owes everybody," one man told another, contemptuously.

David Berry took his old hat at last, and stepped out of the door. The agent locked it, and took the key himself and put it in his pocket.

"I'll send up your things this afternoon, sir; the law can't touch a man's tools, you know," he said, compassionately; but it was too late now for his compassion to do David Berry any good. The old man walked feebly away, holding the ragged little girl by her thin hand.

Sam Wescott did not like the tone with which all his neighbors commented upon the news of Mr. Berry's failure. He explained carefully to every one that he felt sorry, but of course he had to put in his little bill with the rest. The whole sum of the old shoemaker's indebtedness came to less than a hundred dollars.

All the neighbors and friends rallied to show their sympathy and good-will, but Mr. Berry did not have much to say. A look of patience under the blows of fate settled into his worn old face. He had his shoe-bench put into the kitchen, and then wrote his name and occupation on a piece of paper, and tacked it on the gate. He sent away the woman who took care of his wife, though the good soul begged to stay, and he worked on and on from earliest morning to latest night. Presently his wife was about again, nervous and fretful, and ready to tiresomely deplore their altered fortunes to every customer. After the first influx of business prompted by sympathy, they seemed to be nearly forgotten again, and the old skilled workman bent his pride so low as to beg for work at the shoe factory, only to be contemptuously refused, simply because he was old.

Within a few months the doctor, who had been as good to David Berry and his wife as a brother, met Sam Wescott going down the street, and with a set look in his kind face stopped his horse, and beckoned to the poultry merchant.

Sam stepped out to the road-side.

"I've just come from David Berry's,"

the doctor said; "and the good old man is going to die."

"What do you mean?" asked Sam, staring indignantly.

"He's going to die," repeated the doctor. "And I make no accusation, because I would rather believe you were thoughtless than malicious in shutting him up. But you might have fended off his troubles by a single word; you might have said you'd stand security for his rent. It broke his honest heart. You've seen yourself how he's grown twenty years older. You took away his pride, and you took away his living, and now he's got a touch of pneumonia, and is going as fast as he can go. I can't do anything for him; his vitality is all spent."

The doctor shook his reins and drove on, and Wescott went back to the sidewalk, very angry and somewhat dismayed. Nobody knew what made him so cross at home, especially the day that David Berry died. The day of the funeral he pushed a tearful little girl away from the gate, who stood there wistfully looking in. He muttered something about children being underfoot and staring at such times, and did not know that she was the silent little clerk, who had a perfect right to count herself among the mourners. She watched everybody go into the house and come out, and when the humble procession started, she walked after it along the sidewalk, all the way to the burying-ground, as a faithful little dog might have done.

The next week somebody hung out a small red flag, and the neighbors gathered again to the auction. Mrs. Berry was broken in health, and every one said that it was best for her to sell the house, keeping some furniture for one room, and go up country to live with a cousin. Everything else was sold—the best room furniture (of which the good people had been so proud), the barrel of lasts, the lapstone and round hammer, the old shoe-bench itself. David Berry was always slow and behind the times, many people said; he had been a good workman in his day, but he ran into debt and failed, and then died; and his wife had broken up, and gone to live up country. Hardly any one remembered to say that he paid all his debts before he died, with interest, if there were any; the world could think of him only as a man that had failed in business.

Everybody missed him and his honest work unexpectedly—the people who had been his near neighbors and received many kindnesses at his hands, with whom he had watched at night through their sicknesses and always been friendly with by day. Even strangers missed his kind face.

One day Sam Wescott was standing in the old shoe shop, which made a little shed outside his poultry-yard, and he happened to notice a bit of printed paper pasted to the wall, low down, where it must have been close to the old shoe-bench. He stooped to read it, out of curiosity, and found that it was only a verse out of the Bible: *Owe no man anything, but to love one another.*

Sam Wescott looked at it again, then he walked away down the path with his hands behind him. In a minute or two he came back, took his jack-knife out of his pocket, and scratched the verse from the wall. Somehow there was no getting rid of one's thoughts about the old man. He had laughed once, and told somebody that David Berry could travel all day in a peck measure; but now it seemed as if David Berry marched down upon him from the skies with a great army of those who owed no man anything but love, and had paid their debt.

BROTHERS.

BY GEORGE HORTON.

SPIDER,
At my window spinning,
Weaving circles wider, wider,
From the deft beginning,

Running
Wheels and spokes until you
Build your silken death-trap cunning,
Shall I catch you, kill you?

Sprawling,
Nimble, shrewd as Circe,
Death's your only aim and calling—
Why should you have mercy?

Strike thee?
Not for rapine wilful.
Man himself is too much like thee,
Only not so skilful.

Rife in
Thee lives our Creator;
Thou'rt a shape to hold a life in;
I am nothing greater.

IN THE "STRANGER PEOPLE'S" COUNTRY.*

BY CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK.

XV.

THE accuracy of Felix Guthrie's oft-vaunted aim was attested by two ghastly objects that had exhaled life and found their doom in Crazy Zeb's cell. In the presence of these dumb witnesses of the struggle, lying surrounded by the charred and cold remnants of the fire, and scattered hay and corn which the vanished horses had left, and shadowed by the gloomy gray walls with their sinister resonance, the place seemed charged with the tragedies of its associations, frightful to contemplate, ill to linger about, and far removed from any possible conjunction with the idea of mirth and the festivities which a greasy thickened pack of cards strewed about the two bodies, and a flask, half broken by its fall on the rock, but still containing whiskey, might betoken. The chilly vault opened upon the serene splendors of the infinitely pellucid sunshine that glowed to midsummer warmth. Had ever the sky worn so dense, so keen, so clear a blue? It discredited the azure of the far western mountains, and marked how the material, even attenuated by distance to the guise of the veriest vapor, fails of the true ethereal tint of the ambient spaces of the air. The birds sang from the sun-flooded trees just beneath the cliff—so limpidly sweet the tones!—and within were two men dead in their sins, in this drear place that had known woe.

Death is not easily predicable of those of a common household, and in this scantily populated region the sense of community is close. There were some involuntary exclamations from the posse upon the recognition of the malefactors, implying a sense of catastrophe and regret; especially for one of them, a young man with the down on his lips, his face and posture contorted with the agony long endured while he lay here deserted in the darkness of the night, lighted only by the mystic moon, beside the stark figure of his comrade, who had been shot through the heart, dying in the space of a second.

"Lordy massy 'pon my soul, ef hyar ain't Benjy Swasey! What a turrible time he mus' hev hed afore he tuk off!" cried old Bakewell, his pallid face aquiver, and his voice faltering as he bent over the recumbent form.

The sight and the circumstance failed to affect the official nerve of the sheriff. "Now this is plumb satisfactory," he remarked. "I never expected ter see Buck Cheever in this fix. I'lowed the devil takes too good care o' his own. It's mighty satisfactory. I hed planned," he added, as he looked about at the high roof and the inaccessible depths below, "that I'd blow up this place some with powder or sech, but I reckon I hed better let it be—it does lead the evil-doer ter sech a bad end!"

But the old man still leaned with a pitiful corrugated brow over the lifeless figure. Age had made his heart tender, and he chose to disregard the logic that spoke from the muzzles of Swasey's discharged pistols, one lying close by, and from Cheever's bloody knife still held in the stiffened clasp of the hand that had

* Begun in January number, 1891.

wielded it. "Fee," he said, tremulously, "ye shoot *too* straight."

And Guthrie, his hand meditatively laid on his chin, and his eyes staring absently forward as if they beheld more or less than was before them, replied, "That air a true word, I reckon."

The air freighted with tragedy, with all the ultimate anguish of life and sin and death, seemed to receive with a sort of shock the sheriff's gay rallying laughter as he clapped Guthrie's shoulder.

"Then, Fee, my fine young rooster, ef ye hedn't shot straight I'd be a-sendin' fur the coroner ter kem an' set on *you!*"

"'Pears ter me," said the blacksmith, who still had on his leather apron, having forgotten in the excitement to lay it aside, and gazing with dilated eyes at the blood stains on the rock floor—"'pears ter me he'd hev a mighty oneasy seat on Fee, dead or alive."

The sheriff's jaunty jubilance, in that the law-breakers had been so smartly overtaken, attended him through the woods and down the road, as he cantered at the head of his posse, all armed and jingling with spurs—a cavalcade both imposing and awful to the few spectators which the sparsely populated country could muster, summoned out from the cabins by the sound of galloping horses and the loud-pitched talk. The elders stood and stared; tow-headed children, peeping through the lower rails of the fence, received a salutary impression, and beheld, as it were, the majesty of the law, materialized in this gallant style, riding forth to maintain its supremacy. Only the dogs were unreceptive to the subtler significance of the unwonted apparition, evidently accounting it merely a gang of men, and either accepting the fact quietly, with affably wagging tails, or plunging into the road in frenzied excitement, and with yelps and defiant barking pursuing the party out of sight of the house, then trotting home with a triumphant mien, according to the disposition of the individual. The tragedy that the posse had found in Crazy Zeb's cell lingered still in the minds of two or three of the horsemen, their silence and gloomy, downcast faces betokening its influence; but the others instinctively sought to cast it off, and the effort was aided by the sunshine, the quick pace, the briskening wind, and the cheery companionship of the officer. He seemed to have no receptivity for the sorrowful aspects of the event; a breezy self-gratulation was attendant upon him, and his spirits showed no signs of flagging until he drew rein at the door-yard of one of the escaped robbers, with whose names Guthrie had furnished him.

"'Ain't he got no sort'n *men* kin-folks?" he asked, his cheery, resonant voice hardly recognizable in the querulous whine with which he now spoke. "Lord have mercy on my soul! *how* am I a-goin' ter make out a-catechisin' the man's wife an' mother 'bout'n him! *Git* off'n yer horse thar, Jim. 'Light, I tell ye, an' kem along in the house with me ter holp bolster me up."

In several of these doomed households the forlorn women, in their grief and despair, turned fierce and wielded a biting tongue, and as the hapless officer showed an infinite capacity for anxious deprecation, their guarded sarcasms waxed to a vindictive temerity; among them he was greatly harassed, and more than once personal violence was threatened. Indeed one old crone rose tremulously up in the chimney-corner as he sat before the fire, after searching the premises, keenly questioning the younger members of the family, and with her tremulous, aged palm she smote him twice in the face. He sat quite still, although the color mounted to the roots of his hair, while her children in frantic fear besought her to desist.

"Lord knows, Mis' Derridge," he said, looking meekly at her, "I'd be willin' fur ye ter take a hickory sprout an' gin me a reg'lar whalin' ef 'twould mend the matter enny, or make yer son Josiah a diff'ent man from what he hev turned out. I reckon ye oughter hev gin *him* a tap or two more'n ye done. But ef it eases yer feelin's ter pitch inter me, jes pitch in, an' welcome! I don't wonder at ye, nuther."

She stared at him irresolutely from out her bleared eyes, then burst into that weeping so terrible to witness in the aged, bewailing that she had ever lived to see the day, and calling futilely on Heaven to turn the time back that she might be dead ten years ago, and upbraiding the earth that so long it had grudged her a grave.

The officer found it hard after this scene to lay hold on his own bold identity again, and he had naught to say when he got on his horse and rode away. It became

possible to reassert himself and his office only when he chanced upon a household where there were men and boys. There he raged around in fine style, and frowned and swore and threatened, every creature trembling before the very sound of his voice. Thus he made restitution in some sort to the terrors of the law, defrauded by his former weakness of its wonted fierce effectiveness.

The afternoon was on the wane, and no captures had been made; the cavalcade was about turning from the door of a house—it was the last to be visited, the most distant of all—a poor place perched high up on the rugged slope of the mountain, with a vast forest below it and on either hand, from the midst of which it looked upon a splendid affluent territory seeming infinite in extent. Peak and range, valley and river, were all in the sunset tints—purple and saffron and a suffusive blood-red flush, all softened and commingled by the haze; and above, the rich yellow lucency of the crystalline skies. A lateral spur was in the immediate foreground, high, steep, and heavily wooded, the monotony of the deep, restful green of its slopes broken here and there by vertical lines of gleaming white, betokening the trunks of the beech-trees amidst the dark preponderance of walnut and pine; more than one hung, all bleached and leafless, head downward, half uprooted, for thus the wind, past this long time, left trace of its fury. A stream—a native mountaineer, wild and free and strong—took its way down the gorge between the spur and the mountain from which it shot forth. From the door-yard might be had a view of a section of its course, flowing in smooth scroll-like swirls from the centre to the bank, and thence out again, the idea of a certain symmetry of the current thus suggested in linear grace—all crystal clear, now a jade-like green, and again the brownish yellow of a topaz, save where the rapids flung up a sudden commotion of white foam that seemed all alive, as if some submerged amphibian gambollings made the water joyous. The crags stood out distinct on either hand, with here and there a flower sweetly smiling in a niche, like some unexpected tenderness in a savage heart. All was very fresh, very keenly and clearly colored; the weeds, rank and high, sent up a rich aromatic odor.

The officer, for years a farmer, and alive to all weather signs, hardly needed a second glance at the clear tint of the vigorous mould of the door-yard beneath his feet to know that it had rained here lately. "The drought in town ain't bruk yit," he said, half enviously—a mere habit, for he had now no crops to suffer from stress of weather. Here there had been copious storms, with thunder and lightning, gracious to the corn and the cotton, and not disdaining the humbler growths of the way-side, the spontaneous jôyance of nature. The torrents had fallen in a decisive rhythm; the ground was beaten hard; the rails of the fence looked dark and clean; the wasp nests and the cobwebs were torn away—alack for the patient weavings!—the roof of the little cabin was still sleek and shining. As he turned on his heel he marked how the new-built hay stacks were already weathering, all streaked with brown.

He had searched the little barn whose roof showed behind the hay stacks, but as he looked toward it in the mere relapse of bucolic sentiment, he became vaguely aware of an intent watchfulness in the lantern-jawed and haggard woman of the house, who had followed him and his party to the fence, in hospitality it might seem, or to see them safely off the place. The reflection of her look—it was but a look, and he did not realize it then; he remembered it afterward—was in the eyes of a tallow-faced, shock-headed girl of ten. His own eyes paused in disparagement upon her; the hem of her cotton dress was tattered out and hung down about her bare ankles, all stained with red clay mud. There were straws clinging to her dress, and here and there in her tousled red hair. He was no precisian, to be sure, but her unkempt aspect grated upon him; these were truly shiftless folks, and had a full measure of his contempt, which he felt they richly merited; and so he turned once more to the fence, facing the great yellow sky, and the purple and amber and red flushed world stretching so far below. A little clatter at the bars where the posse prepared to mount and ride away was pronounced in the deep evening stillness; the cry of a homeward-bound hawk drifted down as with the sunset on his swift wings he swept above the abysses of the valley; and then the sheriff, stepping over the lower rail, the others lying on the ground, paused suddenly, his hand upon the fence, his face lifted. A strange

new sound was on the air, a raucous voice muttering incoherently—muttering a few words, uncomprehended, then sinking to silence.

Carew looked quickly at the woman; her face had stiffened; it hardly seemed alive; it was as inanimate as a mask, some doleful caricature of humanity and sorrow, forlornly unmoving, with no trace of beauty or intelligence to hallow it; she might seem to have no trait in common with others of her kind, save the capacity to suffer. The child's face reflected hers as in a mirror. The same feeble, pitiable affectation of surprise was on each when the sheriff exclaimed, suddenly, "What's that?"

The men outside of the fence paused in the instant as if a sudden petrifaction had fallen upon the group—one was arrested in the moment of tightening a saddle-girth; another was poised midway, one foot in the stirrup, the other on the ground; two or three, already mounted, sat like equestrian statues, their figures in high relief against the broad fields of the western sky above the mountain-tops. Once a horse bent down his head and tossed it aloft and pawed the ground; and again the silence was unbroken, till there arose anew that strangely keyed incoherent babbling. There was an abrupt rush in the direction whence the sound came, for it was distinct this time. The forlorn woman and girl were soon distanced, as they followed upon the strides of the stalwart sheriff. He ran fast and lightly, with an agility which his wonted pompous strut hardly promised. He was at the barn door and half-way up the ladder leading into the loft before his slower comrades could dismount. When they reached the barn the woman was standing in the space below the loft, her face set, her eyes restless and dilated; her self-control gave way at last to a sudden trivial irritation, incongruous with the despair and grief in her fixed lineaments.

"Quit taggin' arter me!" she cried out, huskily, to the tattered little girl, who, in tears and trembling with wild fright, hung upon her skirts.

The sheriff at the head of the ladder seemed, impossibly enough, to be tearing down the wall of the building. He had a hatchet in one hand; he used the handle of his pistol for a wedge, and presently the men peering up into the dusky shadow understood that he was plucking down the boards of a partition that, flimsy as it was, had seemed to them the outer wall when they had searched the place. Within was a space only two feet wide perhaps, but as long as the gable end. Upon a heap of straw lay a man, wounded, fevered, wild with delirium. He had no sense of danger; he could realize no calamity of capture; his hot, rolling, bloodshot eyes conveyed no correlative impression to his disordered brain of the figures he beheld before him. He talked on, unnoting the cluster of men as they pressed about him in the dust that rose from the riven boards, and gazed down wide-eyed at him. The only light came in through the crevices of roof and wall, but these were many. It served amply for his recognition, if more evidence had been needed than the fact of his home and the careful concealment; it showed the burly figures of his captors as they looked around the thrice-searched place, at the hay that they had tossed about, the piles of corn they had rolled down, the odds and ends of plough gear and broken household utensils in one corner that they had ransacked. More than one commented with a sort of extorted admiration upon the craft that had so nearly foiled them. The triumphant figure of the sheriff was the focus of the shadowy group, easily differentiated by his air of arrogantly pluming himself; one might hardly have noticed the frowzy shock of hair and the pale face of the little girl protruding through the aperture in the floor, for she had climbed the ladder, and with a decapitated effect gazed around from the level of the puncheons.

It was a forlorn illustration of the universal affections of our common human nature that this apparition should be potent to annul the mists of a wavering mind, and to summon right reason in delirium. The thick-tongued, inarticulate muttering ceased for a moment; a dazed smile of recognition was on the unkempt, bearded face of the wounded man.

"Bet on Maggie!" he said, quite plainly. "She kin climb like a cat. She kin drive a nail like a man! Takes a heap ter git ahead o' Maggie!"

And then his head began to loll from shoulder to shoulder, and the look of recognition was gone from his face. He was now and again lifting his hands as if in argument or entreaty, and once more muttering with a thick inarticulate tongue.

The sheriff looked at a twisted nail in

his hand, then down at the decapitated Maggie.

"Did you holp do this hyar job?" he asked.

The child hesitated; the law seemed on her track. "I druv the top nails," she piped out at last. Then, with a whimper, "Mam couldn't climb along the beam fur head-swimmin', so I clomb the beam an' druv the top nails," she ended, with a weak, quavering whine.

He looked down with a tolerant eye at the unprepossessing countenance. "Smart gal!" he exclaimed, unexpectedly; "a mighty smart gal! An' a good one too, I'll be bound! Ye jes run down yander ter the house, sissy, an' fix the bed fur yer dad, fur we air goin' ter fetch him down right now."

She stared at him with dumb amazement for a moment, then turning her little body about with agility, her tousled shock of hair and her pallid little face vanished from the opening in the floor.

The appearance there of an armed party of rescuers could hardly have been more unwelcome, and the sheriff breathed freely at last when she was gone.

He lifted his head presently, looking questioningly about the place, all darkening and of sober tints — the irregular spaces of the crevices gave now only a dull fragmentary glimmer. He turned, as if with a sudden thought, took his way down the quaking ladder and stood in the door, a hand upon either hip, looking out with a lowering, disaffected eye. In that short interval within the barn all the world had changed; the flaring sky had faded, and was of a dull gray tint, too pallid to furnish relief to the coming of the stars, which were only visible here and there in a vague scintillation, colorless too. The gloom of the darkling mountains oppressed the spirit, something so immeasurably mournful was in their sombre, silent, brooding immensity. The indubitable night lay on the undistinguishable valley as if the darkness rose from the earth, rather than came from the sky; only about the summits the day seemed to tarry. Many a vibrant note was tuning in the woods, for the nocturnal insects and the frogs by the water-side and vague, sibilant, undiscriminated sounds joined in a twanging, melancholy chorus that seemed somehow to accent the silence and the loneliness.

"Waal, night hev overtook us," the sheriff remarked to Felix Guthrie, who had joined him at the door. Then, with gathering acerbity, "'Pears like ter me ef Providence lays ez much work on a man ez I hev got ter do, he ought ter hev daylight enough left him ter git through with it, or else hev a moon allowed him ter work by."

Guthrie said nothing, but stood solemnly watching the darkening face of the landscape.

"We air roosted up hyar fur all night, Fee," he continued, in a tone that was a querulous demand for sympathy. "We could sca'cely make out ter git up that thar outdacious, steep, rocky road in the daytime; ef we war ter try it in the pitch-dark with a bedridden prisoner, the whole posse, prisoner an' all, would bodaciously roll over the rocks into some o' them gorges ez look ter be deep ez hell!" He paused for a moment, his light gray eyes narrowing. "I could spare the posse toler'ble well, but I could in no wise git along 'thout the prisoner." A secret twinkling that lighted his eyes seemed communicated in some sort to his lips, which twitched suddenly, as if suppressing a laugh.

Fee Guthrie's face wore no responsive gleam. He stood gruffly silent for a moment, his eyes fixed uncomprehendingly upon the sheriff. "Air thar ennything ter hender yer stayin' all night?" he asked at last.

The officer hesitated, then moved nearer, and laid his hand confidentially upon his companion's shoulder, among the ends of his flaunting tawny curls.

"Fee," he said, lowering his voice, and with a very definite accession of gravity and anxiety, "I hev made a mistake — a large-sized one — about the build o' that man Shattuck."

Guthrie's immobile, unfriendly face changed suddenly. There was a slight quiver upon it, which passed in an instant, leaving it softened and wistful and anxious. He knew naught of the officer's suspicions; he only knew that this man had lingered without the window to hear Letitia sing, while he waited for the moon to rise in the great rocky gorge of the river. It seemed to Guthrie that her very name would have a power over him, that it would stir him if he were dead, if he shared the long death in which the Little People lay and waited for their summons to rise again. And somehow the thought

of them, silent, motionless, undisturbed in their long, long abeyance, brought a qualm of remorse. "I ought not ter hev gin my cornsent ter open one of thar coffins," he said to himself, his lips moving unconsciously with the unspoken words. "My head won't rest no easier in the grave fur hevin' stirred *his'n*, an' jes fur Shattuck's cur'osity, ef the truth war knowed; 'the hist'ry o' the kentry'"—he quoted the words with a sneer—"air nowhar." "This hyar Shattuck air a mighty takin' man," he said aloud, suddenly. The sheriff cocked his head with keen attention. "Nowise good-lookin', special, but saaft-spoken. Folks like him mighty well; he pulls the wool over everybody's eyes."

He remembered his threat for the man who should come between him and Letitia; he had unwittingly spoken it to Shattuck himself, but it was well that he was warned.

"Waal, Fee, I ain't wantin' ter arrest him too suddint—unless I hed more grounds for suspicion agin him; but this hyar thing is murder, man, *murder!* An' 'twon't do fur ennybody ez hed enny part in sech ter get away. He sent Stephen Yates on a fool pretensified yerrand the night the man war waylaid an' kilt, an' ye seen Steve 'mongst the gang in Crazy Zeb's cell."

"How d'ye know ez the gang hed ennything ter do with that job? Mought hev been other folks," Guthrie demanded, the cause of justice urgently constraining him.

"Don't know it; that's jes the reason I oughter keep an eye, a sorter watch, on Shattuck, an' not arrest him 'thout he war tryin' ter clear the kentry. I oughter hev lef' a man ter look arter him."

Guthrie said nothing. He seemed to silently revolve this view.

"Would *you-uns* ondertake ter keep him under watch till I git back ter-morrow?" Carew moved his hand caressingly on Guthrie's shoulder amongst his long, wind-stirred hair. "I couldn't git down the mountain in the dark, specially lumbered up with that man, ez 'pears ter be dyin'—ye shoot mighty straight, Fee! —an' I 'lowed ye be 'feared o' nuthin', an' air a mighty fine rider, an' yer horse air surefooted. Ye mought walk ef ye warn't willin' ter try it mounted. Wouldn't ye obleege me, Fee?"

Guthrie's dark eyes, with their suggestions of implacability, were turned reflectively upon him. The dying light did not so much as suggest their color, but their lustre was vaguely visible in the dusk, and their expression was unannulled.

"I hain't got no nose fur game," he replied at last. "Ye can't hunt folks down with me."

The sheriff's hand suddenly weighed heavily on his shoulder. "What be ye a-talkin' 'bout, boy?" he said, imperiously. "I *require* yer assistance in the name o' the law! I war jes a-perlitin' aroun', and axin' like a favior, fur the name o' the thing. I hev got a *right* ter yer help."

"Make yer right good"—Felix Guthrie had faced round, his indomitable eye bright and clear in the dusk, where all else was blurred—"*ef ye kin.* Thar's no law ever made ez kin turn *me* inter a spy ter lead a man ter the gallus or shet a prison door on him. Make yer right good, why don't ye?"

The strong vitality of the sheriff's self-confidence, the belligerent faith in his own prowess—an essential concomitant of his physique and bold spirit—tempted him sorely. The occasion was propitious, for a collision on such a scale was a rare opportunity to his bridled pugnacity, and with his posse at his back the consequences of defeat were infinitely reduced. The realization that Guthrie defied his power even thus supported cried aloud for due recognition, but gentler counsels prevailed in that stormy half-second while his broad chest heaved and his eyes flashed. His prospects as a candidate hampered him. Mutiny in the forces of so popular a man as he affected to be was an incongruity of insistent significance to the returns of the midsummer election.

"No, no, Fee; suit yerse'f," he said, smothering his feelings with a very pretty show of geniality, which, however it might fail to impose on Guthrie, ostensibly filled the breach. "I ain't a-goin' ter make my right good by requirin' a man ter resk his life 'mongst them slippery gorges on a night ez dark ez the grave itself. Naw; ef ye don't want ter go, ye don't need ter, though ye mought be some perliter-spoken 'bout'n it. Some o' the t'others mought take a notion ter volunteer, even though they ain't so well used ter the mountings ez you-uns be, through livin' up on the side o' the mounting; an' that horse o' Cheever's air plumb used ter sech roads through travellin' on 'em every day

or so. But jes ez ye choose—I ain't keerin'."

He strode forward to a group of men collected in the door-yard, and standing with an arm about the shoulders of two of them, engaged in a low-voiced colloquy. The subject was presumably the despatching of an envoy to keep Shattuck under surveillance, and with his reasons for the keenest interest in aught that touched this stranger, Guthrie with intent eyes gazed at them. Naught could be divined from their inexpressive attitudes; their low voices baffled his hungry ears. The excitements of the day had in a measure withdrawn his mind from his own antagonisms to Shattuck, his fear of supplantal, his sense of injury because of the silence that had received his confidence, making no sign. Shattuck would, however, soon enough be dealt with, he reflected. And then he found, in a sort of dull surprise, that he could take no pleasure in the thought of the calamities impending for Shattuck, because, he reasoned, they were not in direct retribution for his own wrongs.

"I'd hev liked ter hev talked ter him one more time fust," he said, mentally revolving words bitterly eloquent with anger.

Pleasure? Nay, he deprecated the coming events. "Tawm C'rew air a mighty smart man—in his own opinion," he said, still scornfully gazing at the friendly pose of the important sheriff, which had all the values of the infrequent unbending of a very great man. "He oughter know ez Shattuck never hed no hand in sech ez murder an' thievery, an'"—with a sudden after-thought—"he *would know it, too*, ef he hed ever seen him."

There was a sudden strange stir at his heart. He had felt it once before, when the reproachful praise of shooting too straight had first fallen upon his ear. On a rude litter four men were bearing out from the barn door and carrying across the yard the recumbent figure of Bob Millroy, looking in the drear light of the dusk like death itself, so still it lay, suggestively stark, but with a ceaseless monotonous mutter, as if he had conveyed beyond death some feeble distraught capacity of speech. The uncomprehended words had a weird effect, and the groups of men grew silent as the litter was borne past. The sheriff followed it into the house, where with his own hands he kindled a fire on the hearth, that forthwith gave light and cheer, and converted the poor place from the aspect of a hovel to that of a home; he recommended that the patient—for thus he called him, rather than the prisoner—should be fed with chicken broth, and suggested that as all the poultry had gone to roost, Maggie would find a fat young pullet an easy capture. He saw that Millroy was comfortably ensconced in bed, and his wounds newly dressed, at which Carew presided with *ex cathedra* utterances and a dignity bespeaking the experience of a medical expert. The restless head soon ceased to roll, the thick tongue grew silent, and the prisoner sank into slumber that seemed deep and restful.

Maggie had deftly seconded the officer's efforts, and was as helpful as a woman. But the wife held back, sullen and suspicious, speaking only when she was spoken to, and moving reluctantly in obedience to a direct command. More than once she fixed a surly mutinous gaze upon the sheriff; and when the babble of delirium was still at last, and the room seemed full of homely comfort, the fire-light flickering on wall and ceiling, she could hold her peace no longer.

"Ye air a faithful servant of the devil," she said. "Look ter him fur yer thanks—ye'll git none from me. I know ye air a-doin' all this jes ter git Bob well enough ter jail or hang him. He's yer sheep ter lead ter slarter."

"Lawdy mighty, Mis' Millroy!" exclaimed the officer, "what air ye a-talkin' 'bout? Ye dun'no' whether Bob hev done ennything ter be jailed or hung fur. Ef ye *do*, ye know more'n I do. All I know is that Fee Guthrie reported gittin' in a fight with a gang o' fellers, an' he shot sev'ral an' the res' run. I 'lowed I hed better look 'em up an' see what sorter account they could give o' tharse'fs, ez thar hev been crimes commit in the county. Naw'm; ye hev got ter git through with a jury, an' witnesses, an' a jedge, an' a pack o' lawyers, an' a deal o' palaver, 'fore I take the trouble ter make up *my* mind. Law's mighty scientific nowadays. Ye hev got ter prove a thing on a man 'fore I'll go lookin' inter the hemp market. An' Bob hain't proved nuthin' 'ceptin' that Fee Guthrie shoots straight, ez he hev hed the name o' doin' from a boy."

He looked anxiously at his interlocutor, whom he had more bestirred himself to

disarm than if she could have wielded a ballot in his behalf. She gave no overt sign of being placated, but there was something in her face which reassured him, and he observed that when the child came and leaned against her knee, she did not irritably repulse her as heretofore.

"She's a good child, Maggie air," he observed, contemplating her, remembering the little creature's eager help.

The child's small friendly gray eyes were fixed intelligently upon him as he sat resting a moment on the opposite side of the hearth; the flickering fire-light showed her shock of tousled red hair and threw her magnified shadow on the wall. The shutters of the low broad window stood open to the fresh balsamic mountain wind, revealing the myriad of scintillating stars in the dark moonless concave above the western ranges; the greenish-white clusters of an elder blossom growing close outside in a clump of weeds looked in and nodded in the wind, as if in greeting to those within.

"An' she's a mighty smart leetle gal too," he added.

"Yes," her mother drawled, disparagingly, "but so turrible ugly. I hain't never tuk no comfort in her. But Bob, he 'lows he kin put up with her looks mighty easy."

"Waal, the bes'-lookin' gals ain't always pritty whenst little," said the sheriff, optimistically.

His plastic countenance took on a sudden absorption in graver matters, and he arose and strode to the middle of the room, stooping to glance out of the window, as if to exert some slight surveillance upon the members of his posse without.

The door-yard was all illumined. A fire of pine knots and hickory logs flared in its midst. Around it were grouped the figures of the night-bound posse, making what cheer they could for themselves. Spurred and booted and armed, they had a reminiscent suggestion for the sheriff, who had been a soldier and could look down the vistas of memory, where many a bivouac fire was still ablaze. The familiar features of the place seemed now and again to advance, then to shrink away askance amongst the shadows, as the yellow and red flames rose and fell with a genial crackling sound pleasant to hear. The rail fence showed with a parallel line of zigzag shadows; the ash-hopper, the beehives all awry, the hay stack, were distinct; and the roof of the barn looked over them all, its window shutter flaring above, revealing the stores of hay whereon the visitors were to sleep; through the open door below their horses were visible, some stalled and at the mangers, but one or two lying on the straw. Quite outside stood another—a sleek, clay-bank creature—so still that, with the copperish hue and the lustre of the fire, he looked like some gigantic bronze. Around all the dark forest gloomed. Sometimes the flames were tossed so high, with a flickering radiance so bright, that the outline of a mountain would show against that dark, cloudless, starlit sky; and once were discovered mists in the valley—silent, white, secret, swift—journeying on their unimagined ways under cover of the night. The firelit figures sprawling about the logs wore merry, bearded faces, and jests and stories were afoot. Amongst the men were certain canine shapes, seeming to listen and to share the mirth; a trifle ill at ease, they now and again made a sniffing circuit of the guests, wondering, doubtless, where poor Bob Millroy was, and that upon them alone should devolve the entertainment of so many strangers.

The sheriff had a keen eye; one glance at the group and he went forward to the window, leaning his palms on the sill. The rank weeds below glowed in the firelight; the elder bloom breathed dew and fragrance in his face. He gave a low whistle, which a dog heard first, and turned his head, its ears cocked alertly, but nevertheless sat still, loath to leave the merry company. A second summons and one of the men sprang up, and approached the window.

"Whar's Felix Guthrie?" demanded the officer.

The firelight showed a surprised glance from under the brim of his interlocutor's old slouched hat. "Why, I thunk ye sent him on some yerrand. He saddled his beastis an' put out long ago fur down the mounting. An' I axed him ef he warn't afeard o' the gorges. An' he 'lowed he war 'bleeged ter go."

The officer in his turn stared. "That's all right. I didn't know whether he hed gone," he said at last, with a debonair wave of the hand. He turned within, smiling. "Fee air like the man in the Bible ez say, 'I go not,' an' goes," he muttered to himself, in triumphant satisfaction.

The sheriff found it a long night. The voices gradually dwindled until only a fragmentary, low-toned colloquy could be heard beside the fire outside, so had the number of renegades to the loft of the barn increased; and when at last the drowsy converse was hushed, the impetuous flare had died away; no fluctuating glimpses of the landscape embellished the darkness; the fire had sunk to a mere mass of vermilion embers amidst the utter gloom which it did not illumine. A wind after a time arose, and hearing it astir in the valley, the sheriff, in his frequent stridings to and fro in the little cabin, bethought himself of the menace of scattered coals to the masses of hay, and once and again looked out of the window to see how the gray ash was overlapping this smouldering mass, for the fire had spent its energies in those wild, upspringing, impetuous flames, and had burned out to the ground. More than once he mended the fire on the hearth-stone within, merely that he might have the company of the flicker on the wall; but it too was drowsy, and often sent up sluggish columns of smoke in lieu of flame, and he seemed to himself the only creature alive and awake in all the spread of mountain and valley. He had contrived to keep his vigil alone. He had given a special promise that he would call the prisoner's wife at twelve o'clock to watch the latter half of the night: by no means reluctant, exhausted with the excitements of the evening superimposed upon the work and cares of the day, she and Maggie had climbed the ladder to the roof-room, and had left the officer in undisturbed possession below.

Once he lighted a tallow dip, and surveyed the haggard face of the patient, as he chose euphemistically to call him. The feeble glimmer illumined the room in pallid and melancholy guise, instead of with the hilarity and glow and bright good-will which the sulking fire had shown earlier in the evening. A great, distorted silhouette of his own head appeared upon the wall, leaning ogreishly over the pillow. He noted these things in the midnight. His hand on the round knob of the bedpost seemed to grasp a club or weapon. The forlorn face of the recumbent man added its significance to the shadow. A more sinister and threatening picture it was hardly possible to imagine, and after gazing at it with gruff disfavor, Carew shifted his position, and once more looked anxiously at the haggard face on the pillow. It bore certain tokens which in his ignorance he fancied were characteristic of the *facies hippocratica;* from time to time as he lighted the candle anew he noted them again, and his own face seemed to reflect them in a sort of dismay and terror. Once, as he struck the candle sharply downward to extinguish the flame, he apostrophized the patient out of the sudden darkness:

"Ef ye don't git sensible enough ter talk sorter straight afore ye take off from hyar fur good an' all, I dun'no' how in kingdom come I be a-goin' ter find out whar it war ez ye hid that plunder—ef ever ye did hide it."

He walked back to the hearth, where the gray smoke, itself barely visible, rose in a strong steady column, now and then darting out a tiny scintillating tongue of white flame, and threw himself again into the rickety chair, his anxious eyes on the fire. A black cat, crouched upon the hearth, commented hospitably upon his proximity by a loud purring as she alternately opened and shut her witch-like yellow eyes. She recalled to his mind many a homely fireside fable that held the terrors of his childhood in permanent solution, which his manhood might vainly strive to precipitate and repudiate. He looked at her askance while she peacefully slept, and the wind went heavily by the window as with the tread of a thousand men. He himself was never so consciously vigilant. It seemed as if he had never slept. He could hardly realize the fatigue, the drowsiness, with which he had struggled in the earlier portion of the night. Not a stir escaped his attention from the bed where the wounded man lay, whether in the soft recuperation of slumber, or the heavy stupors that so nearly simulate death itself, his ignorance could not determine. Once as the flame flared white from out the gray smoke he looked to see if the hands were plucking at the coverlet, the one sign familiar to him of the approaching doom. And then, as the dull, dense, unillumined column of vapor benighted the room, he heard, with his keen senses all tense, the howl of a wolf on a far-away summit.

"So durned onlucky!" a thick voice said, suddenly, as it were in his ear.

Carew gave a galvanic start that jarred

his whole frame, and he had a momentary impression that he had been dreaming. As he turned his head he heard the wind surging in the infinite leafage of the vast mountain wilderness. But within all was still save the slowly ascending column of gray smoke, and all was silent—not the chirping of a cricket, not the gnawing of a mouse—till abruptly, from out the semi-obscurity of the room, the thick, unnatural voice came again, came from the pillow where the restless head was rolling once more.

The sheriff drew a long breath of relief, raucously cleared his throat, and stretched out his stalwart, booted legs comfortably upon the hearth. Then he once more turned his face toward the bed, for whether because of the pervasive quiet, or the absence of other distractions, the utterances of delirium that had hitherto seemed incoherent and mere mouthings were now comprehensible, and albeit the words were but half formed and thickly spoken, they had become articulate.

"Durned onlucky," the voice said, over and over again, with falling inflections infinitely disconsolate.

A smile was on the officer's face. In the absence of other entertainment these queer unauthorized gyrations of the powers of speech, all astir without the concurrence of the brain, promised to relieve somewhat the tedium.

"*Onlucky!* I b'lieve ye!" he commented, with a laugh. "Onlucky fur true—fur you!"

"So durned onlucky," the weird voice rose louder.

Then it fell to silence which was so long continued that the officer relapsed into a reverie, and once more eyed the veiled fire.

"Dun'no' nuthin' 'bout them Leetle People," the voice droned.

Once more Tom Carew lifted his head with a renewed interest; he felt as if long ago, in some previous state of existence, he had heard of those strange extinct folk; and then he recalled their more immediate mention—and for the first time that he could remember—at the blacksmith's shop to-day, and their connection with the name of Shattuck. He sat with a half-scornful, half-doubting smile upon his face, that bespoke, nevertheless, an intent attention, and that reluctant fascination which the supernatural exerts; his hands were in his pockets, his hat on the back of his head, his long legs stretched out, his whole relaxed attitude implying a burly comfort.

"Buried jes two feet deep; shows how small they actially war," said the thick voice, "them Stranger People."

The face of the sheriff, revealed in one of the lashing thongs of flame, had a breathless wonder upon it. "Durned ef it don't!" he muttered, in the accents of amazed conviction. And again he lent his ear to the disjointed exclamations as the fevered brain retraced some scene present once more to its distortions.

"Naw, Buck, naw," Millroy cried out, with sudden vehemence. "'Twarn't me ez told. An' Steve Yates couldn't hev gin the word ter Shattuck. Nobody knowed but ye an' me. Ye oughtn't ter hev shot at Shattuck. It air so durned onlucky ter shoot nigh a graveyard. Ah! ah! ah-h!" The voice rose suddenly to a hoarse scream, and he tossed uneasily from side to side.

The sheriff sat motionless, and albeit he had assumed the functions of nurse as well as watcher, offered no assistance or alleviation to the sufferer, but with a puzzled face meditated for a time on this unexpected collocation of names; then scratched his head with an air of final and perplexed defeat as he listened to the groans of the wounded man gradually dying away to silence.

He waited expectantly, but naught broke the stillness save the wind outside in the immensity of the night and the wilderness. "I wish ter God ye'd talk sense," he adjured the patient, disconsolately.

Then he fell to thoughtfully eying the fire, the simple elements of his interest in the disconnected monologue merged into anxiety and perplexity and baffled speculation. The veiled flame still tended sluggishly upward; he heard the sobbing of the sap oozing out at the ends of the logs. "This wood is mighty green," he observed, disparagingly, "an' post oak, too, I b'lieve. 'Tain't fitten ter make a fire out'n."

A vague stir was on the roof—pattering drops; slow, discontinued presently, and discursively falling again. The little cabin was on the very verge of a rain cloud. In the valley the rhythmic beat of the downfall upon the tree-tops came muffled to his ears, and he noted the intermittent sound of the wind dying

away and rising fitfully and further off. All at once his attention was deflected from the outer world.

"The Leetle People revealed the secret, Buck. Lay it at thar door," cried the weird voice of delirium.

Carew drew his sprawling members into a tense attitude, a hand on either knee, his head thrust forward, his eyes distended, staring into the gloom, his lower jaw falling, and his lips apart.

"Thar warn't room enough fur the bones an' the jug an' the plunder too. An' that thar one o' the Leetle People's harnts hev sot out ter walk, ez sure ez ye air born—no room sca'cely bein' lef' in his grave. So durned onlucky ter meddle with the Leetle People's graves! So durned onlucky, to be sure!"

The officer sat as if turned to stone, breathless, motionless, staring dully into the dusky room, and seeing nothing that was before him—only the goal which he had sought—while the fevered head still rolled back and forth on the pillow, the delirious voice repeating, with every inflection of dull despair: "So durned onlucky! So onlucky, to be sure!"

How long the sheriff sat there unconsciously striving to realize the situation, the significance of this strange discovery, he did not know. It was with a distinct effort of the mind at last that he sought to pull himself together and turn to the consequent step. He felt as if he were dreaming even after he was on his feet, and he paused irresolutely in the midst of the floor, and looked expectantly toward the bed, where the wounded man's head still restlessly rolled as he muttered: "So durned onlucky! So onlucky, to be sure!" But if Bob Millroy should talk all night he could add naught of importance to what the sheriff already knew.

"No use a-listening ter him jabber now," he said.

A sudden look of thought smote his face; his eyes narrowed, his teeth closed firmly, as he revolved the idea in his mind, and he turned abruptly to the window. The blast had closed the batten shutter fast, and he shook it smartly before it would open in his hand. The slow wheeling of its edges against the sky revealed a change since last he had looked out. The stars still scintillated above in the clear spaces of the zenith, but a rain cloud hung in the south, bulging low over the ranges, its blackness differing vastly in tone from the limpid darkness where the night was clear and serene. One summit below it was distinctly defined; there it had betakened a dusky brown color, and all about its lower verges a fringe of fine straight lines of rain was suggested; a moon—a belated waning moon—was rising in the melancholy dead hour of the night, its distorted, mist-barred disk showing between the bare eastern peaks, which were all silvered and clearly outlined above the massive wooded slopes darkling below. It shone full in the officer's eyes as for a moment he steadfastly gazed upon it. Then he laid his hand upon the window sill and lightly sprang upon the ground below. The next moment he was standing in the door of the barn, and his stentorian halloo had roused all the slumbering mountaineers amongst the hay, and hailed the echoes in many a rocky gorge far away.

XVI.

In the deep obscurity of those dark hours before the moonrise, in the effacements of all the visible expressions of material nature, save the glitter of the stars and the glooming of the shadows, Felix Guthrie had been alone, as it were, with his own soul. He had never known, native of the wilderness though he was, so intense a sense of solitude. It was as if his spirit had gone forth from the familiar world into the vast voids of the uncreate. He took no heed of the dangerous way down the steeps, but gave the horse the rein, and trusted to the keener nocturnal sight of the animal. His dog ran on ahead pioneerwise, retracing his way from time to time and gambolling about his master's stirrup irons, his presence only made known by a vague panting which Guthrie neither heard nor heeded. Even to the voice of the mountain torrent he was oblivious, albeit seeming louder far by night than by day, assertive, unafraid, congener of the solitude, the darkness, and the melancholy isolations of the mountain woods. The rhododendron blooming all unseen by the way touched his cheek with a gauzy petal and a freshness of dew; now and again a brier clutched at his sleeve; sometimes a stone rolled beneath his horse's hoof, and fell into the abyss at the side of the road, sonorously echoing and echoing as it smote upon the rocky sides of the chasm, the decisive final thud so long delayed that to judge thus of the unseen depths that lurked

at either hand might have daunted him had he listened. The horse would hesitate at times, and send forth a whinnying plaint of doubt or fear when the rushing torrent crossed the way, plunging in presently, however, and if need were swimming gallantly, with the swimming dog in his wake.

Guthrie's thoughts made all the way heavy; deeper than the glooms of the night they shadowed his spirit.

"Though she may sing an' he may listen, I ain't a-goin' ter spy him out fur no sher'ff ez ever rid with spurs. I ain't a-goin' ter hound him an' track him, fur I ain't no dog; though I 'ain't got nuthin' agin dogs, nuther. But"—with a hardening of the face—"I'll hold him ter account ter me. I'll bring him ter a jedgmint. He'll 'low the law o' the lan' hev got a toler'ble feeble grip compared with the way I'll take holt o' him. He war warned. I told him ez I hed it in my heart ter kill the man ez kem atwixt Litt an' me."

When he reached the levels of the Cove the springy turf served to add speed to the long swinging steady pace. He had hardly expected so soon to see before him the steep gables of the old Rhodes homestead. These were cut sharply against the sky, for the house stood in an open space among its fields. The only foliage about it was a few trees that bent above its roof, and the great overgrown bushes —lilac and snowball and syringa—that crowded the yard. A garden, overgrown too, extended down the slope at the side, and here as well were masses of herbage blackly visible in contrast with the open spaces.

Guthrie was a stranger here. He had never before seen so great a house as the rambling old brick dwelling. When he had dismounted at the fence he was for a moment at a loss how to enter. A porch was at the front and another at the side, and while he hesitated a vague glimmer of yellow light came through the masses of the foliage that clustered about one of the windows. He opened the gate; his foot fell noiselessly upon the weed-grown path. A great white lily was waving in the gloom close by—he saw it glimmer—another, and another, and as the file stood close in the border, the heavy rich perfume seemed to make the air dense. The window glared forth suddenly—the light in every tiny pane—when he had passed a great arbor-vitæ that stood near it trailing its branches on the ground. Within, unconscious, at ease, unprescient, a man sat by a lamp, a book in his hand, his chair tilted back, a pipe between his teeth. Save the light vaporous curling of the smoke above his head, there was no motion. The fire dwindled in the chimney-place; the clock had stopped as if it fell a-drowsing on the midnight hour. The wind had ceased even its vague stir, and the leaves that hung about the panes were still. Guthrie stood for a moment as if the inertia of the scene had fallen upon him, staring at the face that he had learned to know rather in meditating upon it in its absence than in the study of its traits. It was softer than he had thought, younger, but he recognized anew with an infinite change of sentiment that indefinable quality of expression, to which glance, contour, pose, all contributed, which made it so likable. And if this had been patent to him, why not to others—to Letitia? A new stand-point had wrought a radical difference. The vague fascination that had once commended Shattuck kindled Guthrie's hatred now. His eyes glowed like a panther's from out the darkness, and when Shattuck abruptly put up his hand with the quick decisive motion of keen interest and turned a page of the volume, it broke the lethargic spell that seemed to have fallen upon the mountaineer. Guthrie moved up suddenly close to the window, his very touch upon the pane. There was an imperious look upon his face. It seemed to hail the unconscious reader within, who with his quick deft gesture presently turned another leaf. Guthrie could see his intent eyes, full of light, shifting from side to side of the page as they scanned the lines. He made no effort to attract Shattuck's attention beyond that long steady glowering look, albeit he wondered that its effect should be so belated. He had noted often that strange mesmeric influence of the eye; a wild beast in the woods would not remain oblivious of the presence of his natural enemy were a human being's gaze steadily fixed for some space upon him. Shattuck suddenly put up his hand with a vaguely impatient air of interruption and passed it over his cheek; then he rose abruptly to his feet, crossed the hearth with his quick sure step, and reached up to the high mantel-piece, dusky in the shadow.

There was a sharp metallic click outside amongst the honeysuckle vines—Guthrie had cocked his pistol.

But it was no weapon which Shattuck had grasped from the mantel-piece. His train of thought was evidently still unbroken, for he came slowly back into the circumference of the light of the lamp, as it stood on the table, turning in his careful deft hands a curiously decorated jar. Then, still standing, with the other hand he whirled over the leaves of the book, and seemed to compare the jar which he held to an engraving upon the page. That serene light of a purely intellectual pleasure was upon his face; its peculiar charm, its alertness, its mobility, its sympathetic intimations, its clear candor, its courage, had never been more individual, more marked. The man outside, with his pistol cocked in his hand, keenly alive to all impressions that mutually concerned them, sought to see him as once he had seemed. Jealousy had tampered with his vision, and Guthrie could no longer read these patent characters; they were like a language that one has half forgotten—a vague suggestion here and there, a broken association, a dull misconception. The next moment their eyes met.

For one instant the sudden sight of that white cheek pressed close to the glass drove the blood from Shattuck's face. He stood, the jar still in his hand, his head bent down, his questioning, searching eye intent. Then, still without recognizing the features of the man outside, he placed the jar on the table, and walked slowly to the window, unarmed as he was. He laid both hands on the sash to lift it; it was thrown creakingly up, and the light fell full on the face without, its square contour, its austere, sullen expression, its long yellow ringlets, all framed by the big brim of the broad hat thrust far back.

"Is that you, Fee?" Shattuck said, in surprise. "You nearly scared me to death. Why don't you come in?"

His tone was untroubled and casual. It implied a conscience void of offence.

"He thinks I hain't fund him out," Guthrie commented to himself. Aloud he replied, grimly: "'Tain't wuth while ter kem in. I kin say what I hev got ter say right hyar."

Shattuck, all unnoting the pistol in his interlocutor's hand, sat down upon the window-sill, leaning almost against its muzzle. He held one of the cables of the many-stranded honeysuckle vine in his hand, by way of assisting his equilibrium, as he looked down at his guest. There was no more serious thought in his mind at the moment than the wish that he could paint, or even sketch. It seemed a pity that so massive and impressive an embodiment of the idea of manhood, of force, as that which Felix Guthrie's face and figure presented should be known only to his few and unappreciative neighbors as a "tarrifyin' critter, full o' grudges, who shot mighty straight."

Guthrie was a trifle thrown off his balance by this serene unconsciousness. He hesitated, expecting that Shattuck would ask him what had brought him hither, unaware that the etiquette in which the townsman was reared forbade him to inquire or to manifest curiosity concerning the mission of even an untimely visitor. As Guthrie said nothing, Shattuck essayed to break the pause.

"See my prehistoric jug?" he smilingly asked, pointing with the stem of his empty pipe toward the quaint jar upon the table. "I dug that out of Mr. Rhodes's mound. It's mightily like the cut of a Malay water-cooler I came across in that book on the table—surprisingly."

Before the unsuspicious suavity of his face and manner Guthrie felt a vague faltering, such as no ferocity or danger could have induced. So conscious of this was he that he sought, with a sort of indignant protest, to throw it off. He seized upon the first pretext to express his enmity, albeit his judgment failed to approve it. He felt it all inadequate to the passion which shook him, and far from what he had intended to say.

"Content yerse'f with that," he exclaimed; "fur ye shall hev nuthin' from the Leetle People. They hev tuk up thar rest on my lan', an' thar shell they sleep in peace till the last trump sounds."

The hand that trifled with the heavily twisted vine was still for a moment, and Shattuck looked down seriously into Guthrie's eyes—seriously, but without anger.

"It shall be just as you say," he replied. "I don't wonder you feel strongly about it. At first I was furious at being shot at in a way that I can't resent, by a woman,"—his eyes flashed, and his lips trembled—"and I declared I would try it again. But afterward I felt we were fortunate indeed that no one was killed except the colt. It might have been your

brother or Mr. Rhodes as well as myself. You see?" He turned his head toward the light. Where the hair had been clipped to the skin a red line showed that the rifle ball had grazed the flesh. "Pretty good aim in the twilight. And perhaps since there is so strong a feeling against disturbing the 'pygmies,' so called"—his second nature of scientific exactitude unconsciously qualified the phrase—"I ought to let them alone. Still, I am sorry about the little colt, and as the disaster happened in my errand, I should like to offer some indemnity." He made a motion toward his pocket.

"I hev a mind ter take ye by the nape o' yer neck an' break it across the windersill!" cried Guthrie, his eyes blazing. "Ye think I keer 'bout the wuth o' the leetle critter!" He snapped his fingers scornfully in the air, holding his arm aloft with a fine free gesture. "I be sorry he is dead, 'kase he hev got no hereafter, an' he war a frisky beastis, an' loved ter live, an' we-uns will miss seein' him so gayly prancin' in the pastur'. Ye think I kem hyar ter git a leetle pay fur him?" He would not wait for Shattuck's protest that both eyes and gesture preluded. "Naw!" he thundered. "I kem hyar ter-night ter take yer life"—for the first time Shattuck marked the burnished glimmer on the barrel of the pistol that he held in his hand—"an' ter do what I hev never demeaned myself ter do afore—ter take back my promise."

"What promise?" Shattuck interjected.

"Ah, ye know! Ye know full well!" Guthrie shook his head, and in his voice was a quaver of poignant reproach. "The promise ye got by talkin' round me, 'kase ye 'lowed I war a ignorant cuss, and not able ter see through yer deceit with all yer school l'arnin'—by praisin' her looks, an' tellin' me ter keep up my courage, an' how I mought make out ter git her ter marry me, arter all. 'Twon't make no difference takin' back the promise, fur I mean ter take yer life with it. Ye surely remember the word I said ter you-uns, ez 'twar in my heart ter kill the man ez kem betwixt me an' Litt, an', by God! it is."

A sudden comprehension was dawning in Shattuck's eyes. He leaned forward, and laid his hand on Guthrie's shoulder. "Now go slow, Fee," he said, soothingly. "Who is this man? Not *I*, and this I swear!"

The impassive face, its pallor distinct in the lamp-light falling upon it from within, the rest of the figure shadowy in the black darkness without, looked up at him with a scathing contempt wrought in every feature.

"An' so I swear that I'd be justified ef I war ter put a bullet through yer heart, an' let yer soul go down ter hell with that word ter damn ye ter all eternity!"

Shattuck withdrew his hand, frowning heavily. "Look here, my fine fellow, this is strong language. If I didn't believe you are under some strange mistake, I'd make you eat your words syllable by syllable. What do you mean?"

"But I don't want ter murder ye," Guthrie went on, as if Shattuck had not spoken. "I can't shoot ye down without a weepon in yer han', like Mis' Yates done, though ye richly desarve it. Git yer shootin'-iron an' come out—come out an' stan' up fur yerse'f." He waved his hand with the pistol in it toward the more open spaces beyond the shrubbery. "Come out, or I'll shoot ye ez ye set thar."

"Not one step will I stir until you tell me why you say that I have come between you and Letitia."

"Bekase *she* told me so."

Shattuck's unconscious reliance upon his mental supremacy, his equipment of delicate tact, his assurance of a pleasing personality, which was half his courage, began to give way. He had yet that physical self-respect which would enable him to meet his enemy without a pusillanimous shrinking, but he could command no longer the adroitness to evade the event. Still he strove to be calm.

"Impossible! Now, what did she say?" he demanded, in a reasonable voice. Somehow, he had the key to Guthrie's confidence. Even now it opened to him.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, in a voice of despair, throwing up the arm that still grasped the weapon, "I knowed it ez much from what she *didn't* say ez what she *did*. I seen it in her face. I hearn it in her voice. I ain't blind! I ain't deef! An' then"—every line in his face hardened—"she tole me how ye kem an' stood outside the winder ter listen whilst she sung, an' seein' yer face suddint lookin' in through the batten shutter she didn't know ye a-fust—not till arterward, whenst hearin' yer pickaxe in the Leetle People's graveyard, did she know 'twar you-uns. An' ye war

waitin' fur the moon ter rise. An', damn ye! what d'ye want ter hear her sing fur?"

Shattuck's face, with a startled comprehension upon it, had grown more deeply grave. Every intimation of anger had fallen from his manner. "Guthrie," he said, in a tone so coercive, so serious, that the other looked up, newly intent, "is there no way to convince you? I never heard her sing. I never was in the pygmy burying-ground but the one time with your brother. Now, think! Is there no one else who might loiter about that house; who might venture—I should never take such a liberty—to look through the crevices of a closed window?"

Perhaps it was Shattuck's influence over Guthrie; perhaps the anxiety of a lover to believe his despair unfounded, to hope against hope—his long reflective pause indicated a change of mental attitude.

"Mrs. Yates's husband," suggested Shattuck, plying his advantage; "has nothing been heard about him lately?"

"Lord, yes!" exclaimed Guthrie, his mind reverting to the sensation of the day. "I seen him myself yesteddy 'mongst a gang o' horse-thieves a-hidin' out in the woods. I hed ter run fur my life, ez they set on me, six ter one. An' the sher'ff overhauled thar den jes terday."

His voice faltered a trifle. He looked shamefaced and downcast. The sheriff's suspicion concerning Shattuck had recurred to him, and he could not meet the man's eyes with this thought in his mind.

"Now don't you see, Fee," argued Shattuck, "how likely a thing it is that Steve Yates should hang around his own cabin, and peer through the window to take a look at his own wife and child, whom he probably will never see again, unless in some such way?"

Guthrie nodded, more than half convinced. Still, with his hidden consciousness of that insult to Shattuck which he carried in his recollection of the sheriff's menace, of the mission of espionage which he had refused, he could not look up.

In some vague subtle way he knew that when Shattuck next spoke it was not to him alone that he addressed the information, but that the fact might be made manifest.

"Now I am going to give you still another reason why I do not stand between you and Letitia." At the name Guthrie lifted a listening face. "I am engaged to be married to a lady in my own city. So Letitia may sing like an oread and look like a flower, but she is nothing to me."

He said the words with a clear conscience, for if she had fixed her affection upon him—somehow the idea roused a vague sweet thrill in that mortgaged heart of his—it had been unsought.

Guthrie, eager for his own peace of mind to believe him, drew a long sigh of relief. "I reckon I take up sech notions jes 'kase I am so all-fired jealous," he said. Then, with a half laugh, "Litt never actially said nuthin' nohow—though she air ekal ter sayin' anything jes ter make me mo' jealous 'n I naterally be."

A mental mutiny possessed Shattuck. Was not this the conclusion that he had labored in all good faith to precipitate? Where, then, was his satisfaction in the logical result? Why should he cling in tenacious triumph to another inference drawn from her fancy that it was he who had lingered outside her window to hear her sing? His pulses quickened with the thought that the very fallacy wore the reflected hues of her hope. There were other recollections pressing fast upon him—that she had remembered his words, had recounted his strange stories, the look in her eyes when she had caught down from the rack the rifle which she believed had endangered his life. Her dream had in some sort fulfilled itself. He had long appreciated the charm of her unique beauty, her sprite-like individuality. His feeling suddenly expanded, glowed like a bud into the rose at the first warm touch of the sun.

He looked down at Guthrie all oblivious of him, save that he had grown weary of the importunity of his threats, his constancy of woe, his confidences. He was absorbed for the moment in his own emotion, and the world had fallen from him.

Abstractions befitted the hour. One might hardly think to see it again—that sordid, dusty, daylight world, full of commerce and hard bargains, and rigorous conventions of wealth and standing, prosaic requisites of well-equipped happiness. It had rolled far away out of consciousness. Upon the low summits of the thick growths of the orchard gleamed the lustre of the dew and the yellow suffusions of the rising moon. The shadows had grown into

dense symmetries, sharply outlined. The lilies, their chalices all pearl and gold, were so white and stately and tall as they stood where the moon-beams conjured them from out the darkness of the old-fashioned borders. The light drifted through the fringes of the pines, dark themselves as ever; and between their boughs, looking to the east, one could see a field of millet, glistening with all the charmed illusions of a silver lake. And how the mocking-bird loves the light! From out the midnight his jubilant song went up to meet it.

Shattuck remembered the moment, the scene, many a year afterward, the absorption that mulcted Guthrie's words of half their meaning, and more than half their weight.

"I hev got suthin' else ter say," he began, uneasily. "I dun'no' how ter tell it ter ye, nor whether I oughter tell it at all. Ef the sher'ff hed ever seen ye he'd know he war a fool; but thar war a man kilt on the road that night whenst Steve Yates vamosed, an' folks b'lieve he done it."

The superficial attention with which Shattuck hearkened to this deepened the next moment.

"An' ez Steve Yates hed no idee o' goin' till ye sent him, the sher'ff thinks ye might hev sent him on that yerrand."

An inarticulate exclamation of amazement, of indignation, broke from Shattuck's lips. It was not Guthrie's intention to assuage his fears, but he felt constrained to be the apologist of the suspicion.

"Ef he hed ever seen ye wunst," he observed, "he'd know better. Of course he 'ain't never seen ye."

"Of course not," Shattuck assented, shortly, his confidence renewed. The suspicion touching himself was not the kind of thing that a man would willingly consider, even in its most hypothetical and tenuous guise. That it should be seriously entertained was too terrifying, too odious an idea to be gratuitously harbored. It was the instinct of self-respect, of self-preservation, to seek to throw it off. His nerves were still sensible of the shock, but his effort was to make light of it, to treat it as the coarse pleasantry, doubtless, of the officer, perpetrated concerning the only stranger within the vast circuit of mountainous country. He felt no gratitude to Guthrie for his warning, as the mountaineer had expected his revelation to be construed. He looked down at him with repugnance and indignation in his eyes, and albeit Guthrie was not skilled in deciphering these subtle facial indications, he understood the sentiment and deprecated it. He did not pursue the subject further. He cast about in his clumsy way to make amends for his offence, for thus it seemed to him now, of repeating the obnoxious suggestion.

"I be powerful sorry I kem a-devilin' ye hyar this time o' night fur nuthin'," he said. "I reckon ye think I'm plumb gone destracted 'bout Litt," with a pathetic uplifting of his long-lashed eyes to his interlocutor, who was still sitting in the window. "Ye know a feller like me is mighty forlorn, especially ez I oughter know ez Litt ain't one o' them ez kin be hed fur the askin'. I reckon it 'll all come right arter a while?" wistfully interrogative.

"I reckon so," Shattuck was constrained to reply.

Guthrie was never before in so deprecatory or gentle a state of mind. "I feel plumb outdone whenst I remember how I hev talked ter you-uns, ez be so powerful perlite an' saaft-spoken ter all, an' considerin' of feelin's"—Shattuck winced a trifle—"an' how I hev gone on 'bout takin' back promises an' sech. Ye know I don't mean it. Ye air welcome ter dig ennywhar ye wanter on my lan', an' I'll holp ye enny time; now, ef ye like ter," with the effort at reparation strong upon him. "I dun'no' but what it's ez good a time ez enny. Thar's light enough now, an' Mis' Yates mus' be off her gyard; she mus' sleep o' nights—leastwise take cat-naps." He looked up with a propitiatory laugh on his face. "An' I ain't 'feard o' Baker Anderson, nor Litt, nor even Moses."

Shattuck hesitated. He had been more shaken than he would have acknowledged even to himself by the crude suggestion that his name was for a moment connected with one of the brutal and bloody mountain crimes—a mere æsthetic horror, for his mind could not compass the atrocity against probability that the suspicion should be seriously harbored by an officer of the law. He foresaw a night of sleepless irritability, revolving the idea, should he let Guthrie go, although he felt that it should fairly be considered only a fit subject of flout, of ridicule, of inextinguishable laughter. It was rather in the spirit of defending himself against his own capacities for self-torment that

he readily turned toward the prospect of diverting his mind, occupying himself with alien interests.

"The spade an' the pick mus' be right thar now," Guthrie observed, by way of urgence. "Eph say he war so flustrated by Mis' Yates's shootin' that he forgot ter fetch 'em back home."

Shattuck looked out at the sober solid shadow of the old brick house, gable and chimney and porch, projected upon the thick herbage of the yard; the silver green sea of millet glimpsed between the dark branches of the pines; the winding road that led the loitering way to the mountains. "I'll get my hat," he said.

There was no light in the hall save that which the moon cast through the high window on the landing of the stairs. It seemed fibrous, skein-like, pendulous, as far as the balusters; then it fell upon the hall floor below in a distinct, motionless image of the sash and pane, all white and lustrous. By its radiance one could distinguish a hall sofa, long and hard, covered with tattered black hair-cloth, and above it, hanging on the wall, the optimistic old barometer that once, perhaps, had been weatherwise, but now insisted that all signs "set fair"; the hall tree, whereon Rhodes's hat swung in its place, while its owner lay unconscious in the room above, the door of which Shattuck need pass with no solicitous tread, for, bating continuance, the pygmies themselves slept not more soundly. The door of his own room stood ajar, the moonlight, the dew, and the sweet perfumes of the night in its open windows. It had a sort of inhabited look, full of comfortable suggestions; perhaps it was only the fatigue of the day beginning to hang somewhat heavily on his senses, but as he entered, he stood for a moment irresolute.

In the midst of the dusky uncertainty of sheen and shadow he was abruptly startled to see a dim figure suddenly moving at the opposite side of the room. He advanced a step, and recognized his own image in the indistinguishable mirror. It had a strange weird effect, this half-seen simulacrum of himself, a skulking, uneasy, secret air that belied its principal, and seemed its own independent attitude, rather than reflected. It was coercive in some sort. He caught up his hat from the table, strode down the hall to Rhodes's door, and thus took those first steps destined never to be retraced. He knocked without response, then opened the door, creaking raspingly upon its unoiled hinges, rusty with long disuse; and Guthrie, waiting at the window below, amongst the silent pensive lustres of the moon, heard the ringing round voice of Rhodes break forth in drowsy protest, incongruous, prosaic, insistently utilitarian. The interval was short before Shattuck ran down the stair, sprang through the window, drawing the sash down behind him, and then the two set forth together.

The lilies bloomed at the gate, their chalices full of dew. The mocking-bird sang to the silent moon. Far, far away some watercourse had lifted loud a sylvan song it was not wont to sing by day.

"How still it is—hear Wild-Duck Creek on the rocks!" Shattuck said as he buckled his saddle girth and put his foot in the stirrup. The eastern windows were all aflare with a white, opaque radiance in broadened, vitreous, distorted reduplications of the moon. The deep, elongated shadows of the old house lay amongst the orchard boughs. He looked around at it, when once in the saddle, to see its gables and its chimneys rise anew against the clear sky and the vague outlines of the mountains, only because it pleased him—its solid decency, even dignity, in its honest, unornamented validity, touched his receptive æsthetic sense—not because he divined that he was looking his last upon it. How finite a creature is man, how little he knows his way along these earthly paths, whither soon or late he goes to meet his fate, never aware how near its approach, one might realize, thinking on a time like this, when these two, all unprescient, rode together to the burial-ground of the "Leetle People." The wind was in their faces—how fresh, how free! The dew glittered in the air; the moon, although yellow, and waning with a melancholy presage in her lessening splendors, made the night like some pensive, softly illuminated day of dream-tides. Their escort of mounted shadows galloped at their sides; the turf stretched out into long miles behind their horses' hoofs. They met naught save a fox scudding over a stretch of sward with stealthy speed, and a bundle of feathers between his jaws. The Yates cabin, that Guthrie was first to see, a dimly glimmering gray, was as silent and still as if it housed no life within its walls—as silent and as still as that long slope, with the shadows of the

great trees, and the intervenient sheen of the moon all adown it, where the Little People had slept this many a day, knowing no waking.

Shattuck led the way. He had turned once more to the tall isolated laurel bush, almost of tree-like proportions, where he had begun his labors before. He did not at once throw himself from his horse; he was taking note of a strange thing, something he had not marked heretofore. That mass of bloom and foliage rose between the grave whose stone coffin his pickaxe had struck and any possible surveillance from the Yates cabin. A doubt for the first time stirred in his mind whether it were indeed Adelaide who had fired that murderous rifle ball. The next moment the absorptions of his intentions, his opportunity, usurped all else. He flung himself to the ground, breathless, elated, with an electrical energy in his muscles, as he seized the pick on which Guthrie leaned irresolute, and struck the first blow.

The mountaineer turned his softened moonlit face upon him with a slow smile in his eyes. "I be glad ye hed the grit ter begin; I hain't." The dew had bereft his long curls of their wonted crispness; they hung in lengthened tendrils and dishevelled on his broad shoulders. He pushed his hat far back on his head. His heavy spurred boots were deeply sunken in the long grass. He slowly placed one upon the spade as he drove it down into the mould. "I can't holp bein' sorry fur the Stranger People, ez they air leetle, an' air dead, an' hev been waitin' so long in the dark fur the las' day an' thar summons ter rise."

That sharp smiting of metal upon stone jarred the moonlit quietude, and Guthrie looked up with dilated eyes, his hand quivering on the spade. "This ain't no common grave," he cried; "the ground is loose!"

He was not given to logical deductions; he did not speculate; he only stood staring with wonder; while Shattuck, all unaccustomed to the practical phenomena of digging, apprehended only cause of gratulation that the investigation was to be the less hindered. He made no reply, briskly shovelling out the earth. Presently, with a silent sign to Guthrie, he reached the topmost slab of the strange small sarcophagus. How long since it had seen the light that now fell upon the clay-incrusted stone! When it was first laid here, in what quarter was the moon? How often had it waxed and waned afterward, unmindful? The vibrations of the cataract filled the air with the full pulsings of nature's heart. The wind—wanderer!—came and went, as it did in the days of the pygmies. A flower from the laurel—a mere tissue of a bloom, so fine, so fragile of texture—was wafted down, and fell upon the slab, as transitory, as futile, as unheeded, as ye, O forgotten Little People!

Then the slab was lightly lifted, albeit with trembling hands. With averted eyes Guthrie shrank back, and as his shadow withdrew, the moon shone straight into the tiny crypt, and Shattuck leaned forward to look. An exclamation, not of triumph, of horror, smote the air sharply. The mountaineer, with all his pulses aquiver, looked down into his coadjutor's white, startled face. Shattuck was kneeling beside the open grave, holding the coveted jug in his hand, full of silver currency. The slow mountaineer, hardly mastering the idea, turned to the coffin. If it still held bones, they lay beneath a pair of folded saddle-bags that filled the narrow space.

In the confusion that beset his senses he did not discriminate the thunderous sound that rose upon the air—the flimsy bridge was vibrating under the reckless gallop of a score of horsemen. He only knew, as in a dream, that the moonlight was presently full of swift mounted shadows bearing down upon them, Shattuck still with the jar in his hand, albeit starting to his feet, and he himself leaning upon the spade. The air reverberated with a savage cheer of triumph. The sheriff had thrown himself to the ground, and with a smile of scornful elation held his pistol at Guthrie's head.

"Ye air no spy, air ye, Fee?" he cried out, with ringing sarcasm. "Got a mighty good reason not ter be. An' I reckon, my pretty Mister Townman," turning to Shattuck, "ye air no spy nuther. But I'll gin in, Fee, I never war so fooled ez I hev been in you-uns. I never thunk ter set a thief ter ketch a thief this-a-way."

Upon the word, Guthrie, into whose stunned consciousness the truth had gradually sifted, turned with a flaring color and a fiery eye, and smote the officer in the face a terrible blow with his whole force. The next moment the two men, their arms interlocked, were swaying to

and fro on the brink of the open grave, so nearly matched in strength that it was hard to say which might have prevailed, had not a swift flash of red light sprung out in the pallid moonlight, and a sharp report rung upon the air. They fell apart, the officer staggering backward, but Guthrie sinking prone upon the ground, whence he would rise no more.

A mingled clamor, terrible, full of fierce meaning, was suddenly loud upon the night. The shifting temper of the populace was never more aptly illustrated. In an instant the officer was as a prisoner in the hands of his posse, and his posse was an infuriated mob. The hoarse cry, "String him up! string him up!" arose more than once. And others, who spoke calmly, and with reason and argument, were equally formidable as they called upon the officer to justify his deed.

"Air this the law? No trial! no jury! Not a minute gin him to explain! Call him thief, an' shoot him down, unarmed, in cold blood!"

They pressed about him with eyes hardly less luminous than the eyes of wolves, hardly so gentle, while the officer protested first self-defence.

"With twenty men at yer back?" "An' Guthrie's pistols over yander in the holsters on his saddle?" the refutation rang out. Then, on the repetition of the terrible cry, "String him up!" the effort at exculpation shifted to a claim of the accidental discharge of the weapon. And still the fierce clamor rose anew.

Meantime Felix Guthrie lay very still in the pale moonlight, heedless of vengeance. His long hair stretched backward on the dank grass; his face, upturned to the moon-beams, was calm and untroubled; his hands were listless and limp, and one of the younger men mechanically chafed them as he now and again bent over to seek some sign of life in the fixed eyes.

Shattuck stood bewildered, looking with a sort of numb stupefaction at the prone figure upon the grass, and then at the agitated and furious group about the sheriff. The catastrophe, the very scene before him, he could not realize. He felt as in a horrible dream, when the consciousness of fantasy opens before the oppressed senses. More than once a touch upon his arm failed to rouse him. When he turned his head at last he saw, half hidden by the boughs of the blooming laurel, Letitia crouching tremulously in the shadow. He did not wonder how she came there now, nor note that the door of the little log cabin was open, and its inmates, roused by the tumult, were standing in the doorway. He only saw her pale elfin face looking out from among the blooms as if she were native to the laurels. Her voice, though it was but a whisper, vibrated with urgency.

"Mount an' ride—*ride* for yer life!" she said: she held his horse by the bridle. "Thar'll be lynchin' 'fore day." Her tones grew steadier. "Nobody knows who, nor how it 'll tech 'em."

"I'm not afraid of the law," he said, indignantly.

"This ain't law! Gin yerse'f up in town ef ye want law. But ride now—ride off in the shadder! Ride fur yer life!"

From the leafy screen she stepped forth, throwing the reins over the head of the horse, which was frightened and restive, and held the stirrup for Shattuck. The clamorous voices of those angered men rose to a hoarse scream, and the agitated tones of the officer, pleading, arguing, justifying himself, were overborne. Shattuck put his foot in the stirrup. The next moment he was in the saddle. As he looked down, he saw Letitia's face distinctly in the moonlight that trickled through a bough; something of that love of hers, which Guthrie had at once divined and denied and revealed, was expressed in it.

"Ye'll kem back again—some day—some day?" she said.

He clasped her hand as she lifted it.

"Come back? I'd come back if it were from the ends of the earth!" he protested.

A little thing to say, wrung out of the impassioned moment, when, in good sooth, there was no time to measure phrases or take heed of the cadences of the voice. It changed the world for her. He never forgot that radiant face in its sprite-like beauty amongst the moonlit flowers. If there were other eyes in the world so tender, so pathetic, so exquisite, he never saw them before or after. No other creature of the earth so looked like one of the air. Even after he had ridden silently through the shadows, the dull sound of his horse's hoofs making scant impression in the midst of the pawing of the posse's steeds, he caught through the trees a flitting glimpse of her light dress, her volant

attitude, as she sped silently and secretly back to the waiting group on the porch. Then he rode away—rode for his life, as she bade him.

And he had good need of speed. How the distorted idea gained credence amongst the infuriated mountaineers it would be difficult to say. It might have been colored by the circumstance that Guthrie could logically be presumed to have had no connivance with the robbers whom he had slain, and no knowledge of where they had hidden their booty; it might have been suggested by the crafty sheriff as a diversion of their attention; but the suspicion presently permeated the group that Guthrie had surprised Shattuck in the act of securing the plunder hidden in the pygmy grave. The discovery of the stranger's flight added the semblance of confirmation, and lent energy to the pursuit, which, leading in diverse directions, served to disperse the posse, and thus annul that formidable engine of the law which the strange happenings of the night had turned against the sheriff, who had himself summoned it into existence. It was doubtless with a view to his own safety that he selected for his share of the search the road back to the county town, and with no expectation of the result that awaited him there. The imputation of flight, and of seeking to elude the responsibility of his act, which might otherwise have attached to this precipitate return, was in a measure eliminated by the fact that the fugitive had arrived before him, and had already surrendered to the authorities.

It was a time to which Shattuck could never look back without a wincing loathing for the part he was constrained to play, although, in truth, he fared much better than he could have hoped. It so chanced that the justice of the peace, an old, gentle, friendly man, whom in those early morning hours he had roused, had himself the spirit of an antiquarian; his conversation was replete with the ancient and fading traditions of the Great Smoky Mountains, and he could well appreciate the strength of the archæological interest which had led Shattuck to open the pygmy grave. It seemed in the magistrate's estimation an ample justification for many risks. They were talking of these things quietly in the justice's office when the sheriff joined them. To his prosaic amaze, instead of details of the operation of the law indigenous to the office—points of examining trials and subpœnaings of witnesses, of arrest and commitment—he heard legends of the old Cherokee settlement Chota, the "beloved town," city of refuge, where even the shedder of blood was safe from vengeance; of the mysterious Ark before which sacrifices were offered; of Hebraic words in their ritual of worship; of the great chieftain Oconostota, and his wonderful visit to King George in London; of the bravery of Atta-Culla-Culla; of the Indian sibyl known as the Evening Cloud, and the strange fulfilment of her many strange prophecies.

Thus submitting his motives to no uncomprehending utilitarian arbitrament, all the rigors of the misunderstanding that Shattuck feared were averted, and he doubtless owed the bail to which he was admitted to this fortuitous circumstance. That he never came to trial he was indebted to a chance as friendly, for Millroy, before his death, so far recovered as to make a sworn statement which inculpated only Cheever and the horse-thief's gang, thus relieving Yates as well as Shattuck of all suspicion of complicity in the murder and the robbery.

The mere passing remembrance that his name had ever been mentioned in connection with these crimes was like the thrust of a knife in Shattuck's heart for years thereafter, most of all as his enthusiasms abated, and the more serious interests of life were asserted, and his worldly consequence increased. Sometimes amidst the wreaths of a post-prandial cigar a sprite-like face that seemed even in his unwilling and disaffected recollection supremely fair was present to him again, and left him with a sigh half pleasure, half pain. Further than this his words were naught, and easily forgotten.

Easily forgotten! Every day that dawned to Letitia's expectant faith held an hour that would bring him. Never a sunset came that was not bright with his promise for the morrow. Down any curve in the road, as it turned, she might look to see him. For did he not say he would come? and so surely he would! The years of watching wore out her life, but not her faith. And she died in the belief that her doom fell all too soon, and that he would come to find her gone. And she clung futilely to earth for his fancied sorrow.

"EVERY DAY THAT DAWNED

Since those days the Little People's burying-ground is doubly deserted. But few pass, and they eye it askance. And by many a fireside is told the story of the heavy doom that fell on all who carried their schemes therein and sought to know its secrets. But the birds nest in its deep shades. Every year the laurel blooms anew. And Adelaide, looking with pensive eyes upon it from her home, happy once more, can still forecast the coming of that fair spring when the morning stars shall sing together in the vernal dawn of a new heaven and a new earth, and this mortality shall put on immortality.

Meantime the Little People sleep well.

THE END.

THE ROYAL CHÂTEAUX OF THE LOIRE.

BY LOUIS FRECHETTE.

AS a general thing Americans are very little acquainted with the interior of France. Every year they troop in numbers to Paris, and after spending a few weeks in the wonderful capital, they proceed to Italy, hardly noticing Lyons and Marseilles on their way. They visit Rome, Florence, Naples, Venice; and returning through Berlin, Cologne, the Rhineland, they reach France again by the way of Belgium or Switzerland, and invariably take up their quarters once more in Paris.

Paris possesses an irresistible attraction for the American. The movement, the feverish animation, the torrential activity, which so highly characterize the French metropolis, and make every visitor on his arrival there imagine himself in the rapture of a grand public festival, captivate him to the utmost degree, and it is often with a heavy heart, when the hour of departure comes, that he tears himself away from this life of fascination and enchantment.

Paris is the great centre of the world. And yet, perhaps precisely on account of this universal popularity, Paris is not, at least in a relative sense of the word, the most interesting point in France. In fact, every one knows Paris more or less. Its monuments, its palaces, its theatres, its museums, its boulevards, its public squares, and even the marvels of its art galleries, have been popularized by the engraver and the photographer. No French book can be opened, from the great classics to the cheap novels written for Madame Pipelet, that does not describe Paris, past and present, in all the details of its unrivalled splendor. Every one is acquainted with the Bois de Boulogne, Notre Dame, La Madeleine, the Invalides, the Tuileries; and from having been so often and so minutely described, all the rest, though it may still interest us, has lost the charm of surprise.

But such is not the case with certain portions of the interior, certain nooks of what is called La Province. There we tread over places just as attractive by their historical reminiscences, we meet with monuments just as remarkable by their architectural merit; and, on the other hand, we find there the attraction of a nature ten times more picturesque, of a people whose costumes, habits, and manners have a characteristic stamp. In a word, we discover there beautiful and interesting spots which guide-books and idle tourists have not yet entirely vulgarized. Among these none deserves more special mention than that part of the Loire country where stand the three great royal châteaux of Blois, Chambord, and Amboise.

I.—BLOIS.

The ancient capital of this region of France, called the Blésois, stands on a steep hill overlooking the Loire, which is here spanned by a stately stone bridge built by Napoleon the First. It is the native place of Louis the Twelfth; of Papin, the true discoverer of steam; and of the two celebrated historians Augustin and Amedée Thierry. There is pointed out a small château where General Hugo, father of the great poet, took his last quarters after the imperial campaigns, and where he sank to rest.

We wended our way through narrow, winding, and precipitous streets, which recalled to my mind the old thoroughfares of Quebec, stopping a moment at the church of St. Nicholas, the most imposing ecclesiastical edifice in Blois. This temple, which dates from the year 1138, and which was nearly one hundred years in building, is of a half Roman and half Gothic architecture. The apsis, the choir, and the transept

CHÂTEAU DE BLOIS.

belong to the transition ogive style, while the northern nave is entirely Roman. I noticed in this church, more than in any other mediæval cathedral which I visited, that the apsis, by a very curious architectural oddity, inclines a little to the left, to recall, as I have been told, the position of the Saviour's body on the cross. And, indeed, this peculiarity is there most strikingly apparent.

The principal object of our excursion was, of course, to see the famous château which "bears on its forehead a stain of blood."

On our way we gazed at the bronze statue of Papin, placed in the centre of a great stairway which connects the upper and lower portions of the town, and is most striking in effect.

On ascending the incline which leads to the old historical monument, I felt the need of collecting my thoughts. I fancied I was about to see appearing before me that procession of royal splendors which for so long wandered under those porticos, trod those terraces, and breathed within those lofty walls. The annals of six centuries, with their grandeur, their heroism, and their crimes, seemed to spread out before my memory; and the good Louis, twelfth of the name, the chivalrous Francis the First, the ignoble Henry the Third, the bloodthirsty Charles the Ninth, Claude of France, Anne of Brittany, Catherine and Mary de Medicis, Joan of Arc, Gaston of Orleans, the Duke of Guise, the Cardinal of Lorraine, the Chancellor de l'Hôpital, the brave Crillon, the handsome Dunois — all those great personalities of French history, all those heroes of the ancient chronicles, stood up full of life before my imagination, and I could not divest myself of an undefined feeling of religious terror and respect.

And I said to myself: It is here, in this little chapel to my left, that on the 28th of April, 1429, the Archbishop of Reims pronounced a benediction on the standard which was destined to deliver France in the hands of the inspired maid of Dom remi.

It was here, eight years later, that, under the auspices of the Duke of Bourbon and the Duke of Alençon, was organized the conspiracy of La Praguerie, whose chief was the future King Louis the Elev-

enth, so jealous in after-life of the least prerogatives of his crown.

It was here that Charles of Orleans, the royal poet, sought compensation in the cultivation of letters for the sorrows of his long captivity after the battle of Agincourt.

It was there, on this terrace called La Perche aux Bretons, that was pronounced the famous word of Louis the Twelfth to Latrémoille: "It is not for the King of France to avenge the injuries of the Duke of Orleans."

It was in this pavilion to the right that the same Louis the Twelfth, surnamed the "Father of his People," signed in 1499 the celebrated ordinance of Blois which settled so many vexed questions, and put an end to so many abuses that had existed for centuries.

It was there also that on the 4th of March, 1504, the same king put forth another ordinance, which prescribed the drafting of the customary laws of Paris and Orleans, a collection which has ever since formed the foundation of French codes and jurisprudence.

It was here that were convoked in 1576 the celebrated States-General which occupies so important a place in the social history of France, for it was by reason of the *plaintes* and *doléances* comprised in their minutes that the famous Edict of Blois was rendered in 1579, an edict whose 363 articles have done so much to better the condition of the popular classes not only of the kingdom, but of the world at large.

It was in this wing, called the wing of Francis the First, that on the 23d of December, 1588—a Friday—Henry, Duke of Guise, drawn into a treacherous snare, fell by the daggers of Monsery and fifty sycophants paid and posted there by King Henry himself.

It was here, in the famous Tour du Moulin, that was situated the gloomy chamber called La Salle des Oubliettes, where the Archbishop of Lyons was imprisoned; and it was on the turn of this narrow staircase of stone that the Cardinal de Guise was murdered, as his brother had been the previous day, by the orders of the same Henry the Third.

It was through this casement that the Queen Marie de Medicis, retained in captivity by her son, Louis the Thirteenth, escaped with the assistance of a rope-ladder; and it was in the embrasure of this other window that Louis the Fourteenth breathed his first word of love in the ear of the fair and sympathetic Louise de la Valliére.

Famous duels, public festivals, celebrated tournaments, royal receptions, national assemblies, important edicts, assassinations, *coups d'état*, adventures of love, a whole world of reminiscences—glorious or bloody, terrible or romantic—live and palpitate under the massive arches of the old château; and it is with bewilderment and emotion that one bends his head as he passes under the low portals which pierce the thick walls, hung with sombre tapestries and adorned with old symbolic sculptures.

I have visited nothing in France or elsewhere which produced so deep an impression on my mind.

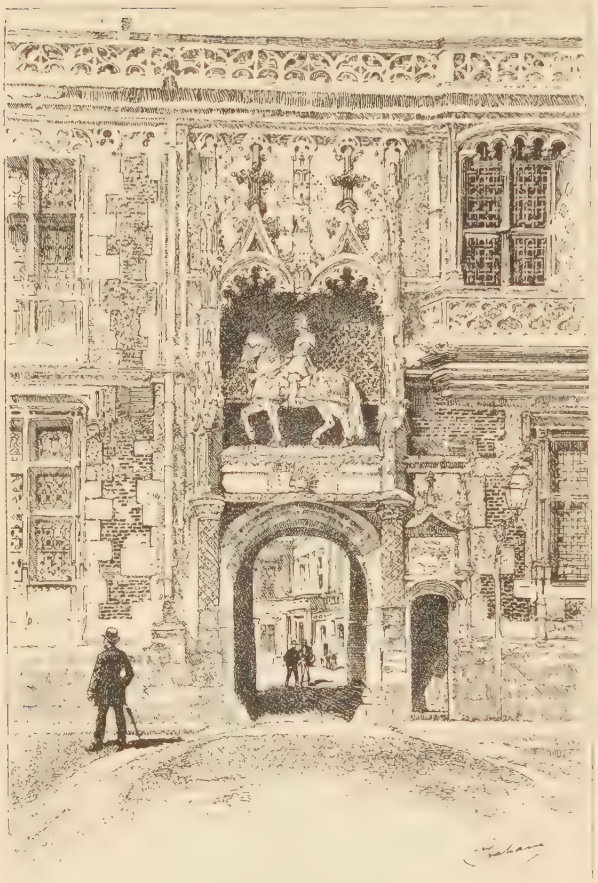
Before passing into the hands of the kings of France the Château of Blois was a feudal stronghold, said to have been built on the site of an ancient Roman camp. Up to the time of Charles of Orleans, who took up his quarters there, it was nothing more than a strong fortress, crowned with towers, pierced with loopholes, and flanked by numerous turrets, which guarded the feudal keep, with its formidable array of defence. The enlightened prince, a friend of the arts, imparted to it a new form more in keeping with the spirit of the times, which no longer saw the necessity of any such fortresses in the centre of the kingdom. The luxury of the southern countries gradually crept into France, and elegant dwellings soon took the place of the eagle nests built by the old barons of the feudal days.

At the present time the ancient citadel presents the shape of an irregular square, composed of irregular buildings of the style appertaining to different epochs.

The principal façade dates from Louis the Twelfth. It consists of three rows of superposed pilasters, in which stone and brick are harmoniously combined. The capitals, the balconies, the windows, and the chimneys are all incrusted with admirable carvings. I mean admirable from an artistic point of view only, for several of them are not precisely conspicuous for decency or chastity of form; but it seems that—at that period, at least—the anointed of the Lord were not so particular.

The central portal is surmounted by an equestrian statue of Louis the Twelfth in gilt bronze. The wing of Francis is of

ASSASSINATION OF THE DUC DE GUISE.



CHÂTEAU DE BLOIS—CENTRAL PORTAL.

the Renaissance style in its most capricious and brilliant expression. It opens on the interior court, and the pentagonal stairway which projects outside its open-worked spiral is regarded as one of the masterpieces of the architecture of that epoch.

It is by this monumental stairway, all in stone admirably chiselled, that we reach the Salle des Gardes, which served as a counsel-hall on the day when the Duke of Guise was assassinated.

The tourist experiences a shrinking of the heart on hearing the cicerone tell him: Here is the secret stair by which the forty-five assassins ascended. This is the gallery of the king, the closet of the king, the chamber of the king. This is where stood the fall stool on which Henry the Third, who had taken the communion that morning, was kneeling while the crime was being committed. At the door there was a curtain, which the king raised to ask if all was over. It was in this passage, between the back closet and the Salle des Gardes, that Henri de Guise was first struck, and it was near this alcove, where stood the king's couch, that he fell and expired.

As the chronicle tells, he advanced with outstretched arms, fading sight, gaping mouth, and as if he was already dead. Pushed by Loignac, the duke fell at the foot of the king's bed, exclaiming, "Mercy, oh, my God!" These were his last words.

It is said that the king approached near him, looked at him a moment with terror, and then, as the chronicle affirms, gave the corpse a kick in the face, saying, in a voice trembling with emotion: "My God, how great he is! He appears still taller dead than when alive."

The next day the Cardinal de Guise fell beneath the steel of the same assassins. Twelve days later Catherine de Medicis, the real instigator of all these crimes, that fatal queen who had caused so many ills to France, died of a mysterious disease, which some attributed to poison. She had given three kings to France—the young Francis the Second, a scrofulous prince, who died of a hereditary and repulsive ailment; Charles the Ninth, the sanguinary maniac author of the St. Bartholomew, who died crazy; and finally that enervated, cowardly, and hypocritical assassin, Henry the Third, who came to his end, under the ban of excommunication and loaded with crimes, by the knife of a fanatical monk. If the odious queen had survived a short time longer, she would have witnessed the disappearance of the last of the Valois, and the accession to the throne of the first of the Bourbons.

The events of this shameful epoch have been made the subject of the famous drama of Alexandre Dumas, *Henry the Third and his Times* (Henri III. et Son Temps), represented on the 1st of February, 1829, and which, with the *Hernani* of Victor Hugo, was the dawn of a new intellectual era, the first shout of triumph of romanticism in literature, the cornerstone of the whole artistic and literary edifice of the nineteenth century. *A quelque chose malheur est bon.*

On the accession of the house of Bourbon, the historical importance of the Château of Blois began to decline. The most interesting episode was the captivity and escape of Marie de Medicis, whom her son, Louis the Thirteenth, had confined there in 1617 as an accomplice in the conspiracy of the Marshal d'Ancre, the ambitious Concini.

After two years of captivity, she escaped on the 7th of February, 1619, by a rope-ladder; and the widow of Henry the Fourth, the mother of the king of France, who had taken refuge successively at Brussels, London, and Cologne, died in a state of almost absolute abandonment—a worthy crowning of a life of intrigues, and, according to some, of crime and dissolution.

In 1635 the château became the residence of Gaston of Orleans, who seems to have left personal memories that were of more account than the works which he caused to be carried out, as La Fontaine, visiting Blois in 1662, writes that such princes should be born a little oftener or should never die.

In 1668 Louis the Fourteenth gave a *fête* at the Château of Blois on his return from Chambord. Pellisson, in the emphatic language of the writers of his time when they spoke of the great king, said that in this *fête* there was nothing human or ordinary. This was the last visit of royalty to the old manor.

During the Revolution all the royal emblems which adorned the château were destroyed. The bust of Gaston was beheaded, the groups which decorated the façade of Mansard overthrown; the statue of Louis the Twelfth itself found no mercy with the vandals. They would willingly have razed the edifice to the ground for having afforded shelter to royalty.

Under Louis Philippe the work of restoration was begun, but when the revolution of February broke out there was reason to fear for the fate of the royal emblems which shone once more at different points of the building; fortunately the people, more enlightened than in '93, respected those innocent souvenirs of the ancient glories of their country.

In 1860 the municipal council of Blois, to whom Napoleon the First had made over the château, presented it to the Prince Imperial; "but," says Monsieur de la Saussaye, "as if it were the fate of the ancient residence of the Valois to be the theatre of the sorrows of history, we see that in 1870 it is invested once more with the majesty of the ancient days, not to receive a brilliant court, a national representation, but a court of justice and vulgar conspirators. After the Guise, the Irreconcilables; after the Ligue, the International! What poetry and what prose!"

In the right wing of the château, called D'Aile de Gaston, there is nothing remarkable. It is constructed in the frigid and severe taste of the period. It is a pastichio of Versailles, less the amplitude and the magnificence of the latter. It is there, if I remember right, that is found the museum, once very rich, but now of comparatively little worth. Its chief value consists of old engravings and autographs. As to the paintings, I noticed an "Allegory" of Jean Mosiner, a "Toilet of Venus" of Lebrun, a "Venus" of Boucher, a "Queen Blanche delivering Prisoners" of Fragonard, and some other canvases by Dureau, Cicery, and Couder. The rest is not worth mentioning here.

There remained only to visit the chapel, where, as I have already said, the Bishop of Reims blessed the standard of Joan of Arc previous to her departure for Orleans. This chapel, situated at the extremity of the south wing of the château, is built in the finest ogival style of the first epoch. The Revolution carried off the portal and two triforiums of the nave, but it is in process of restoration.

II.—CHAMBORD.

The Château of Chambord, whose hundred turrets can be spied from the terrace which crowns the château of Blois, is not only the most beautiful monument of the Renaissance, but is particularly interesting from the fact that it was the principal apanage of the direct heir of the kings of France, formally Duke of Bordeaux, the late Count of Chambord, "Henri V." The palace, with its dependencies, a vil-

lage of about three hundred inhabitants, and a game preserve enclosed by a wall over seven leagues in length, was donated to him by public subscription in 1828.

Chambord rises solitary at a few leagues distant from Blois, half hidden by the numerous and extensive groves that dot the plains of the Sologne. The intervening country is not precisely what might be called picturesque, but the highways are beautiful, and the eye embraces there a vast horizon.

After having penetrated through one of the six gates which pierce the dilapidated stone enclosure of the park, and followed for some twenty minutes a long avenue of poplars skirting the thin underwood, I suddenly saw rising before me, as by a stroke of the enchanter's wand, in the midst of an immense glade of sand and heather, that marvellous and gigantic pile of yellow towers and turrets. I was profoundly moved by the majesty of the spectacle. It was fairy-like, and the *coup d'œil* was all the more striking from the fact that it was unforeseen. How different from that neo-Grecian style, that cold architecture of the *Grand Siècle*, as it is called, those inflexibly regular lines, that conventional symmetry, which are the rule at Versailles, at Saint-Cloud, and at Fontainebleau! Here it is boldness, elegance, fantasy, in the most magical and living sense of these words.

You have before you an imposing mass, whose principal portion, the keep, is flanked by four enormous towers, and rests at the same time on two wings that terminate by two immense circular pavilions with conical roofs surmounted by lanterns. The centre of the building is crowned by a marvellous open-worked campanile, which displays, at three hundred feet above the soil, a monumental fleur-de-lis, and whose arch-butments and counter-forts, grouped with admirable art, spring up in the midst of a profusion, a labyrinth, a forest of turrets, spires, steeples, pinnacles, belfries, pilasters, columns, domes, chimneys, and dormer-windows; and all that carved, chased, chiselled, dentated with arabesques, surging on all sides with a capricious luxuriance only equalled by the harmony of the whole. It is impossible to imagine anything more graceful and at the same time more really imposing. It is a poem in stone.

"A genius of the East," as Byron says, "seems to have stolen this palace from the land of the sun to hide it in the land of mist with the love of a fair prince." For Chambord, like so many other marvels of ancient and modern art, owes its origin to love and romance.

This domain belonged originally to the ancient counts of Blois. It was then only a little castle, pleasure-house, or shooting-box, which, on the accession of Louis the Twelfth, heir of the house of Blois, passed to the crown of France. In the popular traditions the spot bore an evil name. It was said to be haunted by mischievous spirits. There, the legend tells, resided the famous Black Huntsman, with his fantastic outriders and fantastic hounds. He was a huge hunter of the night, arrayed all in black, and mounted on an enormous black steed who travelled swifter than the wind. He was always followed by a troop of sable dogs barking in the gloom, and a multitude of phantom sportsmen wearing the sombre livery of darkness. Woe betide the villager that crossed his path; he was doomed to die within the twelve months. During the long nights of autumn, when the gloom was deepest, so soon as the last stroke of midnight had resounded from the belfry of the castle, there was heard a mighty din of men and horses and dogs and horns mingling in the air. Loud clamors re-echoed beneath the clouded sky, now rumbling like a distant torrent, then pealing forth like a clap of thunder. "It is the *Chasseur Noir!*" was the trembling exclamation on all hands, and the peasants fell upon their knees.

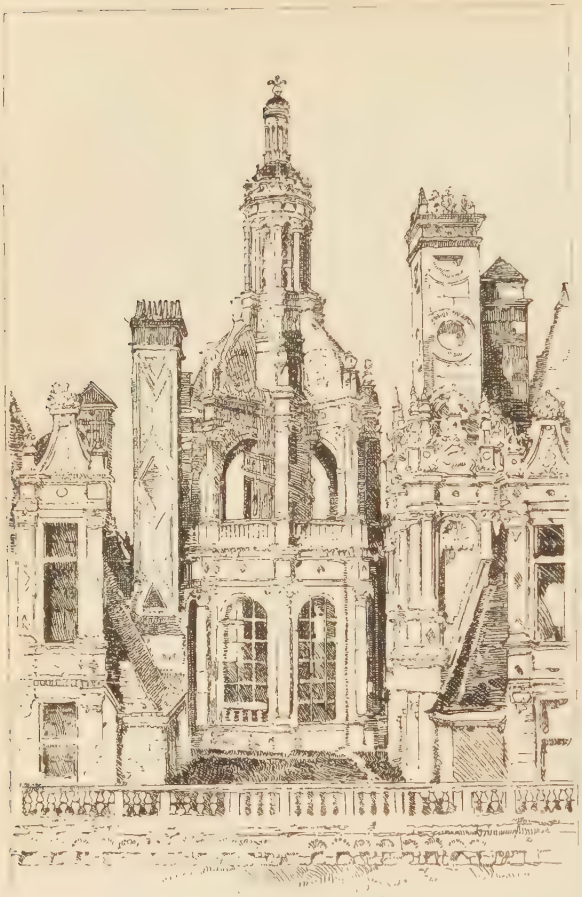
On returning from his captivity at Madrid, in 1526, Francis the First, who put no strong faith in the popular superstition, undertook to transform the old feudal manor of Chambord into a gorgeous palace.

One evening the gallant king was conversing in one of the deep embrasures piercing the walls of the château with the beautiful Françoise de Foix, Countess of Châteaubriant, his favorite.

"Do you see," said he, "those old moss-grown walls? I will have them overthrown, and I will build for you the most magnificent palace in Europe."

And he kept his word. Alas! love is not eternal. The troubadour king, who was wont to say that a court without woman is a year without spring

FRANCIS THE FIRST ENGRAVING THE FAMOUS VERSES ON THE WINDOW.



CHÂTEAU DE CHAMBORD—LANTERN OF THE DOUBLE STAIRWAY.

or a spring without roses, was far from thinking that a few years later, in a moment of philosophical sadness, he would be led to engrave with the point of an emerald on one of the windows of the fairy mansion he was promising the beautiful Françoise de Foix these two lines which have remained celebrated:

"*Souvent femme varié*
Bien fol est qui s'y fil."

I visited the chamber where these lines were written. One of the panes still bears the inscription. Is it the original one? It is hard to tell, inasmuch as Louis the Fourteenth caused, as some archæologists pretend, the first to be removed to please Mlle. de la Vallière, who did not relish the poetic sally.

Besides the famous distich of Francis the First, the Château of Chambord possesses several literary souvenirs of much greater importance. It was there that Queen Marguerite of Navarre, whom her royal brother, playing on the meaning of her name, called the daisy of daisies—*la Marguerite des Marguerites*—wrote that licentious work known as the *Heptameron*, which is for the most part a collection of scandalous tales, written generally without style or great wit—a poor, very poor, imitation of Boccaccio's *Decameron*.

It was there also, in presence of Louis the Fourteenth and all his court, that Molière produced for the first time his two celebrated comedies, *Monsieur de Pourceangnac* and *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, the former in 1669, and the latter on the 14th of October, 1670. We are shown the hall where the performances took place. It is situated on the second flat, in the space intervening between the grand stairway and the façade. The stage rested against the two central windows. The stonework separating them had been pierced, as also the side walls, for the accommodation of the actors. One may admire still those narrow passages along which the great Molière so often glided, and through which a man of ordinary size has all the trouble to squeeze himself.

It was there also that King Stanislaus of Poland, of whom I shall say a word later on, wrote his work entitled *Incredulity Combated by Simple Common-Sense*.

Finally, it is at Chambord, in the Salle des Gardes, as we all know, that Victor Hugo places the fourth act of his celebrated drama *Marion Delorme*.

But let us return to Francis the First. The promise he had made his favorite was fulfilled to the letter. Eighteen hundred men were set at work, under the ablest architect of France and Italy, and

within twelve years, in the midst of barren plains, woods, moors, and swamps, on the banks of a miry stream, rose, to the astonishment and admiration of the world, the most sumptuous edifice of the Renaissance.

It is not known exactly in what year the works were terminated; but what leads me to think this period of twelve years quite accurate, is that in my desire to see everything, I discovered on one of the light ornaments on the upper part of the campanile the date of 1535 engraved in figures an inch and a half long. The cicerone declared that he had not known of this inscription before, and thus my curiosity had unconsciously resolved a point of history or archæology.

We have seen what were the beginnings of the Château of Chambord; we know what it is to-day; let us inquire what became of it during the interval. One of the most brilliant pages of its annals is that which recounts the visit of Charles the Fifth to that royal residence in 1539.

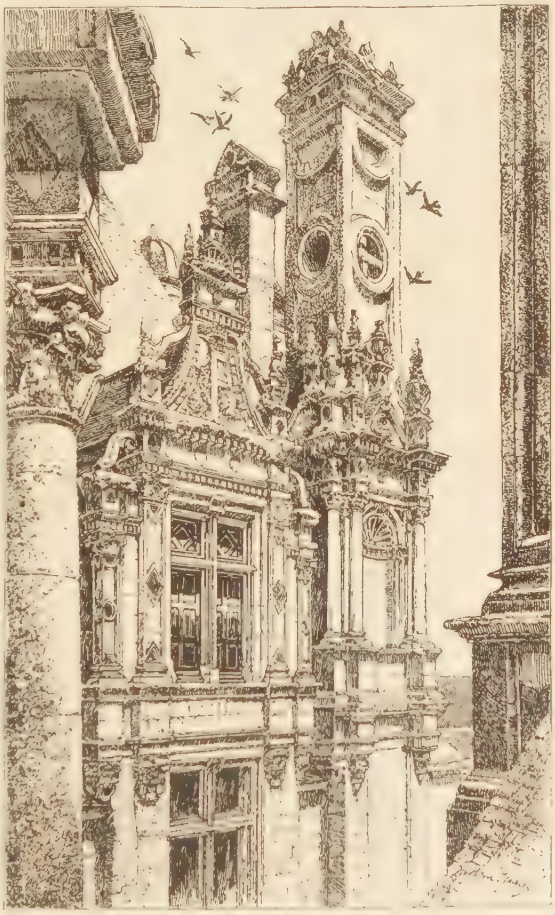
It will be remembered that the Emperor of Germany had requested Francis the First's permission to traverse France on his way to Ghent, where his subjects had just broken out into revolt. Francis the First, although he had been very badly treated by the wily emperor during his two years' captivity, resolved to take a noble revenge, and granted the request. The whole court were anxious not to lose the opportunity of obtaining even by force a revocation of the treaty of Madrid, which the King of France had signed under the severest compulsion.

Triboulet, the court fool, himself took the liberty of giving a practical lesson to the chivalrous monarch. The dwarf had tablets which he called *Le Journal des Fous* (The Fool's Journal), on which he entered the names of those whom he considered more foolish than himself. On hearing that Charles the Fifth had set foot on French territory, he drew out his tablets and began to write.

"What are you doing there?" demanded the king.

"Sire, I am inscribing his Majesty the Emperor of Germany as the biggest fool in the world."

"And what will you do if I let him pass?"



CHÂTEAU DE CHAMBORD—LUCARNE ET CHEMINÉE.

"Sire, I should rub out his name, and put yours down in its place."

We are not told whether Triboulet kept his word; but not only did Charles the Fifth pass freely through the states of Francis the First, but the king, who took his knighthood at the hands of Bayard, received him with such magnificence as

to make his Imperial Majesty declare that if he were God the Father and had two sons, he would make one God and the other king of France.

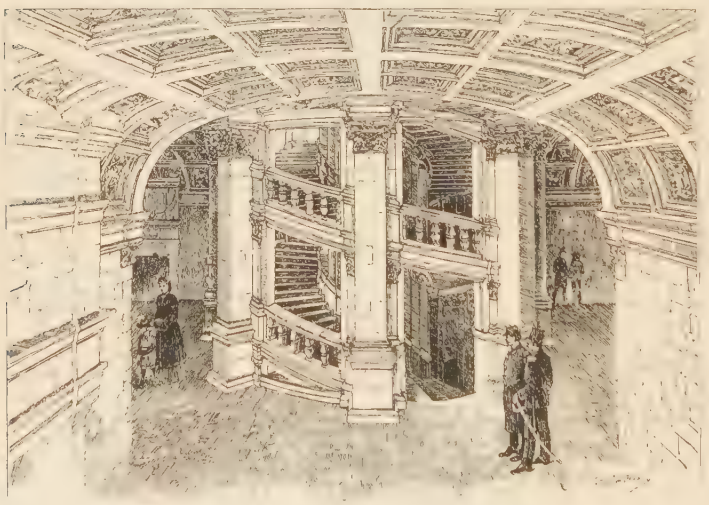
After Francis the First, Henry the Second became the owner of Chambord. He embellished it by the introduction of various improvements; among them the staircase of the western tower, which is one of the curiosities of the building. In all that part of the château his cipher and that of Diane de Poitiers, his favorite, is discerned, consisting of an H surmounted by a crown and a crescent, inlaced and mingled with all the ornaments carved in the stone and wood work of old oak.

In 1626 Louis the Thirteenth made Chambord over to his brother Gaston of Orleans, but after the death of the latter, in 1660, the castle reverted to the crown.

For eight years, from 1725 to 1733, it was the residence of King Stanislaus of Poland, father-in-law of Louis the Fifteenth, who left imperishable souvenirs among the people of the country. In the dining-hall, among other canvases more or less precious, is seen an admirable portrait of his daughter, Marie Leckzinska, by Vanloo. It was this prince who had the unfortunate idea, no one knows for what purpose, of filling the ditches around the château, and of destroying the rich stone balustrade which wound about it. In 1745 Louis the Fifteenth gave the Château of Chambord to the hero of Fontenoy, the brilliant Maurice of Saxe, natural son of Augustus, the second king of Poland, and ancestor of Aurore Dupin, known in the world of letters by the illustrious name of George Sand. It is the same Maurice of Saxe whom Scribe and Legouvé have introduced in their famous play *Adrienne Lecouvreur*.

After five years of the most luxurious, not to say dissipated, existence, the great commander died at Chambord, carried off by a putrid fever according to some, killed in a duel by the Prince of Condé according to others—at all events, the victim of a life of adventures and debauchery. The visitor is shown the marble table upon which his body was laid out during forty days in the chapel of the palace, surrounded by sixteen Austrian standards captured at Landtfelt and Raucoux.

On the death of Maurice of Saxe, Chambord reverted once more to the crown of France. In 1809 Napoleon made a present of it to General Berthier, erecting it into a principality under the name of Wagram. Finally, as already said, the magnificent domain was bought of the Princess of Wagram, as a gift by the nation to the heir of the Bourbons.



CHÂTEAU DE CHAMBORD—GRAND STAIRWAY AND SALLE DES GARDES.

The entry to the château is by the southern front, after crossing a vast court-yard formed by long buildings of an ordinary height, a part of which is occupied by the warden and the guardians.

The whole of the ground-floor of the dungeon is taken up by the vast Salle des Gardes, in the centre of which rises in double spirals the monumental staircase, which is perhaps the greatest marvel in all the building. This staircase, open-worked throughout, consists of two intertwined flights, unrolling alternately the

CHÂTEAU D'AMBOISE.

one above the other in screw shape around a central pillar in such a way as never to meet, although encircled together, until they reach the belvedere which forms the pinnacle of the whole building.

The pillar around which these two spirals turn is also open-worked, and perforated throughout its whole length by a tube about an inch and a half in diameter; and the whole thing is so perfectly constructed, the perpendicular line is so well kept, that when from the top of the terrace a bullet or a pebble is dropped into this long and narrow channel, the bullet or pebble reaches the ground after having traversed a space of over two hundred feet without touching the sides.

"The ingenious disposition of this staircase," says the well-known architect Blondel, "deserves the highest praise. One cannot admire too much the lightness of its arrangement, the boldness of its execution, and the delicacy of its ornaments—a perfection which astonishes and bewilders one to conceive how so picturesque a design could be imagined, and how it could have been carried out."

The poet Alfred de Vógny has said, "This seems to be a fugitive thought, a brilliant idea, which all at once took a durable shape, a dream made real and substantial."

After the central stairway, the most striking objects in the interior of the palace are the sculptured ornaments, varied *ad infinitum*, and worked with such a delicacy of form that one can scarcely fancy they have been executed in so short a time. The salamander, which Francis the First had chosen for emblem, is seen everywhere, in every position or shape, and every niche, every framing, every chimney-piece, seems to have cost years of labor.

"This phenomenon cannot be explained," says a historian, "otherwise than by calling to mind the wonderful facility of execution of Jean Goujon, Germain Pilon, Jean Cousin, and Pierre Bontems, to whom these works were confided, or by supposing that these able sculptors had particular methods, of which the secret has not come down to us."

I saw but two furnished rooms in the whole château — the dining-hall, turned into a kind of museum, and a sleeping chamber, in which there is a monumental bedstead in violet ebony, offered to the Comte de Chambord by some sympathizing ladies of Lyons.

There are four hundred and forty-four rooms with fireplaces in the building; thirteen grand and over two hundred lesser stairways, winding in every direction through the thickness of the walls, and forming a dædalous which could

have admirably served all the romantic adventures of the world, even though the kings of France had chosen to introduce therein an element of mystery not at all required by the social habits of that time.

III.—AMBOISE.

The next day we were borne by rail to Amboise.

The superb mansion of the ancient barons of Amboise is situated six leagues from Tours, on the summit of a rock commanding the Loire, and where can be descried the most admirable horizons it is possible to imagine.

From the tops of the two immense towers strengthening the flanks of the main building the eye takes in the slopes of Limeray, Pocay, Nazelles, and Noizay, all covered with clumps of verdure and charming villas—in a word, the whole of the most flourishing and fertile part of Touraine, which has long been called the garden of France.

The foundation of Amboise is ascribed to Julius Cæsar, but according to an old tradition the origin of this curious monument might be traced as far back as the days of the ancient Druids. However this may be, the Romans had a fortified camp here, the remains of which are easily distinguished, especially two of those vast subterranean vaults of peculiar construction which are to be found in certain parts of France, and which are known as the granaries of Cæsar.

During several centuries the castle was the property of the illustrious house of Amboise. It was confiscated by Charles the Seventh in consequence of the conspiracy of Louis of Amboise against George de Latrémouille, the king's favorite, and from that epoch it has always remained in the hands of the crown.

It was therefore under Charles the Seventh that the château became the scene of a brilliant series of royal festivals and historical deeds. The fortress which had seen Cæsar, Clovis, the counts of Anjou, the lords of Amboise, was transformed into a sumptuous palace to receive the new masters of ancient Gaul, from Louis the Eleventh to Francis the First, from Anne of Brittany to the fair and ill-starred Mary Stuart, whose poetic and legendary memory survives beyond all others in the shadow of these venerable walls.

As I paced the terrace which bears her name, I fancied I saw that young and beautiful princess, a widow at seventeen, to whom the future reserved so fatal a destiny, bending over the balustrade on the eve of her departure for Scotland, and repeating over and over, with eyes fixed upon the landscape which I myself was contemplating:

"Adieu, plaisant pays de France!
O ma patrie
La plus chérie,
Qui a nourri ma jeune enfance.
Adieu, France! adieu, mes beaux jours!
La nef qui déjoint mes amours
N'a cy de moi que la moitié;
Une part te reste, elle est tienne;
Je la fie à ton amitié
Pour que de l'autre il te souvienne!"

The above verses, written by Mary herself on the day of her departure from Amboise, have been translated into English as follows:

"Farewell to thee, thou pleasant shore,
The loved, the cherished home to me
Of infant joy, a dream that's o'er.
Farewell, dear France! farewell to thee!

"The sail that wafts me bears away
From thee but half my soul alone;
Its fellow-half will fondly stay,
And back to thee has faithful flown.

"I trust it to thy gentle care;
For all that here remains with me
Lives but to think of all that's there,
To love and to remember thee!"

Louis the Eleventh, who usually resided at Plessis-les-Tours, made frequent visits to Amboise. It was he who built the church of the château under the dedication of St. Michael, where later, on the 1st of August, 1469, he founded the royal order of knighthood which bears the same name.

It was at Amboise that the suspicious monarch, who, following the example of the tyrant of Syracuse, had established in the walls and ceilings a vast combination of acoustic tubes, discovered the treason of his minister Cardinal Ballue, who had sold state secrets to the Duke of Burgundy, Charles the Bold.

It was a stupendous punishment to which he was condemned. The minister spent eleven years confined in an iron cage—a species of torture employed more than once by the terrible persecutor of the nobility. Those horrible cages, too low to allow of the prisoner standing upright, and too narrow to admit of his lying down, were said to have been invented by the cardinal himself to serve

the vengeance of his master; but there is no doubt now that these engines of torture were used in Asia at the beginning of the same century, for the savage Mogul conqueror Tamerlane had applied them to the Sultan of Constantinople, Bajazet the First, made prisoner by him at the battle of Ancyra in 1401.

Amboise was a royal residence, but also might have been called a prison. Queen Charlotte of Savoie, as well as the Dauphin, were not allowed to leave it.

The visitor is shown the chamber where the unfortunate queen died only a few months after the decease of her husband. It was there that Charles the Eighth first saw the light, and to him are due the most remarkable works that Amboise offers to public admiration. Unfortunately a fatal accident interrupted these improvements. One day, as the young king was conducting the queen to the tennis court, which could be reached from the interior of the palace only by going through a low and dark gallery, he struck his head with violence against the keystone of a portal, and died from the effect of the injury on the 7th of April, 1498, at the age of twenty-eight.

MARY STUART AT AMBOISE.

Queen Anne of Brittany, his widow, who afterward married his successor, appeared at first to be inconsolable—as is custom-ary with queens alone, of course! It was she who first conceived the idea of wearing black in symbol of mourning instead of white, as it had previously been the fashion with the widows of French kings.

After having pointed out the fatal stone which caused the death of this young man, who might have become one of the best sovereigns of his country, the cicerone never fails to introduce the visitor into an apartment which was the

scene of another very dramatic incident; not followed, however, by the same painful consequences.

Francis the First was passionately fond of the chase. On the occasion of the marriage of the Duc de Lorraine to Mademoiselle de Montpensier he ordered an enormous boar, which the huntsmen had taken alive, to be brought into one of the interior courts of the castle. The animal was to be goaded, pursued, and despatched for the amusement of the ladies. Infuriated by the cries and the attacks of the whippers-in, the boar, with eye inflamed and bristles erect, made a sudden charge on the door of a stairway, burst it open with one stroke of his snout, and ascended the steps. The wild beast was on the point of penetrating into the apartment, the entrance of which was closed only by a velvet curtain, when the king, rushing out of the hall where the frightened ladies were pressing around the queen, and pushing away the officers who attempted to bar his passage, made for the furious monster, avoided its first onset, and with the vigor and skill of a professional athlete, he buried his sword in its body, and the brute fell dying on the floor.

There is on exhibition at the Château of Amboise a pair of colossal horns, said to have been those of a stag killed by the mighty St. Hubert, patron of huntsmen. These horns are of such extraordinary size that they have always been a puzzle to naturalists. No traces can be seen which may lead us to believe that this trophy is artificial, and yet no one can admit that an animal of such dimensions could ever have existed. Some people pretend that the problem has been solved in favor of the former hypothesis, but still no vestige of handiwork is visible, and the question remains in abeyance.

On the death of Francis the First, the pleasant sounds of festival and revelry were soon succeeded by cries of alarm. Francis the Second and Mary Stuart arrived at Amboise to take refuge from the intrigues of parties. The plot known in history as the conspiracy of Amboise broke out in 1560.

This plot, hatched against the power of the Guises, was averted, as is well known. The conspirators were attacked, surrounded, massacred. Even those who surrendered did not escape. They were hanged to the battlements of the castle, with the body of their leader, killed by an arrow from a cross-bow. Over four hundred of the conspirators perished.

Dating from this epoch, the Château of Amboise was abandoned as a royal residence. It became a state prison, in which were successively confined the princes whose lives were spared at the Congress of Blois: the Superintendent La Vienville; Cæsar, Duke of Vendôme, and his brother Alexander, Grand Prior of France—both natural sons of Henry the Fourth; Fouquet, Lauzun, and hundreds of suspects under the Reign of Terror; and, in later times, the famous Ameer Abd-el-Kader, to whom Napoleon the Third restored his liberty on mounting the throne in 1852.

It is difficult to describe this colossal monument, which has been the silent witness of so many important events, and will brave time and the ravages of men for many a century to come—this mass of dungeons and towers, of walls and ditches, of vaults and counter-forts, of roofs and lofts, these battlemented terraces, these balconied watch-towers, these machicolated casements, these arcades, porticos, colonnades, endless corridors, subterranean galleries, blackholes, *oubliettes*—all heaped together, as it were, and thrown *pêle-mêle*, but in harmonious disorder, presenting a most striking and magnificent *ensemble*. These things cannot be described; they must be seen.

Chambord is more elegant, more stately, more homogeneous, as a whole. It is the execution of a preconceived idea and plan. Blois, owing to periodical demolitions and the effect of relatively recent additions, has taken on a pacific aspect; it has been almost modernized. This is not the case with Amboise, which, in spite of the embellishments of successive centuries, has preserved its warrior look, its powerful and martial mien, its stamp of ancient feudalism. We still catch glimpses of the coat of mail under the velvet doublet.

In a word, Chambord is more impressive by the marvellous beauty of its architecture; Blois, by the grandeur of its historical associations; Amboise, by its site and the picturesqueness of its general effect.

Chambord is more handsome, Blois more interesting, Amboise more remarkable by its originality.

The three are among the most salient monuments of Europe, deserving to be better known to the world at large.

LONDON—AFTER THE ROMANS.

BY WALTER BESANT.

THE only authorities for the events which took place in Britain during the fifth and sixth centuries are Gildas and the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. There are other writers—Ethelwerd, for instance, who copied the Chronicle, and adds nothing; Nennius, whose work, edited by one Mark the Hermit, in the tenth century, was found in the Vatican. The first edition was published in London in the year 1819, in the original Latin, by the Rev. William Gunn. Nennius gives a brief account of King Arthur and his exploits, but he affords little or no information that is of use to us. The work of Richard of Cirencester is extremely valuable on account of its topography; it is also interesting as the work of the first English antiquary. But he belonged to the fourteenth century, and has added nothing to the history, of which he knew no more than we ourselves can discover. The book named after Geoffrey of Monmouth is not worth a moment's serious consideration. In Bede's *Ecclesiastical History* passages may be found which throw side lights on this period, but they are few.

St. Gildas, called Badonicus, is supposed to have been born about the year 520, in Wales. He wrote about the year 560, and is therefore contemporary with the events of which he speaks. His book contains a vast quantity of rhetoric to a very small amount of history. Unfortunately for him, he was called by his admiring fellow-monks, in his lifetime, *Sapiens*—the Sage or Sapient. Perhaps in order to live up to this designation, he was fain to regard himself with so much respect as to assume the garb and language of a prophet, and, with what he thought prophetic force, which we now perceive to be ecclesiastical inflation and exaggeration, he proceeded to admonish princes and people of their sins. Every age, to the ecclesiastical prophet, as to the secular satirist, is an age of unbounded profligacy; of vice such as the world has never before witnessed; of luxury advanced to heights hitherto untrodden; of license, wantonness, riot unbridled and unparalleled, insomuch that Jerusalem, even under the soft influences of Ahola and Aholibah, was righteous and pure in comparison. No doubt Gildas lived in a most trying and disappointing time. Things went wrong, and things went from bad to worse. His own people were defeated and driven continually westward; they could not even hold together and fight side by side against the common enemy; religion was forgotten in the fierce struggles for life, and in the fiercer civil dissensions; Saxon, Angle, or Jute, all were alike in that none had any reverence for priest or for Church; the worst passions were aroused. Yet one cannot but think that a lower note might have been struck with greater advantage; and now that it is impossible to learn how far the prophet's admonitions brought repentance to the kings, one regrets that a simple statement of the events in chronological order as they occurred was not thought necessary to complete a historical work. Would you hear how the Sapient addresses kings? Listen! He is admonishing for his good the King of North Wales, Cuneglass by name:

"Thou too, Cuneglass, why art thou fallen into the filth of thy former naughtiness? Yea, since the first spring of thy tender youth, thou bear, thou rider and ruler of many, and guider of the chariot which is the receptacle of the bear, thou contemner of God, and vilifier of his order! Thou tawny butcher! Why, besides thine other innumerable backslidings, having thrown out of doors thy wife, dost thou, against the apostle's express prohibition, esteem her detestable sister, who had vowed unto God everlasting continency, as the very flower of the celestial nymphs?"

In similar gentle strains he approaches the sins of other kings.

This kind of language sometimes leads to contradictions. Thus in one sentence the Sapient speaks of his countrymen as wholly ignorant of the art of war, and in another he tells how the flower of the British youth went off to fight for Maximus.

As regards the alleged luxury of the time, the monk wrote from a dismal cell, very likely wattled, draughty, and cold; his food was poor and scanty; his bed was hard; life to him was mere endurance. The roasted meats, the soft pillows and

cushions, the heated rooms, of the better sort, seemed wicked luxury, especially when he thought of the conquering Saxon and his ruined country. Of course in every age the wealthy will surround themselves with whatever comforts can be procured. We are in these days, for instance, advanced to an inconceivable height of luxury. One would like to invite the luxurious Cuneglass to spend a day or two with a young man of the present day. Those who were neither rich nor free lived hardly, as they do to this day; those who were young and strong, even though they were not perhaps trained to the use of arms, easily learned how to use them, and when it came to victory or death, they soon recovered the old British spirit. This is not the place, otherwise it would be interesting to show what a long and gallant stand was made by these people, whom it is customary to call cowardly and luxurious—these ancestors of the gallant Welsh. It is manifest that a period of two hundred years and more of peace almost profound, their frontiers and their coasts guarded for them by the legions of Rome, must have lowered the British spirit. But they quickly recovered. The Arthurian epic, it is certain, has some foundation in fact, and perhaps poor King Cuneglass himself, the bear and butcher, wielded a valiant sword.

The Britons were, it is quite certain, prone to internal dissensions, which greatly assisted their defeat and conquest. But they had one bond of union. Their enemies were pagan; they were Christian. Gildas addresses a nation of Christians, not a Church planted among idolaters. Christian symbols and emblems are found everywhere on the site of Roman towns, not, it is true, in large quantities, but they are found; while, though pagan altars have been found, and pagan emblems and statuettes of gods, there are no ruins anywhere in Britain, except at Bath, of Roman temples. Their faith, like the Catholicism of the Irish, was their national symbol. It separated them broadly from their enemies; it gave them contempt for barbarians. The faith therefore flourished with great strength and vigor. The popular Christianity was, doubtless, a very mixed kind of creed. As in southern Italy among the peasants there linger to this day traditions, customs, and superstitions of paganism which the people call the old faith, so in Britain there lingered among the people ceremonies and beliefs which the Church vainly tried to suppress, or craftily changed into Christian observances. Such things linger still in Wales, though the traveller observes them not. In the same way, the folk-lore of our own towns and our own villages is still largely composed of the beliefs and superstitions inherited from our old English—not British—ancestors. In times of religious revolution the common folk change the name of their god, but not his nature or his attributes. Apollo becomes the Christ, but in the minds of the Italian peasants he remains the old Apollo. The great sun-god, worshipped under so many names and with so many attributes, remains in the hearts of rustics long, long centuries after mass has been said and the host has been elevated. Nay, it has even been said that the mass itself is an adaptation of pagan ritual to Christian worship. But the people, whatever their old beliefs, called themselves Christian, and that one fact enabled them to forget their jealousies and quarrels in times of emergency, and sometimes to act together. They were Christian; their enemies were pagan. It is significant that in one passage Gildas—who is quoted by Bede—reproaches them for not converting their conquerors, among whom they lived. This proves, if the fact wanted proof, (1) that the Britons were not exterminated by their conquerors; (2) that they were allowed to continue unmolested in their own religion; and (3) that they kept it to themselves as a possession of their own nation, and a consolation in disaster, and a mark of superiority and dignity.

One thing is quite clear, that when the Roman legions finally withdrew, the Britons were left thoroughly awakened to the fact that if they could not fight they must perish. They understood once more the great law of humanity in all ages, that those who would enjoy in peace must be prepared to fight in war. They fought, therefore, valiantly; yet not so valiantly as the stronger race which came to drive them out.

In particular, however, we have to deal with the fate of Augusta. Let us first endeavor to lay down the facts. They are to be drawn from two sources: the first from the meagre notes of the historians; the second from topographical and geographical considerations. The latter have never yet been fully presented, and

I believe that the conclusion to be drawn by comparing the double set of facts will be accepted as irresistible.

The following are the facts related by the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle:

A.D. 443.—This year the Britons sent over sea to Rome, and begged for help against the Picts; but they had none, because they were themselves warring against Attila, King of the Huns. And then they sent to the Angles, and entreated the like of the Ethelings of the Angles.

A.D. 449.—Hengist and Horsa, invited by Vortigern, King of the Britons, landed in Britain on the shore called Wippidsfleet (Ebbsfleet?), at first in aid of the Britons, but afterward they fought against them. King Vortigern gave them land in the southeast of this country on condition that they should fight against the Picts. Then they fought against the Picts, and had the victory wheresoever they came. Then they sent to the Angles, desired a larger force to be sent, and caused them to be told the worthlessness of the Britons and the excellence of the land. Then they soon sent thither a larger force in aid of the others. At that time came men from three tribes in Germany—from the Old Saxons, from the Angles, and from the Jutes. From the Jutes came the Kentish men and the Wightwarians, that is, the tribe which now dwells in Wight, and that race among the West Saxons which is still called the race of Jutes. From the Old Saxons came the men of Essex and Sussex and Wessex. From Anglia, which has ever since remained waste, betwixt the Jutes and Saxons, came the men of East Anglia, Middle Anglia, Mercia, and all Northumbria.

A.D. 455.—This year Hengist and Horsa fought against King Vortigern at the place called Ægelsthrep (Aylesford), and his brother Horsa was slain, and after that Hengist obtained the kingdom, and Æsc, his son.

A.D. 456.—This year Hengist and Æsc slew four troops of Britons with the edge of the sword in the place which is named Crecganford (Crayford).

A.D. 457.—This year Hengist and Æsc his son fought against the Britons at a place called Crecganford, and there slew 4000 men. And the Britons then forsook Kent, and in great terror fled to London.

A.D. 465.—This year Hengist and Æsc fought against the Welsh near Wippidsfleet, and there slew twelve Welsh ealdermen, and one of their own thanes was slain there, whose name was Wippid.

A.D. 473.—This year Hengist and Æsc fought against the Welsh, and took spoils innumerable; and the Welsh fled from the Angles like fire.

A.D. 477.—This year Ælla and his three sons, Cymen and Wlencing and Cissa, came to the land of Britain with their ships at a place called Cymenes-ora, and there slew many Welsh, and some they drove in flight into the wood that is named Andreds-lea. (Probably the landing was on the coast of Sussex.)

A.D. 485.—This year Ælla fought against the Welsh near the bank of Mearcrædsburn.

A.D. 491.—This year Ælla and Cissa besieged Andredscester (Pevensey), and slew all that dwelt therein, so that not a single Briton was left.

A.D. 495.—This year two ealdermen came to Britain, Cerdic and Cynric his son, with five ships, at the place which is called Cerdicsore (probably Calshot Castle, on Southampton Water), and Stuf and Whitgar fought against the Britons and put them to flight.

A.D. 519.—This year Cerdic and Cynric obtained the kingdom of the West Saxons; and the same year they fought against the Britons where it is now named Cerdics-ford (Charford on the Avon, near Fordingbridge), and from that time forth the royal offspring of the West Saxons.

A.D. 527.—This year Cerdic and Cynric fought against the Britons at the place called Cerdics-lea.

A.D. 530.—This year Cerdic and Cynric conquered the Island of Wight, and slew many men at Whit-garas-byrg (Carisbrooke, Isle of Wight).

A.D. 547.—This year Ida began to reign, from whom came the royal race of Northumberland.

The conquest of England was now virtually completed. There was fighting at Old Sarum in 552; at Banbury in 556; at Bedford, at Aylesbury, and at Benson, in the year 571. One would judge this to be the last sortie made by the Welsh who had been driven into the fens. In the year 577 three important places in the west were taken—Gloucester, Bath, and Cirencester. In 584 there was fighting at Fethan-lea (Frethern?), when the victor took many towns and spoils innumerable; "and wrathful he thence returned to his own." As late as 596 we hear that the King of the West Saxons fought and contended incessantly against either the Angles (his own cousins), or the Welsh, or the Picts, or the Scots; and in 607 was fought the great battle of Chester, in which "numberless" Welsh were slain, including two hundred priests who had come to pray for victory.

It is therefore evident that the conquest of the country took a long time to effect—not less, indeed, than two hundred years. First, Kent, with Surrey, fell; next, Sussex—both before the end of the fifth century. Early in the sixth century the West Saxons conquered the country

covered by Hampshire, a part of Surrey and Dorsetshire; next, Essex fell; and there was stubborn fighting for many years in the country beyond the great Middlesex Forest. The conquest of the North concerns us little, save that it drew off some of those who were fighting in what afterward became the kingdom of Mercia. I desire to note here only the surroundings of London, and to mark how by successive steps of the invaders' march it was gradually cut off, bit by bit, from the surrounding country. When Kent fell, the bridge gate was closed, and the roads south, southwest, and southeast were blocked; at the fall of Essex, Norfolk, and Suffolk, the eastern gate was closed. When Wessex was an established kingdom, the river highway was closed; there remained only the western gate, and that, during the whole of the sixth century, led out into a country perpetually desolated and destroyed by war, so that by the middle of the sixth century no communication whatever was possible between London and the rest of the country, unless the people made a sortie and cut their way through the enemy.

Observe, however, that no mention whatever is made of the capture of London in the Chronicle. Other and less important towns are mentioned. Anderida or Pevensey, Aquæ Solis or Bath, Gloucester, Chester, and many others; but of London there is no mention. Consider. London, though not much greater than other cities in the country—York, Verulam, Lincoln, Colchester, for instance—was undoubtedly the chief port of the country. We need not bring modern ideas to bear when we read of the vast trade, the immense concourse of merchants, and so forth. Roman London was not modern Liverpool. Its bulk of trade was quite insignificant compared with that of the present. When we begin to understand mediæval trade this will become apparent. Still, a vigorous and flourishing place, and the chief port of the country. Why, therefore, does the Chronicle absolutely pass over so great an event as the taking of London?

Such is the evidence of history. Let us consider next the evidence of topography. We shall understand what happened in London when we realize the exceptional position of London and the dangers to which the city in time of civil war was necessarily exposed.

Let us go back to the beginning of all things—to the lay of the land in which London was planted. The reader, if he will consult that very admirable book, Loftie's *History of London*, will find a most instructive map. It shows the *terrain* before the city was built at all. The river Thames, between Mortlake on the west and Blackwall on the east, pursued a serpentine way, in the midst of marshes stretching north and south. There were marshes all the way. At spring tides and at all tides a little above the common these marshes were under water; they were always swampy and covered with ponds; half a dozen tributary brooks flowed into them and were lost in them. They varied greatly in breadth, being generally much broader on the south side than on the north. On this side the higher land rose up suddenly in a cliff or steep hill from twenty to five-and-thirty feet in height. This cliff, followed from the east, approached the river, touched it at one point and then receded again as it went westward. This point, where the cliff overhung the river, was the only place where the city could have been founded.

I call it a point, but it consisted of two hillocks, each about thirty-five feet high, standing on either side the little stream of Walbrook, where it flows into the Thames. On one of these hills, probably that on the west, was a small fortress of the Britons, constructed after the well-known fashion of hill forts, numberless examples of which remain scattered about the country. On the other hillock the Roman city was first commenced.

Here was the beginning of the city; here was instituted very early a ferry over the river. On the eastern hill the Romans built their forum and basilica, with the offices and official houses and quarters. When foreign trade began to increase, the merchants were obliged to spread themselves along the bank; they built quays and river walls to keep out the water, and the city extended laterally to east and west, just as far as was convenient for the purposes of trade; that is, not farther than Fleet River on the west, and the present site of the Tower on the east. It then began to spread northward, but slowly, because a mile of river-front can accommodate a great working population. When the city wall was built, about the year 360, the town had already run out in villas

and gardens as far as that wall. Outside the wall there was nothing at all, unless one may count a few scattered villas on the south side of the river. There was as yet no Westminster, but in its place a broad and marshy heath spread over the whole area now covered by the city of Westminster, Millbank, St. James's Park, and so far west as Fulham. Beyond the wall on the north lay dreary, uncultivated plains, covered with fens and swamps, stretching from the walla to the lower slopes of the northern hills, and even to the foot of an immense forest, as yet wholly untouched, afterward called the Middlesex Forest. Fragments of this forest yet remain at Hampstead, Highgate, Epping, and Hainault. In a word, all through this period, and for long after, the city of London had an immense marsh lying on the south; another on the west; a third on the east; while on the north there stretched a barren swampy moorland, followed by an immense impenetrable forest. Later on, a portion of the land lying on the northwest, where is now Holborn, was cleared and cultivated. But this was later, when the Roman roads which led out of London ran high and broad over the marshes and the moors and through the forest primeval. Round other great towns there is always a broad belt of cultivated ground protected by the wall and the garrison. Here the people grow for their own use their grain and their fruit, and pasture their beasts and their swine. London had no such home farm. The cattle which were driven daily along the roads into the city grazed on pastures in Essex farms beyond the forest and the marshes of the river Lea; the corn which filled her markets came down the river in barges from the inland country. All the supplies necessary for the daily food of the city were brought in from the country round. Should these supplies be cut off, London would be starved.

These supplies were very large indeed. We may set aside as extravagant the talk of a vast and multitudinous throng of people, as if the place was already a kind of Liverpool. Augusta never, certainly, approached the importance of Massilia, of Bordeaux, of Antioch, of Ephesus. Nor was Augusta greater than other English towns. The walls of York enclose as large an area as those of London. The wall of Uriconium enclosed an area nearly equal to that of London. The area of Calleva (Silchester), a country town of no great importance, is nearly half as great as that of London. But it was a large and populous city. How populous we cannot even approximately guess. Considering the extent of the wall, if that affords any help, we find, counting the river-front, that the wall was two miles and three-quarters in length. This is a great length to defend. It is, however, certain that the town when walled must have contained a population strong enough to defend their wall. The Romans knew how to build in accordance with their wants and their resources. If the wall was nearly three miles long, there were defenders in proportion. Now could so great a length be intrusted to a force less than 20,000? The defence of the walls of Jerusalem, which, after the taking of the third wall, were much less than two miles in extent, demanded at least 25,000 men, as Titus very well knew. Now, if every able-bodied man in London, under the age of five-and-fifty, were called out to fight, the population, on the assumption of 20,000 available men, would be about 70,000. If, on the other hand, the London citizens after the departure of the Romans could man their walls with only 10,000 men, they would have a population of about 35,000. Now the daily needs of a population of only 35,000 are very considerable. We of modern London have, it is true, to supply food for 5,000,000, but the brain is incapable of comprehending figures and estimates of such vastness. One can better understand those which have to do with a population of 30,000 or 40,000. So much bread, so much meat, so much wine, beer, and fruit. Where did all come from? Nothing, as I have said, from the neighborhood; chiefly from Surrey and from Kent; a great deal from Essex; and the rest from the country up the river.

London, therefore, with a population of not less than 35,000, and perhaps upward of 70,000, stood in the midst of marshes—marshes all around except in the north, and there impenetrable forest. It depended wholly for its supplies upon the country beyond.

Again, in order to buy these supplies it depended upon its trade of import and export. It was the only port in the kingdom; it received the hides, the iron, and the slaves, and embarked them in the foreign keels; it received the silks, the spices, the wines, the ecclesiastical vestments, and

all the articles of foreign luxury, and sent them about the country.

But this important place changed hands, somehow, without so much as a mention from the contemporary records: while places like Bath, Gloucester, Cirencester, are recorded as being besieged and taken, no word is said of London.

It has been suggested that the siege of London was not followed by a massacre, as at Anderida, and that there was no great battle, as at Chester, but that the place was quietly surrendered, and the lives of the people spared. This is a thing absolutely impossible during those two centuries. The English invader did not make war in such a manner. If he attacked a town and took it by assault, he killed everybody who did not run away. When he pushed out his invading army he killed the occupants of the land, unless, which sometimes happened, they killed him, or, as more often happened, they ran away to the woods and staid there till they were suffered to return. But of making terms, sparing lives, suffering people to remain in peaceful occupation of their houses, we hear nothing, because such a thing never happened. It was not in the nature of Angle, Jute, or Saxon.

Suppose, however, that it did happen, suppose that after that great rout of Craysford the victorious army had pushed forward and taken the city, or had accepted surrender in this peaceful, nineteenth-century fashion, so entirely contrary to their received and customary method, what would have happened next?

Well, there would have been continuity of occupation. Most certainly and without doubt this continuity of occupation would have been proved by many signs, tokens, and survivals. For instance, the streets. The old streets would have remained in their former positions; had they been burned down they would have been rebuilt as before. Nothing is more conservative and slower to change than an old street. Where it is first laid out, there it remains. The old lanes, which formerly ran between gardens and at the backs of houses, are still the narrow streets of the city; in their names the history of their origin remains. In Garlickhithe, Fyfoot Lane, Suffolk Lane, Tower Royal, Size Lane, Old Jewry, the Minories, and in a hundred other names we have the identical mediæval streets with the identical names given to them from their position and their associations; and this though fire after fire has burned them down, and since one fire at least destroyed most of them at a single effort. Again, a Roman town was divided, like a modern American town, into square blocks—*insulæ* (islands) they were called. Where are the *insulæ* of London? There is not in the whole of London a single trace of the Roman street, if we except that little bit called after the name given by the Saxons to a Roman road.

Again, continuity of occupation is illustrated by tradition. It is impossible for the traditions of the past to die out if the people continue. Nay, if the conqueror makes slaves of the former lords, and if they remain in their servitude for many generations, yet the traditions will not die. There are traditions of these ancient times among the Welsh, but among the Londoners there are none. The Romans —the Roman power—the ferocity of Boadicea; the victorious march of Theodosius; the conversion of the country; the now-forgotten saints and martyrs of London —these would have been remembered had there been continuity of occupation. But not a single trace remains.

Or, continuity of tenure is proved by the survival of customs. What Roman customs were ever observed in London? There is not a trace of any. Consider, however, the ancient customs which still linger among the Tuscan, the Calabrian, and the Sicilian peasants. They are of very old origin; they belong to the Roman time and earlier. But in London there has never been a custom or an observance in the least degree traceable to the Roman period.

Lastly, continuity of tenure is illustrated by the names of the people. Now a careful analysis of the names found in the records of the fourteenth century has been made by Riley in his *Memorials of London*. We need not consider the surnames, which are all derived from occupation, or place of birth, or some physical peculiarity. The Christian names are for the most part of Norman origin; some are Saxon; none are Roman or British.

It has been advanced by some that the municipal government of the town is of Roman origin. If that were so, it would be through the interference of the Church. But it is not so. I believe that all who have considered the subject have now

acknowledged that the municipal institutions of London have grown out of the customs of the English conquerors.

To repeat, because this is very important: When, in the seventh century, we find the Saxons in possession of the city, there is no mention made of any siege, attack, capture, or surrender. When, a little later, we are able to read contemporary history, we find not a single custom or law due to the survival of British customs. We find the courses of the old streets entirely changed, the very memory of the streets swept away; not a single site left of any ancient building. Everything is clean gone. Not a voice, not a legend, not a story, not a superstition, remains of that stately Augusta. It is entirely vanished, leaving nothing behind but a wall.

Loftie's opinion is thus summed up (*London*, vol. i., p. 54):

"Roman evidences, rather negative, it is true, than positive, show that the East Saxons found London desolate, with broken walls and a scanty population, if any; that they entered on possession with no great feeling of exultation, after no great military feat deserving mention in these Chronicles; and that they retained it only just so long as the more powerful neighboring kings allowed them. This view is the only one which occurs to me to account for the few facts we have."

And that great antiquary Guest thinks that good reasons may be given for the belief that London for a while lay desolate and uninhabited.

The evidence seems to me positive rather than negative, and in fact conclusive. London, I am convinced, *must* have remained for a time desolate and empty.

This evidence is furnished by the Chronicle of Conquest coupled with the question of supplies. The city could receive supplies from six approaches. One of these, called afterward Watling Street, connected the city with the north and the west; it entered the walls at what became later Newgate. The second and third entered near the present Bishopsgate. One of these, Ermyn Street, led to the northeast, to Norfolk, the great peninsula with fens on one side and the ocean on two other sides; the other, the Vicinal Way, brought provisions and merchandise from Essex, then, and long afterward, thought to be the garden of England. The bridge connected the city with the south, while the river itself was the highway between London and the world without, and London and the fertile country on either side the broad valley of the Thames. By these six ways there was brought into the city a continual supply of all the necessaries of life and all its luxuries. Along the roads plodded the pack-horses and the heavy grinding carts; the oxen and the sheep and the pigs were driven to the market; barges floated down the stream laden with flour and with butter, cheese, poultry, honey, bacon, beans, and lentils. And up the river there sailed with every flood the ships coming to exchange their butts of wine, their bales of silk, their boxes of spice, for iron, skins, and slaves.

In this way London was fed and its people kept alive. In this way London has always been fed. The moorland and swamps all around continued far down in her history. Almost in the memory of man there were standing pools at Bankside, Lambeth, and Rotherhithe. It is not two hundred years since Moorfields was drained; wild fowl were shot on the low-lying lands of Westminster within the present century. The supplies came from without. And they were continuous. It was impossible to keep in store more provisions—and those only of the most elementary kind—than would last for a short period. There may have been a city granary, but, if the supplies were cut off, how long would its contents feed a population of 60,000?

Four points, in short, must be clearly understood:

(1) London was a port with a great trade, export and import. To carry on this trade she employed a very large number of men—slaves or freemen.

(2) If she lost her trade, her merchants were ruined, and her people lost their work and their livelihood.

(3) The lands immediately round London—beneath her walls—produced nothing. She was therefore wholly dependent on supplies from without.

(4) If these supplies failed, she was starved.

Now you have seen the testimony of history. The port of London closed by the ships of the Kentish and the Essex shores; communications with the country gradually cut off—first, with the south, next with the east, then by the river, lastly by the one gate which still stood open,

but led only into a country ravaged by continual war and overrun by an enemy who still pushed the Britons farther west. There was no longer any trade; that, indeed, began to languish in the middle of the fifth century; there were no longer either exports or imports. When there were no longer any supplies, what happened? What must have happened?

Let us consider the history from a Londoner's point of view. The Chronicle is written from the conqueror's view; the prophecies of Gildas take the ecclesiastical line that misfortunes fall upon nations because of their wickedness, which is perfectly true if their wickedness leads them to cowardly surrender or flight, but not otherwise, or else the Saxons, whose wickedness, if you come to look at it, was really amazing, would themselves have been routed with great slaughter, and smitten hip and thigh. There are sins and sins. Those which do not corrupt a nation's valor and prudence do not cause a nation's fall.

This is what the man of London saw, and would have written, had he given a thought to posterity:

"The legions left us. They had gone away before, but returned at our solicitations to drive back the Picts and Scots, who overran the land (but reached not the walls of London). This done, they went away for good. And now, indeed, we understood that our long security was over, and that we must arise and defend ourselves, or meet with the fate that overtakes the weak and cowardly. They put up for us a wall before they went away, but the wall availed not long. No walls are of any avail unless there be valiant defenders behind. Then the enemy once more overran the country. To them were joined pirates from Ireland. Thus the land of Britain seemed given over to destruction, especially in the north and west. Those merchants who traded with these parts were now driven to sore straits, because no goods came to them from their friends, nor were those who were once wealthy able to purchase any more the luxuries which had formerly been their daily food. But in the lands east and south, and in that part of the country lying east of the fenny country, the people were free from alarms and feared nothing, being protected by the sea on the one hand and the fens on the other. So that we in London looked on with disquiet, it is true, but not with alarm. Nay, the situation looked hopeful when our people, recovering their spirit, drove out the enemy, and once more sat down to cultivate the lands. For a few years there was peace, with plentiful harvests and security. Then our trade again revived, and so great was the quantity of corn, hides, iron, and tin which was brought to our ports and shipped for foreign countries that the old prosperity of Augusta seemed destined to be doubled and trebled. Many merchants there were—wise men and far-seeing—who taught that we should take advantage of this respite from the greed and malice of our enemies to imitate the Romans, and form legions of our own, adding that the island wanted nothing but security to become a great treasure-house or garden, producing all manner of fruit, grain, and cattle for the maintenance and enrichment of the people. This counsel, however, was neglected.

"Then there fell upon the country a plague which carried off an immense number. The priests said that the plague, as well as the Pict and the Scot, came upon us as a visitation for our sins. That may be, though I believe our chief and greatest sin was that of foolishness in not providing for our own defence.

"Now we had long been troubled, even when the Count of the Saxon Shore guarded our coasts, by sudden descent of pirates upon our shores. These devils, who had fair hair and blue eyes, and were of greater stature than our own people, carried swords a yard long and round wooden shields faced with leather. Some of them also had girdle daggers and long spears. They were extremely valiant, and rushing upon their foes with shouts, generally bore them down and made them run. They seemed to know, being guided by the Evil One, what places were least defended, and therefore most open to attack. Hither would they steer their keels, and landing, would snatch as much pillage as they could, and so sail home with loaded vessels, at sight of which their brothers and their cousins and all the ravenous crew hungered to join in the sport.

"In an evil moment, truly, for Britannia, our king invited these people to help in driving off the other enemies. They willingly acceded. So the lion willingly undertakes the protection of the flock and drives off the wolves. This done, he de-

vours the silly sheep. Not long after this a rumor reached the bridge that the Jutes had arrived in great numbers, and were warring with the men of Cantia. This news greatly disquieted the city, not only because from that country, which was rich and populous, great quantities of food came to the city, with grain and hides for export, but also because the fleets on their way passed through the narrow waters between Ruim, which the Jutes call the Isle of Thanet, and the main-land, on their way to Rutupiæ, and thence across the sea to Gallia. The rumor was confirmed, and one day there came into the city across the bridge, their arms having been thrown away, the defeated army, flying from the victorious Jutes. After this we learned every day of the capture and destruction of our rich ships in the narrow waters above named, insomuch that we were forced to abandon this route, and to attempt the stormy seas beyond the cliffs of Ruim, and the perils of our sailors were increased, with the risk of our merchants, insomuch that prayers were offered in all the churches, and those who divined and foretold the future, after the manner of the old times before the light of the Gospel shone upon us, came forth again and were consulted by many, especially by those who had ships to sail or expected ships to arrive. The priests continually reproached us with our sins and exhorted us to repentance, whereof nothing came, unless it were the safety of the souls of those who repented. But while one or two counselled again that we should imitate the Romans and form legions of our own, others were for making terms with the enemy, so that our trade might continue and the city should grow rich. In the end we did nothing. We did not repent, so far as I could learn; but who knows the human heart? So long as we could, we continued to eat and drink of the best; and we formed no legions.

"Why should I delay? Still the invaders flocked over. Of one nation all came, men, women, and children, leaving a desert behind. In the year of our Lord 500, the whole of the east and most of the south country were in the hands of this new people. Now this strange thing has been observed of them. They love not towns, and will not willingly dwell within walls, for some reason connected with their diabolical religion; perhaps because they suspect magic. Therefore, when they conquered the country, they occupied the lands, indeed, and built thereon their farm-houses, but they left the towns deserted. When they took a place they utterly burned and destroyed it, and thus they left it, so that at this day there are many once rich and flourishing towns which now stand desolate and deserted. For instance, the city and stronghold of Rutupiæ, once garrisoned by the Second Legion; this they took and destroyed. It is reported that its walls still stand, but it is quite deserted. So also Anderida, where they massacred every man, woman, and child, and then went away, leaving the houses in ashes and the dead to the wolves; and they say that Anderida still stands deserted. So also Calleva Atrebatum, which they also destroyed, and that too stands desolate. So, too, Durovernum, which they now call Cantwarabyrig. This they destroyed, and for many years it lay desolate, but is now, I learn, again peopled. So, too, alas! the great and glorious Augusta, which now lies empty, a city lone and widowed, which before was full of people.

"When Cantia fell to the Jutes, we lost our trade with that fair and rich province. When the East Saxons and the Angles occupied the east country, and the South Saxons the south, trade was lost with all this region. Then the gate of the Vicinal Way and that of the bridge were closed. Also the navigation of the lower Thames became full of danger. And the prosperity of Augusta daily declined. Still there stood open the great highway which led to the middle of Britannia and the north, and the river afforded a safe way for barges and for boats from the west. But the time came when these avenues were closed. For the Saxons stretched out envious hands from their sea-board settlements, and presently the whole of this rich country, where yet lived so many great and wealthy families, was exposed to all the miseries of war. The towns were destroyed, the farms ruined, the cattle driven away. Where was now the wealth of this famous province? It was gone. Where was the trade of Augusta? That too was gone. Nothing was brought to the port for export; the roads were closed; the river was closed; there was nothing, in fact, to send abroad; more, there were no more households to buy the things we formerly sent them.

They lived now concealed in the recesses of the forest, who once lived in great villas, lay on silken pillows, and drank the wine of Gaul and Spain.

"Then we of the city saw plainly that our end was come. For not only there was no more trade, but there was no more food. The supplies had long been scanty and food was dear. Therefore those who could no longer buy food left the town and sallied forth westward, hoping to find a place of safety; but many perished of cold, of hunger, and by the sword of the enemy. Some who reached towns yet untaken joined the warriors, and received alternate defeat and victory, yet mostly the former.

"Still food became scarcer. The foreign merchants by this time had all gone away; our slaves deserted us; the wharves stood desolate; a few ships without cargo or crew lay moored beside our quays; our churches were empty; silence reigned in the streets. Now, had the enemy attacked the city, there would have been no resistance. But no enemy appeared. We were left alone; perhaps forgotten. The marshes and moors which surround the city on all sides became our protection. Augusta, to the invader, was invisible. And she was silent. Her enmity could do no harm and her friendship could do no good. She was full of rich and precious things; the basilica and the forum, with the columns and the statues, stood in the midst; the houses contained pictures, books, baths, costly hangings; yet the Saxon wanted none of these things. The city contained no soldiers. And therefore he passed it by, or even forgot its existence.

"Then came the day when no more provisions at all arrived. Then those who were left, a scanty band, gathered in the basilica, and it was resolved that we should leave the place, since we could no longer live in it. Some proposed to try escape by sea, some by land. I, with my wife and children and others who agreed to accompany me, took what we could of food and of weapons, leaving behind us the houses where our lives had been so soft and happy, and went out by the western gate, and taking refuge where we could in the forest, we began our escape. Mostly we travelled by night; we passed burning towns and flaming farmsteads; we encountered hapless fugitives more naked and miserable than ourselves. But finally we arrived in safety at the town of Glevum, where we have found shelter and repose.

"Every year our people are driven westward more and more. There seems no frontier that will stop them. My sons have fallen in battle; my daughters have lost their husbands; my grandchildren are taught to look for nothing but continual war. Should they succeed in reaching our city, the old will perish; but the young may take flight across the river Sabrina, and even among the mountains of the west—their last place of flight. Should they be driven from the hills, it will be into the sea. And of Augusta have I learned nothing for many years. Wherefore am I sure that it remains desolate and deserted to this day."

The writer of this journal, most valuable and interesting—even unique—was not quite right. Not all the inhabitants of Augusta went away. In the city a remnant was left—there is always a remnant. Some of them were slaves; all of them were of the baser sort, whose safety, when cities are taken by assault and massacres are abroad, lies in their abject poverty and in the dens wherein they crouch. These remained; there were not many of them, because hunger had already driven away most. When the rest were gone they came out of their holes and looked about them, irresolute. Seeing no enemy, they hastily shut and barred the city gates and sat down, fearful. But days passed and no attack was made upon them. Then they began to take courage; and they presently bethought them that the whole town was their own to plunder and to pillage. They began therefore with great joy to collect together the things which the people had been unable to carry with them—the sacred vessels from the churches and the rich embroidered robes of silk worn by the priest; they found soft stuffs in the villas, with which they wrapped themselves; they found curtains, rich hangings, pillows, cushions, carpets, all of which they took. The carved work and statues, books, pictures, and things which they understood not, they broke in pieces or burned. They carried off their plunder to the houses on the river-side—the quarter which they chose as handy to their boats in case of an alarm, and convenient for fishing, on which they now placed their chief reliance for food. When they found that no one molested them

they ventured out into the northern forest, where they trapped the deer and the boar. Their thin veneer of civilization was speedily lost. When they had used up all the fine clothes, when they had burned up all the wood-work in the place, when the roofs of their houses fell in, they went back to quite the ancient manners: they made a circular hut with a fire in the middle of it, round which they crouched; they had no more blankets and woollen cloaks, but they did very well with a wild beast's skin for dress. Their religion slipped away and was forgotten; indeed, that was the first thing to go. But, which was strange, they had not even kept the remembrance of their ancestors' worship; if they had any religion at all, it was marked by a cruel sacrifice to a malignant unseen being.

By this time nothing remained of the old houses but their walls, and these, disintegrated by frost and rain, were mostly ready to fall; the gardens of the villas, the beautiful gardens in which their owners took so much delight, were choked and overgrown with nettles and brambles; the mosaic pavements were covered up with rubbish and mould.

How long did this go on? Perhaps for fifty years or more. The rude survivors of Augusta and their children lived neglected and forgotten, like the Arabs in the ruins of Palmyra. Outside, they knew that a fierce enemy roamed the country; sometimes they could see a band of them on the southern bank gazing curiously at the silent and deserted walls of the city. But these warriors cared nothing for cities, and shuddered, suspecting magic, at the sight of the gray wall, and went away again.

One day, however—because nothing remains always undiscovered—there came along the great Vicinal Way, so tough and strong, on which the tooth of Time gnawed in vain, a troop of East Saxons. They were an offshoot, a late arrival, a small colony, looking about if haply they could find or conquer a convenient place of settlement not yet held by their own people. They marched along the road, and presently saw before them the gray walls of the city, with its gates and bastions. It was a city of which they had heard—once full of people, now, like so many others, a Waste Chester. It was of no use to them; they wanted a place convenient for farming, not a place encumbered with ruins of houses; a place where they could set up their village community and grow their crops and keep their cattle. The first rush and fury of battle was now over. The East Saxons were at peace, the enemy being either driven away or killed. A single generation of comfort and prosperity had made the people milder in temper. They desired no longer to fight and slay. What, however, if they were to visit the city?

The gate was closed. They blew their horns and called upon the people, if there were any, to surrender. There was no answer. No arrow was shot from the walls; not a stone was thrown; not a head was seen upon the bastion. Then they plied their axes upon the crumbling wood until the gate gave way and fell backward with a crash. Shouting, the men of Essex ran forward. But they soon ceased to shout. Within, they found a deserted city; the walls of what had been stately villas stood in broad gardens; but the houses were roofless; the pictured pavements were broken or covered up; the fountains were choked; the walls were tottering. The astonished warriors pressed forward. The ruined villas gave way to crumbling remains of smaller houses standing close together. The streets showed signs of traffic in deep ruts worn by the cart wheels; grass grew between the stones. Here and there stood buildings larger than the houses; they too were roofless, but over the lintels were carved certain curious emblems—crosses and palm branches, lambs, vine leaves, and even fish—the meaning of which they understood not. Then the men reached the river-side. Here there had also been a wall, but much of it was broken down; and here they found certain circular huts, thatched. Within, the fire was still burning in the middle of the hut; there were signs of hurried departure; the fish was still in the frying-pan, the bed of dried leaves still warm. Where were the people?

They were gone. They had fled in affright. When they heard the shouts of the Saxons they gathered together their weapons and such things as they could carry and they fled; they passed out by the gate of that road which their conquerors afterward called Watling Street. Outside the city they turned northward, and plunged for safety into the pathless forest, whither the enemy would not follow.

When these Saxons found that the walled area contained nothing that was of the least use to them, they went away. They left it quite alone, as they left the places which they called Pevensey, Silchester, Porchester, and Richborough, and as they left many other Waste Chesters.

Then Augusta lay silent and dead for a space.

Presently the fugitives crept back and resumed their old life among the ruins, and died peacefully, and were followed by their children.

How, then, did London get settled again?

The times became peaceful—the tide of warfare rolled westward; there were no more ships crossing with fresh invaders; there were no more pirates hovering about the broad reaches of the lower Thames. The country round London on all sides, north, south, east, and west, was settled and in tranquillity. The river was safe. Then a few merchants, finding that the way was open, timidly ventured up the river with wares, such as might tempt those fair-haired savages. They went to the port of which the memory survived. No one disputed with them the possession of the grass-grown quays; there were no people; there was no market; there were no buyers. They then sent messengers to the nearest settlements; these—the first commercial travellers, the first gentlemen of the road—showed spear heads of the finest, swords of the stoutest, beautiful helmets and fine shields, all to be had in exchange for wool and hides. The people learned to trade, and London began to revive. The rustics saw things that tempted them; new wants, new desires were created in their minds. Some of them went into the town and admired its life, how busy it was, how full of companionship; and they thought with pity of the quiet country life and the long days all alone in the fields; they desired to stay there. Others saw the beauty of the arts, and were attracted by natural aptitude to learn and practise them. Others, quicker witted than the rest, perceived how by trade a man may live without his own handiwork and by the labor of his brother man. No discovery ever was made more important to the world than this great fact. "You, my brother," said this discoverer, "shall continue to dig and to toil, in hot weather or cold; your limbs shall stiffen and your back shall be bent; I, for my part, will take your work and sell it in places where it is wanted. My shoulders will not grow round nor will my back be bent. On the contrary, I shall walk jocund and erect, with a laughing eye and a dancing leg, when you are long past laugh or saraband. It is an excellent division of labor. To me the market, where I shall sit at ease chaffering my wares and jesting with my fellows and feasting at night. To you the plough and the sickle and the flail. An excellent division."

Then more merchants came, and yet more merchants, and the people began to flock in from the country as they do now; and London — Augusta being dead — set her children to work, making some rich, for an example and a stimulus, else no one would work, and keeping the many poor, else there would be no chance for the few to get rich. And she has kept them at work ever since. So that it came to pass when Bishop Mellitus—first of the bishops of London—came to his diocese in the year 604, he found it once more a market and a port with a goodly trade, and a crowd of ships and a new people, proud, turbulent, and independent.

So began, and so grew, modern London.

To the old Rome it owes nothing; not so much as a tradition. Later, when another kind of Roman influence began, London learned much, and took much, from Rome; but from Augusta—from Roman London—nothing. Roman traditions, Roman speech, Roman superstitions, linger yet among the southern Spaniards, though the Moor conquered and held the country for six hundred years. They linger, in spite of many conquests, in France, in Italy (north and south), in Roumania, in Anatolia. In London alone, of all the places which imperial Rome made her own and kept for hundreds of years, no trace of ancient Rome remains. When London next hears of the Eternal City, it is Rome of the Christian Church.

Compare the conquest of London by the men of Essex with that of Jerusalem by Titus. The latter conqueror utterly destroyed the city and drove out its people. One might have expected the silence of Silchester or Pevensey. No; the people crept back by degrees; the old traditions remained and still remain. Behind the monkish sites are those familiar to the common people. Here is the old place of execution—the monks knew no-

thing of that. Here is the valley of Hinnom, here that of Kedron. These memories have not died. But of the old Augusta nothing at all remains. Not a single tradition was preserved by the scanty remnant of slaves which survived the conquest; not a single name survives. All the streets have been renamed; nay, their very courses have been changed. The literature of the city, which, like Bordeaux, had its poets and its schools of rhetoric, has disappeared; it has vanished as completely as that of Carthage. All the memories of four hundred years have gone; there is nothing left but a few fragments of the old wall, and these seem to contain but little of the Roman work—an old bath, part of the course of an ancient street, and the fragment which we call London Stone. Perhaps some portions of the Roman river wall have been unearthed, but this is uncertain.

One fact alone has been considered to suggest that some of the old Roman buildings remained, and were used again for their old purposes.

In the oldest part of the city, that which lies along the river-bank, the churches are mostly dedicated to the apostles. Those which stand further inland are dedicated to local and later saints — St. Dunstan, St. Botolph, St. Osyth, St. Ethelburga, for instance. But among those along the river are the churches of St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Mary, St. Stephen, St. Michael. It is therefore suggested, but with hesitation, that when the East Saxons took possession they found the Roman basilicas still standing; that when they became converted they learned the original purpose of their churches and the meaning of the emblems; that they proceeded to rebuild them, preserving their dedications, and made them their own churches. This may be so, but I do not think it at all likely. It is possible, I say, but not probable. Why should not the new converts —who were not very zealous, and relapsed at least once—dedicate their earliest-built churches to the apostles? It is more natural that they should begin by honoring the apostles than the later saints.

You have heard the story how Augusta disappeared, and how the East Saxons found it deserted, and how London was born, and how she is not the daughter of Augusta at all. Augusta was childless.

TOWN AND VILLAGE GOVERNMENT.

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

MR. JOHN FISKE, writing of Dr. Stubbs's opinion that England is the most Teutonic of all the European nations, says, "In America the Teutonic idea has been worked out even more completely than in Britain." This is strictly true, however, of New England alone. It is only there that the most democratic institution of our race—the town meeting—is the basis of the government of the State. It exists in the Middle States and in the West, but nowhere else than in New England do the people absolutely enact the by-laws of the town without the interposition of representatives. In almost every respect the town is the political unit of a New England State, and the county is the political unit of representation in the other sections of the country. In the first constitutions of the original thirteen States, which closely followed the royal charters, representation in the more numerous branch of the State Legislature was based in New England on the town, and elsewhere on the county. Every New England town sent its representative to the Legislature. New Hampshire reaffirmed the principle of township representation as late as 1877, and it was not until 1857 that Massachusetts, doubtless influenced by the unequal development of the towns of the commonwealth, adopted the district system, directing the county commissioners to make the necessary apportionment. In the Middle, Western, and Southern States members of the Legislature are chosen by the people of the counties.

The town meeting of the Middle and Western States is an unimportant and perfunctory assemblage, compared with the earnest, acute, intelligent March meeting of New England. It exists, however, everywhere but in the South, where the county was, in the early history of the colonies, not only the fundamental but the only organization for local government. It is true that, following the political structure of the mother country, the Virginians preserved the parish, but

its boundary lines were often coterminous with those of the county, while in more than one instance a parish included more than a single county. In the Middle and Western States the town meeting is annually held, but very few of the townsmen attend. In Illinois and other Western States serious efforts are making for the establishment or revival of the dominating popular assembly. In New York the law prescribing the organization, functions, and proceedings of town meetings was revised by the Legislature in 1890. But wherever the village corporation exists, the town, or township, loses its primacy. The village is the rural municipality, and as it usually includes within its borders very much the larger part of the population of the town, its affairs are the most engrossing, while the public business of the larger territorial division suffers proportionately. It is therefore, perhaps, impossible to restore the democratic town government to those who have once abandoned it. Such a restoration would involve the surrender of village charters, for the preservation of which the local politicians would vigorously contend, because they give to them in too many instances the means of livelihood. The town meeting seems to be the native possession of those who exercise and enjoy its functions.

In view of a certain confusion of terms which obtains in our political and legal literature, and has even found its way into State constitutions, it seems necessary to explain the difference between a town and a municipality. A town, or township, is the smallest geographical division of a State. The towns are constituent parts of a county. A municipality is a corporation. It may be a city or it may be a village. Its rights and powers are granted to it by the State in a charter or in a general law. If it is a village, it is part of a town, and its people pay a town tax. In the town of Greenburg, in Westchester County, New York, for example, are the villages of Hastings, Dobbs Ferry, and Irvington. The spaces covered by these villages constitute a small part of the territory of the town, but they contain most of the inhabitants. Every village is in a town, and occasionally stretches over the boundary into a second town.

Teutonic principles flourish in New England more vigorously than elsewhere, because the popular assembly is at the base of government. Government by representatives is necessary when small localities unite for the purpose of accomplishing common objects. The nation, the State, and the county are too large and cumbrous to be ruled by an assemblage of the people. This is also true of the city, but it is not true of the ordinary village. The true democracy and representative government must therefore coexist in this country, and it is to the fact that they live together in New England that the people of that section owe their political character, and that commanding influence in national affairs which has been always disproportionate to their numbers, and the cause of which Jefferson, opposed and thwarted by it, clearly understood.

The town being the most minute political as well as geographical division of the New England State, the public business which most immediately and directly affects the individual is conducted by the people themselves in their annual assemblies. The functions of the town officers are simply administrative or executive. They obey the directions given at the town meeting, do as their fellow-townsmen bid them, mend the highways and repair and build their bridges in the manner and at the cost agreed upon by the voters.

In making the county the political unit the States outside of New England laid the foundation for a radical change in the methods of local government. There is a town board in New York, but the most important officer is the supervisor, whose chief function is that of a county officer. The county is the revising power, and, especially in the matter of taxes, is supposed to hold the scales of justice between the several towns. The power of the people in town meetings is greatly limited by State legislation, and the town officers are not held to a very strict responsibility. Consequently the powers which they possess are often abused; and when the community has grown to such numbers as to require better roads than are universal in the agricultural regions, better schools, lighted thoroughfares, and police and fire protection, something more efficient is demanded than the supervisor, town-clerk, justices of the peace, and the various highway and charity commissioners. Having reached a point at which the desultory

town administration fails, the community secures its incorporation as a village or municipality, in order that it may enjoy as many as possible of the blessings and comforts of civilization. Having become a municipality, its business is transacted by agents—a board of trustees, the members of which are usually elected on partisan grounds. The functions of these trustees are partly administrative and partly legislative. The amount of money at their disposition is fixed, but they have full discretion as to the method of its expenditure. If large amounts are needed for street purposes, they are voted by ballot, and not after discussion, and the trustees expend it where and how they please.

Serious consequences have followed the deliberate abandonment of the democratic town system, which Dr. Stubbs declares "the unit of constitutional machinery" as well as "the simplest form of social organization." Professor Bryce, in mentioning the various forms of local government obtaining in this country, says of the town meeting: "It is the cheapest and the most efficient; it is the most educative to the citizens who bear a part in it. The town meeting has been not only the source but the school of democracy."

Bearing this in mind, we must expect to find that New England possesses more efficient local government than the Middle, Southern, or Western States. As a matter of course, we shall not look for this superiority in the Congressional delegations. National politics is very much the same in virtues and vices the country over. The spoils system is largely responsible for the deterioration of the character of the national Senate and House of Representatives; and one reason why the right of local self-government should be jealously guarded is that Congress and the State Legislature are often affected by injurious influences that are not and cannot be operative in primary popular assemblies. The ideal political community is that in which the primary assembly performs every function of which it is capable, representative government beginning when, by reason of the growth of population, local affairs become too complicated and onerous for the popular assembly.

In the State of New York a settlement of 1000 or 1500 people will be a village. In New England, where municipalities smaller than cities are unknown, such a community will be simply part of the town. In the one, the streets, bridges, sewers, and schools will be built and maintained by agents, who are generally political workers, and who often have very little pecuniary interest in the village; in the second, these matters will be attended to by the people at their annual meetings. What are the effects of these two systems upon the institutions and character of the people? How do the two methods modify the county and State governments which rest upon them? Is the village or the town the better and more economically governed? Which has the better roads and the more substantial bridges? In what section of the country is local government purest and most thorough? Where is the best school system to be found? Where are the people least dependent upon individuals or private corporations for their water supply? In what settlements do we find the most efficient fire and police protection?

These are the questions we are about to consider. For the purposes of the present article we must dismiss entirely from our minds the national government and national politics. The farther we get away from the locality, whether it be town or village, the less influence do the people possess. The towns of New England exert more influence upon the county than upon the State, and hardly any upon the Federal government. This is true also of the villages and boroughs of the Middle States. We should therefore expect that the more extended the representative system—the larger the political unit—the less carefully will the small affairs of government be administered. We shall certainly expect, for example, that the town meeting will look more sharply than a board of trustees after highway expenditures, on the familiar principle that a man who would have a thing well done should do it himself. It may be laid down as a general law that that country is best governed whose small and intimate matters are best administered, for it is concerning them that the person and bank account of the average taxpayer are most sensitive.

In the first place, a significant effect of the two systems may be found in the character and number of the State constitutions. The constitution of a State based on the town is likely to be more

fundamental and less particular than that of a State based on the county. It is also true that the New England States have made fewer constitutional changes than the older Middle and Southern States. Many of the newer Western States have had more constitutions than the oldest of the Eastern States. Moreover, it has been found necessary in States without the town meeting to insert in the fundamental law provisions which have the character of local legislation, and especially limitations upon the power of municipalities to incur or increase indebtedness. These provisions indicate that the people, having no direct control over their local business, have been compelled, in order to correct abuses, to abolish or qualify certain powers which have heretofore been exercised not only by local authorities, but by the Legislature itself. It must be borne in mind that when an abuse is corrected by a constitutional provision, it has become so general that the people of all parts of the State suffer from it, and are unwilling to bear it any longer, or to leave to any representative body the power to repeat it.

Laws enacted by the people are at the bottom of all legislation in this country. These laws are either constitutional, or by-laws which are adopted at annual town meetings. In States in which the town meeting is unknown or is merely a survival the people can express their will only in the constitution, and in such States, consequently, the constitutions are longer and more minute and particular than in States where the popular will is more freely and frequently expressed.

The constitutions of the six New England States are comparatively short. They contain very little beyond the organic law. The limitations upon the power of the Legislature are few, because those matters that most nearly concern the people and affect taxation are attended to in the town meeting. This supremacy of the town is preserved because the towns control the more numerous branch of the Legislature.

The constitutions of the States that are based upon the county are very much more voluminous, and contain subjects that in New England are left to the Legislature. The people, having been taught by experience, forbid their representatives doing certain things. They have discovered that it is a good deal better that they should go undone than that the Legislature should have license to do them whenever it sees fit.

It is a significant fact that not a single New England State has adopted more than one complete constitution since the formation of the Federal government. Indeed, the present constitution of Massachusetts antedates the Constitution of the United States, having been adopted in 1780. Since then it has been amended in several respects, the new sections being necessitated by increase of population, the great European immigration of the middle of the century, and the war for the Union.

Connecticut's constitution was adopted in 1818. Before that the State was governed under the charter of 1662, which was continued by the constitution of 1776. The amendments have been more numerous than those added to the Massachusetts constitution, but they have not differed much in character.

The constitution of New Hampshire was adopted in 1792, and has been amended twice. Vermont's constitution bears date 1793, and has been amended four times. Rhode Island lived under its royal charter until 1842.

The constitution of Maine was adopted in 1820. It prohibits the loaning of the State credit, and limits the debt-contracting power of the Legislature. It also forbids the Legislature to charter corporations by special acts.

The constitutional history of New York is very different from that of New England. The first instrument was adopted in 1777, the second in 1821. Several amendments were added to this constitution from time to time, and a complete new constitution was adopted in 1846. This has since been radically changed in some of its most important provisions, especially in the judiciary article, which is, at this writing, again under consideration by a constitutional commission. The numerous and important amendments of 1874 were demanded by the growth of evils incident to the State's system of local government.

Pennsylvania has had three constitutions; Ohio two; Illinois three since 1818. The Southern States are exceptional, because their existing constitutions were made necessary by their attempted secession from the Union.

California's first constitution was adopt-

ed in 1849, and the State has had a new constitution since then. It was adopted in 1876, and furnishes an admirable illustration of the manner in which people who do not enjoy the benefits of the town meeting provide for the most minute and intimate subjects in the fundamental law of the State.

A comparison of the numbers and the characters of the State constitutions under the two systems of local government is important, because it indicates that State government is not so simple when the local affairs are administered by the Legislature as when they are entirely under the control of the popular primary assembly. It has become necessary in all the Middle, Southern, and Western States to forbid municipalities to contract debts beyond a certain amount, or to loan the credit of the city, town, or village to individuals, associations, or corporations. Besides these limitations, the constitution of Illinois forbids the passage of special laws for the following objects, which in New England are within the jurisdiction of the town: "Laying out, opening, altering, and working roads or highways; vacating roads, town plats, streets, alleys, and public grounds; providing for the management of common schools." It decrees, also, that public-school teachers shall have no pecuniary interest in supplies furnished the schools; it makes provision for the supervision of storehouses, which are declared to be public warehouses, while minute regulations are added governing the relations of the owners of such warehouses, the railroads, and shippers of grain. The Colorado constitution contains a body of mining legislation; prohibits the importation into the State or the domestic manufacture of "spurious, poisonous, or drugged spirituous liquors," etc.; and provides for the encouragement of tree planting.

The constitution of New York forbids special legislation for the following objects: "Changing the names of persons. Laying out, opening, altering, working, or discontinuing roads, highways, or alleys, or for draining swamps or other lowlands. Locating or changing county-seats. Providing for changes of venue in civil or criminal cases. Incorporating villages. Providing for election of members of boards of supervision. Selecting, drawing, summoning, or impanelling grand or petit jurors. Regulating the rate of interest on money. The opening and conducting of elections or designating places of voting. Creating, increasing, or decreasing fees, percentage, or allowances of public officers during the term for which said officers are elected or appointed. Granting to any corporation, association, or individual the right to lay down railroad tracks. Granting to any private corporation or individual any exclusive privilege, immunity, or franchise whatever. Providing for building bridges, and chartering companies for such purposes, except on the Hudson River-below Waterford, and on the East River, or over the waters forming a part of the boundaries of the State." New York deals in its constitution with the canal fund and the salt duty.

In California the constitution not only prescribes that there shall be a free-school system, but it provides most minutely for its organization, and even for the preparation and publication of the text-books that are to be used in the schools. The same constitution makes provision for the regulation of the proceedings of the Legislature. In other States there are similar enactments by the people which are not truly constitutional, and which should not be so permanent as the fundamental law ought to be. It is significant that many of the most important of these limitations are of powers that in New England are retained by the towns.

The constitutions of the New England States, on the other hand, are bodies of fundamental law. In four States—Maine, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Connecticut—there are constitutional limitations upon the borrowing power. Maine was tempted into the debt-contracting mania which resulted in the practical bankruptcy of several States between 1837 and 1842. In 1848 the Legislature was forbidden to loan the State credit. In 1842 Rhode Island, in its first constitution, influenced by the ruin that had just culminated in other States, prohibited the State government from loaning its credit or giving aid to corporations. The State had no debt until its war bonds were issued, about twenty years after this limitation was adopted. New Hampshire and Connecticut adopted the same limitations as to towns in 1877. The latter State confined the prohibition to railroad corporations. The bonded debt of its larger towns in aid of railroads was one of the heaviest in the Union, and had

been invariably contracted by towns in which municipalities predominated.

In other respects we may take the Massachusetts constitution of 1780, with its several amendments, as characteristic of a New England State's charter. First, as is common to American constitutions, we have the declaration of rights. The second part prescribes the powers and duties of the Legislature, and the methods of electing Senators and Representatives and of organizing the two Houses. The legislative powers are embraced in three articles, and their object is stated in these words: "The good and welfare of the commonwealth, and the government and ordering thereof." The taxes prescribed and collected must be expended for "the support of the government of the said commonwealth, and the protection and preservation of the subjects thereof." The rest of the original constitution prescribes the methods of electing executive officers; their essential qualifications; ratifies the charter of Harvard College; and pronounces the encouragement of literature to be the duty of the State. There is no attempt at the management of county or town affairs; there is not a word suggesting interference with the business of an individual or a corporation. Forty-two years after—in 1822—the Legislature was authorized to charter municipal corporations on the application of a majority of the inhabitants of any town having a population of at least 12,000. All other amendments affect the general government of the State. All laws that touch the daily life of the citizen are enacted by the Legislature; the people-made law prescribes simply the form of government, the qualifications of voters and officers, and the methods for the expression of their will. Other constitutions direct the movement of the government; the New England constitutions leave that to the legislatures. At the same time there is the slightest possible check upon the New England political unit. Experience has shown that the town meeting manages the community's business economically and judiciously. The State interferes, therefore, only when the town has grown populous enough to demand incorporation as a municipality.

There is a vast difference, it will be seen, between the constitutions of States which have preserved all the essential elements of democracy, and those of States from which the popular assembly has disappeared. There can be no better evidence than is afforded by a comparison of constitutions that the government of small localities by a remote body like the State Legislature breaks down at the point where the town-meeting system is strong. Almost invariably the people who turned over the immediate management of their local affairs to the State have been obliged to curb their agents, and this usually means a limitation upon themselves, for they do not resume the powers they have once delegated.

While town government has been economical, village government has been extravagant and inefficient. It must be borne in mind that the village is compared with the town because the incorporated village of the rest of the Union is most nearly like the New England town in its relation to the citizen. It is the unit in States which rest upon the county. The active participation of the State in the intimate affairs of localities, which implies the destruction, or at least the serious limitation, of what we call "home-rule," has been disastrous. When the Legislature possessed the power to grant special charters, political abuses crept in, and some villages were favored at the expense of others. The village finances are managed by officers and trustees, who are usually the party leaders. The tax-payers, having very little control of the administration of their own business, naturally become careless and indifferent. They may grumble occasionally at a large tax rate; and here there is a check on the village politician. The man most sensitive to a high tax—he who first resents what he looks upon as an imposition—is usually the smallest property-holder. The small owners are active and belligerent. Theirs is not an ideal kind of opposition to bad government. Their criticism of the local budget is not to be compared with that which is heard at a New England town meeting. They do not compare the amount expended with the work accomplished. They do not see beyond the aggregates of their own tax bills; and so long as these are low, they do not take the trouble to inquire very closely what their agents have done or intend to do with the money.

In order to provide for important public works, local debts are contracted. When a New England rural town raises

money in this manner, its expenditure is jealously scrutinized by the town meeting, and the people are pretty sure to get the worth of the money which they borrow as well as of that which they raise by taxation. Village government being wasteful, debts grow rapidly, and this fact accounts for constitutional limitations upon the borrowing power. These limitations are directed as well against towns as counties and municipalities; but as the town is a comparatively unimportant entity in the States in whose constitutions the limitations are chiefly to be found, the evils that ought to be remedied are incidental to county and municipal indebtedness.

One of the great evils incident to small municipalities is the power which is in the hands of a few men, generally politicians, to load the town with debt. As the interest of most of the people of the town centres in the affairs of the village or city, the town meetings are not well attended. They are therefore easily captured, and pecuniary and political jobs are the result. It has already been stated that the large indebtedness for railroad aid owing in 1880 by important Connecticut towns was in every instance contracted by a town in which a municipality was the predominating influence. In New York State the town meeting has been largely availed of by railroad speculators and their political tools and accomplices to load the towns with debt. In 1880 the net debt of townships and of municipalities of less than 7500 population in the State of New York was about $21,000,000. Of this nearly $19,000,000 was incurred by the townships. In view of the undemocratic and unrepresentative character of the New York town meetings, the necessity for the interposition of a constitutional check upon the borrowing power is evident. Under the present law the New York town meeting cannot vote for an expenditure exceeding $500 except by ballot; but there was a time within the recent history of New York when the political bosses of a small village could easily carry through the town meeting a proposition to compel the whole town to pay for a railroad that the village rulers wanted.

The system of local government affects not only the amount but the character of the local indebtedness. The returns of the present census on this subject are not yet complete, but they are sufficient to indicate that in this respect the relations of the sections have not materially changed in the decade.

In 1880 the bonded debt of New England was the smallest of any of the four divisions — New England, Middle, Southern, and Western States. Of all its indebtedness, the State debts were about $2,000,000 less than those of the Middle or the Western States, and nearly $90,000,000 less than those of the Southern States. Its county debts were less than $3,000,000, as against more than $30,000,000 owed by the Middle States counties, $24,000,000 in the South, and $64,000,000 in the West. By far the largest part of its debt was town and municipal. It was very nearly $126,000,000. A similar state of things existed in the Middle States, whose town and municipal indebtedness amounted to more than $350,000,000. The New England town debt is under the immediate control of the people for whose benefit it is contracted, and who will be obliged to pay it. They have determined its amount and purpose in their town meetings, have fixed the rate of interest, and have watched its expenditure item by item. The county debts are largest in the Western States, and in the South the State debts contribute the most important item of the public liabilities.

A comparison of the subjects for which the debts were contracted results as might have been anticipated from a knowledge of the training and political habits of the controlling power. The largest expenditures in New England and the Middle States were on account of water-works, war expenses, and streets. Massachusetts and Maine borrowed about $30,000,000 for railroad and other aid. The statements of expenditures differ most radically in some particulars. New England, for example, accounts for all but $4,000,000 of its indebtedness, while in the Middle States nearly $55,000,000 are classified under the broad and general title "miscellaneous." This denotes the greater accuracy in book-keeping which results from the close supervision of the town meeting. In New England the accounts are audited by those who have taken part in town meetings, the habit of watchfulness over public agents there instilled affecting the community even after it has been chartered as a city. The Middle States also devoted nearly $40,000,000 to refunding old debts, while New England refunded less than $5,000,000. With a population about

one-third of the Middle States, New England borrowed more than half as much as the latter for water-works and public buildings, about as much for sewers, nearly half as much for streets, more than a third as much for schools and libraries.

By far the most important item in the debt account of the Southern States was for refunding old debts. The next item was "railroad aid"; the next, "miscellaneous." The debt of the South for water-works was not one-tenth of that incurred by New England for the same purpose; the debts for sewers and streets were about one-seventh of New England's, and for public buildings about one-third.

Both the South and the West have been generous in borrowing money for schools. New England has paid for its schools from year to year. The largest debt of the Western States was in aid of railroads; the second was for refunding; the third was for funding floating debt; and the fourth was for miscellaneous purposes.

Compared with their respective valuations, New England's debt for the following purposes exceeded that of either of the other three divisions of the country: water-works, war expenses, streets, sewers, public buildings, and cemeteries. It contracted less debt than all the others for refunding old and funding floating debts; for miscellaneous expenses; for improvements of harbors and rivers. It borrowed less for parks than the Middle States, and less for schools and libraries than the South and West. Notwithstanding the excellence of the free-school system of New England, the school district debt of the section was about one-third that of the Middle States, and one-sixth that of the Western States.

Another distinctive feature of the local indebtedness of New England is its more general distribution. A comparatively large part of it is under the control of the people, who manage it in their town meetings. The total indebtedness of civil divisions having fewer than 7500 inhabitants in New England was greater than that of similar divisions of the Middle States. On the other hand, the indebtedness of towns and municipalities having more than 7500 people was not one-third as much.

The conclusion to be drawn from these statistics is apparent. The local indebtedness of New England is contracted for extraordinary expenses — for permanent and costly works, the benefits of which will be enjoyed, and ought to be paid for, by coming generations. The ordinary expenses of government—for highways other than city streets, for ordinary bridges, for schools and libraries—are defrayed as they are incurred, from the annual tax levy. There is very little debt contracted for any of these objects, and next to nothing for the small matters which may be classified as miscellaneous. What extravagance there is in the management of public funds in New England is to be charged to the account of the cities; and yet the city governments of New England are greatly modified for the better by the influence of the town-meeting system which they enjoyed before increasing population made necessary the assumption of municipal powers and burdens.

The cities of Worcester, Massachusetts, and Syracuse, New York, illustrate generally the differences between New England and Middle States city governments. In 1880 the two cities were nearly equal in population. They are both manufacturing cities, situated in the interior, and surrounded by agricultural communities. In 1880 Syracuse had 92 miles of streets, 17¾ miles of which were paved. The annual cost of maintaining these highways was about $35,000. For the same cost Worcester maintained 197 miles of streets, all of which were paved. The water-works of Syracuse were owned by a private corporation, those of Worcester by the city. Syracuse had no parks, unless a small square or two may be thus dignified; Worcester had about 35 acres of parks. The drainage system of Worcester was much more elaborate and perfect than that of Syracuse. While it cost Syracuse from $10,000 to $12,000 a year to clean its 92 miles of streets, it cost Worcester only $3300 to clean its 197 miles of streets. The police force of Worcester was larger and more expensive than that of Syracuse. On an expenditure of $104,896, the New York city maintained 18 schools, in which were taught about 7000 pupils; the Massachusetts city maintained 36 schools, and instructed 9000 children for $139,722. The fire department of the one consisted of four steam-engines, one fire-extinguisher, one hook-and-ladder truck, and five hose carriages; that of the other had five steam-engines, 12 hose carriages, one extinguisher, and three hook-and-ladder trucks. The annual cost of the first was $31,589; of the

second, $38,840. A similar story might be told of almost any two cities taken indiscriminately from New England and from any other section of the country. The abode of the vigilant citizen in the United States is in that part of the country where the town meeting breeds a fine public spirit. Boston, with all its drawbacks and limitations, is governed with a higher regard and a more jealous care for the rights of private citizens than is any other city of its size in the Union.

When the manner of transacting public business in a New England town and its results are compared with those characterizing a New York village, the superiority of the former will be found to be enormous.

In the neighborhood of New York there is a village where dwell much the larger part of the 9000 people of the township in which it is situated. Its streets are mud-holes, its town-hall is an ugly ill-cared-for fire trap, its police and fire departments are inefficient, its expenses are enormous. One thing may be said in its favor—its school buildings are creditable. It is, moreover, a typical suburban village.

The wretched streets of this village—about 20 miles—cost, in 1889, $11,000. In 1880 the 136 miles of streets of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, cost $5000. Pittsfield had then a population of 13,000. The splendid streets of Waltham, in the same State, cost $12,000. It is impossible to say in what New York village streets comparable to these could be found. Waltham's population was 11,712. The roads of Weymouth, with a population of 10,570, cost $6000. The roads of Woburn, with a population of 10,931, cost $7000.

Woburn is nearest like the New York village in population and in propinquity to a large city. Comparison of the remaining items of public expenditure will therefore be between the two. The Massachusetts town owns its water-works; the New York village does not. It cost the former much less than $2000 a year to light its streets; it cost the latter $11,000. The New York village owns two school-houses, a town-hall, and two engine-houses; Woburn owned, ten years ago, a town-house, an almshouse, a town farm and hospital, a library (a gift), seven fire-department houses, and 14 school-houses. The annual cost of maintaining the schools was about the same in town and village—$30,000. The cost of the efficient town fire department was $7500; that of the inefficient village department was between $3000 and $4000. The village maintains a police captain and two officers at a cost of $3146; the town maintained a chief, three regular officers, eight special policemen for Sundays, and 17 for duty at factories, etc., at a cost of $4535.

These facts declare the practical wisdom of the town meeting, and the crudeness and inefficiency of the incorporated village. In New England the body of voters in the town attend the stated March meeting at the call of the selectmen. It is as much their duty to remain all day and to take part in discussing the affairs of the town as to cast their ballots for Governor or for Presidential electors. The warrant for the town meeting notifies the townsmen of the business that will come before them. In addition to the articles relating to the regular and routine proceedings of the occasion are special articles which have been inserted in the warrant at the request of private citizens. Each voter has a printed copy of the town report. It contains a minutely itemized account of the expenditures of the past year. These items are criticised or defended by the town. The debate is general. Appropriations are voted. Usually there is a subject which breeds excitement. It may relate to a project for a new school-house, to the opening of a new street, to the building of a new sewer. The work that shall be done for the coming year is determined. The manner in which roads and bridges shall be repaired is prescribed. All the business transacted in villages by the board of trustees is done by the townsmen themselves. Every one knows what is to be done, and how it is to be done. Every one has the opportunity to disclose what he knows of the misfeasances of town officers, to suggest how work might have been better done, how money might have been saved.

The results of this method in the fiscal affairs of localities and upon the character of the State governments have been indicated as fully as is possible within a limited space. The influence of the town-meeting government upon the physical character of the country, upon the highways and bridges, and upon the appearance of the villages is familiar to all who

have travelled through New England. The excellent roads, the stanch bridges, the trim tree-shaded streets, the universal signs of thrift and of the people's pride in the outward aspects of their villages, are too well known to be dwelt upon.

The town meeting has also developed an intelligent, active-minded, alert, public-spirited people. Participation in public business has induced a patriotic interest in the art of government. It is true that the intelligence of the average New England rural voter is best shown in his opinions and action in town politics, but this simply indicates that the citizen should not unnecessarily undertake the control of matters not affecting his own locality, nor should he give to agents meeting in a remote capital a large and important jurisdiction over the individual. The New England townsman knows how to transact public business. The first task of every town meeting is the selection of a moderator. In a New England town nearly every man of prominence has presided at one time or another over the town meeting. Even they who have not must be familiar with parliamentary law and practice, for the clear and simple rules of Cushing and Jefferson are elaborately discussed not only by the lawyers and the clergymen, but by the doctors, the store-keepers, the mechanics, and the farmers. It would be difficult to find in a New England community a man who cannot take charge of a public meeting, and conduct its proceedings with some regard to the forms that are observed in parliamentary bodies. On the other hand, it would be difficult in any other part of the country to find a citizen who has not held office who has any knowledge of such forms and observances. In New England there is not a voter who may not, and very few voters who do not, actively participate in the work of government. In the other parts of the country hardly any one takes part in public affairs except the office-holder. The effect of this is precisely what may be anticipated. The man of the New England town is equipped for the larger stage of the State or nation. The tyro from New York who is sent to Congress must learn the lesson which the other acquired in the town meeting.

The alertness of mind which is induced by constant interest in public affairs is also characteristic of New England. It is a community of politicians. Its people know precisely the value of every tax imposed upon them, and they are alive to all that their representatives are doing at the Federal and State capitals. If they make mistakes in the larger fields of politics, it is because the business of the State or nation does not concern matters within the actual vision of the voter. It does not so intimately affect his daily life. He cannot, for example, so accurately judge of the needs of the State asylums as of those of the town poor-farm. He is not so sensitive to the tariff tax on his coat as to the town tax on his house. He is not so capable of criticising the economy of expenditures for new cruisers as of those for repairing or building the bridge which crosses the neighboring brook.

But if the interest of New England in a proposed Federal law is clear, the whole population is alive to it, and presses for it in a united mass. It was of this strong united power of the townsmen of the State in which there was not a citizen not a "member of some one of its councils, great or small," that Thomas Jefferson spoke in the much-quoted passage from his letter to Mr. Cabell.

"How powerfully," he wrote, "did we feel the energy of this organization in the case of embargo! I felt the foundations of government shaken under my feet by the New England townships. There was not an individual in these States whose body was not thrown with all its momentum into action; and though the whole of the other States were known to be in favor of the measure, yet the organization of this little selfish minority enabled it to overrule the Union. What would the unwieldy counties of the Middle, the South, and the West do? Call a county meeting; and the drunken loungers at and about the court-houses would have collected, the distances being too great for the good people and the industrious generally to attend. . . . As Cato, then, concluded every speech with the words, *Delenda est Carthago*, so do I every opinion with the injunction, 'Divide the counties into wards.'"

Jefferson's injunction still expresses the true fundamental principle of local government in this country. The well-conducted town and the effective State are the creations of the pure democracy which exists to-day only in New England, whose people willingly pay the price of liberty.

WESSEX FOLK.*

BY THOMAS HARDY.

INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF MR. GEORGE CROOKHILL.

"ONE day," the registrar continued, "Georgy was ambling out of Melchester on a miserable screw, the fair being just over, when he saw in front of him a fine-looking young farmer riding out of the town in the same direction. He was mounted on a good strong handsome animal, worth fifty guineas if worth a crown. When they were going up Bissett Hill, Georgy made it his business to overtake the young farmer. They passed the time o' day to one another; Georgy spoke of the state of the roads, and jogged alongside the well-mounted stranger in very friendly conversation. The farmer had not been inclined to say much to Georgy at first, but by degrees he grew quite affable too—as friendly as Georgy was toward him. He told Crookhill that he had been doing business at Melchester fair, and was going on as far as Shottsford-Forum that night, so as to reach Casterbridge market the next day. When they came to Woodyates Inn they stopped to bait their horses, and agreed to drink together; with this they got more friendly than ever, and on they went again. Before they had nearly reached Shottsford it came on to rain, and as they were now passing through the village of Tranton, and it was quite dark, Georgy persuaded the young farmer to go no further that night; the rain would most likely give them a chill. For his part he had heard that the little inn here was comfortable, and he meant to stay. At last the young farmer agreed to put up there also; and they dismounted, and entered, and had a good supper together, and talked over their affairs like men who had known and proved each other a long time. When it was the hour for retiring they went up stairs to a double-bedded room which Georgy Crookhill had asked the landlord to let them share, so sociable were they.

"Before they fell asleep they talked across the room about one thing and another, running from this to that till the conversation turned upon disguises, and changing clothes for particular ends. The farmer told Georgy that he had often heard tales of people doing it; but Crookhill professed to be very ignorant of all such tricks; and soon the young farmer sank into slumber.

"Early in the morning, while the young farmer was still asleep (I tell the story as 'twas told me), honest Georgy crept out of his bed by stealth, and dressed himself in the farmer's clothes, in the pockets of the said clothes being the farmer's money. Now though Georgy particularly wanted the farmer's nice clothes and nice horse, owing to a little transaction at the fair which made it desirable that he should not be too easily recognized, his desires had their bounds: he did not wish to take his young friend's money, at any rate more of it than was necessary for paying his bill. This he abstracted, and leaving the farmer's purse containing the rest on the bedroom table, went down stairs. The inn folks had not particularly noticed the faces of their customers, and the one or two who were up at this hour had no thought but that Georgy was the farmer; so when he had paid the bill very liberally, and said he must be off, no objection was made to his getting the farmer's horse saddled for himself; and he rode away upon it as if it were his own.

"About half an hour after, the young farmer awoke, and looking across the room saw that his friend Georgy had gone away in clothes which didn't belong to him, and had kindly left for himself the seedy ones worn by Georgy. At this he sat up in a deep thought for some time, instead of hastening to give an alarm. 'The money, the money is gone,' he said to himself, 'and that's bad. But so are the clothes.'

"He then looked upon the table and saw that the money, or most of it, had been left behind.

"'Ha, ha, ha!' he cried, and began to dance about the room. 'Ha, ha, ha!' he said again, and made beautiful smiles to himself in the shaving glass and in the brass candlestick; and then swung about his arms for all the world as if he were going through the sword exercise.

"When he had dressed himself in

* Begun in March number, 1891.

Georgy's clothes and gone down stairs, he did not seem to mind at all that they took him for the other; and even when he saw that he had been left a bad horse for a good one, he was not inclined to cry out. They told him his friend had paid the bill, at which he seemed much pleased, and without waiting for breakfast he mounted Georgy's horse and rode away likewise, choosing the nearest by-lane in preference to the high-road, without knowing that Georgy had chosen that by-lane also.

"He had not trotted more than two miles in the personal character of Georgy Crookhill when, suddenly rounding a bend that the lane made thereabout, he came upon a man struggling in the hands of two village constables. It was his friend Georgy, the borrower of his clothes and horse. But so far was the young farmer from showing any alacrity in rushing forward to claim his property that he would have turned the poor beast he rode into the wood adjoining, if he had not been already perceived.

"'Help, help, help!' cried the constables. 'Assistance in the name of the Royal Crown!'

"The young farmer could do nothing but ride forward. 'What's the matter?' he inquired, as coolly as he could.

"'A deserter — a deserter!' said they. 'Who's to be tried by court-martial and shot without parley. He deserted from the Dragoons at Cheltenham some days ago, and was tracked; but the search party can't find him anywhere, and we told 'em if we met him we'd hand him on to 'em forthwith. The day after he left the barracks the rascal met a respectable farmer and made him drunk at an inn, and told him what a fine soldier he would make, and coaxed him to change clothes, to see how well a military uniform would become him. This the simple farmer did; when our deserter said that for a joke he would leave the room and go to the landlady, to see if she would know him in that dress. He never came back, and Farmer Jollice found himself in soldier's clothes, the money in his pockets gone, and, when he got to the stable, his horse gone too.'

"'A scoundrel!' says the young man in Georgy's clothes. 'And is this the wretched caitiff?' (pointing to Georgy.)

"'No, no!' cries Georgy, as innocent as a babe of this matter of the soldier's desertion. 'He's the man! He was wearing Farmer Jollice's suit o' clothes, and he slept in the same room wi' me, and brought up the subject of changing clothes, which put it into my head to dress myself in his suit before he was awake. He's got on mine!'

"'D'ye hear the villain?' groans the tall young man to the constables. 'Trying to get out of his crime by charging the first innocent man with it that he sees! No, master soldier—that won't do!'

"'No, no! That won't do!' the constables chimed in. 'To have the impudence to say such as that, when we caught him in the act almost! But, thank God, we've got the handcuffs on him at last.'

"'We have, thank God,' said the tall young man. 'Well, I must move on. Good luck to ye with your prisoner!' And off he went, as fast as his poor jade would carry him.

"The constables then, with Georgy handcuffed between 'em, and leading the horse, marched off in the other direction, toward the village where they had been accosted by the escort of soldiers sent to bring the deserter back. They had not gone more than a mile before they met them.

"'Hoi, there!' says the head constable.

"'Hoi, yerself!' says the corporal in charge.

"'We've got your man,' says the constable.

"'Where?' says the corporal.

"'Here, between us,' said the constable. 'Only you don't recognize him out o' uniform.'

"The corporal looked at Georgy hard enough; then shook his head and said he was not the absconder.

"'But the absconder changed clothes with Farmer Jollice, and took his horse; and this man has 'em, d'ye see.'

"''Tis not our man,' said the soldiers. 'He's a tall young fellow with a mole on his right cheek, and a military bearing, which this man decidedly has not.'

"'I told the servants of the Crown that 'twas the other,' pleaded Georgy. 'But they wouldn't believe me.'

"And so it became clear that the missing dragoon was the tall young farmer, and not Georgy Crookhill—a fact which Farmer Jollice himself corroborated when he arrived on the scene. As Georgy had only robbed the robber, his sentence was comparatively light. The deserter from

"THEY HAD A GOOD SUPPER TOGETHER, AND TALKED OVER THEIR AFFAIRS."—[See page 121.]

the Dragoons was never traced: his double shift of clothing having been of the greatest advantage to him in getting off; though he left Georgy's horse behind him a few miles ahead, having found the poor creature more hinderance than aid."

The man from abroad seemed to be less interested in the questionable characters of Longpuddle and their strange adventures than in the ordinary inhabitants and the ordinary events, though his local fellow-travellers preferred the former as subjects of discussion. He now for the first time asked concerning young persons of the opposite sex—or rather those who had been young when he left his native land. His informants, adhering to their own opinion that the remarkable was better worth telling than the ordinary, would not allow him to dwell upon the simple chronicles of those who had merely come and gone. They asked him if he remembered Netty Sargent.

"Netty Sargent—I do, just remember her. She was a young woman living with her uncle when I left, if my childish recollection may be trusted."

"That was the maid. She was a one-yer, if you like, sir. Not any harm in her, you know, but up to everything. You ought to hear how she got the copyhold of her house extended. Oughtn't he, Mr. Day?"

"He ought," replied the world-ignored old painter.

"Tell him, Mr. Day. Nobody can do it better than you, and you know the legal part better than some of us."

Day apologized, and began:

NETTY SARGENT'S COPYHOLD.

"She continued to live with her uncle, in the lonely house by the copse, just as at the time you knew her; a tall spry young woman. Ah, how well one can remember her black hair and dancing eyes at that time, and her sly way of screwing up her mouth when she meant to tease ye! Well, she was hardly out of short frocks before the chaps were after her, and by long and by late she was courted

by a young man whom perhaps you did not know—Jasper Cliff was his name—and, though she might have had many a better fellow, he so greatly took her fancy that 'twas Jasper or nobody for her. He was a selfish customer, always thinking less of what he was going to do than of what he was going to gain by his doings. Jasper's eyes might have been fixed upon Netty, but his mind was upon her uncle's house; though he was fond of her in his way—I admit that.

"This house, built by her great-great-grandfather, with its garden and little field, was copyhold—granted upon lives in the old way, and had been so granted for generations. Her uncle's was the last life upon the property; so that at his death, if there was no admittance of new lives, it would all fall into the hands of the lord of the manor. But 'twas easy to admit—a slight 'fine,' as 'twas called, of a few pounds, was enough to entitle him to a new deed o' grant by the custom of the manor; and the lord could not hinder it.

"Now there could be no better provision for his niece and only relative than a sure house over her head, and Netty's uncle should have seen to the renewal in time, owing to the peculiar custom of forfeiture by the dropping of the last life before the new fine was paid; for the Squire was very anxious to get hold of the house and land; and every Sunday when the old man came into the church and passed the Squire's pew, the Squire would say, 'A little weaker in his knees, a little crookeder in his back—and the readmittance not applied for, ha! ha! I shall be able to make a complete clearing of that corner of the manor some day!'

"'Twas extraordinary, now we look back upon it, that old Sargent should have been so dilatory; yet some people are like it; and he put off calling at the Squire's agent's office with the fine week after week, saying to himself, 'I shall have more time next market-day than I have now.' One unfortunate hinderance was that he didn't very well like Jasper Cliff, and as Jasper kept urging Netty, and Netty on that account kept urging her uncle, the old man was inclined to postpone the relifting as long as he could, to spite the selfish young lover. At last old Mr. Sargent fell ill, and then Jasper could bear it no longer: he produced the fine money himself, and handed it to Netty, and spoke to her plainly.

"'You and your uncle ought to know better. You should press him more. There's the money. If you let the house and ground slip between ye, I won't marry; hang me if I will. For folks won't deserve a husband that can do such things.'

"The worried girl took the money and went home, and told her uncle that it was no house no husband for her. Old Mr. Sargent pooh-poohed the money, for the amount was not worth consideration, but he did now bestir himself, for he saw she was bent upon marrying Jasper, and he did not wish to make her unhappy, since she was so determined. It was much to the Squire's annoyance that he found Sargent had moved in the matter at last; but he could not gainsay it, and the documents were prepared (for on this manor the copyholders had writings with their holdings, though on some manors they had none). Old Sargent being now too feeble to go to the agent's house, the deed was to be brought to his house signed, and handed over as a receipt for the money; the counterpart to be signed by Sargent, and sent back to the Squire.

"The agent had promised to call on old Sargent for this purpose at five o'clock, and Netty put the money into her desk to have it close at hand. While doing this she heard a slight cry from her uncle, and turning round, saw that he had fallen forward in his chair. She went and lifted him, but he was unconscious; and unconscious he remained. Neither medicine nor stimulants would bring him to himself. She had been told that he might possibly go off in that way, and it seemed as if the end had come. Before she had started for a doctor his face and extremities grew quite cold and white, and she saw that help would be useless. He was stone-dead.

"Netty's situation rose upon her distracted mind in all its seriousness. The house, garden, and field were lost—by a few hours—and with them a home for herself and her lover. She would not think so meanly of Jasper as to suppose that he would adhere to the resolution declared in a moment of impatience; but she trembled, nevertheless. Why could not her uncle have lived a couple of hours longer, since he had lived so long? It was now past three o'clock; at five the agent was to call, and, if all had gone well, by ten minutes past five the house and hold-

"HE WAS STONE-DEAD."

ing would have been securely hers for her own and Jasper's lives, these being two of the three proposed to be added by paying the fine. How that wretched old Squire would rejoice at getting the little tenancy into his hands! He did not really require it, but constitutionally hated these tiny copyholds and leaseholds and freeholds, which made islands of independence in the fair, smooth ocean of his estates.

"Then an idea struck into the head of Netty how to accomplish her object in spite of her uncle's negligence. It was a dull December afternoon: and the first step in her scheme—so the story goes, and I see no reason to doubt it—"

"'Tis true as the light," affirmed Christopher Twink. "I was just passing by."

"The first step in her scheme was to fasten the outer door, to make sure of not being interrupted. Then she set to work by placing her uncle's small, heavy oak table before the fire; then she went to her uncle's corpse, sitting in the chair as he had died—a stuffed arm-chair, on castors, and rather high in the seat, so it was told me—and wheeled the chair, uncle and all, to the table, placing him with his back toward the window, in the attitude of bending over the said oak table, which I knew as a boy as well as I know any piece of furniture in my own house. On the table she laid the large family Bible open before him, and placed his forefinger on the page; and then she put on him his spectacles, so that from behind he appeared for all the world as if he were reading the Scriptures. Then she unfastened the door and sat down, and when it grew dark she lit a candle, and put it on the table beside her uncle's book.

"Folk may well guess how the time passed with her till the agent came, and how, when his knock sounded upon the door, she nearly started out of her skin—at least that's as it was told me. Netty promptly went to the door.

"'I am sorry, sir,' she says, under her breath; 'my uncle is not so well to-night, and I'm afraid he can't see you.'

"'H'm!—that's a pretty tale,' says the steward. 'So I've come all this way about this trumpery little job for nothing!'

"'Oh no, sir—I hope not,' says Netty. 'I suppose the business of granting the new deed can be done just the same?'

"'Done? Certainly not. He must pay the renewal money, and sign the parchment in my presence.'

"She looked dubious. 'Uncle is so dreadful nervous about law business,' says she, 'that, as you know, he's put it off and put it off for years; and now to-day really I've feared it would really drive him out of his mind. His poor three teeth quite chattered when I said to him that you would be here soon with the parchment writing. He always was afraid of agents, and folks that come for rent, and such like.'

"'Poor old fellow—I'm sorry for him. Well, the thing can't be done unless I see him and witness his signature.'

"'Suppose, sir, that you see him sign, and he don't see you looking at him? I'd soothe his nerves by saying you weren't strict about the form of witnessing, and didn't wish to come in. So that it was done in your bare presence it would be sufficient, would it not? As he's such an old shrinking, shivering man, it would be a great considerateness on your part if that would do.'

"'In my bare presence would do, of course—that's all I come for. But how can I be a witness without his seeing me?'

"'Why, in this way, sir; if you'll oblige me by just stepping here.' She conducted him a few yards to the left, till they were opposite the parlor window. The blind had been left up purposely, and the candle-light shone out upon the garden bushes. Inside the agent could see, at the other end of the room, the back of the old man's head, and his shoulders and arm, sitting with the book and candle before him, and his spectacles on his nose, as she had placed him.

"'He's reading his Bible, as you see, sir,' she says, quite in her meekest way.

"'Yes. I thought he was a careless sort of man in matters of that kind?'

"'He always was fond of his Bible,' Netty assured him. 'Though I think he's nodding over it just at this moment. However, that's natural in an old man, and unwell. Now you could stand here and see him sign, couldn't you, sir, as he's such an invalid?'

"'Very well,' said the agent, lighting a cigar. 'You have ready by you the merely nominal sum you'll have to pay for the admittance, of course?'

"'Yes,' said Netty. 'I'll bring it out.' She fetched the cash, wrapped in paper, and handed it to him, and when he had counted it the steward took from his breast pocket the precious parchments and gave one to her to be signed.

"'Uncle's hand is a little paralyzed,' she said. 'And what with his being half asleep, too, really I don't know what sort of a signature he'll be able to make.'

"'Doesn't matter, so that he signs.'

"'Might I hold his hand?'

"'Ay, hold his hand, my young woman—that will be near enough.'

"Netty re-entered the house, and the agent continued smoking outside the window. Now came the ticklish part of Netty's performance. The steward saw her put the inkhorn—'horn,' says I in my old-fashioned way—the inkstand, before her uncle, and touch his elbow as if to arouse him, and speak to him, and spread out the deed; when she had pointed to show him where to sign she dipped the pen and put it into his hand. To hold his hand she artfully stepped behind him, so that the agent could only see a little bit of his head, and the hand she held; but he saw the old man's hand trace his name on the document. As soon as 'twas done she came out to the steward with the parchment in her hand, and the steward signed as witness by the light from the parlor window. Then he gave her the deed signed by the Squire, and left; and next morning Netty told the neighbors that her uncle was dead in his bed."

"She must have undressed him and put him there."

"She must. Oh, that girl had a nerve, I can tell ye! Well, to cut a long story short, that's how she got back the house and field that were, strictly speaking, gone from her; and by getting them, got her a husband. When the old Squire was dead, and his son came into the property, what Netty had done began to be whispered about, for she had told a friend or two. But Netty was a pretty young woman, and the Squire's son was a pretty young man at that time, and wider-minded than his father, having no objection to little holdings; and he never took any proceedings against her."

There was now a lull in the discourse, and soon the van descended the hill leading into the long straggling village. When the houses were reached the passengers dropped off one by one, each at his or her own door. Arrived at the inn, the returned emigrant secured a bed, and having eaten a light meal, sallied forth upon the scene he had known so well in his early days. Though flooded with the light of the rising moon, none of the objects wore the attractiveness in this their real presentation that had ever accompanied their images in the field of his imagination when he was more than two thousand miles removed from them. The peculiar charm attaching to an old village in an old country, as seen by the eyes of an absolute foreigner, was lowered in his case by magnified expectations from infantine memories. He walked on, looking at this chimney and that old wall, till he came to the church-yard, which he entered.

The head-stones, whitened by the moon, were easily decipherable; and now for the first time Lackland began to feel himself amid the village community that he had left behind him five-and-thirty years before. Here, besides the Sallets, the Darths, the Pawles, the Privetts, the Sargents, and others of whom he had just heard, were names he remembered even better than those: the Jickses, and the Crosses, and the Knights, and the Olds. Doubtless representatives of these families, or some of them, were yet among the living; but to him they would all be as strangers. Far from finding his heart ready-supplied with roots and tendrils here, he perceived that in returning to this spot it would be incumbent upon him to re-establish himself from the beginning, precisely as though he had never known it, nor it him. Time had not condescended to wait his pleasure, nor local life his greeting.

The figure of Mr. Lackland was seen at the inn, and in the village street, and in the fields and lanes about Upper Longpuddle, for a few days after his arrival, and then, ghost-like, it silently disappeared. He had told some of the villagers that his immediate purpose in coming had been fulfilled by a sight of the place, and by conversation with its inhabitants: but that his ulterior purpose—of coming to spend his latter days among them—would probably never be carried out. It is now a dozen or fifteen years since his visit was made, and his face has not again been seen.

THE END.

THE WARWICKSHIRE AVON.

Second Paper.

IT was a golden morning as we left Warwick, and with slow feet followed Avon down through the park toward Barford Bridge, where our canoe lay ready for us. The light, too generously spread to dazzle, bathed the castle towers, lay on the terraces, where the peacocks sunned themselves, and on the living rock below them, where the river washes. Only on the weir it fell in splashes, scattered through the elms' thick foliage. At the water's brim, below Mill Street, stood a man with a pitcher—a stranger to us—who took our *Vale, vale!* with equable astonishment. The stream slackened its hurry, and keeping pace with our regrets, loitered by the garden slopes, by the great cedars that the Crusaders brought from Lebanon, among reeds and alder bushes and under tall trees, to the lake, where a small tributary comes tumbling from Chesterton.

The land, as we went on, was full of morning sounds—the ring of a wood-feller's axe, the groaning of a timber wagon through leafy roads, the rustle of partridges, the note of a stray blackbird in the hedge, and in valleys unseen the tune of hounds cub-hunting—

> "matched in mouth like bells,
> Each unto each."

At Barford we met the pack returning, and the sight of them and the huntsman's red coat in the village street was pleasant as a remembered song.

Barford village has produced a well-known man of our time, Mr. Joseph Arch, who here began his efforts to better the condition of the agricultural laborer. If without honor, he is not without influence in his own country, to judge by the neat cottages and trim gardens beside the road. Roses love the rich clay, and roses of all kinds thrive here, from the Austrian brier to the Gloire de Dijon. It was late in the season when we passed, but many clusters lingered under the cottager's thatch, and field and hedge also spoke of past plenty.

By Barford Bridge, where a dumpy water-logged punt just lifted her stern and her pathetic name (the *Dolly Dobs*) above the surface, we launched our canoe again. The stream here is shallow and the current fast, with a knack of swinging you round a gravelly corner and tilting you at the high scooped-out bank on the other side. So many and abrupt are these bends that the slim spire of Sherborne across the meadows appeared now to right, now to left, now dodged behind us, now stood up straight ahead. Out of the water-plants at one corner rose a brace of wild-duck, and sailed away with the sun gleaming on their iridescent necks. We followed them with our eyes, and grew aware that the country was altered. Sometimes near Warwick we had longed to exchange tall hedge-rows and heavy elms for "an acre of barren ground, ling, heath, brown furze, anything," as Gonzalo says. Now we had full air and a horizon. We had the flowers too—the forget-me-not, the willow-herb, and meadowsweet (though long past their prime), the bright yellow tansy, and the loosestrife, with a stalk growing blood-red as its purple bloom dropped

WARWICK CASTLE, FROM THE PARK.

away. Just above Wasperton we came on a young woman in a boat. She had been gathering these flowers by the armful, and having piled the bows with them, made a taking sight; and being ourselves not without a certain savage beauty, we did not hesitate to believe our pleasure reciprocated.

A steep grassy bank runs beside the stream at Wasperton, concealing the village. Many nut trees grow upon it, and upon it also were ranged six anglers, who caught never a fish as we passed. No high-road goes through the village above: but climbing the bank, we found a few old timbered cottages, and alone in the

BARFORD BRIDGE.

middle of a field a curious dove-cote, that must be seen to be believed. It was empty, for the pigeons were all down by the river among the gray willows on the further shore, and our canoe stole by too softly to disturb their cooing.

A short way below, Hampton Wood rises on a bold eminence to the right, where once Fulbroke Castle stood. The "steep uphill" is now dotted with elders, and tenanted only by "earth-delving conies"; for the castle was destroyed and its land disparked in Henry VIII.'s time, the materials being carried up to build Compton-Winyates, that beautiful and quiet mansion in a hollow of the Edge Hills where Charles I. slept on the night before Kineton (Edgehill) battle. The park passed in time to a Lucy of Charlcote, and the name reminds us that we are in Shakespeare's country. In fact, we have reached the very country where Shakespeare did *not* steal the deer.

DOVE-COTE, WASPERTON.

To shed a tear in passing this hallowed spot was but a natural impulse: nor on reading the emotions which Mr. Samuel Ireland squandered here, did we grudge the tribute. "If," he writes, "the story of this youthful frolic is founded on truth, as well as that Sir Thomas Lucy's rigorous conduct subsequent to this supposed outrage really proved the cause of our Shakespeare's quitting this his native retirement to visit the capital, it will afford us the means of contemplating, at least in one instance, with some degree of complacency even the imperious dominion of our feudal superiors, the tyranny of magistracy, and the harshest enforcement of the remnant of our forest laws; since in their consequences they unquestionably called into action the energies of that sublime genius, and of those rare and matchless endowments which had otherwise perhaps been lost in the shade of retirement, and have 'wasted their sweetness on the desert air.'" We wept over this, as I say; but we were very glad that Mr. Ireland had mentioned it, all the same.

The river spread out as it swept round the base of Hampton Wood, and took us to Hampton Lucy. Here is a beautiful modern church, in the worst sense of the words, and beside it a village green, where, as we passed, the villagers were keeping harvest-home. Lo! many countrymen

STRATFORD CHURCH.

AT WASPERTON.

in wheelbarrows, and others, with loins girded, trundling them madly toward a goal, where a couple of brand-new spades are to reward the first comers. Lo! also, Chloe, Lalage, and Amaryllis, emulous for their swains, lift exhorting voices; and the oldest inhabitants "a-sunning sit" in the pick of the seats, and discuss the competitors on their merits. And lo! Q., pulling out half a crown, would defile this Arcadian contest with a bet on the result, and is led back sternly to the canoe. The sounds of merrymaking follow us through the trees as we drop down to Charlcote, just below,

"Where Avon's Stream, with many a sportive Turn,
Exhilarates the Meads, and to his Bed
Hele's gentle current woes, by Lucy's hand
In every graceful Ornament attired,
And worthier, such, to share his liquid Realms."

So writes the Rev. Richard Jago, M.A., a local poet of the last century, in "*Edgehill; or, The Rural Prospect Delineated and Moralized.* A Poem in Four Books, printed for J. Dodsley in Pall Mall, 1767;" and though the bard's language is more flowery than Avon's banks, it shall stand. We had amused ourselves on the voyage by choosing and rechoosing the spot whither we should some day return and pass our declining years. P. (who has high thoughts now and then) had been all for Warwick Castle, Q. for Ashow, and the merits of each had been hotly wrangled over. But we shook hands over Charlcote.

Less stately than Stoneleigh, less picturesque than Guy's Cliffe, less imposing than Warwick Castle, Charlcote is lovelier and more human than any. The red-brick Elizabethan house stands on the river's brink. From the geranium beds on its terrace a flight of steps leads down to the water, and over its graceful balustrade, beside the little leaden statuettes, you may lean and feed the swans just below. Across the stream, over the fern beds and swelling green turf, are dotted the antlers of the Charlcote deer, red and fallow; yonder "Hele's gentle current" winds down from the Edge Hills;

Hampton Lucy, from the meadows

to your right, the trees part and give a glimpse only of Hampton Lucy church; behind you rise the peaked gables, turrets, and tall chimneys of the house, projecting and receding, so that from whatever quarter the sun may strike there is always a bold play of light and shade on the soft-colored bricks.

The house was built by Sir Thomas Lucy in the first year of Queen Elizabeth's reign; and in compliment to his queen, who paid Charlcote a visit not long after, the knight built on the side which turns from the river an entrance porch which, abutting between two wings, gives the form of an E. This porch leads to the quaint gate-house, whence, between an avenue of limes, you reach Charlcote church—a sober little pile set beside the high-road just outside the rough-split oak palings of the park. It holds the monuments of Sir Thomas Lucy and his wife, and in praise of the latter an epitaph worth remembering for the tender simplicity of its close:—

"*Set down by him that best did know what hath been written to be true. Thomas Lucy.*"

In the graveyard outside is a plain stone to a lesser pair—John Gibbs, aged 81, and his wife, aged 55—who are made to say, somewhat cynically,

"*Farewell, proud, vain, false, treacherous world,*
we have seen enough of thee;
We value not what thou canst say of we."

One marvels how in this sheltered corner John Gibbs acquired so accurate a knowledge of the world, and racks one's brains to remember the world's hard retort upon John Gibbs.

But on Sir Thomas Lucy the world has been hard indeed, identifying him with Justice Shallow. His portrait hangs in the hall where Shakespeare was not tried for deer-stealing. Isaac Oliver painted it; and though men have forgotten Isaac Oliver, yet will we never, for he was a master. The knight's embroidered robe is right Holbein; but the knight's subtle, beautiful face is more. It teaches with convincing sincerity what manner of being a gentleman was in "the spacious days of great Elizabeth"; and the lesson is humiliating—none the less because men

CHARLCOTE.

MEADOWSWEET.

have during three centuries accepted the coarse mask of Justice Shallow for the truth.

The house holds many fine paintings; notably a Titian, "Samson and the Lion," that rests against the yellow silk hangings of the drawing-room, and is worth a far pilgrimage to see; and a Velasquez, set (immoderately high) above the library book-shelves. So that too soon we were out in the sunlight again and paddling down to Alveston.

We float by flat meadows, islands of sedge, long lines of willows; by "the high bank called Old Town, where, perhaps, men and women, with their joys and sorrows, once abided"; but now the rabbits only colonize it, under the quiet alders; by Alveston, where we find boats, and a boat-house covered with "snowball" berries; by the mill and its weeping-willows; and below, by devious loops, to Hatton Rock, that the picnickers from Stratford know—a steep bank of marl covered with hawthorn, hazel, elder, and trailing knots of brambles. In June this is a very flowery spot. The slope is clothed with creamy elder blossoms, and on the river's bank opposite are wild rose-bushes dropping their petals, pink and white, on forget-me-nots, wild blue geranium, and meadow-rue. Over its stony bed the cur-

THE CLOPTON BRIDGE, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

rent, *in omne volubilis ævum*, keeps for our dull ears the music that it made for Shakespeare, if we could but hear.

> "The Muse, na poet ever fand her,
> Till by himsel' he learn'd to wander
> Adown some trotting burn's meander,
> *An' no think lang.*"

Somewhere along these banks the Stratford boy spied her naked feet moving.

> "O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
> O stay and hear; your true love's coming,
> That can sing both high and low."

UNDER THE WILLOWS.

And somewhere he came on her, and coaxed the secret of her woodland music. But when that meeting was, and how that secret was given, like a true lover, he will never tell.

> "Others abide our question; thou art free:
> We ask and ask; thou smilest and art still."

As we paddle down past Tiddington the willows grow closer. Between their stems you will see, far away on your left, the blue Edge Hills; and to the right, above the Warwick road, a hill surmounted by an obelisk. This is Welcome, and behind it lies Clopton House, a former owner of which, Sir Hugh Clopton, Lord Mayor of London, built in the reign of Henry VII. the long stone bridge of fourteen Gothic arches just above Stratford. And in a minute or two we have passed under it, and are floating down beside the Memorial Theatre, the new Gardens, and the brink of Shakespeare's town.

A man may take pen and ink and write of a place as he will, and the page will, likely enough, be a pretty honest index to his own temperament. But never will it do for another man's reliance. So let it be confessed that for a day we searched Stratford streets, and found nothing of the Shakespeare that we sought. Neither in the famous birthplace in Henley Street—restored "out of all whooping," crammed with worthless mementos, and pencilled over with lesser names; nor in the fussy, inept Memorial Theatre; nor in the New Place, where certain holes, protected with wire gratings, mark what *may* have been the foundations of Shakespeare's house: in none of these could we find him. His name echoed in the market-place, on the lips of guide and sight

seer, and shone on monuments, shops, inns, and banking houses. His effigies were everywhere — in photographs, in statuettes, now doing duty as a tobacco-box (with the bald scalp removable), now as a trade-mark for beer. And even while we despised these things the fault was ours. All the while the colossus stood high above, while we "walked under his huge legs and peep'd about," too near to see.

Nor until we strolled over the meadows to Ann Hathaway's cottage at Shottery with all earth and sky, and all mortal aspirations that rise between them; and knew him also for the Stratford youth treading this very foot-path beside this sweet-smelling hedge toward those elms a mile away, where the red light lingers, and the cottage below them, where already in the window Ann Hathaway trims her lamp. You are to believe that our feet trod airily across those meadows, and our talk was worth listening to. And at the cottage, old Mrs. Baker, last living descendant of the Hathaways, was pleased

THE LOCK AND CHURCH.

did understanding come with the quiet falling of the day. Rarely enough, and never but in the while between sunset and twilight, may a man hear the sky and earth breathing together, and drawing his own small breath ambitiously in tune with them, "feel that he is greater than he knows." But here and at this hour it happened to us that, our hearts being uplifted, we could measure Shakespeare for a moment; could know him for the puissant intelligence that held communion with our reverent behavior, and picked for each of us at parting a sprig of rosemary from her garden for remembrance. God keep her memory as green and as fragrant!

It was easy now to forgive all that before had seemed unworthy in Stratford; easy next morning, standing before Shakespeare's monument, while the sunshine, colored by the eastern window, fell on one particular slab within the chancel rails, to live back for a moment to that April

morning when a Shakespeare had passed from the earth, and earth "must mourn therefor"; to follow his coffin on its short journey from the New Place, between the blossoming limes of the Church Walk, out of the sunlight into the lasting shadow, up the dim nave to this spot; and easy to divine, in the quaint epitaph so often quoted, the man's passionate dread lest his bones might be flung in time to the common charnel-house, the passionate longing to lie here always in this dusky corner, close to his friends and kin and the familiar voices that meant home —the talk of birds in the near elms, the chant of Holy Trinity choir, and, night and day, but a stone's-throw from his resting-place, the whisper of Avon running perpetually.

ANN HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.

For even the wayfarer finds Stratford a hard place to part from. And looking back as we left her, so kindly, so full of memories, giving her haunted streets, her elms, and river-side to the sunshine, but guarding always as a mother the shrine of her great son, I know she will pardon my light words.

The river runs beneath the elms of the church-yard to Lucy's Mill and the first locks. On the mill wall are marked the heights of various great floods. The highest is dated at the beginning of this century; just below is the high-water mark of October 25, 1882. Take the level of this with your eye, and you will wonder that any of Stratford is left standing; and lower down the river the floods are very serious matters to all who live within their reach. If you disbelieve me, read *John Halifax*. "We don't mind them," an old lady told us at Barton, "till the water turns red. Then we know the Stour water is coming down, and begin to shift our furniture." The Arrow, too, that joins the Avon below Bidford, is a great helper of the floods, but rushes down its valley more rapidly than the Stour, and so its flooding is sooner over.

The lock at Stratford is now choked with grass and weed, and the town no longer (to quote the Rev. Richard Jago)

"Hails the freighted Barge from Western Shores,
Rich with the Tribute of a thousand Climes."

The Avon, from Tewkesbury to Stratford, was made navigable in 1637 by Mr. William Sandys, of Fladbury, "at his own proper cost." But the railways have ruined the waterways for a time, and Mr. Sandys's handiwork lies in sore decay. Till Evesham be passed we shall meet with no barges, but with shallows, dismantled locks, broken-down weirs to be shot, and sound ones to be pulled over that will give us excitement enough, and toil too.

Weston upon Avon.

Below the lock we drift under a hanging copse, the Weir Brake, where a pretty foot-path runs for Stratford lovers. Below it, by a cluster of willows, the Stour comes down; and a little further yet stands Luddington, where Shakespeare is said to have been married; but the church and its records have been destroyed by fire. From Luddington you spy Weston-upon-Avon, in Gloucestershire, across the river, the tower of its sturdy perpendicular church peering above the elms that hide it from the river-side throughout the summer.

By Weston our remembrance keeps a picture—a broken lock and weir, an islet or two heavy with purple loosestrife, a swan bathing in the channel between. These were of the foreground. Beyond them, a line of willows hid the flat fields on our right; but on the left rose a steep green slope, topped with poplars and dotted with red cattle; and ahead the red roof of Binton church showed out prettily from the hill-side. As we saw the picture we broke into it, shooting the weir, scaring the swan, and driving her before us to Binton Bridges. By Binton Bridges stands an inn, the *Four Alls*. On its sign-board in gay colors are depicted four figures—the King, the Priest, the Soldier, and the Yeoman; and around them runs this chiming legend:

"Rule all,
Pray all,
Fight all,
Pay all."

We could not remember a place so utterly God-forsaken as this inn beside the bridge, nor a woman so weary of face as its once handsome landlady. She spoke of the inn and its custom in a low, musical voice, that caused Q. to rush out into the yard to hide his pity; and there he found a gig; and sitting down before it, wondered.

Change and decay fill our literature; but we have not explained either. For instance, here was a gig, a soundly built, gayly painted gig. A glance told that it had not been driven a dozen times, that nothing was broken, and that it had been backed into this heap of nettles years ago to rot. It had been rotting ever since. The paint on its sides had blistered, the nettles climbed above its wheels and flourished over its back seat. Still it was a good gig, and the most inexplicable sight that met us on our voyage. Only less desolate than Binton Bridges is Black Cliff, below—a bank covered with crab-trees and thorns and hummocks of sombre grass. It was here that one Palmer, a wife-murderer, drowned his good woman in Avon at the beginning of the century; and the oldest man in Bidford, not far below, remembers seeing a gibbet on the hill-side, with chains and a few bones and rags dangling—all that was left of him. A gate post at the top of the hill on the Evesham road is made of this gibbet, and still groans at night to the horror of the passing native.

The mouth of the Stour.

ELMS BY BIDFORD GRANGE.

Soon we reach Welford, the second and more beautiful Welford, on the river. It stands behind a stiff slope, where now the chestnuts are turning yellow, and the village street is worth your following. It winds by queer old cottages set down in plum and apple orchards; by a modern May-pole; by a little church of stained buff sandstone, with oaken lych-gate and church-yard wall scarcely containing the dead, who already are piled level with its coping; by more queer crazy cottages—and then suddenly melts, ends, disappears in grass. It is as if the end of the world were reached. Of course we wanted to settle down and spend our lives here, but were growing used to the desire by this time, and dragged each other away without serious resistance down to the old mill, where our canoe lay waiting.

WELFORD WEIR AND CHURCH.

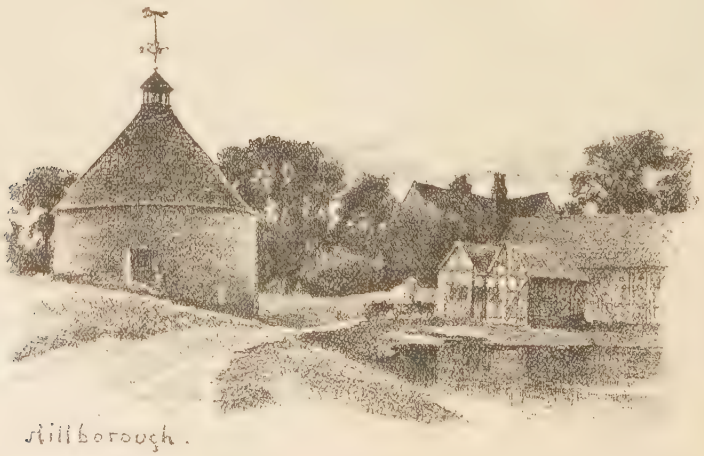
Passing the weir and mill, the river runs under a grassy hill-side, where the trimmed elms give a French look to the landscape. Within sight, in winter, lie the roofs and dove-cotes of Hillborough — "haunted Hillbro'," as Shakespeare called it, but nothing definite is known of the ghost. The local tale says that the poet and some boon companions walked over once to a Whitsun ale at the Falcon Inn, Bidford (just below us), to try their prowess in drinking against the Bidford men. They drank so deeply that night and sleep overtook them before they had staggered a mile on their homeward way, and lying down under a crab-tree beside the road, they slept till morning, when they were awakened by some laborers trudging to their work. His companions were for returning and renewing the carouse, but Shakespeare declined.

"No," said he; "I have had enough; I have drinked with

> "Piping Pebworth, dancing Marston,
> Haunted Hillbro', hungry Grafton,
> Dudging Exhall, papist Wixford,
> Beggarly Broom, and drunken Bidford."

"Of the truth of this story," says Mr. Samuel Ireland, "I have little doubt."

"Of its entire falsehood," says Mr. James Thorne, "I have less. A more absurd tale to father upon Shakespeare



BIDFORD BRIDGE.

was never invented, even by Mr. Ireland or his son."

The reader may decide.

Close by is Bidford Grange, once an important manor-house; and on the left bank of Avon — you may know it by the gray stone dove-cotes—stands Barton, where once dwelt another famous drinker, "Christophero Sly, old Sly's son of Burton heath: by birth a peddler, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker. Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen-pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom." And from Barton hamlet a foot-path leads across the meadows over the old bridge into Bidford.

You are to notice this bridge, not only because the monks of Alcester built it in 1482, to supersede the ford on the old Roman road which crosses the river here, but for a certain stone in its parapet, near the inn window. This stone is worn hol-

OLD THORNS, MARCLEEVE HILL.

CLEEVE MILL—AN AUTUMN FLOOD.

low by thousands of pocket knives that generations of Bidford men have sharpened upon it. For four centuries it has supplied in these parts the small excuse that men need to club and lounge together; and of an evening you may see a score, perhaps, hanging by this end of the bridge and waiting their turn, while the *clink, clink* of the sharpening knife fills the pauses of talk. When at last the stone shall wear all away there will be restlessness and possibly social convulsions in Bidford, unless its place be quickly supplied.

We lingered only to look at the building that in Shakespeare's time was the old Falcon Inn, and soon were paddling due south from Bidford bridge. The Avon now runs straight through big flat meadows toward a steep hill-side, with the hamlet of Marcleeve (or Marlcliff) at its foot. This line of hill borders the river on the south for some miles, and is the edge of a plateau which begins the ascent toward the Cotswold Hills. Seen from the river below, this escarpment is full of varying beauty, here showing a bare scar of green and red marl, here covered with long gray grass and dotted with old thorn and crab trees, here clothed with hanging woods of maple, ash, and other trees, straggled over and smothered with ivy, wild rose, and clematis. By Cleeve mill, where

clouds of sweet-smelling flour issued from the doorway, we disembarked and climbed up between the thorn-trees until upon the ridge we could look back upon the green vale of Evesham, and southward across ploughed fields, and cottages among orchards and elms, to the gray line of the Cotswolds, over which a patch of silver hung, as the day fought hard to regain its morning sunshine. The narrow footway

MEADOWS BY THE AVON.

took us on to Cleeve Priors and through its street—a village all sober, gray, and beautiful. The garden walls, coated with lichen and topped with yellow quinces or a flaming branch of barberry, the tall church tower, the quaintly elaborate grave-stones below it, their scrolls and cherubim overgrown with moss, the clipped yew-trees that abounded in all fantastic shapes, the pigeons wheeling round their dove-cote, and the tall poplar by the manor farm—all these were good; but best of all was the manor farm itself, and the arched yew hedge leading to its Jacobean porch, a marvel to behold. We wished to buy it, and hung long about the entrance counting the cost. But no living man or woman approached us. The village was given up to peace, or sleep, or death.

Returning, we paused on the brow of the slope above Avon for a longer look. At our feet was spread the vale of Evesham; the river, bordered with meadows as green and flat as billiard tables; the stream of Arrow to northward, which rises in the Lickey Hills, and comes down through Alcester to join the Avon here; the villages of Salford Priors and Salford Abbots; farther to the west, among its apple-trees, the roofs and gables of Salford Nunnery, the village of Harvington. And all down the stream, and round the meadows, and in and out of these

> "low farms,
> Poor pelting villages, sheepcotes, and mills,"

are willows innumerable, some polled last year, and looking like green mops, others, with long curved branches ready to be lopped and turned into fence poles next winter, until they are lost in the hills round Evesham, where the dim towers stand up and the bold outline of Bredon Hill shuts out the view of the Severn Valley.

The mound on which we are standing is surmounted by the stone socket of an old cross, and beneath the cross are said to lie many of those who fell on Evesham battle-field; for the vale below was on August 4, 1265, the scene of one of the bloodiest and most decisive conflicts in English history. Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, victor of Lewes, and cham-

HARVINGTON WEIR.

pion of the people's rights, was hastening back by forced marches from Wales, having King Henry III. in his train, a virtual hostage. He was hurrying to meet his son, the young Simon, with re-enforcements from the southeast; but young Simon's troops had been surprised by Prince Edward at Kenilworth in the early morning and massacred in their beds, their leader himself escaping with difficulty, almost naked, in a boat across the lake of Kenilworth Castle. Unconscious of their fate, the old earl reached Evesham on Monday, August 3d, and crossing the bridge into the town, sealed his own doom. For Evesham is a trap. The Avon forms a loop around it, shutting off escape on three sides, while the fourth is blocked by an eminence called the Green. And while yet Simon and his king were feasting and making merry in Evesham Abbey, Edward's troops were crossing the river here at Cleeve Ford in the darkness, and moving on their sure prey.

A strange and horrible darkness lay over the land on that fatal Tuesday morning, shrouding the sun, and hiding their books from the monks of Evesham as they sang in the choir. The soldiers at their breakfast could scarcely see the meats on the board before them. They were ready to start again; but before the march began, banners and lances and moving troops were spied on the crest of the Green Hill, coming toward the town.

"It is my son," cried Simon; "fear not. But nevertheless look out, lest we be deceived."

Nicholas, the earl's barber, being expert in the cognizance of arms, ascended the bell tower of the abbey, and soon detected among the friendly banners that were, in fact, but trophies of the raid at Kenilworth, the "three lions" of Prince Edward and the royalists. The alarm was given, but it was quickly seen that Simon's army would be utterly outnumbered.

"By the arm of St. James," cried the old warrior, "they come on well! But it was from me," he added, with a touch of soldierly pride—"it was from me they learned it." But a glance showed the hopelessness of resisting this array with a handful of horse and a mob of wild Welshmen. "Let us commend our souls to God," he said to his followers, "for our bodies are the foe's."

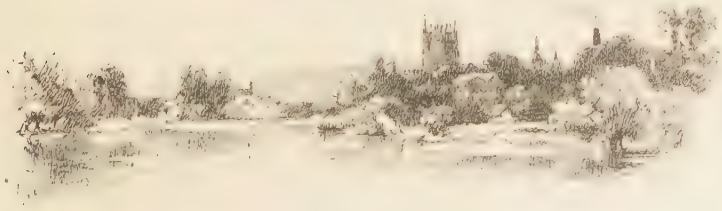
And so he went forth; and while the Welsh fled like sheep at the first onset, cut down in standing corn and flowery garden, the old warrior of sixty-five hewed his way "like an impregnable tower" to the top of the Green Hill, until one by one his friends had dropped beside him; then at the summit his horse fell too, and disdaining surrender, hemmed in by twelve knights, he was struck down by a lance wound. "It is God's will," he said, and died. And whilst the butchery went on, and the Welshmen fled homeward through Pershre to Tewkesbury, where the citizens cut them down in the streets, and whilst the darkness broke in drenching rain and blinding lightning, Simon's head was

WILLOW POLLARDING

lopped off, and carried on a pole in triumph to Wigmore.

"Such was the murder of Evesham, for battle none it was," sings Robert of Gloucester. And as the sun breaks through and turns the gray day to silver, we pass on either hand memorials of that massacre. By Harvington mill and weir, where the sand-pipers flit before us, and by the spot where now stand the Fish and Anchor Inn and a row of anglers, Edward's soldiery marched down through the night.

At Offenham, where now is a Bridge Inn, and where tradition says a bridge once stood, they crossed the river again. On the opposite bank the slaughter was heaviest, and Dead Man Eyot, a small willowy island here, won its name on that day. The sheep are feeding now in that "odd angle of the isle" that then was piled high with corpses. And so we come to a high railway embankment, and thence to a bridge, and the beautiful bell tower comes into view, soaring above the mills and roofs of Evesham.



EVESHAM, FROM THE RIVER.

LADIES OF FASHION AND THEIR DOCTORS.—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

(*Scene:* The waiting-room of a fashionable physician.)

FAIR PATIENT (*just ushered in*): "What—*you* here, Lizzie!—why, ain't you *well?*"

SECOND DITTO: "Perfectly, thanks! but what's the matter with *you*, dear?"

FIRST DITTO: "Oh, nothing whatever—I'm as right as possible, dearie."

Editor's Easy Chair.

IF the family of the Honorable Elijah Pogram should erect in a cemetery a monument to commemorate his virtues and career, it might be a tribute of personal affection, but it would represent no public feeling. But a public memorial or even statue of such an example "of the greatest men in this or in any other country," as Mr. Pogram was glowingly said to be, would be an instructive monument of the public taste and standards of character. Yet, if a bill recently introduced into the New York Legislature should ever become a law, it would expose the community both to the distressing possibility and responsibility of a statue of Pogram.

The bill provided that fifty thousand dollars should be appropriated annually for the erection of monuments to prominent Americans. It is as startling a proposition as that the same amount should be appropriated annually for the purchase of pictures. What luxuriance of jobbery would ensue! What an extraordinary gallery would be collected! What an enduring monument of tastelessness, folly, and extravagance would be the result! If such a bill should become law, there would begin at once an enormous intrigue of various interests to secure the prize. The "dead beats" of the studios—the incapable, the inferior—would begin to draw their parallels and open their trenches. Cabals and bargains and conspiracies would flourish on every hand. The power of the possessors of influence and votes to withstand liberal offers would be sorely tested. From such an age of gold, even, Astræa would shrink and prepare for flight, when everywhere the form of Pogram as a hero, a statesman, a poet, a philosopher, began to smile upon us from above a pedestal which informed us that a grateful people recognize and revere their benefactors.

For who should decide who are prominent Americans? Twenty years ago, had such a law been passed, the first prominent American whom the Legislature would have selected for honorable commemoration would have been that friend of the poor, that giver of coal to the shivering, that decorator of city squares with fragrant flowers, that patriot and public-spirited citizen—Tweed. The Governor of that day would have approved the choice, and a multitude of journals would have been silent, or would have commended the commemoration of a representative American. Somebody must select a committee to decree the honor of a statue, or would the Legislature perform that task? Whether the Legislature voted directly upon nominations for the honor made in open session, or delegated the choice to a committee, the result would be the same. A Legislature capable of passing such a law would be incapable of providing wisely for its execution.

Is it said that Pogram is quite as respectable a figure for a statue as the Serene Archducal Highnesses who prance on bronze horses in the squares of petty foreign towns, or even in great capitals? Let it be granted; but are the images of commonplace or disreputable sovereigns erected by themselves at the public expense, the models which the sovereign people are to copy for their own glory? Because the capital of the duchy of Schrecklich-Pumpernickel is content to be decorated with the statue of an insignificant prince whom it did not choose and cannot avoid, shall New York proclaim in enduring marble or bronze that Pogram is the man it delights to honor?

What is the meaning of a public statue? It is simply that the public honors the virtues and services of the man whom it commemorates. The community celebrates him as the type of its worthy citizens. It commends him to ingenuous youth as the man whom they should emulate, and it stimulates a nobler public spirit by testifying in the statues of noble men that it reveres nobility of character and unselfish public service. If a man be known by his friends, a community is measured by the men whom it honors. Thus, the city of New York is justly judged by those whom it selects as its legislative representatives. They may not fairly represent all its character and genius and power, but they do represent the acquiescence of that character in those who are officially its substitutes. If that character feels itself to be misrepresented, it will not endure the situation; and if in that case it cannot change the situation, the reason is that the representatives, and not the character, genius, and power, stand

for the dominant force of the community. If the statue that was proposed for Tweed, and for which the subscriptions were made, had been erected, it would have been a true image of the city that tolerated him. If the State should appropriate fifty thousand dollars every year to be expended for monuments of prominent Americans, the monuments would be chiefly interesting as a revelation of the qualities that the State really honors.

Dickens wrote *Chuzzlewit* in a pout—that is to say, it was the overflow of the disappointment of his first visit to this country, when we wined him and dined him, and turned a deaf ear to his plea for copyright. But it was the disappointment of genius—a genius of sharp insight and satiric humor. The shafts he flew at us were winged from our own feathers, and it was always a question whether we did not resent *Chuzzlewit* and wince so hotly because we felt the story to be so true. Undoubtedly there was little grasp in it of the real significance of America, and little perception of the latent forces that were ultimately to correct the very defects that he immortalized with scorn. For whatever this country might have been fifty years ago, it was not ridiculous. Pogram, indeed, was predominant and undeniable. He was in full evidence, as our French brethren say, and the sneer at him stung us all, but not because he was a symbol of America.

It is in precisely the circles and amid the influences to which this extraordinary bill would commit the selection of prominent Americans to be honored that Pogram still lingers as one of the greatest men in this or any other country. But the erection of statues and monuments is better left to the action of citizens as individuals than as the State. As the bill was offered in the Legislature, the announcement was made that the private subscription for a statue of General Sherman was closed. Within four or five weeks after his death, it amounted almost to the sum which the bill proposed for a general erection of statues. It was an instinctive offering of admiration, affection, and gratitude to a citizen of invaluable public service and spotless character, who is sincerely honored, and who may be most justly commended to the respect of the future America. When Americans are so truly prominent as Sherman, the gratitude of their countrymen will voluntarily build their monument, and without that instinctive action should such monuments be built?

In a charming paper in the *Sketch-Book*, Irving describes some of the simple and traditional customs at rural funerals in England. Before the body of a young girl unmarried, a chaplet of white roses was borne. In some parts of the country the dead were carried to the grave with the singing of psalms and hymns—a triumphal strain as of conquerors who had finished their course with joy. Graves were often decorated with flowers as on our memorial day, and the poets are full of verses associating the beauty of flowers with death. But the sympathetic observer says: "Few pageants can be more stately and frigid than an English funeral in town. It is made up of show and gloomy parade—mourning-carriages, mourning-plumes, and hireling mourners, who make a mockery of grief."

It is pleasant in other lands to see the regard for a common humanity which is shown by the respectful and universal courtesy of every person when the funeral procession passes. Sometimes in England the rural traveller turned and followed the mourners for a little way, then resumed his journey. It is a courtesy like the sober bow exchanged by strangers on solitary country roads in New England. It is a recognition of human fraternity between those who never met before, who do not know each others' names, and who shall never meet again. The stranger who pauses and raises his hat as the funeral passes testifies his sympathy with a sorrow which he has known and shall yet know—the great sorrow of the race.

It is a sad commentary on a Christian community, which takes that distinctive title from a religion whose founder is called the Consoler, because His word plucks the sting from death, that it surrounds death with every circumstance of woe and gloom. The distinctive ministry of the faith seems to fail at the very point to which it is especially addressed. The natural Christian tone at the burial of the dead would seem to be the cheer that springs from the thought of immortality—a sublime hope, a tender resignation. The Christian thought in that hour should instinctively dwell upon the soul, not

upon the body, and the simplest and most unostentatious rite of burial would seem to be the most truly Christian. But the ostentation of Christian funerals has become so great that burial reform associations are formed, both in this country and in England, to relieve the poor of the painful and needless cost which, from mistaken respect for the dead, they will not spare so long as ostentation is the custom.

The funeral display springs from that error. It is thought by ignorance to be a sign of honor and affection. The "pauper's funeral" is a vision so repulsive that the recoil is to another extreme. But the pathos of the pauper's funeral is not its plainness; it is its want of feeling; its cold indifference and neglect.

> "Rattle his bones over the stones,
> He's only a pauper whom nobody owns."

The natural sorrow at death really seeks no display, and therefore intelligence should relieve ignorance of conformity to a fancied necessity by insisting upon the utmost simplicity at funerals. This is the wholesome object of the reform societies, and the unchristian habit of hopeless symbols and gloomy emblems should be broken by those who have power to break it.

The most common symbol in the cemetery is the most unchristian, for it is a broken column. It is essentially unchristian, because Christianity holds death to be but the gate of heaven, of a better world. It is, indeed, the sorrowful end of visible communion, but it is not the end of the earthly life, it is the beginning of the heavenly, which every symbol and emblem should express. And the impenetrable shroud of crape in which this moving figure is wrapped, does it import faith in resurrection or in destruction? Does it signify repose in the thought of life eternal, or the hopeless gloom of unenlightened despair? Doubtless it signifies the sense of utter loss. It is the sign that sorrow envelops the wife or daughter. It announces that merriment is unwelcome. It spares the friend or acquaintance the pain of asking questions that wound. This is a seemly purpose. But to this end the excess of mourning apparel, the lavish ostentation of crape, is not only not essential, but it is mischievous, for it fosters the extravagance of expense, which the poor cannot bear, and it is repugnant to the Christian instinct.

The Burial Reform Association contemplates mainly economical relief. It aims to prevent the foolish expense of funerals by the example of those to whom such expense would be unimportant. But the scope of the movement extends much farther. It includes the true Christian conception and treatment of the most solemn fact of human life, which is its end. Our funeral customs lay upon it a gross material emphasis. The ostentation, which has increased so rapidly as to suggest the reform societies, is a gaudy parody of sorrow. Why deepen grief by exaggerating the form of its expression? The sorrow of death is so searching that it needs no encouragement. It requires every alleviation which sympathy and serenity and the cheer of religious faith can supply. It is because our funeral customs, from the shroud of crape upon the living to the lavish expense upon the funeral pageant and the broken shaft in the graveyard, are unchristian that they need to be reformed.

Even when the theatre was under the ban, and the player was a kind of moral outcast in the eye of respectability, there was a kindly feeling for him among the less austere. When the Reverend Jeremy Collier fulminated his short view of the immorality and profaneness of the English stage, there was doubtless good reason for his strictures. But such a view is necessarily relative. The theatre of that time still held the mirror up to nature, not in the plays only, but in the players. Vanbrugh and Farquhar, who retorted upon the caustic divine, not only wrote the plays, but illustrated the manners of the time. Collier's onslaught was directed at the "artificial comedy." But if the province of that comedy lay "beyond the diocese of conscience," it only the more truthfully displayed the society which patronized it. The Cavalier was a picturesque figure. The saunterer Charles had a certain gayety and grace of demeanor, and, in contrast with the Puritan, he was more pleasing to the Muse of indolence and easy enjoyment. The theatre reflected the royal court, and Mistress Gwynne was the queen of both.

But although the Dutch William and the earlier Puritan spirit were the ministers of the inevitable purgation, and the

theatre that Collier assailed was necessarily doomed unless civilization were to recede, yet the player still held by a tenure of personal feeling which was never lost. He had a rough welcome on this side of the sea, and the earlier days of the "stage play" in this country were exceedingly bleak. Even until the last generation, the theatre, in certain ways which the older circle of the Chair will remember, still justified the tradition of the time when the Reverend Jeremy opened his batteries. But that has gone, and as the comfortless pit of the old Park Theatre in New York, absolutely shut off from the boxes, has now become the parquet—preferable for convenience of hearing and seeing even to the boxes—so the moral circumstance of the theatre is changed, and "her Majesty's players" are no longer a separate moral class. The Reverend Jeremy Collier might still hesitate to enter the playhouse. But his successors enter it as naturally as a gallery of pictures or of any other art. The revolution of feeling was visibly accomplished when the Reverend Dr. Bellows stood upon the stage of the old Academy of Music and offered the right hand of sympathy to the players.

It was this kindliness of nature, a certain generous catholicity of feeling, which recently drew Mr. Richard Mansfield and his company for an evening to Staten Island. That pleasant suburb or municipal frontier, which Mr. Andrew H. Green desires to incorporate into the metropolis, has many charms. Its inhabitants, with a simplicity not unknown in other rural suburbs, and traditional with islanders, fondly believe their island to be the most attractive spot in the neighborhood of the city. But the most daring islander has never alleged that its theatre was superior to all other theatres. In fact, although the heroic Staten-Islander recoils from no arduous assertion, this would surely tax his courage, for the reason that there is no theatre. All the more gracious, therefore, was the bounty of Mr. Mansfield, who, to aid the Winter Library, founded by Mr. William Winter in memory of his son, a noble child too early lost, crossed the bay with all that makes a theatre except the building, and gave the most complete and delightful dramatic performance in the annals of the island.

There have been, indeed, admirable amateur plays in that happy region, to which the recollection of the Easy Chair does full justice. If any other suburb has such "amateur talent" as Staten Island, Staten Island has not heard of it: and if that island talent should choose to challenge the metropolitan stage, the metropolitan stage might well tremble for the result. But that joust is not yet set, and perhaps the visit of Mr. Mansfield will induce the island to spare the city yet awhile.

The play was *Prince Karl*, one of the dramas of high spirits, like the chapters of Dickens's stories where the impression is simply of rollicking fun. The dramatic unities and the probabilities are very properly shown the door in such plays as having no part in the business in hand. The effect depends wholly on the promptness, intelligence, and sympathy of the players, and all these conditions were never more fully satisfied than in this performance of *Prince Karl*. The readiness and precision with which every situation was seized, and every opportunity developed with the utmost vivacity, were delightful. The illusion was complete. The company played as if in their own theatre with every resource, and never, even under those circumstances, could they have played with more spirit.

Mr. Mansfield, who, as Beau Brummel and Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, is the dramatic hero of the hour, displayed his remarkable versatility with the naturalness of action and freedom from exaggeration which are among his excellent qualities. His mimicry of private musical artists was irresistibly ludicrous, and proceeded amid peals of laughter. The effect of the droll play, which extends to four acts with unabated humor, and the liveliness of the acting throughout, showed how entirely the prosperity of a play is in the actor, because the test of his acting is the ability to command the sympathy of his audience. The modern theatre is so fully upholstered that the scenery and setting seem almost to dispute the eye with the players. But although the setting of *Prince Karl* was of the extremest economy, the most sumptuous appointments would not have added to the effect or the enjoyment of the merry scene. Scenery and setting may please the eye, but the art of the player does not require them, and without that art the scenery is a pointless pageant. The Easy Chair saw the elder Booth literally in a barn, but the terrible impression of his Sir Edward

Mortimer and Sir Giles Overreach does not fade. The most sumptuous and carefully historic setting could hardly have made Garrick's great effects greater than they were. "What we want," said Mr. Mansfield, "is silence, not scenery."

It was a bright evening that he gave to Staten Island, and its purpose was another illustration of the quality of the fraternity to which he belongs—the generosity of the player. Perhaps some of the charm of Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle lies in the sympathy between the nature of players and of the loiterer himself. It is a character which the player instinctively apprehends, and in which the spectator also recognizes something of the player's own disposition. It cannot be said that in the hilarious little drama of *Prince Karl* the especial character of the actors could be discerned. But it is certain that in the delightfully lightsome performance the kind heart and large sympathy of players, which story and song commemorate, were once more and most happily displayed. Of the artificial comedy Lamb said that modern times could not bear it. But of Mr. Mansfield and his company—how much Staten Island could bear!

MEDITATING in the Easy Chair on Easter Eve, the preacher observes that two things were remarkable on Good Friday of this year. In Connecticut, the State in which the austerest Puritanism longest survived, Good Friday was observed as Fast-day, and in Hartford the publication of the evening papers was suspended. In New York, in which the Church of England has always "reared its mitred front," ministers of various other Christian denominations preached on Good Friday in an Episcopal pulpit. What consequences may ensue and be known when this Magazine is published cannot be foreseen at this writing, nor are they within the province of the Chair. But the coincidence is in itself remarkable. Old Judge Sewell used to sigh even over the very subdued joy of Christmas in New England. But could he have foreseen that Good Friday, even with papistical hot cross buns, would be observed in uncompromising Connecticut, although his Puritan anguish would have been great, it might have been a little assuaged by the knowledge that it would be solemnized as a fast.

The proposition in the Legislature of New York to make Good Friday a legal holiday is another fact that will be pondered in many easy-chairs. Another holiday might be welcome in our busy life, but would such an act of the Legislature be evidence of increasing religious feeling? The Church days, as they are called, have pleasing names, even if they are not generally comprehended. How many of us know what Lady-day is? How many, until they look for it, understand that it is the day of the Annunciation, which the old painters glowingly celebrated on canvases now more precious than cloth of gold? Then there are the Ember-days. Does even the first class in Trinity Sunday-school know what they are? The saints' days in the calendar have gentle titles, as Saint Lucia's, Saint Rose of Lima's, Saint Elizabeth's, Cecilia's, Catherine's. The first class may tell the story of these saints—if it can. In the old time in Italy, perhaps forty years ago, the sudden ringing of a church bell in Florence, or at Fiesole, or high up among the vineyards on Lake Lugano, announced a saint's day. Sometimes the vetturino, as the equipage tinkled along the road, crossed himself, but generally he did not. The Italian air is full of sights and sounds that recall the Church; semper, ubique, omnibus, ring the bells, loud and low, far and near, and constantly, by day and by night.

But for all the music of the bells, Italian life was not better than life in lands where ringing bells do not incessantly importune. The story of Italy under the Borgias, or even under the Austrians and the Pope not many years ago, is not the story of an ideal Christian land. Even in those golden days of travel, when the chapel bells rang over the vineyards and the Miserere was sung on Good Friday amid darkening candles in the Sistine Chapel, there was a voice which the son of Roger Williams heard through all the singing and the chanting, "Not he that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, but he that doeth the will."

Easter Sunday and anxiety about new bonnets do not accord. It is not the day, but the good that we do on the day, which is vital. Among savages on a desert island, if a man had lost reckoning of the whole calendar, and knew not Lady-day from an Ember-day, yet if he went about doing good and enlightening the dark souls around him, the whole year would

be a long holyday, and the life a holy life.

The Puritan iconoclasticism which tore from church walls pictures of the lovely Madonna, and gave images and rosaries and crucifixes to be burned, which built the desolate, bare, ugly meeting-houses of early New England, and scowled with Bradford on the Christmas games, was simply a declaration that the multiplication of pictures and rosaries and images had not made men and women more truthful, upright, liberty-loving, and self-denying; had not yet purified and ennobled human life in England. Perhaps they were doing the good work, but imperceptibly to the eager Puritans. Saints' days and rosaries, they said, will not bring a heaven upon earth. There are probably enough dead saints in the calendar to make a saint's day of every day in the year. But what we need, brethren, is not so much days for the saints, as saints for the days.

Editor's Study.

I.

WE believe the new edition of Mr. Lowell's works is the first to bring his writings in the different kinds together with anything like completeness. It has a greater completeness, he confesses in one of his prefaces, than he likes; he reprints some of his earlier pieces because, "owing to the unjust distinction made by the law between literary and other property," they will be reprinted by some one. The reader will scarcely share his sense of hardship in this; though the law that limits an author's control of his writings is none the less unfair and impudently sophistical.

The "early indiscretions," as Mr. Lowell calls them, help to swell the bulk of his poems to four volumes; then there are four volumes of literary essays, a volume of literary and political addresses, and a volume of political essays. The revision of the work in either of these sorts is apparently very cursory, and the changes of the slightest. Doubtless something of temperament, something of habit, and something of instinct have prevailed with him to leave the pieces as he wrote them, in the shape that the glowing metal first took as it lost the heat of his mind. Of all our literary men he has wrought most in the tradition of the ideal poet: the form with him has been part of the inspiration, and it is said that whenever he has changed the form, in more critical moments, he has afterward changed it back in moments more critical still. The result is proof of the fact that the imagination is no bad critic, or that the old-fashioned division of the mind into the imaginative and the critical faculties, as if it were built in water-tight compartments, is altogether fantastic. The two operate inseparably together, the difference between Mr. Lowell's method and that of some others being simply that the imagination is more active with him in the vision, and with them in the revision. He has little or nothing to say about his work, now that all is done. There are two pages of prefatory note for the four volumes of poems; two for the four volumes of literary essays; none at all for the other things. But the work continually talks about itself, especially the prose, where the scholarly ease, the intellectual intimacy, the impersonal familiarity, win the reader and endear the writer. We cannot always be up to the high humors of the Muse; some of us cannot follow her on the ethereal tops; but no one is averse to an arm-chair by the fire, a lamp at the elbow, and a book in the hand of a friend who reads all literature into and out of it. The essays are full of those confidences which such safety from the world and the weather invites to; and perhaps one who should declare that the real Lowell was to be found in them would not merit instant death. There are several real Lowells, the culprit might urge; and he could hedge, with no great loss of consistency, in owning that there was one in every kind of literature that our author has attempted. In fact, the sense of genuineness, of sincerity in all things, of impatience with affectation of any sort, is the sense that remains with the reader. Sometimes there is compression and abruptness, but there is never superfluity; there might often have been more with great advantage, there could not have been less without loss. There are certain expressions, especially in the

poetry, that seem driven too far, or forced a little too violently to the service they are made to do; the thought overloads the phrase; but there is nowhere weakness or emptiness. As time goes on from the earlier to the later work, both in the verse and in the prose, these faults, if they are faults, disappear, and there is a mellow richness in it all, a harmony in the thought and the word, a fusion of all harsh splendors into one clear serenity. In the performance of every writer, of every artist, there are at times turns of good fortune, and these may occur in his earliest as well as his latest performance. But it is when his felicity becomes characteristic, when his prosperity is habitual, that he is approved a master.

II.

Any one wishing to make that study of Mr. Lowell's books which these strait limits will not allow would find such a pleasure in the inquiry as only the peculiar combination of qualities in him can give. His complexity is very simple, when once you have the key to it, and the final agreement between his contradictions is perfect. He is one who is always talking or singing about the ideal, but no one ever loved better to feel the honest earth under his feet. He likes to imagine flight; he approves of flying, admires, advises it; but he understands very well that, in matters of art, legs were made before wings; and that a steady pace carries one to the ends of the knowable world.

No realist ever felt reality more keenly than he, or strove more faithfully, more triumphantly, to get the light of its homely, heavenly countenance into literature. He is, of all things, a scholar; but he is naturally at such war with pedantry that he seems tempted at times to snub scholarship, and trust himself wholly to that basal common-sense which he loves in common men. His thought flows as naturally in the parlance that he caught from the lips of the wagoners and ploughmen of the rustic village Cambridge once was as in "the language of Shakespeare and Milton"; there are passages of the *Biglow Papers* that match the finest in the *Commemoration Ode*, or the *Agassiz*. In the last analysis Hosea Biglow and Sir Launfal are of the same make; the same heart, the same soul is in them both. No author more frequently reminds the reader that though God made us in His own image, He made us out of the dust of the earth, and his abiding sense of humanity as Divinity imagined it keeps his lightest laughter sweet. He makes merry with men's foibles, but he never makes a mock of them as some other great humorists do, disheartening and corrupting with the cynicism that likens folly with wisdom and evil with good, and finds all one. There is, so far as we remember, not one touch of cynicism in all that he has written; and for this reason, as a satirist he stands not only foremost but alone in our language. The sense of his pre-eminence in this sort is so strong at times as to make one forget his excellence in others; and it is well once in a way to consider the variety of his achievement in the works that testify to it. In fact, when one has said satirist, the word seems to minimize, or at least to misstate his *Biglow Papers*. He is there such a satirist, or in such a way, as Cervantes was: his humor does not merely criticise, it creates. Hosea Biglow, Birdofreedom Sawin, and Homer Wilbur are enduring and delightful types because they came from the real people out-of-doors, who always seem commonplace to the casual or unsympathetic eye. We said create, when we meant discover, or divine; and we do not suppose that the most powerful "genius" after training itself into condition by the most assiduous intellectual athletics could create such types. With God all things are possible, but men are limited, and in literature the recognizable figures are those whose likeness we have seen before, in ourselves, in others. It is such figures that outlast all conditions, and that embody and perpetuate them to the imagination of after-time. The Spain of Cervantes is conceivable to us from the characters he found there, and the New England of the Mexican War and the Secession has nowhere graven itself in literature so distinctly and enduringly as in the verse of our great humorist.

III.

Mr. Lowell is always a humorist, as we were trying to say, if a humorist is one who beyond other men sees both sides of every question and is haunted by the consciousness of the absurdity that lurks in all aspects of human affairs. You are aware of this all-round perception in him, whatever matter he is handling, and of its complete accord with reverence and honor where these are due. In this he is

like some man of the great Elizabethan group; there is the freshness and largeness of those days in his diction, and that near neighborhood of heart and mind in his work which enabled them to leave the warmth of a living touch on any theme they handled. He views men and things with an impassioned reason; or, as the common phrase has it, he *feels* what he says. This is true not only of his literary opinions, but it is true, as well, of his judgments of public questions, which he always regarded with a vision almost prophetic in its scope. He is never a very good hater; his enemy too often amuses him for that; he is conscious that he might be some such man as his enemy in his enemy's place; and that his enemy is probably not such a bad fellow as he would like to make himself out. But if he is not a good hater (a stupid kind of creature, in spite of Dr. Johnson), he is one of the best and wisest lovers that ever were. It is not easy to see the virtues of a friend; but Mr. Lowell has this gift, and he uses it for us again and again in those poems which celebrate this one or that one he loves. The characterizations in the *Fable for Critics* are witnesses of the fact both as to friends and foes; and in those of the *Agassiz* the persons are sketched with an accuracy and truth which only a generous affection could have inspired. The climate of Cambridge, which is in some respects less agreeable than could be wished, seems always to have been favorable to the cultivation of the manly kindness that flowers so often in Mr. Lowell's verse. The harmony of his contradictions is nowhere more apparent than in what may be called his poems of friendship. The sympathies that are made to go round all humanity are said to be found rather thin at times for the wear and tear of everyday use; and the philanthropist, by some observers, has been accounted an inadequate neighbor. But it is certainly not so in Mr. Lowell's case. He gave himself wholly to a cause, the cause of freedom, at one period of his life; but men never became Man to him, not even black men; in spite of his explicit preference for types, he seems always to have liked characters a little better.

The student of his life will find nothing more important in it than the antislavery passage, which it would be a gross misconception to think of as an episode. It seemed to close with the end of slavery, for he was not of those who belabor a dead dog, to give him a realizing sense that there is a punishment after death. But the spirit that moved him, against tradition and association and interest, to take the side of the weak and the poor, has really been the guiding motive of his life. As he is above all things, however, a humorist, he does not fail to see the verge where the sublime touches the ridiculous, and he makes laughter his weapon against the wrong, and his defence, in the last resort, against the right even in himself; for nothing is so apt to "work like madness in the brain" as a sense of absolute and perfect right. He never, apparently, had this; he always saw the other side, with that circumvision of the humorist which forbids any prophet strictly to follow the slant of his own nose. If the ingredients had been less kindly mixed in him, the world might have had another humorist like Swift, or like Heine; that is, if there had been less heart or less conscience in him. But as there was so much heart and so much conscience we had Lowell; we had not the *Tale of a Tub*, or *Atta Troll*, but the *Biglow Papers*, and all that smiling translucence which everywhere breaks through his phrase.

Probably no one, at the bottom of his soul, ever disliked convention more than he; yet every now and then he has a conscience even about convention, and especially in his later writings you find him taking a brace, and bringing himself up in behalf of the established, because it is the established. Yet give his conscience a little more time, and it works him back to his original attitude, as when, after due respect to the old, the historic in English affairs, expressed in this or that dedication of bust or statue, he finds himself saying to an English audience that democracy is the hope and the social salvation of the race.

To the short-sighted there may seem a prevalence of whimsicality in his intellectual temperament, as there so often is in its literary expression; but it will not seem so to those whose perception can compass the whole truth as to human motive. It is not always high noon or midnight with any man but a madman; the sane all have their small hours and their little halves and quarters of hours; and the fractions and subdivisions rather abound in Mr. Lowell.

He is true Elizabethan in his fondness

for a quip, a quirk; and he will sometimes stay large discourse to have his smile at a vagrant humor flitting over the surface of his thought. Solemn persons may find this a trial, but no wise person will; for all who have lived with their eyes open have seen life itself as desultory and capricious at the most momentous junctures. Besides, to the mind of the humorist, especially if he be a great poet, no idea presents itself simply, but with a rich variety of color, and with endless implications. Some sense of this he cannot help imparting: the difference of humor and poetry from dulness and prose obliges him. But perhaps because dulness and prose have their rightful place in the world, there will always be some misgiving, some dispute, about Mr. Lowell's attitude in these matters. He is not a man whom all men can agree about. Some who nurtured themselves upon his heroic moods, his utterances for freedom and humanity, censure him for having faltered from his faith in humanity because he has not kept repeating it like a creed. But if any doubter will look at his work as a whole, we do not think he can fail to disabuse himself of his errors, unless they are wilful. Of course it concerns him rather than the author to do this: the poet, humorist, critic, publicist, who is as apt to be all of these together as one at a time, is safe enough from his mistake. The spirit of Mr. Lowell's work is one and the same from first to last, and in an unfailing sincerity it has the only valuable, the only possible consistency.

IV.

Of constructive satire such as his we have had little or nothing since his time; perhaps he is the last of a great line; but other sorts we seem not likely to lack. In fact we are at present developing a rather novel variety: the satire that accrues to a thing from the worship of its admirers. We have lately seen how damaging Mr. McAllister could make himself to the best society of New York by his devout portrayal of it, and now another devotee of fashion is trying to play the part of iconoclast with the ideal of gentleman. *Gentlemen* is what he calls his book, which comes to us with all the graces of Mr. De Vinne's press; and he assumes to tell whatever is worth knowing about the art of being a gentleman, in dress, manners, morals, and mind. The treatise has not the charm of Castiglione's *Courtier*, and yet it is delightful reading, in its way, which tries hard not to be the way of other behavior books. It is not easy to avoid this; if we can believe the unknown author of *Gentlemen*, he abhors nothing so much as vulgarity; yet he begins his instructions in dress by saying, "With judgment and economy one can be something of a dresser."

When he passes to graver matters, to customs and conduct, he tells us that "a body-coat should never be removed in the presence of ladies," unless a gentleman is pressed to appear in his shirt sleeves without a dissenting voice; and he should not "remain to a meal" unless he has made at least five calls in the house where he is asked. When seated beside a lady on a sofa he must not cross his legs; and "the conversation should be of a sensible topic, or if amusing, it should be at least interesting." "Unless you can do it gracefully, do not execute a dance, or attempt to imitate stage performers;" and at dinner, never rise before your host or hostess. In waltzing, "place your right hand at the lady's back below the lower ends of the shoulder-blades"; and never on any occasion "bite the lips, or pick the teeth, as both distort the face. Never use the eyes in a flirtatious manner, as it is very poor taste, and shows conceit."

The intending gentleman is not left without sound advice on more serious points; he is urged not "to take advantage of being alone with a lady in a carriage to address her in any way too familiar to be polite"; he must kiss no one but his betrothed, or his wife, or his blood-relations, not even a very old friend. But in making an offer of marriage, "when the lady replies affirmatively, immediately clasp her in your arms." This must always be done, and the most impetuous lover must not forget it.

V.

Such is the manner and such the matter of the latest advice to *Gentlemen*. We had our doubts, in reading it, whether the author was not laughing in the sleeve of that body-coat which nothing would induce him to remove in the presence of ladies; but on the whole we incline to think he is not joking. To turn from this great world of *Gentlemen*, to the small, lowly sphere where Miss Wilkins's humble folk have their being, is a vast change,

but there is a kind of consolation in it. Here at least are real interests, passions, ambitions; and yonder there do not seem to be any. The scenes of *A New England Nun and Other Stories* are laid in that land of little village houses which the author of *A Humble Romance* has made her own. The record never strays beyond; there is hardly a person in the dramas who does not work for a living; the tragedies and comedies are those of the simplest and commonest people, who speak a crabbed Yankee through their noses, and whose dress and address would be alike shocking to *Gentlemen*. Still they may be borne with, at least in the hands of an artist such as Miss Wilkins has shown herself to be. We are not sure that there is anything better in this volume than in her first; we note the same powers, the same weaknesses; the never-erring eye, the sometimes mistaken fancy. The figures are drawn with the same exquisitely satisfying veracity; but about half the time we doubt whether they would do what they are shown doing. We have a lurking fear at moments that Miss Wilkins would like to write entirely romantic stories about these honest people of hers; but her own love of truth and her perfect knowledge of such life as theirs forbid her actually to do this. There is apparently a conflict of purposes in her sketches which gives her art an undecided effect, or a divided effect, as in certain of them where we make the acquaintance of her characters in their village of little houses, and lose it in the No Man's Land of exaggerated action and conventional emotion. In the interest of her art, which is so perfectly satisfying in the service of reality, it could almost be wished that she might once write a thoroughly romantic story, and wreak in it all the impulses she has in that direction. Then perhaps she might return to the right exercise of a gift which is one of the most precious in fiction. But perhaps this could not happen; perhaps the Study is itself romantic in imagining such a thing. It may be that we shall always have to content ourselves with now a story of the real and unreal mixed, and now one of unmixed reality, such as Miss Wilkins alone can give us. At any rate her future is not in the keeping of criticism, to shape or to direct. Who can forecast the course of such a talent? Not even the talent itself; and what we must be grateful for is what it has already given us in the two volumes of tales, which are as good in their way as anything ever done amongst us; that is, among any people. In form they instinctively approach that of the best work everywhere in the fine detail of the handling; but in spirit they are distinctively ours. The humor is American, and they are almost all humorously imagined, with a sort of direct reference to the facts of the usual rustic American experience. The life of the human heart, its affections, its hopes, its fears, however these mask themselves from low to high, or high to low, is always the same, in every time and land; but in each it has a special physiognomy. What our artist has done is to catch the American look of life, so that if her miniatures remain to other ages they shall know just the expression of that vast average of Americans who do the hard work of the country, and live narrowly on their small earnings and savings. If there is no gayety in that look, it is because the face of hard work is always sober, and because the consciousness of merciless fortuities and inexorable responsibilities comes early and stays late with our people.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 14th of April.—In California Charles N. Felton was elected United States Senator, March 19th, to succeed the late Senator George Hearst.

In Rhode Island, March 12th, Governor John W. Davis was nominated by the Democrats for re-election. The elections in that State occurred April 1st, but none of the candidates for State offices receiving a majority of votes, the choice of these officers, including the Governor, devolved upon the Legislature.

George F. Edmunds, of Vermont, resigned from the United States Senate April 7th, his resignation to take effect November 1st.

President Harrison, April 13th, appointed Enos H. Nebeker, of Indiana, to be Treasurer of the United States in place of J. N. Huston, resigned.

On the 14th of April President Harrison with a party left Washington for a trip to the far West.

The election in Chicago April 7th resulted in the choice of Hempstead Washburne, Republican, as Mayor of that city.

Eleven Italians, accused of the murder at New Orleans of Chief-of-Police Hennessy, six of whom had been acquitted by a jury, were lynched in the

parish prison of New Orleans March 14th. The lynching was performed by a vigilance committee, of which many prominent citizens were members. This act was regarded by the Italian government as a violation of the treaty in force between the United States and Italy, which secures to Italian subjects residing in the United States the same protection that is enjoyed by American citizens. A demand was therefore made through the Italian minister at Washington (1) that an official assurance should be given by the federal government that the guilty parties should be brought to justice, and (2) that an indemnity should be paid to the relatives of the victims. To this demand the Secretary of State replied that the government of the United States could not give the assurance that the alleged criminals should be punished, since it is provided by the federal Constitution that such persons "shall enjoy the right of a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed." With reference to the second point in the demand, assurance was given that the government recognizes the principle of indemnity to such Italian subjects as may have been wronged by the violation of the rights secured to them under the treaty between the two countries. On the 31st of March, this reply being unsatisfactory to the Italian government, Baron Fava, the Italian minister to the United States, was recalled by King Humbert. Italian affairs at Washington were left in charge of a secretary of legation, and Baron Fava sailed for Europe on the 11th of April.

Hungarian strikers in the Connellsville coke region, Pennsylvania, engaged in a riot at Morewood April 2d. A company of deputy sheriffs who had been called out to quell the disturbance fired upon the rioters, killing eleven Hungarians and wounding over forty.

Much agitation prevailed in Newfoundland on account of the recognition by the British government of certain French rights in that island granted under the Treaty of Utrecht, and especially on account of the employment of force to prevent the Newfoundlanders from interfering with those rights.

The war in Chili continued. Several battles were fought, resulting generally in favor of the insurgent forces. The elections held in that country April 1st gave decided majorities to the Liberals.

The political excitement in Ireland resulting from the division in the Irish Parliamentary party still continued. An election held in North Sligo April 2d, to fill a vacancy in the House of Commons, resulted in favor of the anti-Parnellites.

The Bulgarian Minister of Finances, M. Baltcheff, was assassinated in Sofia March 27th. Thirty persons were arrested on suspicion of complicity in the affair.

It was reported March 21st that a treaty of alliance between Russia and France had been ratified by the Czar. The Russian forces were being massed in large numbers near the western frontier.

A Russian war ship laden with railroad material, and carrying "military workmen," was stopped in the Dardanelles April 14th, by order of the Turkish authorities, but was soon released, after a vigorous protest from the Russian ambassador.

News from Calcutta, March 30th, of a two days' battle at Manipur, in the province of Assam, between a force of native infantry in the British service and a number of rebellious tribes; 470 of the former were killed, and eight British officers were reported missing. Later despatches reported that 200 native troops and 80 British soldiers, hastening to the assistance of their friends at Manipur, had been attacked by the insurgents in a narrow pass, and all of them slain.—Advices were received April 9th giving the particulars of another engagement with the Manipuris, in which the British gained a decided victory, obliging the rebellious tribesmen to acknowledge their authority and to sue for peace.

Despatches from Madagascar, received March 24th, stated that the Governor of the province of Belanona, whose massacre of 278 of his subjects was noticed in our record for May, had been executed for his crime.

DISASTERS.

March 15th.—The steamer *Roxburgh Castle* collided with the ship *British Peer* off the Scilly Islands and sank. Twenty-two men were drowned.

March 16th.—An explosion occurred in the arsenal at Omdurman, Egypt, killing 100 dervishes, and destroying much property.

March 17th.—The British steam-ship *Utopia*, bound for New York, came in collision with the British iron-clad *Rodney*, which was anchored in Gibraltar Bay, and soon afterward sank. Five hundred and sixty-two persons, most of them Italian emigrants, were drowned.

March 25th.—The steam-ship *Strathairly*, from Cuba to Baltimore, was wrecked off Cape Hatteras March 24th, and nineteen of the crew were drowned.

March 27th.—The Norwegian bark *Dictator* was driven ashore on the Virginia coast, and eight persons were drowned.

April 3d.—An explosion of fire-damp occurred in a coal mine at Apedale, England, killing ten miners.

April 6th.—In a fire at Rochester, Pennsylvania, nine lives were lost.

OBITUARY.

March 17th.—In Rome, Italy, Prince Napoleon Joseph Charles Paul Bonaparte, head of the imperial house of Bonaparte, aged sixty-eight years.

March 20th.—In New York city, Lawrence Barrett, the actor, aged fifty-three years.

March 21st.—In Washington, D. C., General Joseph E. Johnston, Confederate leader, aged eighty-four years.

March 23d.—At Elmira, New York, Lucius Robinson, ex-Governor of New York, aged eighty years.—In New York city, Mrs. Anne Charlotte Lynch Botta, aged seventy-six years.

March 27th.—In Louisville, Kentucky, Brevet Brigadier-General James Adams Ekin, U.S.A., aged seventy-two years.

March 29th.—In New York city, the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, aged sixty-five years.

March 30th.—In London, England, Granville George Leveson-Gower, second Earl Granville, leader of the Liberals in the House of Lords, aged seventy-six years.

April 7th. At Bridgeport, Connecticut, Phineas T. Barnum, the showman, aged eighty-one years.—In New York city, the Rev. Dr. Edward D. G. Prime, aged seventy-seven years.

April 9th.—At Raleigh, North Carolina, Daniel G. Fowle, Governor of North Carolina, aged sixty years.

April 13th.—In Washington, D. C., Brigadier-General Francis B. Spinola, member of Congress from New York, aged seventy years.—At St. Augustine, Florida, the Right Rev. Richard Gilmour, Roman Catholic Bishop of Cleveland, aged sixty-seven years.

Editor's Drawer.

IN times past there have been expressed desire and fear that there should be an American aristocracy, and the materials for its formation have been a good deal canvassed. In a political point of view it is of course impossible, but it has been hoped by many, and feared by more, that a social state might be created conforming somewhat to the social order in European countries. The problem has been exceedingly difficult. An aristocracy of derived rank and inherited privilege being out of the question, and an aristocracy of talent never having succeeded anywhere, because enlightenment of mind tends to liberalism and democracy, there was only left the experiment of an aristocracy of wealth. This does very well for a time, but it tends always to disintegration, and it is impossible to keep it exclusive. It was found, to use the slang of the dry-goods shops, that it would not wash, for there were liable to crowd into it at any moment those who had in fact washed for a living. An aristocracy has a slim tenure that cannot protect itself from this sort of intrusion. We have to contrive, therefore, another basis for a class (to use an un-American expression), in a sort of culture or training, which can be perpetual, and which cannot be ordered for money, like a ball costume or a livery.

It occurs to the Drawer that the "American Girl" may be the agency to bring this about. This charming product of the Western world has come into great prominence of late years in literature and in foreign life, and has attained a notoriety flattering or otherwise to the national pride. No institution has been better known or more marked on the Continent and in England, not excepting the tramway and the Pullman cars. Her enterprise,

her daring, her freedom from conventionality, have been the theme of the novelists and the horror of the dowagers having marriageable daughters. Considered as "stock," the American Girl has been quoted high, and the alliances that she has formed with families impecunious but noble have given her *éclat* as belonging to a new and conquering race in the world. But the American Girl has not simply a slender figure and a fine eye and a ready tongue, she is not simply an engaging and companionable person, she has excellent common-sense, tact, and adaptability. She has at length seen in her varied European experience that it is more profitable to have social good form according to local standards than a reputation for dash and brilliancy. Consequently the American Girl of a decade ago has effaced herself. She is no longer the dazzling courageous figure. In England, in France, in Germany, in Italy, she takes, as one may say, the color of the land. She has retired behind her mother. She who formerly marched in the van of the family procession, leading them—including the panting mother—a whimsical dance, is now the timid and retiring girl, needing the protection of a chaperon on every occasion. The satirist will find no more abroad the American Girl of the old type whom he continues to describe. The knowing and fascinating creature has changed her tactics altogether. And the change has reacted on American society. The mother has come once more to the front, and even if she is obliged to own to forty-five years to the census-taker, she has again the position and the privileges of the blooming woman of thirty. Her daughters walk meekly and with downcast (if still expectant) eyes, and wait for a sign.

That this change is the deliberate work of the American Girl, no one who knows her grace and talent will deny. In foreign travel and residence she has been quick to learn her lesson. Dazzled at first by her own capacity and the opportunities of the foreign field, she took the situation by storm. But she found too often that she had a barren conquest, and that the social traditions survived her success and became a life-long annoyance; that is to say, it was possible to subdue foreign men, but the foreign women were impregnable in their social order. The American Girl abroad is now, therefore, with rare exceptions, as carefully chaperoned and secluded as her foreign sisters.

It is not necessary to lay too much stress upon this phase of American life abroad, but the careful observer must notice its reflex action at home. The American freedom and unconventionality in the intercourse of the young of both sexes, which has been so much commented on as characteristic of American life, may not disappear, but that small section which calls itself "society" may attain a sort of aristocratic distinction by the adoption of this foreign conventionality. It is sufficient now to note this tendency, and to claim the credit of it for the wise and intelligent American Girl. It would be a pity if it were to become nationally universal, for then it would not be the aristocratic distinction of a few, and the American woman who longs for some sort of caste would be driven to some other device.

It is impossible to tell yet what form this feminine reserve and retirement will take. It is not at all likely to go so far as the Oriental seclusion of women. The American Girl would never even seemingly give up her right of initiative. If she is to stay in the background and pretend to surrender her choice to her parents, and with it all the delights of a matrimonial campaign, she will still maintain a position of observation. If she seems to be influenced at present by the French and Italian examples, we may be sure that she is too intelligent and too fond of freedom to long tolerate any system of chaperonage that she cannot control. She will find a way to modify the traditional conventionalities so as not to fetter her own free spirit. It may be her mission to show the world a social order free from the forward independence and smartness of which she has been accused, and yet relieved of the dull stiffness of the older forms. It is enough now to notice that a change is going on, due to the effect of foreign society upon American women, and to express the patriotic belief that whatever forms of etiquette she may bow to, the American Girl will still be on earth the last and best gift of God to man.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

A STATEMENT.

"WHO wrote the plays of Avon's bard?"
Iconoclasts now loudly cry.
I cannot say; but 'tis not hard
For me suspicion to discard;
For I can prove an alibi.

"Who wrote the Junius letters, eh?
Come, tell us that!" they cry with scorn.
You'll have to turn some other way.
It wasn't I—you're all astray—
For they were read ere I was born.

"Bread-winners?" Well, of course—you know—
Ahem! I think—ah—well, you see,
Your question's really such a blow,
I'm agitated quite. What? Poh!
Why certainly it wasn't me.

"Who wrote these lines?" You've got me there:
As school-boys say, you've got me cold.
I can't deny these verses rare
Were written by—pray do not stare—
My little son, who's six months old.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE CLASSIFICATION OF NOISES.

"AND what do you think of Wagner?" asked a musical enthusiast, addressing a Philistine.

"I think as a classifier and adapter of noises he was the greatest man that ever lived."

"But his music?" asked the enthusiast.

"I never heard any of his music," said the other. "Did he essay music?"

THE BOOMOPOLIS HOG CASE.

ALTHOUGH the practice of law has been aptly likened to the operations of the traditional monkey who used the paw of a trusting cat in raking his chestnuts out of the fire, I did not always find it so while perpetrating law at the ambitious but insignificant settlement of Boomopolis, on the north fork of Lightning Creek. There were no beds of roses at Boomopolis, at least for a young lawyer born of poor but disgustingly honest parents, and who had followed the example they had set to the extent that he was still poor.

Why, once I was called a jack-leg and shyster—epithets calculated to goad any self-respecting lawyer almost to madness. At another time, when throwing my whole soul into a frantic appeal to Justice to come down from her perch and line up on the side of Mr. Frosty O'Hoolihan, whom I was defending from the heinous charge of embezzling a neighbor's dog, the said dog being worth thirty-five cents of any man's money, a donkey familiarly known as "John," the property of the Mayor, thrust his head in at the window beside me and uttered an unreserved bray, whereupon the judge remarked, insultingly, "One at a time, please!"

In the West, at the time of which I write, the perpetration of law, loans, and real estate went arm in arm.

One day I appeared at Boomopolis, and flung to the breeze my sign, an unassuming board bearing on one side my name and the announcement that I was prepared to supply all comers with law, loans, and real estate, the other side of the board presenting the legend:

Canned Lobster.

This latter was indicative of the original contents of the box of which my sign had erstwhile been the lid, and was covered with a coat of paint, which was supposed to hide it, but failed to fulfil its mission.

The next day a large male hog, the property of a prominent citizen by the name of Kangaroo Watson, so called from a hoppy eccentricity in his gait, was assassinated by Mr. Red McSwat, who, I learned afterward, claimed to hail from away up toward the head waters of Bitter Creek, that celebrated stream the residents along whose banks are found to be worse and worse the higher up the creek one goes. This animal was met by Mr. McSwat, and shot down in his own blood in the southeast corner of the public square. There were sundry smirches on the character of the hog, whose given name was Ike, and these, coupled with several eccentricities credited to Mr. McSwat, would probably have prevented Kangaroo Watson from seeking redress, had not I, believing, in my innocence, that I had clear sailing to secure a goodly slice off a round sum of damages, egged him on to prosecute.

I had heard that Mr. McSwat, true to his Bitter Creek nativity, was a man whom it was dangerous to pester, but as I was also assured that half a day after he had shot Ike, a Vigilantes committee from Prairie City was on its way up Bitter Creek to see him about two mules he was alleged to have stolen, I reasoned that we would get damages out of his estate if all went well and the Vigilantes acted with their usual promptness.

The justice tinkered with precedent in such a manner that McSwat was to be tried without being present. An attorney without a conscience took up the cudgel for McSwat, and presently the trial was under way.

Watson testified that Ike was worth $40, and that he was comporting himself in a seemly manner when Red McSwat took his life.

John Smith swore that Ike would have been worth $50 to some men, and to others not more than $1 30, and that McSwat had shot him just for the fun of seeing him jump. He added that Ike jumped.

Old man Raggett, sworn, said: "Along 'bout three o'clock, Mizzury—that's my wife, named so, I reckon, berkase she was born in Injianny—haw, haw!—she sez to me, 'Ole man,' she sez, 'air you ever goin' to git that thar armful uv wood I told you to git a nour ago?' 'Wal, I dun'no',' sez I; 'my j'ints is twingin' me a little, but I'll git at it purt' soon'—rheumatiz pesters me right smart sence I've 'gunter git along in years middlin' well—I'm nigh onto eighty now, an' hale an' hearty 'sept fer the rheumatiz an' a 'casional 'tack uv the rickets, an' promise to live till I'm a hunderd—come uv a long-lived stock, you see."

When questioned as to what bearing all this had upon the case, Mr. Raggett stated that he was jest 'lowin' to tell how, while he was gittin' the wood, along come some feller, he didn't ricollec' who, an' told him that Watson's hog had be'n shot or stabbed or sump'n by What's-his-name, and added that hogs like that one uset to be worth $30 or so before the war.

Colonel Proat testified that he was the brother of Senator Oracle Proat, and mentioned incidentally that he himself was a candidate for the office of State Auditor. Had been told by a friend that McSwat had shot Watson's hog. Didn't know of his own knowledge.

Major Wicks, a real-estate agent, who had but recently arrived, succeeded in doing considerable free advertising for lots in Highland Addition, for which he had already secured the agency. To the best of his knowledge he had never seen either the hog or McSwat.

Then I pulled down my vest and lifted up my voice. I showed that if blood-thirsty wretches who shot hogs just to see them jump were allowed to go unpunished, none of us were safe. I pictured the feelings of Kangaroo Watson at having his hog cut down in the prime of life, and with a tremor in my voice spoke of the empty, desolate pen, and the return of poor Ike, brought home shot in the

neck by Red McSwat. I appealed to the jury to find the foul assassin guilty and award Watson forty dollars. A juror interrupted me to ask that the difference between "plaintiff" and "defendant" be explained. After this had been done, I closed with a grand explosion of vocal pyrotechnics.

The attorney for the defence rose.

"This," said he, holding up a note that had been handed him just before the trial, "is a message from my client, Mr. Red McSwat, who, intrenched in his residence up near the head of Bitter Creek, is successfully standing off the Vigilantes. He says that as soon as he succeeds in exterminating his besiegers or tiring them out he will come to this settlement, and if he has been found guilty of shooting that hog, he will attack and disfigure all parties to the conviction. He adds that he is a wolf, and the day of his arrival at Boomopolis will be his time to howl. The boy who brought the note declares that my client seemed in earnest about the matter, and expresses the opinion that McSwat will decorate the fences with the hides of the men who convict him."

A little later the case was given to the jury, and shortly after that they brought in a verdict of not guilty. The costs were assessed on Kangaroo Watson. When, later, I pressed one of the jurors to know how Ike, the hog, came to his end if not at the hands of Red McSwat, he replied that it was his belief that the hog had committed suicide.

T. P. MORGAN.

AN IMPORTANT FACTOR.

THE world's a stage, and each man is a player.
His work is good or ill, delights or shocks,
According as his conscience—dark or fair—
Is found presiding o'er the prompter's box.

CAREFUL OF THE VIEW.

So grand and extended a view is enjoyed from the piazza of one of the Catskill hotels that it is safe to say a first sight of it never fails to bring from the on-looker exclamations of delight and wonder. A little girl, too young to understand what this much-talked-of "view" meant, had evidently a vague idea of what it was that lay beyond the piazza railings, and was so much gazed at and talked of by her elders. One day she ran in great concern to her little brother, who was clambering about the piazza, and cried, "Oh, Teddy, do get down," pulling at the child's skirts; "*I's so 'fraid you'll fall into the view!*"

ACCIDENTAL WISDOM.

IT is related that visitors at one of the great European expositions held not very many years ago were greatly edified by this sign, posted in front of the booth of an Oriental exhibitor, who, in his own way, wished to announce to his customers that their purchases would have to remain with him until after the juries of award had made their announcements: "Goods sold will not be delivered until judgment day." It was thought by some that he wrote better than he knew.

APROPOS OF THE PAINTING.

ARTIST. "Well, what do you think
CRITIC. "H'm! Did you ever try *writing* for a living?"

HEAR THE DRUMS MARCH BY.

BY WILL CARLETON.

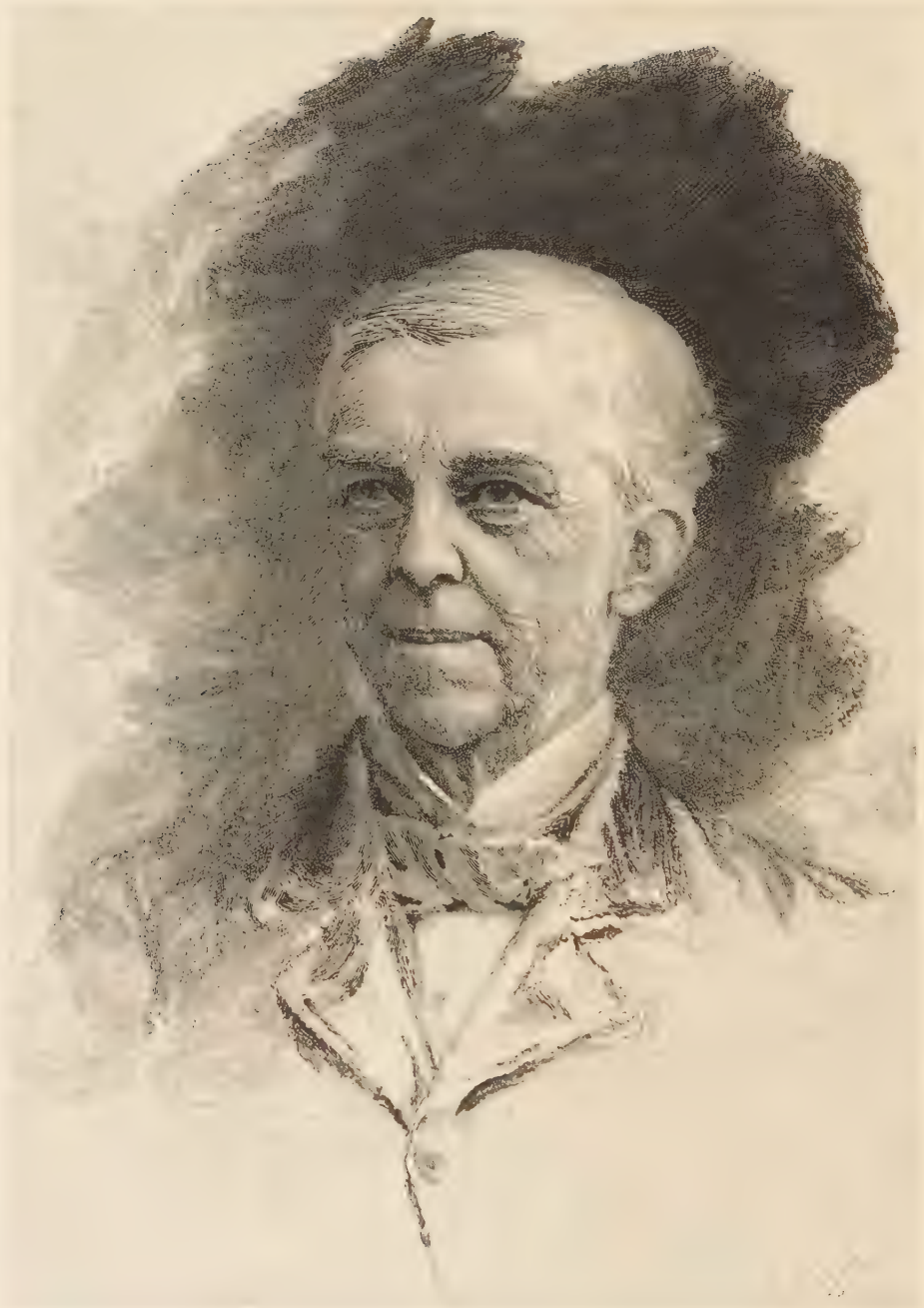
SARAH, Sarah, Sarah, hear the drums march by!
This is Decoration Day;—hurry and be spry!
Wheel me to the window, girl; fling it open high!
Crippled of the body now, and blinded of the eye,
Sarah, let me listen while the drums march by.

Hear 'em; how they roll! I can feel 'em in my soul.
Hear the beat—beat—o' the boots on the street:
Hear the sweet fife cut the air like a knife:
Hear the tones grand of the words of command;
Hear the walls nigh shout back their reply!
Sarah, Sarah, Sarah, hear the drums dance by!

Blind as a bat, I can see 'em, for all that:
Old Colonel J., stately an' gray,
Riding slow and solemn at the head of the column;
There's Major L., sober now, and well;
Old Lengthy Bragg, still a-bearing of the flag;
There's old Strong, that I tented with so long;
There's the whole crowd, hearty an' proud.
Hey! boys, say! can't you glance up this way?
Here's an old comrade, crippled now, an' gray!
This is too much. Girl, throw me my crutch!
I can see—I can walk—I can march—I could fly!
No, I *won't* sit still an' see the boys march by!

Oh!—I fall and I flinch; I can't go an inch!
No use to flutter; no use to try.
Where's my strength? Hunt down at the front:
There's where I left it. No need to sigh;
All the milk's spilt; there's no use to cry.
Plague o' these tears, and the moans in my ears!
Part of a war is to suffer and to die.
I must sit still, and let the drums march by.

Part of a war is to suffer and to die—
Suffer and to die—suffer and to— Why,
Of all the crowd I just yelled at so loud,
There's hardly a one but is killed, dead, and gone!
All the old regiment, excepting only I,
Marched out of sight in the country of the night.
That was a spectre band marched past so grand.
All the old boys are a-tenting in the sky.
Sarah, Sarah, Sarah, hear the drums moan by!



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

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PETER IBBETSON.*

BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Part Second.

THE next decade of my outer life is so uninteresting, even to myself, that I will hurry through it as fast as I can. It will prove dull reading, I fear.

My uncle Ibbetson (as I now called him) took to me, and arranged to educate and start me in life, and make a "gentleman" of me — an "English gentleman." But I had to change my name and adopt his; for some reason I did not know, he seemed to hate my father's very name. Perhaps it was because he had injured my father through life in many ways, and my father had always forgiven him; a very good reason! Perhaps it was because he had proposed to my mother three times when she was a girl, and had been thrice refused! (After the third time, he went to India for seven years, and just before his departure my father and mother were married, and a year after that I was born.)

So Pierre Pasquier de la Marière, alias Monsieur Gogo, became Master Peter Ibbetson, and went to Bluefriars, the gray-coat school, where he spent six years—an important slice out of a man's life, especially at that age.

I hated the garb; I hated the surroundings — the big hospital at the back, and that reek of cruelty, drunkenness, and filth, the cattle market — where every other building was either a slaughter-house, a gin palace, or a pawnbroker's shop; more than all I hated the gloomy jail opposite, where they sometimes hanged a man in public on a Monday morning. This dismal prison haunted my dreams when I wanted to dream of Passy, of my dear dead father and mother and Madame Seraskier.

For the first term or two they were ever in my thoughts, and I was always trying to draw their profiles on desks and slates and copybooks, till at last all resemblance seemed to fade out of them; and then I drew M. le Major till his side face became quite demoralized and impossible, and ceased to be like anything in life. Then I fell back on others: le Père François, with his eternal bonnet de coton and sabots stuffed with straw; the dog Médor, the rocking-horse, and all the rest of the menagerie; the diligence that brought me away from Paris; the heavily jack-booted couriers in shiny hats and pigtails, and white breeches, and short-tailed blue coats covered with silver buttons, who used to ride through Passy, on their way to and fro between the Tuileries and St. Cloud, on little neighing gray stallions with bells round their necks and tucked-up tails, and beautiful heads like the horses' heads in the Elgin Marbles.

In my sketches they always looked and walked and trotted the same way: to the left, or westward as it would be on the map. M. le Major, Madame Seraskier, Médor, the diligences and couriers, were all bound westward by common consent—all going to London, I suppose; to look after me, who was so dotingly fond of them.

* Begun in June number, 1891.—*The right of translation is reserved.*

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A DREAM OF CHIVALRY.

Some of the boys used to admire these sketches and preserve them—some of the bigger boys would value my idealized (!) profiles of Madame Seraskier, with eyelashes quite an inch in length, and an eye three times the size of her mouth; and thus I made myself an artistic reputation for a while. But it did not last long, for my vein was limited; and soon another boy came to the school, who surpassed me in variety and interest of subject, and could draw profiles looking either way with equal ease; he is now a famous Academician, and seems to have preserved much of his old facility.*

. . . . . .

Thus, on the whole, my school career was neither happy nor unhappy, nor did I distinguish myself in any way, nor (though I think I was rather liked than otherwise) make any great or lasting friendships; on the other hand, I did not in any way disgrace myself, nor make a single enemy that I knew of. Except that I grew out of the common tall and very strong, a more commonplace boy than I must have seemed (after my artistic vein had run itself dry) never went to a public school. So much for my outer life at Bluefriars.

But I had an inner world of my own, whose capital was Passy, whose fauna and flora were not to be surpassed by anything in Regent's Park or the Zoological Gardens.

It was good to think of it by day, to dream of it by night, *although I had not yet learned how to dream!*

There were soon other and less exclusive regions, however — which I shared with other boys of that bygone day. Regions of freedom and delight, where I heard the ominous crack of Deerslayer's rifle, and was friends with Chingachgook and his noble son — the last, alas! of the Mohicans: where Robin Hood and Friar Tuck made merry, and exchanged buffets with Lion-hearted Richard under the green-wood tree: where Quentin Durward, happy squire of dames, rode midnightly by their side through the gibbet-and-gypsy-haunted forests of Touraine. . . . Ah! I had my dream of chivalry!

Happy times and climes! One must be a gray-coated school-boy, in the heart of foggy London, to know that nostalgia.

Not indeed but what London had its merits. Sam Weller lived there, and Charley Bates, and the irresistible Artful Dodger—and Dick Swiveller, and his adorable Marchioness, who divided my allegiance with Rebecca of York and sweet Diana Vernon.

It was good to be an English boy in those days, and care for such friends as these! But it was good to be a French boy also; to have known Paris, to possess the true French feel of things.

Oh! Porthos, Athos, and D'Artagnan—how I loved you, and your immortal squires, Planchet, Grimaud, Mousqueton! How well and wittily you spoke the language I adored—better even than good Monsieur Lallemand, the French

* *Editor's Note.* — I have here omitted several pages, containing a description in detail of my cousin's life "at Bluefriars"; and also the portraits (not always flattering) which he has written of masters and boys, many of whom are still alive, and some of whom have risen to distinction; but these sketches would be without special interest unless the names were given as well, and that would be unadvisable for many reasons. Moreover, there is not much in what I have left out that has any bearing on his subsequent life, or the development of his character. MADGE PLUNKET.

master at Bluefriars, who could wield the most irregular subjunctives as if they had been mere feathers—trifles light as air.

Then came the Count of Monte-Cristo, who taught me (only too well) his terrible lesson of hatred and revenge.

And last of all, the never-to-be-forgotten history of Quasimodo and poor Esmeralda, whose cruel fate filled with pity, sorrow, and indignation the last three terms of my life at school.

That mystic word *Αναγκη!* I wrote it on the fly-leaf of all my books. I carved it on my desk. I intoned it in the echoing cloisters! I vowed I would make a pilgrimage to Notre Dame some day, that I might hunt for it in every hole and corner there, and read it with my own eyes, and feel it with my own fore-finger.

And then that terrible prophetic song the old hag sings in the dark slum—how it haunted me, too! I couldn't shake it out of my troubled consciousness for months:

"Grouille, Grève, grève, grouille,
File, File, ma quenouille:
File sa corde au bourreau
Qui siffle dans le préau."

Αναγκη! Αναγκη! Αναγκη!

Yes: it was worth while having been a little French boy just for a few years.

I especially found it so during the holidays, which I regularly spent at Bluefriars; for there was a French circulating library in Holborn, close by—a paradise. It was kept by a delightful old French lady who had seen better days, and was very kind to me, and didn't lend me all the books I asked for!

Thus irresistibly beguiled by these light wizards of our degenerate age, I dreamed away most of my school life, utterly deaf to the voices of the older enchanters—Homer, Horace, Virgil—whom I was sent to school on purpose to make friends with; a deafness I lived to deplore, like other dunces, when it was too late.

. . . . . .

And I was not only given to dream by day—I dreamed by night; my sleep was full of dreams—terrible nightmares, exquisite visions, strange scenes full of inexplicable reminiscence; all vague and incoherent, like all men's dreams that have hitherto been; *for I had not yet learned how to dream.*

A vast world, a dread and beautiful chaos, an ever-changing kaleidoscope of life, too shadowy and dim to leave any lasting impression on the busy, waking mind; with here and there more vivid images of terror or delight, that one remembered for a few hours with a strange wonder and questioning, as Coleridge remembered his Abyssinian maid who played upon the dulcimer (a charming and most original combination).

NOTRE DAME DE PARIS.

The whole cosmos is in a man's brains as much of it, at least, as a man's brains will hold; perhaps it is nowhere else. And when sleep relaxes the will, and there are no earthly surroundings to distract attention—no duty, pain, or pleasure to compel it—riderless Fancy takes the bit in its teeth, and the whole cosmos goes mad and has its wild will of us.

Ineffable false joys, unspeakable false terror and distress, strange phantoms only

seen as in a glass darkly, chase each other without rhyme or reason, and play hide-and-seek across the twilit field and through the dark recesses of our clouded and imperfect consciousness.

And the false terrors and distress, however unspeakable, are no worse than such real terrors and distress as are only too often the waking lot of man, or even so bad; but the ineffable false joys transcend all possible human felicity while they last, and a little while it is!

We wake, and wonder, and recall the slight foundation on which such ultra-human bliss has seemed to rest. What matters the foundation if but the bliss be there, and the brain has nerves to feel it?

Poor human nature, so richly endowed with nerves of anguish, so splendidly organized for pain and sorrow, is but slenderly equipped for joy.

What hells have we not invented for the after-life! Indeed, what hells we have often made of this, both for ourselves and others, and at really such a very small cost of ingenuity, after all!

Perhaps the biggest and most benighted fools have been the best hell-makers.

Whereas the best of our heavens is but a poor perfunctory conception, for all that the highest and cleverest amongst us have done their very utmost to decorate and embellish it, and make life there seem worth living.

So impossible it is to imagine or invent beyond the sphere of our experience.

Now, these dreams of mine (common to many) of the false but ineffable joys, are they not a proof that there exist in the human brain hidden capacities, dormant potentialities of bliss, unsuspected hitherto, to be developed some day, perhaps, and placed within the reach of all, wakers and sleepers alike?

A sense of ineffable joy, attainable at will, and equal in intensity and duration to (let us say) an attack of sciatica, would go far to equalize the sorrowful, one-sided conditions under which we live.

. . . . . .

But there is one thing which, as a schoolboy, I never dreamed—namely, that I, and one other holding a torch, should one day by common consent find our happiness in exploring these mysterious caverns of the brain; and should lay the foundations of order where only misrule had been before; and out of all those unreal, waste, and transitory realms of illusion, evolve a real, stable, and habitable world, which all who run may reach.

. . . . . .

At last I left school for good, and paid a visit to my uncle Ibbetson in Hopshire, where he was building himself a lordly new pleasure-house on his own land, as the old one he had inherited a year or two ago was no longer good enough for him.

It was an uninteresting coast, without a rock, or a cliff, or a pier, or a tree; even without cold gray stones for the sea to break on—nothing but sand!—a bourgeois kind of sea, charmless in its best moods, and not very terrible in its wrath, except to a few stray fishermen whom it employed, and did not seem to reward very munificently.

Inland it was much the same. One always thought of the country as gray, until one looked and found that it was green; and then, if one were old and wise, one thought no more about it, and turned one's gaze inward. Moreover, it seemed to rain incessantly.

But it was the country and the sea, after Bluefriars and the cloisters—after Newgate, St. Bartholomew, and Smithfield.

And one could fish and bathe in the sea after all, and ride in the country, and even follow the hounds, a little later; which would have been a joy beyond compare if one hadn't been blessed with an uncle who thought one rode like a French tailor, and told one so, and mimicked one, in the presence of charming young ladies who rode in perfection.

In fact, it was heaven itself by comparison, and would have remained so longer but for Colonel Ibbetson's efforts to make a gentleman of me—an English gentleman.

What is a gentleman? It is a grand old name; but what does it mean?

At one time, to say of a man that he is a gentleman, is to confer on him the highest title of distinction we can think of; even if we are speaking of a prince.

At another, to say of a man that he is *not* a gentleman is almost to stigmatize him as a social outcast, unfit for the company of his kind—even if it is only one haberdasher speaking of another.

Who is a gentleman, and yet who *isn't*?

The Prince of Darkness was one, and so was Mr. John Halifax, if we are to believe those who knew them best; and so was one

"Pelham," according to the late Sir Edward Bulwer, Earl of Lytton, etc.; and it certainly seemed as if *he* ought to know.

And I was to be another, according to Roger Ibbetson, Esquire, of Ibbetson Hall, late Colonel of the ——, and it certainly seemed as if he ought to know too! The word was as constantly on his lips (when talking to *me*) as though, instead of having borne her Majesty's commission, he were a hair-dresser's assistant who had just come into an independent fortune.

This course of tuition began pleasantly enough, before I left London, by his sending me to his tailors, who made me several beautiful suits; especially an evening suit, which has lasted me for life, alas! and these, after the uniform of the gray-coat school, were like an initiation to the splendors of freedom and manhood.

Uncle Ibbetson was a very ugly man, about forty, but tall and powerful, and well preserved, and with a not undistinguished appearance. He wore an excellent wig, but his feet, which were very large and unhandsome, gave both him and his boot-maker a great deal of trouble. He wore his hat on one side, which suited him; and to my untutored eye made him look thoroughly like a swell, although it did not encourage me to imitate him.

He could do a little of everything—sketch (especially a steam-boat on a smooth sea, with beautiful thick smoke reflected in the water), play the guitar, sing chansonnettes and canzonets, write society verses, quote De Musset:

> "Avez-vous vu dans Barcelone
> Une Andalouse au sein bruni?"

He would speak French whenever he could, even to an English ostler; and then recollect himself suddenly, and apologize for his thoughtlessness; and even when he spoke English, he would embroider it with little twopenny French tags and idioms: "Pour tout potage"; "Nous avons changé tout cela"; "Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?" etc.; or Italian, "Chi lo sa?" "Pazienza!" "Ahimè!" or even Latin, "Eheu fugaces," and "Vidi tantum!" for he had been an Eton boy. It must have been very cheap Latin, for I could always understand it myself! He drew the line at German and Greek; fortunately, for so do I. He was a bachelor, and his domestic arrangements had been irregular, and I will not dwell upon them; but his house, as far as it went, seemed to promise better things.

"PORTRAIT CHARMANT, PORTRAIT DE MON AMIE..."

His architect, Mr. Lintot, an extraordinary little man, full of genius and quite self-made, became my friend and taught me to smoke, and drink gin and water.

He did his work well; but of an evening he used to drink more than was good for him, and rave about Shelley, his only poet. He would recite "The Skylark" (his only poem) with uncertain *h's*, and a rather cockney accent:

> "'Ail to thee blythe sperrit!
> Bird thou never wert,
> That from 'eaven, or near it
> Po'rest thy full 'eart
> In profuse strains of hunpremeditated hart."

As the evening wore on his recitations became "low comic," and quite admirable for accent and humor. He could imitate all the actors in London (none of which I

had seen) so well as to transport me with delight and wonder; and all this with nobody but me for an audience, as we sat smoking and drinking together in his room at the "Ibbetson Arms."

I felt grateful to adoration.

Later still, he would become sentimental again; and dilate to me on the joys of his wedded life, on the extraordinary intellect and beauty of Mrs. Lintot. First he would describe to me the beauties of her mind, and compare her to "L. E. L." and Felicia Hemans. Then he would fall back on her physical perfections; there was nobody worthy to be compared to her in these—but I draw the veil.

"I FELT GRATEFUL TO ADORATION."

He was very egotistical. Whatever he did, whatever he liked, whatever belonged to him, was better than anything else in the world; and he was cleverer than any one else, except Mrs. Lintot, to whom he yielded the palm; and then he would cheer up and become funny again.

In fact his self-satisfaction was quite extraordinary; and what is more extraordinary still, it was not a bit offensive—at least, to me; perhaps because he was such a tiny little man; or because much of this vanity of his seemed to have no very solid foundation, for it was not of the gifts I most admired in him that he was vainest; or because it came out most when he was most tipsy, and genial tipsiness redeems so much; or else because he was most vain about things I should never have been vain about myself; and the most unpardonable vanity in others is that which is secretly our own, whether we are conscious of it or not.

And then he was the first funny man I had ever met. What a gift it is! He was always funny when he tried to be, whether one laughed with him or at him, and I loved him for it. Nothing on earth is more pathetically pitiable than the funny man when he still tries and succeeds no longer.

The moment Lintot's vein was exhausted, he had the sense to leave off and begin to cry, which was still funny; and then I would help him up stairs to his room, and he would jump out of his clothes and into his bed and be asleep in a second, with the tears still trickling down his little nose—and even that was funny!

But next morning he was stern and alert and indefatigable, as though gin and poetry and conjugal love had never been, and fun were a capital crime.

Uncle Ibbetson thought highly of him as an architect, but not otherwise; he simply made use of him.

"He's a terrible little snob, of course, and hasn't got an *h* in his head" (as if *that* were a capital crime); "but he's very clever—look at that campanile—and then he's cheap, my boy, cheap."

There were several fine houses in fine parks not very far from Ibbetson Hall; but although Uncle Ibbetson appeared in name and wealth and social position to be on a par with their owners, he was not on terms of intimacy with any of them, or even of acquaintance, as far as I know, and spoke of them with contempt, as barbarians—people with whom he had nothing in common. Perhaps they, too, had found out this incompatibility, especially the ladies; for, school-boy as I was, I was not long in discovering that his manner toward those of the other sex was not always such as to please either them or their husbands or fathers or brothers. The way he looked at them was enough. Indeed, most of his lady friends and acquaintances through life had belonged to the "corps de ballet," the "demi-monde," etc.—not, I should imagine, the best school of manners in the world.

On the other hand he was very friendly with some families in the town; the doctor's, the rector's, his own agent's (a broken-down brother officer and bosom friend, who had ceased to love him since he received his pay); and he used to take Mr. Lintot and me to parties there; and he was the life of those parties.

He sang little French songs, with no voice, but quite a good French accent, and told little anecdotes with no particular point, but in French and Italian (so that the point was never missed); and we all laughed and admired without quite knowing why, except that he was the lord of the manor.

On these festive occasions poor Lintot's confidence and power of amusing seemed to desert him altogether; he sat glum in a corner.

Though a radical and a sceptic, and a peace-at-any-price man, he was much impressed by the social status of the army and the church.

Of the doctor, a very clever and accomplished person, and the best-educated man for miles around, he thought little; but the rector, the colonel, the poor captain, even, now a mere land-steward, seemed to fill him with respectful awe.

And for his pains he was cruelly snubbed by Mrs. Captain and Mrs. Rector and their plain daughters, who little guessed what talents he concealed, and thought him quite a common little man, hardly fit to turn over the leaves of their music.

It soon became pretty evident that Ibbetson was very much smitten with a Mrs. Deane, the widow of a brewer, a very handsome woman indeed, in her own estimation and mine, and everybody else's; except Mr. Lintot's, who said, "Pooh, you should see my wife!"

"ONE OF UNCLE IBBETSON'S WALTZES."

Her mother, Mrs. Glyn, excelled us all in her admiration of Colonel Ibbetson.

For instance, Mrs. Deane would play some common little waltz of the cheap kind that is never either remembered or forgotten, and Mrs. Glyn would exclaim, "*Is* not that *lovely!*"

And Ibbetson would say: "Charming! charming! Whose is it? Rossini's? Mozart's?"

"Why, no, my dear colonel. Don't you remember? *It's your own!*"

"Ah, so it is! I had quite forgotten." And general laughter and applause would burst forth at such a natural mistake on the part of our great man.

Well, I could neither play nor sing, and found it far easier by this time to speak English than French, especially to English people who were ignorant of any language but their own. Yet sometimes Colonel Ibbetson would seem quite proud of me.

"Deux mètres, bien sonnés!" he would say, alluding to my stature, "et le profil d'Antinoüs!" which he would pronounce without the two little dots on the *u*.

And afterward, if he had felt his evening a pleasant one, if he had sung all he knew, if Mrs. Deane had been more than usually loving and self-surrendering, and I had distinguished myself by skilfully turning over the leaves when her mother had played the piano, he would tell me, as we walked home together, that I "did credit to his name, and that I would make an excellent figure in the world as soon as I had *décrassé* myself; that I must get another dress suit from his tailor, just an eighth of an inch longer in the tails; that I should have a commission in his old regiment (the Eleventeenth Royal Bounders), a deuced crack cavalry regiment; and see the world and break a few hearts (it is not for nothing that our friends have pretty wives and sisters); and finally marry some beautiful young heiress of title, and make a home for him when he was a poor solitary old fellow. Very little would do for him: a crust of bread, a glass of wine and water, and a clean napkin, a couple of rooms, and an old piano, and a few good books. For of course Ibbetson Hall would be mine and every penny he possessed in the world."

All this in confidential French—lest the very clouds should hear us—and with the familiar thee and thou of blood-relationship, which I did not care to return.

It did not seem to bode very serious intentions toward Mrs. Deane, and would scarcely have pleased her mother.

Or else, if something had crossed him, and Mrs. Deane had flirted outrageously with somebody else, and he hadn't been asked to sing, or somebody else had, he would assure me in good round English that I was the most infernal lout that ever disgraced a drawing-room, or ate a man out of house and home, and that he was sick and ashamed of me. "Why can't you sing, you d——d French milksop? That d——d roulade-monger of a father of yours could sing fast enough, if he could do nothing else, confound him! Why can't you talk French, you infernal British booby? Why can't you hand round the tea and muffins, confound you! Why, twice Mrs. Glyn dropped her pocket-handkerchief and had to pick it up herself! What, 'at the other end of the room,' were you? Well, you should have skipped *across* the room, and picked it up, and handed it to her like a gentleman! When I was your age I was *always* on the look-out for ladies' pocket-handkerchiefs to drop—or their fans! I never missed *one!*"

Then he would take me out to shoot with him (for it was quite essential that an English gentleman should be a sportsman)—a terrible ordeal to both of us.

A snipe that I didn't want to kill in the least would sometimes rise and fly right and left like a flash of lightning, and I would miss it—always; and he would d—— me for a son of a confounded French Micawber, and miss the next himself, and get into a rage and thrash his dog, a pointer that I was very fond of. Once he thrashed her so cruelly that I saw scarlet, and nearly yielded to the impulse of emptying both my barrels in his broad back. If I had done so it would have passed for a mere mishap after all, and saved many future complications.

One day he pointed out to me a small bird pecking in a field—an extremely pretty bird—I think it was a skylark—and whispered to me in his most sarcastic manner:

"Look here, you Peter without any salt, do you think, if you were to kneel down and rest your gun comfortably on this gate without making a noise, and take a careful aim, you could manage to shoot that bird *sitting?* I've heard of some Frenchmen who would be equal to *that!*"

I said I would try, and, resting my gun as he told me, I carefully aimed a couple of yards above the bird's head, and mentally ejaculating,

"'Ail to thee blythe sperrit!"

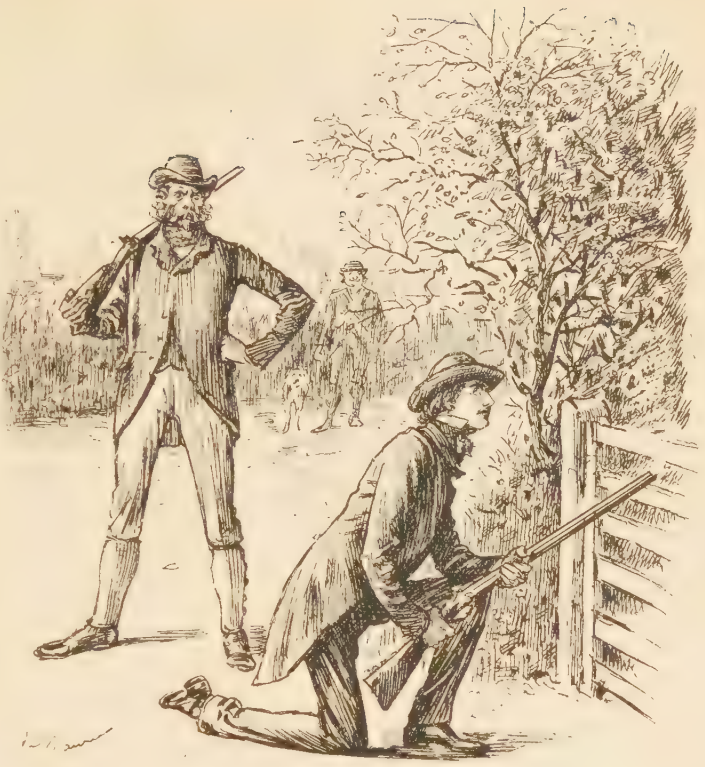
I fired both barrels (for fear of any after-mishap to Ibbetson), and the bird naturally flew away.

After this he never took me out shooting with him again; and, indeed, I had discovered to my discomfiture that I, the friend and admirer and would-be emulator of Natty Bumppo the Deerslayer, I, the familiar of the last of the Mohicans

and his scalp-lifting father, could not bear the sight of blood—least of all, of blood shed by myself, and for my own amusement.

The only beast that ever fell to my gun during those shootings with Uncle Ibbetson was a young rabbit, and that more by accident than design, although I did not tell Uncle Ibbetson so.

As I picked it off the ground, and felt its poor little warm narrow chest, and the last beats of its heart under its weak ribs, and saw the blood on its fur, I was smitten with pity, shame, and remorse, and settled with myself that I would find some other road to English gentlemanhood than the slaying of innocent wild things whose happy life seems so well worth living.



"'AIL TO THEE BLYTHE SPERRIT!"

I must eat them, I suppose, but I would never shoot them any more; my hands, at least, should be clean of blood henceforward.

Alas, the irony of fate!

. . . . . .

The upshot of all this was that he confided to Mrs. Deane the task of licking his cub of a nephew into shape.

She took me in hand with right goodwill, and began by teaching me how to dance, that I might dance with her at the coming hunt ball; and I did so nearly all night, to my infinite joy and triumph, and to the disgust of Colonel Ibbetson, who could dance much better than I—to the disgust, indeed, of many smart men in red coats and black, for she was considered the belle of the evening.

Of course I fell, or fancied I fell, in love with her. To her mother's extreme distress, she gave me every encouragement, partly for fun, partly to annoy Colonel Ibbetson, whom she had apparently grown to hate. And, indeed, from the way he often spoke of her to me (this trainer of English gentlemen), he well deserved that she should hate him. He never had the slightest intention of marrying her; that is certain; and yet he had made her the talk of the place.

And here I may state that Ibbetson was one of those singular men who go through life afflicted with the mania that they are fatally irresistible to women.

He was never weary of pursuing them—not through any special love of gallantry for its own sake, I believe, but from the mere wish to appear as a Don Giovanni in the eyes of others. Nothing made him happier than to be seen whispering mysteriously in corners with the prettiest woman in the room. He did not seem to perceive that for one woman silly or vain or vulgar enough to be flattered by his idiotic persecution, a dozen would loathe the very sight of him, and show it plainly enough.

THE DANCING LESSON.

This vanity had increased with years and assumed a very dangerous form. He became indiscreet, and, more disastrous still, he told lies! The very dead—the honored and irreproachable dead—were not even safe in their graves. It was his revenge for unforgotten slights.

He who kisses and tells, he who tells even though he has not kissed—what can be said for him, what should be done to him?

Ibbetson expiated this miserable craze with his life, and the man who took it—more by accident than design, it is true—has not yet found it in his heart to feel either compunction or regret.

. . . . . .

So there was a great row between Ibbetson and myself. He d——d and confounded and abused me in every way, and my father before me, and finally struck me; and I had sufficient self-command not to strike him back, but left him then and there with as much dignity as I could muster.

Thus unsuccessfully ended my brief experience of English country life—a little hunting and shooting and fishing, a little dancing and flirting; just enough of each to show me I was unfit for all.

A bitter-sweet remembrance, full of humiliation, but not altogether without charm. There was the beauty of sea and open sky and changing country weather, and the beauty of Mrs. Deane, who made a fool of me to revenge herself on Colonel Ibbetson for trying to make a fool of her; whereby he became the laughing-stock of the neighborhood for at least nine days.

And I revenged myself on both—heroically, as I thought; though where the heroism comes in, and where the revenge, does not appear quite patent.

For I ran away to London, and enlisted in her Majesty's Household Cavalry, where I remained a twelvemonth, and was happy enough, and learned a great deal more good than harm.

Then I was bought out and articled to Mr. Lintot, architect and surveyor: a conclave of my relatives agreeing to allow me ninety pounds a year for three years; then all hands were to be washed of me altogether.*

. . . . . .

So I took a small lodging in Pentonville, to be near Mr. Lintot, and worked hard at my new profession for three years, during which nothing of importance occurred in my outer life. After this Lintot employed me as a salaried clerk, and I don't think he had any reason to complain of me, nor did he make any complaint. I was worth my hire, I think, and something over; which I never got and never asked for.

Nor did I complain of him; for with all his little foibles of vanity, irascibility, and egotism, and a certain close-fistedness, he was a good fellow and a very clever one.

His paragon of a wife was by no means the beautiful person he had made her out to be, nor did anybody but he seem to think her so.

She was a little older than himself; very large and massive, with stern but not irregular features, and a very high

* *Editor's Note.*—I have thought it better to leave out, in its entirety, my cousin's account of his short career as a private soldier. It consists principally of personal descriptions that are not altogether unprejudiced; he seems never to have quite liked those who were placed in authority above him, either at school or in the army.

But one of my husband's intimate friends, General ——, who was cornet in the Life Guards in my poor cousin's time, writes me that "he remembers him well, as far and away the tallest and handsomest lad in the whole regiment, of immense physical strength, unimpeachable good conduct, and a thorough gentleman from top to toe."

MADGE PLUNKET.

forehead; she had a slight tendency to baldness, and colorless hair that she wore in an austere curl on each side of her face, and a menacing little topknot on her occiput. She had been a Unitarian and a governess, was fond of good long words, like Dr. Johnson, and very censorious.

Her husband's occasional derelictions in the matter of grammar and accent must have been very trying to her!

She knew her own mind about everything under the sun, and expected that other people should know it, too, and be of the same mind as herself. And yet she was not proud; indeed, she was a very dragon of humility, and had raised injured meekness to the rank of a militant virtue. And well she knew how to be master and mistress in her own house!

But with all this she was an excellent wife to Mr. Lintot and a devoted mother to his children, who were very plain and subdued (and adored their father); so that Lintot, who thought her Venus and Diana and Minerva in one, was the happiest man in all Pentonville.

And, on the whole, she was kind and considerate to me, and I always did my best to please her.

Moreover (a gift for which I could never be too grateful), she presented me with an old square piano, which had belonged to her mother, and had done duty in her school-room, till Lintot gave her a new one. It became the principal ornament of my small sitting-room, which it nearly filled, and on it I tried to learn my notes, and would pick out with one finger the old beloved melodies my father used to sing, and my mother play on the harp.

To sing myself was, it seems, out of the question; my voice (which I trust was not too disagreeable when I was content merely to speak) became as that of a bull-frog under a blanket whenever I strove to express myself in song; my larynx refused to produce the notes I held so accurately in my mind, and the result was disaster.

On the other hand, in my mind I could sing most beautifully. Once on a rainy day, inside an Islington omnibus, I mentally sang "Adelaida" with the voice of Mr. Sims Reeves—an unpardonable liberty to take; and although it is not for me to say so, I sang it even better than he, for I made myself shed tears—so much so that a kind old gentleman sitting opposite seemed to feel for me very much.

I also had the faculty of remembering any tune I once heard, and would whistle it correctly ever after—even one of Uncle Ibbetson's waltzes!

I am never without some tune running in my head—never for a moment; not that I am always aware of it; existence would be insupportable if I were. What part of my brain sings it, or rather in what part of my brain it sings itself, I cannot imagine—probably in some useless corner full of cobwebs and lumber that is fit for nothing else.

But it never leaves off; now it is one tune, now another; now a song *without*

PENTONVILLE.

words, now *with;* sometimes it is near the surface, so to speak, and I am vaguely conscious of it as I read or work, or talk or think; sometimes to make sure it is there I have to dive for it deep into myself, and I never fail to find it after a while, and bring it up to the top. It is the "Carnival of Venice," let us say; then I let it sink again, and it changes without my knowing; so that when I take another dive the "Carnival of Venice" has become "Il Mio Tesoro," or the "Marseillaise," or "Pretty Little Polly Perkins of Paddington Green." And Heaven knows what tunes, unheard and unperceived, this internal barrel-organ has been grinding meanwhile.

But this, at least, I will say for this never still small voice of mine: its intonation is always perfect; it keeps ideal time; and its quality, though rather thin and somewhat nasal and quite peculiar, is not unsympathetic. Sometimes, indeed (as in that Islington omnibus), I can compel it to imitate, *à s'y méprendre*, the tones of some singer I have recently heard, and

THE BIG DRAYMAN.

thus make for myself a ghostly music which is not to be despised.

Occasionally, too, and quite unbidden, it would warble little impromptu inward melodies of my own composition, which often seemed to me extremely pretty, old-fashioned, and quaint; but one is not a fair judge of one's own productions, especially during the heat of inspiration; and I had not the means of recording them, as I had never learned the musical notes. What the world has lost!

Now whose this small voice was I did not find out till many years later, *for it was not mine!*

. . . . . .

In spite of such rare accomplishments and resources within myself, I was not a happy or contented young man; nor had my discontent in it anything of the divine.

I disliked my profession, for which I felt no particular aptitude, and would fain have followed another—poetry, science, literature, music, painting, sculpture; for all of which I most unblushingly thought myself better fitted by the gift of nature.

I disliked Pentonville, which, although clean, virtuous, and respectable, left much to be desired on the score of shape, color, romantic tradition, and local charm; and I would sooner have lived anywhere else: in the Champs-Élysées, let us say—yes indeed, even on the fifth branch of the third tree on the left-hand side as you leave the Arc de Triomphe, like one of those classical heroes in Henri Murger's *Vie de Bohème*.

I disliked my brother apprentices, and did not get on well with them, especially a certain very clever but vicious and deformed youth called Judkins, who seemed to have conceived an aversion for me from the first; he is now an associate of the Royal Academy. They thought I gave myself airs because I did not share in their dissipations; such dissipations as I could

have afforded would have been cheap and nasty indeed.

Yet such pothouse dissipation seemed to satisfy them, since they took not only a pleasure in it, but a pride.

They even took a pride in a sick headache, and liked it, if it were the result of a debauch on the previous night; and were as pompously mock-modest about a black eye, got in a squabble at the Argyll Rooms, as if it had been the Victoria Cross. To pass the night in a police cell was such glory that it was worth while pretending they had done so when it was untrue.

They looked upon me as a muff, a milksop, and a prig, and felt the greatest contempt for me; and if they did not openly show it, it was only because they were not quite so fond of black eyes as they made out.

So I left them to their inexpensive joys, and betook myself to pursuits of my own, among others to the cultivation of my body, after methods I had learned in the Life Guards. I belonged to a gymnastic and fencing and boxing club, of which I was a most assiduous frequenter; a more persevering dumb-beller and Indian-clubber never was, and I became in time an all-round athlete, as wiry and lean as a greyhound, just under fifteen stone, and four inches over six feet in height, which was considered very tall thirty years ago; especially in Pentonville, where the distinction often brought me more contumely than respect.

Altogether a most formidable person, but that I was of a timid nature, afraid to hurt, and the peacefulest creature in the world. Not but what I could use this formidable appearance to good purpose, as the following little adventure will show:

It was on a boxing-day (oddly enough), and I was returning with Lintot and one of his boys from a walk in the Highgate Fields. As we plodded our dirty way homeward through the Caledonian Road we were stopped by a crowd outside a public-house. A gigantic drayman (they always seem bigger than they really are) was squaring up to a poor drunken lout of a navvy not half his size, who had been put up to fight him, and who was quite incapable of even an attempt at self-defence; he could scarcely lift his arms. I thought at first it was only horse-play; and as little Joe Lintot wanted to see, I put him up on my shoulder, just as the drayman, who had been drinking, but was not drunk, and had a most fiendishly brutal face, struck the poor tipsy wretch with all his might between the eyes and felled him (it was like pole-axing a bullock), to the delight of the crowd.

Little Joe, a very gentle and sensitive boy, began to cry; and his father, who had the pluck of a bull-terrier, wanted to interfere, in spite of his diminutive stature. I was also beside myself with indig-

THE BOULOGNE STEAMER.

SUNDAY IN PENTONVILLE.

nation; and pulling off my coat and hat, which I gave to Lintot, I made my way to the drayman, who was offering to fight any three men in the crowd, an offer that met with no response.

"Now, then, you cowardly skunk!" I said, tucking up my shirt sleeves; "stand up, and I will knock every tooth down your ugly throat."

His face went the colors of a mottled Stilton cheese, and he asked what I meddled with him for. A ring formed itself, and I felt the sympathy of the crowd with me—a very agreeable sensation!

"Now, then, up with your arms. I'm going to kill you!"

"*I* ain't going to fight you, mister; I ain't going to fight *nobody*. Just you let me alone."

"Oh yes, you are, or else you're going down on your marrow-bones to beg pardon for being a brutal, cowardly skunk;" and I gave him a slap on the face that rang like a pistol-shot—a most finished, satisfactory, and successful slap! My finger-tips tingle at the bare remembrance.

He tried to escape, but was held opposite to me. He began to snivel and whimper, and said he'd never meddled with me, and asked what should I meddle with him for?

"Then down on your knees—quick—this instant!" and I made as if I were going to begin serious business at once, and no mistake.

So down he plumped on his knees, and there he actually fainted from sheer excess of emotion.

As I was helped on with my coat, I tasted, for once in my life, the sweets of popularity, and knew what it was to be the idol of a mob.

. . . . . .

My taste for slums revived; they were very good slums, but not the slums of Paris! They manage these things better in France. There are slums at the east end of London that many fashionable people know something of by this time; I got to know them by heart. In addition to the charm of the mere slum, there was the eternal fascination of the seafaring element; of Jack ashore—a lovable creature who touches nothing but what he adorns it in his own peculiar fashion.

I constantly haunted the docks, where the smell of tar and the sight of ropes and masts filled me with unutterable longings for the sea—for distant lands—for anywhere but where it was my fate to be.

I talked to ship captains and mates and sailors, and heard many marvellous tales, as the reader may well believe, and framed for myself visions of cloudless skies, and sapphire seas, and coral reefs, and groves of spice, and dusky youths in painted plumage roving, and friendly isles where a lovely half-clad, barefooted Neuha would wave her torch, and lead me, her Torquil, by the hand through caverns of bliss!

Especially did I haunt a wharf by London Bridge, from whence two steamers—the *Seine* and the *Dolphin*, I believe—started on alternate days for Boulogne-sur-Mer.

I used to watch the happy passengers bound for France, some of them, in their holiday spirits, already fraternizing together on the sunny deck, and fussing with camp-stools and magazines and novels and bottles of bitter beer, or retiring before the funnel to smoke the pipe of peace.

The sound of the boiler getting up steam—what delicious music it was! Would it ever get up steam for me? The very smell of the cabin, the very feel of the brass gangway and the brass-bound, oil-clothed steps, were delightful; and downstairs, on the snowy cloth, were the cold beef and ham, the beautiful fresh mustard, the bottles of pale ale and stout. Oh! happy travellers, who could afford all this, and France into the bargain!

Soon would a large white awning make the after-deck a paradise, from which, by-and-by, to watch the quickly gliding panorama of the Thames. The bell would sound for non-passengers like me to go ashore—"Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère!" as Uncle Ibbetson would

have said. The steamer, disengaging itself from the wharf with a pleasant yo-hoing of manly throats and a slow, intermittent plashing of the paddle-wheels, would carefully pick its eastward way among the small craft of the river, while a few handkerchiefs were waved in a friendly, make-believe farewell—*auf wiedersehen!*

Oh! to stand by that unseasonably sou'-westered man at the wheel, and watch St. Paul's and London Bridge and the Tower of London fade out of sight—never, never to see them again! No *auf wiedersehen* for me!

Sometimes I would turn my footsteps westward and fill my hungry, jealous eyes with a sight of the gay summer procession in Hyde Park, or listen to the band in Kensington Gardens, and see beautiful, well-dressed women, and hear their sweet, refined voices and happy laughter; and a longing would come into my heart more passionate than my longing for the sea and France and distant lands, and quite as unutterable. I would even forget Neuha and her torch.

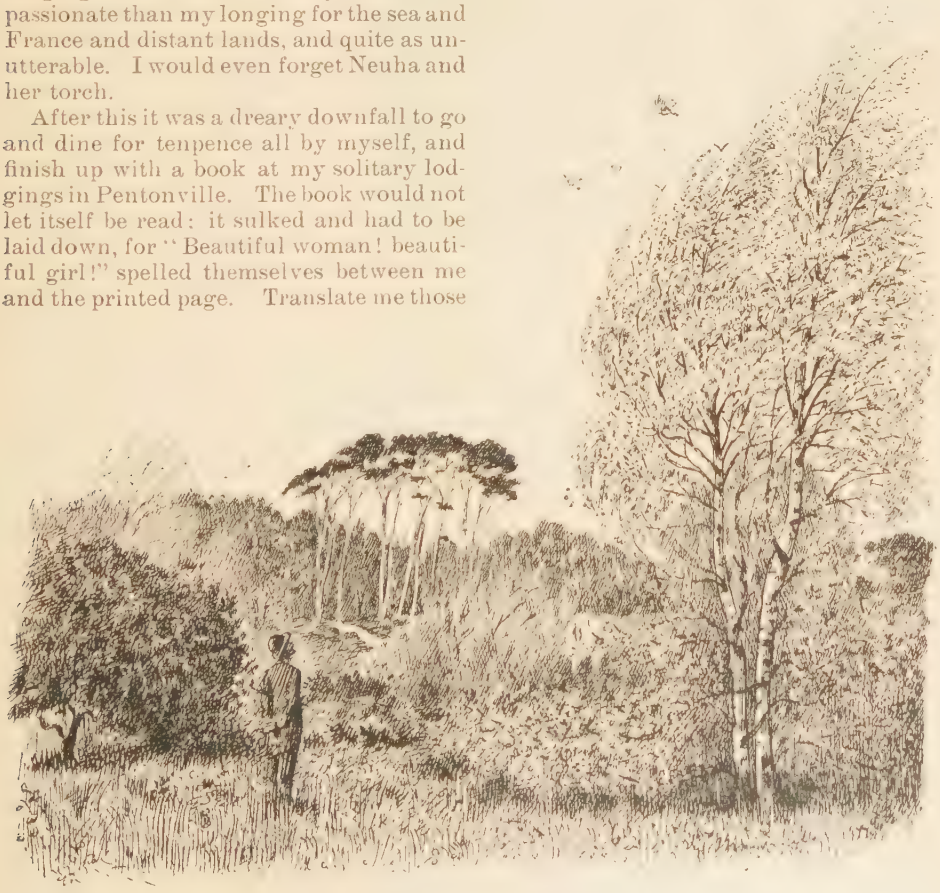
After this it was a dreary downfall to go and dine for tenpence all by myself, and finish up with a book at my solitary lodgings in Pentonville. The book would not let itself be read: it sulked and had to be laid down, for "Beautiful woman! beautiful girl!" spelled themselves between me and the printed page. Translate me those words into French, O ye who can even render Shakespeare into French Alexandrines—"Belle femme? Belle fille?" Ha! ha!

If you want to get as near it as you can, you will have to write, "Belle Anglaise," or "Belle Américaine"; only then will you be understood, even in France!

Ah! Madame Seraskier, était bien belle.

At other times, more happily inspired, I would slake my thirst for nature by long walks into the country. Hampstead was my Passy—the Leg-of-Mutton Pond my Mare d'Auteuil; Richmond was my St. Cloud, with Kew Gardens for a Bois de Boulogne; and Hampton Court made a very fair Versailles—how incomparably fairer, even a pupil of Lintot's should know.

And after such healthy fatigue and fragrant impressions the tenpenny dinner had a better taste, the little front parlor in Pen-



"HAMPSTEAD WAS MY PASSY."

"WELTSCHMERTZ."

tonville was more like a home, the book more like a friend.

For I read all I could get in English or French. Novels, travels, history, poetry, science—everything came as grist to that most melancholy mill, my mind.

I tried to write; I tried to draw; I tried to make myself an inner life apart from the sordid, commonplace ugliness of my outer one—a private oasis of my own; and to raise myself a little, if only mentally, above the circumstances in which it had pleased the Fates to place me.*

. . . . . .

It goes without saying that, like many thoughtful youths of a melancholy temperament, impecunious and discontented with their lot, and much given to the smoking of strong tobacco (on an empty stomach), I continuously brooded on the problems of existence—free-will and determinism, the whence and why and whither of man, the origin of evil, the immortality of the soul, the futility of life, etc., and made myself very miserable over such questions.

Often the inquisitive passer-by, had he peeped through the blinds of No. — Wharton Street, Pentonville, late at night, would have been rewarded by the touching spectacle of a huge, rawboned ex-private in her Majesty's Life Guards, with his head bowed over the black and yellow key-board of a venerable square pianoforte (on which he could not play), dropping the bitter tear of loneliness and *Weltschmertz* combined.

It never once occurred to me to seek relief in the bosom of any church.

Some types are born and not made. I was a born "infidel"; if ever there was a congenital agnostic, one agnostically constituted from his very birth, it was I. Not that I had ever heard such an expression as agnosticism; it is an invention of late years. . . .

"J'avais fait de la prose toute ma vie sans le savoir!"

But almost the first conscious dislike I can remember was for the black figure of

* *Editor's Note.*—It is with great reluctance that I now come to my cousin's account of the deplorable opinions he held, at that period of his life, on the most important subject that can ever engross the mind of man.

I have left out *much*, but I feel that in suppressing it altogether I should rob his sad story of all its moral significance; for it cannot be doubted that most of his unhappiness is attributable to the defective religious training of his childhood, and that his parents (otherwise the best and kindest people I have ever known), incurred a terrible responsibility when they determined to leave him "unbiassed," as he calls it, at that tender, susceptible age when the mind is

"Wax to receive, and marble to retain."

MADGE PLUNKET.

the priest, and there were several of these figures in Passy.

Monsieur le Major called them "maîtres corbeaux," and seemed to hold them in light esteem. Dr. Seraskier hated them; his gentle Catholic wife had grown to distrust them. My loving, heretic mother loved them not; my father, a Catholic born and bred, had an equal aversion. They had persecuted his gods—the thinkers, philosophers, and scientific discoverers—Galileo, Bruno, Copernicus; and brought to his mind the cruelties of the Holy Inquisition, the massacre of St. Bartholomew; and I always pictured them as burning little heretics alive if they had their will—Eton jackets, white chimney-pot hats, and all!

I have no doubt they were in reality the best and kindest of men.

The parson (and parsons were not lacking in Pentonville) was not so insidiously repellent as the blue-cheeked, blue-chinned Passy priest; but he was by no means to me a picturesque or sympathetic apparition, with his weddedness, his whiskers, his black trousers, his frock-coat, his tall hat, his little white tie, his consciousness of being a "gentleman" by profession. Most unattractive, also, were the cheap brand-new churches wherein he spoke the word to his dreary-looking Sunday-clad flock, with scarcely one of whom his wife would have sat down to dinner—especially if she had been chosen from among them!

To watch that flock pouring in of a Sunday morning, or afternoon, or evening, at the summons of those bells, and pouring out again after the long service, and banal, perfunctory sermon, was depressing. Week-days, in Pentonville, were depressing enough; but Sundays were depressing beyond words, though nobody seemed to think so but myself. Early training had acclimatized them.

I have outlived those physical antipathies of my salad days; even the sight of an Anglican bishop is no longer displeasing to me; on the contrary; and I could absolutely rejoice in the beauty of a cardinal.

Indeed, I am now friends with both a parson and a priest, and don't know which of the two I love and respect the most. They ought to hate me, but they don't; they pity me too much, I suppose. I am too negative to rouse in either the deep theological hate; and all the little hate that the practice of love and charity has left in their kind hearts is reserved for each other—an unquenchable hate in which they seem to glory, and which rages all the more that it has to be concealed. It saddens me to think that I am a bone of contention between them!

And yet, for all my unbelief, the Bible was my favorite book, and the Psalms my adoration; and most truly can I affirm that my mental attitude has ever been one of reverence and humility.

But every argument that has ever been advanced against Christianity (and I think I know them all by this time) had risen spontaneously and unprompted within me, and they have all seemed to me unanswerable, and indeed, as yet, unanswered. Nor had any creed of which I ever heard appeared to me either credible or attractive or even sensible, but for the central figure of the Deity—a Deity that in no case could ever be mine.

The awe-inspiring and unalterable conception that had wrought itself into my consciousness, whether I would or no, was that of a Being infinitely more abstract, remote, and inaccessible than any the genius of mankind has ever evolved after its own image and out of the needs of its own heart—inscrutable, unthinkable, unspeakable; above all human passions, beyond the reach of any human appeal; One upon whose attributes it was futile to speculate—One whose name was *It*, not *He*.

The thought of total annihilation was uncongenial, but had no terror.

Even as a child I had shrewdly suspected that hell was no more than a vulgar threat for naughty little boys and girls, and heaven than a vulgar bribe, from the casual way in which either was meted out to me as my probable portion, by servants and such people, according to the way I behaved.

Such things were never mentioned to me by either my father or mother, or M. le Major, or the Seraskiers—the only people in whom I trusted.

But for the bias against the priest, I was left unbiassed at that tender and susceptible age. I had learned my catechism and read my Bible, and used to say the Lord's Prayer as I went to bed, and "God bless papa and mamma," and the rest, in the usual perfunctory manner.

Never a word against religion was said in my hearing by those few on whom I

had pinned my childish faith; on the other hand, no such importance was attached to it, apparently, as was attached to the virtues of truthfulness, courage, generosity, self-denial, politeness, and especially consideration for others, high or low, human and animal alike.

I imagine that my parents must have compromised the matter between them, and settled that I should work out all the graver problems of existence for myself, when I came to a thinking age, out of my own conscience, and such knowledge of life as I should acquire, and such help as they would no doubt have given me, according to their lights, had they survived.

I did so, and made myself a code of morals to live by, in which religion had but a small part.

For me there was but one sin, and that was cruelty, because I hated it; though Nature, for inscrutable purposes of her own, almost teaches it as a virtue. All sins that did not include cruelty were merely sins against health, or taste, or common-sense, or public expediency.

Free-will was impossible. We could only *seem* to will freely, and that only within the limits of a small triangle, whose sides were heredity, education, and circumstance — a little geometrical arrangement of my own, of which I felt not a little proud, although it does not quite go on all-fours; perhaps because it is only a triangle.

That is, we could will fast enough—*too* fast; but could not will *how* to will: fortunately, for we were not fit as yet, and for a long time to come, to be trusted, constituted as we are!

Even the characters of a novel must act according to the nature, training, and motives their creator the novelist has supplied them with, or we put the novel down, and read something else; for human nature must be consistent with itself in fiction as well as in fact. Even in its madness there must be a method, so how could the will be free?

To pray for any personal boon or remission of evil—to bend the knee, or lift one's voice in praise or thanksgiving for any earthly good that had befallen one, either through inheritance, or chance, or one's own successful endeavor—was in my eyes simply futile; but, putting its futility aside, it was an act of servile presumption, of wheedling impertinence, not without suspicion of a lively sense of favors to come.

It seemed to me as though the Jews—a superstitious and business-like people, who know what they want and don't care how they get it—must have taught us to pray like that.

It was not the sweet simple child, innocently beseeching that to-morrow might be fine for its holiday, or that Santa Claus would be generous: it was the cunning trader, fawning, flattering, propitiating, bribing with fulsome, sycophantic praise (an insult in itself), as well as burnt-offerings, working for his own success here and hereafter, and his enemy's confounding.

It was the grovelling of the dog, without the dog's single-hearted love, stronger than even its fear or its sense of self-interest.

What an attitude for one whom God had made after His own image—even toward his Maker!

. . . . . .

The only permissible prayer was a prayer for courage or resignation; for that was a prayer turned inward, an appeal to what is best in ourselves — our honor, our stoicism, our self-respect.

And for a small detail, grace before and after meals seemed to me especially self-complacent and iniquitous when there were so many with scarcely ever a meal to say grace for. The only decent and proper grace was to give half of one's meal away—not, indeed, that I was in the habit of doing so! But at least I had the grace to reproach myself for my want of charity, and that was my only grace.

. . . . . .

Fortunately, since we had no free-will of our own, the tendency that impelled us was upward, like the sparks, and bore us with it willy-nilly—the good and the bad, and the worst and the best.

By seeing this clearly, and laying it well to heart, the motive was supplied to us for doing all we could in furtherance of that upward tendency—*pour aider le bon Dieu*—that we might rise the faster and reach Him the sooner, if He were! And when once the human will has been set going, like a rocket or a clock or a steam-engine, and in the right direction, what can it not achieve?

We should in time control circumstance instead of being controlled thereby; education would day by day become more

adapted to one consistent end; and, finally, conscience-stricken, we should guide heredity with our own hands instead of leaving it to blind chance; unless, indeed, a well-instructed paternal government wisely took the reins, and only sanctioned the union of people who were thoroughly in love with each other, after due and careful elimination of the unfit.

Thus, cruelty should at least be put into harness, and none of its valuable energy wasted on wanton experiment, as it is by Nature.

And thus, as the boy is father to the man, should the human race one day be father to—what?

That is just where my speculations would arrest themselves; that was the × of a sum in rule of three, not to be worked out by Peter Ibbetson, Architect and Surveyor, Wharton Street, Pentonville.

As the orang-outang is to Shakespeare, so is Shakespeare to.... ×?

As the female chimpanzee is to the Venus of Milo, so is the Venus of Milo to.... ×?

Finally, multiply these two ×'s by each other, and try to conceive the result!

. . . . . .

Such was, crudely, the simple creed I held at this time; and, such as it was, I had worked it all out for myself, with no help from outside—a poor thing, but mine own; or, as I expressed it in the words of De Musset, "Mon verre n'est pas grand—mais je bois dans mon verre."

For though such ideas were in the air, like wholesome clouds, they had not yet condensed themselves into printed words for the million. People did not dare to write about these things, as they do at present, in popular novels and cheap magazines, that all who run may read, and learn to think a little for themselves, and honestly say what they think, without having to dread a howl of execration, clerical and lay.

And it was not only that I thought like this and could not think otherwise; it was that I felt like this and could not feel otherwise; and I should have appeared to myself as wicked, weak, and base had I ever even *desired* to think or feel otherwise, however personally despairing of this life—a traitor to what I jealously guarded as my best instincts.

And yet to me the faith of others, if but unaggressive, humble, and sincere, had often seemed touching and pathetic, and sometimes even beautiful, as childish things seem sometimes beautiful, even in those who were no longer children and should have put them away. It had caused many heroic lives, and rendered many obscure lives blameless and happy; and then its fervor and passion seemed to burn with a lasting flame.

At brief moments now and then, and especially in the young, unfaith can be as fervent and as passionate as faith, and just as narrow and unreasonable, as *I* found; but alas! its flame was intermittent, and its light was not a kindly light.

It had no food for babes; it could not comfort the sick or sorry; nor resolve into submissive harmony the inner discords of the soul; nor compensate us for our own failures and shortcomings; nor make up to us in any way for the success and prosperity of others who did not choose to think as we did.

It was without balm for wounded pride, or stay for weak despondency, or consolation for bereavement; its steep and rugged thoroughfares led to no promised land of beatitude, and there were no soft resting-places by the way.

Its only weapon was steadfastness; its only shield, endurance; its earthly hope, the common weal; its earthly prize, the opening of all roads to knowledge, and the release from a craven inheritance of fear; its final guerdon—sleep? Who knows?

Sleep was not bad.

So that simple, sincere, humble, devout, earnest, fervent, passionate, and over-conscientious young unbelievers like myself had to be very strong and brave and self-reliant (which I was not), and very much in love with what they conceived to be the naked Truth (a figure of doubtful personal attractions at first sight), to tread the ways of life with that unvarying cheerfulness, confidence, and serenity which the believer claims as his own special and particular apanage.

So much for my profession of unfaith, shared (had I but known it) by many much older and wiser and better educated than I, and only reached by them after great sacrifice of long-cherished illusions, and terrible pangs of soul questioning—a struggle and a wrench that I was spared through my kind parents' thoughtfulness when I was a little boy.

. . . . . .

It thus behooved me to make the most

of this life; since, for all I knew, or believed, or even hoped to the contrary, to-morrow we must die.

Not, indeed, that I might eat and drink and be merry; heredity and education had not inclined me that way, I suppose, and circumstances did not allow it; but that I might try and live up to the best ideal I could frame out of my own conscience and the past teaching of mankind. And man, whose conception of the Infinite and divine has been so inadequate, has furnished us with such human examples (ancient and modern, Hebrew, Pagan, Buddhist, Christian, Agnostic, and what not) as the best of us can only hope to follow at a distance.

I would sometimes go to my morning's work, my heart elate with lofty hope and high resolve.

How easy and simple it seemed to lead a life without fear, or reproach, or self-seeking, or any sordid hope of personal reward, either here or hereafter!—a life of stoical endurance, invincible patience and meekness, indomitable cheerfulness and self-denial!

After all, it was only for another forty or fifty years at the most, and what was that? And after that—"que sçais—je?"

The thought was inspiring indeed!

By luncheon-time (and luncheon consisted of an Abernethy biscuit and a glass of water, and several pipes of shag tobacco, cheap and rank) some subtle change would come over the spirit of my dream.

Other people didn't have high resolves. Some people had very bad tempers, and rubbed one very much the wrong way....

What a hideous place was Pentonville to slave away one's life in!....

What a grind it was to be forever making designs for little new shops in Rosoman Street, and not making them well, it seemed!....

Why should a squinting, pock-marked, bow-legged, hunch-backed little Judkins (a sight to make a recruiting sergeant shudder) forever taunt one with having enlisted as a private soldier?....

And then why should one be sneeringly told to "hit a fellow one's own size," merely because, provoked beyond endurance, one just grabbed him by the slack of his trousers and gently shook him out of them on to the floor, terrified but quite unhurt?....

And so on, and so on; constant little pin-pricks, sordid humiliations, uglinesses, meannesses, and dirt, that called forth in resistance all that was lowest and least commendable in one's self.

One has attuned one's nerves to the leading of a forlorn hope, and a gnat gets into one's eye, or a little cinder grit, and there it sticks; and there is no question of leading any forlorn hope, after all, and never will be; all *that* was in the imagination only: it is always gnats and cinder grits, gnats and cinder grits.

By the evening I had ignominiously broken down, and was plunged in the depths of an exasperated pessimism too deep even for tears, and would have believed myself the meanest and most miserable of mankind, but that everybody else, without exception, was even meaner and miserabler than myself.

They could still eat and drink and be merry. I couldn't, and didn't even want to.

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And so on, day after day, week after week, for months and years....

Thus I grew weary in time of my palling individuality, ever the same through all these uncontrollable variations of mood.

Oh, that alternate ebb and flow of the spirits! It is a disease, and, what is most distressing, it is no real change; it is more sickeningly monotonous than absolute stagnation itself.

And from that dreary seesaw I could never escape, except through the gates of dreamless sleep, the death in life; for even in our dreams we are still ourselves. There was no rest!

I loathed the very sight of myself in the shop windows as I went by; and yet I always looked for it there, in the forlorn hope of at least finding some alteration, even for the worse. I passionately longed to be somebody else; and yet I had never met anybody else I could have borne to be for a moment.

And then the loneliness of us!

Each separate unit of our helpless race is inexorably bounded by the inner surface of his own mental periphery, a jointless armor in which there is no weak place, never a fault, never a single gap of egress for ourselves, of ingress for the nearest and dearest of our fellow-units.

At only five points can we just touch each other, and all that is—and that only by the function of our poor senses—from the outside. In vain we rack them that

we may get a little closer to the best beloved and most implicitly trusted; ever in vain, from the cradle to the grave.

Why should so fantastic a thought have persecuted me so cruelly? I knew nobody with whom I should have felt such a transfusion of soul even tolerable for a second.

I cannot tell! But it was like a gadfly which drove me to fatigue my body that I should have by day the stolid peace of mind that comes of healthy physical exhaustion; that I should sleep at night the dreamless sleep—the death in life!

"Of such materials wretched men are made!" Especially wretched young men; and the wretcheder one is, the more one smokes; and the more one smokes, the wretcheder one gets—a vicious circle!

Such was my case. I grew to long for the hour of my release (as I expressed it pathetically to myself), and caressed the idea of suicide.

I even composed for myself a little rhymed epitaph in French, which I thought very neat:

Je n'étais point. Je fus.
Je ne suis plus.

. . . . . .

Oh, to perish in some noble cause—to die saving another's life, even another's worthless life, to which he clung!

I remember formulating this wish, in all sincerity, one moonlit night as I walked up Frith Street, Soho. I came upon a little group of excited people gathered together at the foot of a house built over a shop. From a broken window pane on the second floor an ominous cloud of smoke rose like a column into the windless sky. An ordinary ladder was placed against the house, which, they said, was densely inhabited; but no fire-engine or fire-escape had arrived as yet, and it appeared useless to try and rouse the inmates by kicking and beating at the door any longer.

A brave man was wanted—a very brave man, who would climb the ladder, and make his way into the house through the broken window. Here was a forlorn hope to lead at last!

Such a man was found. To my lasting shame and contrition, it was not I.

He was short and thick and middle-aged, and had a very jolly red face and immense whiskers—quite a common sort of man, who seemed by no means tired of life.

His heroism was wasted, as it happened; for the house was an empty one, as we all heard, to our immense relief, before he had managed to force a passage into the burning room.

Nevertheless I slunk home, and gave up all thoughts of self-destruction—even in a noble cause; and there, in penance, I somewhat hastily committed to flame the plodding labor of many midnights—an elaborate copy in pen and ink, line for line, of Retel's immortal wood-engraving "Der Tod als Freund," which Mrs. Lintot had been kind enough to lend me.

Oh me duffer! What a hopeless failure was I in all things, little and big!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHRISTIANITY AND SOCIALISM.

BY THE REV. J. M. BUCKLEY, D.D.

IN the various discussions of this subject an examination of the condition of the world when Christianity arose, and of its principles as related to the removal or mitigation of social inequalities, would seem to be of the first importance, but it is generally either neglected or superficially and unequally viewed. Theoretical reformers elaborate plans of social regeneration, some of which ignore Christianity, some regard it as hostile, and others endeavor to make it support views not in harmony with it.

The primary aim of this paper is to state clearly the condition of the world when Christianity appeared, and the principles which its Founder and His apostles announced and illustrated for its improvement.

I.

Were a single family to be cast upon the shore of a fertile but uninhabited island, the struggle between man and nature would begin at once. They might live to the full limit of human life without once having the problems of civil and social inequalities thrust upon them. Such

terms as "civil government," "rights of property," "laws of inheritance," "private property," "capital and labor," "higher and lower classes," and the ideas for which they stand, might never be known to them. But as the population increased, restrictions on the use of property, and government in some form, would be required. After a few generations, among the multitude varying degrees of ability, physical and mental, would be found. Social differences would arise, and be perpetuated by dissimilar environments.

That which would inevitably occur on such an island manifests itself in all parts of the world. Customs and laws differ, but wherever society exists several general distinctions appear. The poor, including not only paupers and the indigent, but those who earn barely enough to support them, and whom the sickness of two or three days would transform into objects of charity, constitute in most countries an immense majority. In the United States, owing to extent of territory, fertility of soil, mineral resources, timber, navigable rivers, sea-coast, variety of climate, isolation, and the need of development, the poor have been less numerous than in the Old World; but they are now increasing more rapidly than heretofore.

At the other extreme are the rich, the mere income of whose possessions at current interest, with only the care necessary to superintend their investments, is sufficient to support them in luxury, though many of them may continue in business for its pleasure and power, or in the hope of adding to their wealth. Between these is the great middle class, having "neither riches nor poverty," subdivided into those who are hopefully pressing upward to the envied station of the rich, and those who, from infirmity, losses, the rise of new modes of transacting business to which they cannot adapt themselves, and misfortunes, are declining toward poverty. Intellectual gifts and acquisitions make other distinctions. In all nations the number of the ignorant is far greater than that of the learned, while in the first powers of the globe a large number are well-informed.

Government creates two grand divisions. In absolute monarchies the rulers constitute a permanent body; in limited, some rulers are permanent and others transient in the tenure of office; and in democracies public functionaries are subject to rotation. But even under a republican form of government the fact of having held office is an element of social consideration, transmissible, according to the dignity of the office, to descendants. Similar classes are created by the army and navy.

These inequalities have given rise to the most intense oppositions of feeling. The history of the old Roman world is a type of that of the human race. It passed through every form of organization—the absolute and the limited monarchy, the republic, and the aristocracy; and within each of these forms slavery was intrenched. Asiatic and Russian despotisms are stupendous structures, wherein the various degrees support the ultimate absolutism. Republics, maintaining in theory the equality of man, retain and invent distinctions of different kinds, which become more numerous as capital and learning increase and government grows more complex. The tendency then is to give unrepublican inequalities recognition in the laws. The United States as related to slavery, is a striking illustration; but many laws enacted since the abolition of that institution contain the germs of arbitrary discriminations without basis in right.

It is not surprising that this problem, under different aspects, has been the burning question in all ages and lands where thought is free and expression untrammelled; or that where discussion is repressed by force, sullen roars, like those of wild beasts at bay, and occasionally terrible outbreaks of carnage and rapine, should affright those dwelling in fancied security in mansions built upon the slopes of a social Vesuvius. The saying is attributed to Matthew Arnold that "no individual life can be truly prosperous passed in the midst of those who suffer. To the noble soul it cannot be happy; to the ignoble it cannot be safe."

Nevertheless, the tendency to exaggerate the condition of the poor, and to apply universally the description of the evils which a limited number suffer, is so strong as to produce a reaction in many noble souls. This is the description of the life of working-men in the United States, given by a working-man, who professes to be a Christian, and seems to have had the opportunity to acquire a good education:

"To be born in a crowded and perhaps filthy tenement-house; to run the gauntlet of a thousand ills during infancy; to suffer the pains and, even to a child, the ignominy of poverty; to be scantily educated, and turned out into the world as a bread-winner for the family at an age when the children of those more fortunate are but just leaving the nursery; to be compelled to labor at something not of your own choosing, and perhaps distasteful to you; to marry and to beget children; to still live in poorly furnished and ill-ventilated apartments; to struggle on through long years, sometimes years of panic, when work is scarcely to be had at any price; to walk the streets idle in the winter-time, when your expenses are greatest; and then, just when you become perfected in your trade, when your skill should make you a more valuable man than ever, to feel your sight grow dim, your limbs stiffen, your strength fail, and be cast aside as useless; to see the long years of labor wasted for a mere subsistence; to drag on by hook or by crook a few years more of hopeless struggle and discontent; or perhaps, if you are so fortunate, to live on the charity of poverty-stricken, of grudging children; finally, to have the grave close over you, leaving others as luckless to strive on as hopelessly."

The foregoing is not intended as a description of extreme cases under peculiarly unfortunate circumstances; for the writer declares that "this is the life of the working-man; not the unskilled laborer alone, but of the mechanic."

While there are such cases — in the aggregate a considerable number — and though in panics at long intervals, and in strikes with or without just cause, the number may be greatly increased temporarily, yet, as a description of the lives of mechanics and efficient though unskilled laborers, as I have seen them and intimately associated with them, visiting them at their homes in different parts of the country through many years of close and sympathetic observation, it is a great exaggeration, and exhibits indications that the writer was heated by his own rhetoric.

But that the problem exists everywhere there can be no doubt, and when population shall have increased in the United States until it taxes our unparalleled natural resources, as it certainly must, at the present rate of augmentation, within a period which, though long in the life of an individual, is short in that of nations, all the sufferings endured by other countries will be felt here.

II.

The question here proposed is the relation of Christianity to the solution of this intensely human problem.

Some maintain that religion has nothing to do with it; others stigmatize Christianity as "the chloroform of the confiscating classes." The accredited organ of scientific socialism in England, *To-Day*, contained an article in the number for January, 1884, entitled "Christianity and Capitalism: the Two Curses of our Time." Others hold that Christianity is essentially socialistic, and infer doctrines from various texts which agree in their final theoretical outcome with atheistic communism. Others propose a theory of "Christian socialism," with various economic modifications, which, while purely questions of expediency, are advocated as though essential parts of the Christian religion. The theories of Christian socialism advocated by Lamennais in France, Charles Kingsley in England, Baader and Von Ketteler, Huber and the state socialists in Germany, differ greatly in many of their principles, but all recommend a radical reconstruction of society. The Social Democrats attack them, and generally refuse to co-operate with them. Their sentiments are expressed in the words of a German writer:

"I cannot agree with you in the view that you take that Christianity and socialism aim at the same thing. Christianity and socialism are opposed to each other as fire and water. The so-called good kernel in Christianity, which you (not I) discover in it, is not Christian, but merely human; and the peculiarity of Christianity, the bulk of its dogmas and doctrines, is inimical to humanity."

When the Founder of Christianity was upon earth, all these distinctions existed. Lazarus the beggar, and Lazarus the middle-class brother of Mary and Martha, Luke the physician, Matthew the publican, Nicodemus the master in Israel, Joseph of Arimathea (the rich man in whose tomb Jesus was buried), the young ruler, the officers of justice, the aristocrats in church and state, the wealthy Zaccheus, the woman of evil repute, the victims of hereditary disease, the mechanic, the laborer, the real-estate owner, the master, and the slave — all classes now found in the world were known to Him. Christianity might be expected to attempt the solution of the problems so far

as they relate to the disciples of Christ. Its fundamental principle was, "Seek first the kingdom of God." Its influence upon the social condition of man was to be exerted through the conduct to which His precepts, infused with His spirit, would lead.

Christ and His apostles attacked these questions directly by laying down principles which, if universally accepted and practised, would reduce the inequalities in human society to the smallest possible proportions, and so adjust men to their neighbors that all malevolent feeling would disappear. "If any will not work, neither shall he eat," says Paul; and as he gives directions to feed the hungry and help the poor, it is obvious that those who will not work, though able, and such only, are included in the condemnation. The Christian believer is to be "not slothful in business"; he is to "labor, working with his hands that which is good," that he may "provide things honest in the sight of all men," and that he may "have to give to him that needeth." He is to support all that are dependent upon him, and if he will not do so "he denies the faith, and is worse than an infidel."

Christianity specifically prohibits drunkenness, gluttony, licentiousness, anger, and avarice—the chief causes of human inequalities. It emphatically denounces dishonesty, the essence of which is to try to obtain something from a man without giving him an equivalent. It requires universal benevolence and helpfulness. The good Samaritan is not a fancy sketch, but a model, the work of the Divine Teacher, after which His disciples are to fashion themselves.

Count Tolstoï, in *My Religion*, takes an unequal view of the religion of Jesus, holding it to be opposed to all human governments, and to the institution of private property. By isolating texts, and not modifying what Christ says in one place by what He says in another, by ignoring the qualifications in the very passages which he gives, he appears to make out a case of exceeding strength. When Christ commands His disciples to take no thought for the body and the things of the morrow, Tolstoï interprets it as though no effort were to be made to provide for the future, forgetting that the apostles, under the very eye of Christ, had a treasurer and carried money, and that He said, "Your Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things," and "all these things shall be added unto you." The sin of the Gentiles which He rebuked was not in giving some attention to these matters, but in making them the chief object of their lives. Christ's teaching to His disciples is "Seek *first* the kingdom of God"; then, since "your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things," if you live in obedience to the principles which I inculcate, "you will have them."

Concerning civil government, when tempted by one who said, "Is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar?", Christ asked for a coin of the realm, and when it was brought, said, "Whose image and superscription is this?" "Cæsar's." "Render therefore unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's"—as plain a recognition of the responsibility of man to human government, and of the divine origin of government as an institution, as words could convey. The New Testament requires "honor" to be given to whom it is due—to "kings," "governors," and "all that are in authority," and enjoins special prayers for them. In the Epistle to the Romans Paul makes an argument in favor of the payment of taxes, based on the ground that governments are "God's ministers, attending continually on this very thing."

The relations of master and servants are clearly recognized, and instruction is given to both. "Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal, knowing that ye also have a Master in heaven." Servants are told to "obey in all things your masters according to the flesh," not merely rendering "eye service as men pleasers," but in singleness of heart, fearing God. That they may put energy into their work, though their masters be unkind or absent, they are to do it "heartily as to the Lord, and not unto men, knowing that of the Lord they shall receive the reward of the inheritance." The original communistic experiment, when "they that believed had all things in common," was an expedient employed because of the persecutions to which Christians were exposed, the losses of employment and property which they had to endure for the faith, but was not designed to be permanent or obligatory upon all. In the rebuke given by the apostle Peter to Ananias for attempting fraud, he does not imply that a refusal to surrender

the property would have been culpable. "While it remained was it not thine own? And after it was sold was it not in thine own power? Why hast thou conceived this thing in thine heart? Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God."

"Capital and labor" are sometimes introduced as if new ideas, but they are as old as history. The oppression of labor is characterized by St. James in language applicable wherever similar actions are performed:

"Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days. Behold, the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth, and have been wanton; ye have nourished your hearts, as in a day of slaughter. Ye have condemned and killed the just; and he doth not resist you."

These were not religious rich men, but those who feared "neither God nor man."

But Christ and His apostles knew that it would be an indefinite period of time before Christian principles would be universally applied; therefore they grappled the problem of the relation of Christians of different grades in the world as it now is. St. James laid down this rule: "Let the brother of low degree rejoice in that he is exalted, but the rich in that he is made low." The "brother of low degree," according to the customs of particular countries, may be the servant or slave of a pagan, an unbeliever, or an entirely corrupt man; but he expects his inheritance, his exaltation in the kingdom of Christ, and an abundant reward, such as Lazarus the beggar received for patiently enduring in this life "evil things," which he had not merited, but from which he could not escape.

The rich disciple is to rejoice that he has been made low, having discovered that all true honor comes from above, and that his riches do not elevate him in the sight of God. The special test which Jesus gave to the ruler who thought that he had kept all the commandments from his youth up was effectual. "He went away sorrowful, because he had great possessions." But the rich man who maintains his piety makes to himself friends by means of "the mammon of unrighteousness, that when it shall fail they may receive you into the eternal tabernacles." He is "not rich toward himself but toward God," and regards himself as a steward whose accounts shall be approved when his Master calls for him. If he be a genuine disciple, his uniform rule being, "Freely ye have received, freely give," he disposes of his property at death by will under the statutes of the country in which he lives, as conscientiously according to the precepts of Christ as he did while living.

III.

Christianity is frequently attacked because it maintains "law and order." It cannot justly deny the charge of supporting human governments, at least until oppression becomes a greater evil than revolution and reconstruction. But its principles, generally obeyed, would make rulers in monarchical governments just, and improve the condition of subjects, and are essential to the successful exercise of self-government.

Various schemes are broached, some involving the forcible destruction, "root and branch, of the existing social, economical, and political order." When the advocates of these are told that this is confiscation, they answer:

"Far from it; it is restitution. Those who cry for compensation for past robbery, and shriek vengeance because the right to rob in the future is challenged, should bear in mind that the men and women whom we should compensate are those who are now simply half clothed and half fed, from a pauper cradle to a pauper grave, in order that capitalists and landlords may have any luxury and excess. The dead have passed beyond compensation; it will be well if the living do not call for vengeance on their behalf."*

In this country divers projects of transferring the whole of private business to the government are urged, and their promoters are so confident that they have discovered a universal panacea that they say: "We must do all we can to shut the mouths of those who talk of needing centuries to make over society. No sort of talk, not even opposition, is so foolish or demoralizing as this. Fifty years will see our entire programme accomplished."

* *Summary of the Principles of Socialism.* Signed by the whole of the Executive Committee of the Socialists in England.

Against all hasty conclusions several facts embedded in human nature and illustrated by history demand attention. Wherever human society is found, except among the most brutal tribes, the institution of private property, generally including the ownership of real estate, exists. Such are the differences among human beings in disposition, working power, and judgment, that if all the property in the world were equally divided, in a short time the dissipation, imbecility, and infirmities of one class—and that the more numerous—and the energy, industry, and sagacity of the other, would produce inequalities in goods, wisdom, power, and social position. For the state to hold all property, to force the people to work, and to compel the support of multitudes who would not or could not earn a livelihood by the exertions of those who would be willing to labor, would oppose the strongest instincts of human nature, and require a despotism as rigid as that of ancient Persia. Communistic experiments, whether based upon religion or secularism, have failed in accomplishing the end at which their promoters have aimed. The few that have attained temporary prosperity have dwindled in numbers, average human beings preferring to take their chances in active competition to entering upon a life so unnatural and restricted.

Atheistic socialism would violently overthrow the existing order to destroy inequalities which would speedily return, unless human nature were changed by the influence of Christian principles. Ignorant of this fact, many socialists attack Christianity itself, the only system that affords the poor any consolation, or confers upon them any dignity, or that threatens the rich with the loss of God's favor if they oppress the poor.

The progress of the human race upward will be in proportion to the diffusion of Christian precepts. Voluntary associations of all kinds may be formed; changes may be made in governments by the instruction and persuasion of a majority of voters; and even revolution may occur when oppression justifies wise and good men in revolt. But "there is no political alchemy by which you can get golden conduct out of leaden instincts." Unless the hearts of men are transformed by the laws and spiritual influence of Christianity, the tyranny of any organization, professedly Christian or atheistic, would be but a change of name.

These principles do not imply that new adaptations in government, new applications in economics, may not be made which will to some extent improve the condition of things; nor is it here assumed that any existing form of organized Christianity is incapable of improvement. But it is maintained that any plan which rejects or ignores the precepts of Christianity as its chief reliance, and does not seek the elevation of human nature above selfishness into enlightened self-love, and to imbue it with a philanthropy springing from human brotherhood resting upon God's fatherhood, is a delusion which may amuse, or inspire enthusiasm for a time, but is predoomed to failure by the inexorable conditions of existence on earth.

If Christianity were universally adopted, all social evils would vanish; there would be few very rich persons; comparatively few would be poor, and those would be worthy of abundant sympathy and help, which they would receive. At a gathering of socialists at the grave of Carl Marx, celebrating the anniversary of his death, one of the speakers declared, "The three things which the world needs are solidarity, energy, and self-sacrifice." Self-sacrifice is another word for disinterestedness, and this needs Christianity; for, as F. D. Maurice, the English rector, socialist, and friend of Kingsley, said, "Be very sure of this, that no human creatures will be found saying sincerely 'Our brothers' on earth unless they have said previously 'Our Father which art in heaven.'"

Prescriptions for the relief of symptoms or for deadening sensibility to pain can at best serve but a temporary purpose. If while serving that purpose they divert attention from constitutional maladies which if left to themselves will inevitably prove fatal, the good that they may do becomes infinitesimal in comparison with the evil. Reformers may or may not have doubts of the supernatural origin of Christianity, and may or may not openly ally themselves with any of its visible forms, but without its aid, directly or indirectly, any scheme which antagonizes or neglects Christianity must be limited in its application and restricted in its duration to the lifetime of its founder or his immediate successors.

AN IMPERATIVE DUTY.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

I.

OLNEY got back to Boston about the middle of July, and found himself in the social solitude which the summer makes more noticeable in that city than in any other. The business, the hard work of life, was going on, galloping on, as it always does in America, but the pleasure of life, which he used to be part of as a younger man, was taking a rest, or if not a rest, then certainly an outing at the sea-shore. He met no one he knew, and he continued his foreign travels in his native place, after an absence so long that it made everything once so familiar bewilderingly strange.

He had sailed ten days before from Liverpool, but he felt as if he had been voyaging in a vicious circle when he landed, and had arrived in Liverpool again. In several humiliating little ways, Boston recalled the most commonplace of English cities. It was not like Liverpool in a certain civic grandiosity, a sort of lion-and-unicorn spectacularity which he had observed there. The resemblance appeared to him in the meanness and dulness of many of the streets in the older part of the town where he was lodged, and in the littleness of the houses. Then there was a curious similarity in the figures and faces of the crowd. He had been struck by the almost American look of the poorer class in Liverpool, and in Boston he was struck by its English look. He could half account for this by the fact that the average face and figure one meets in Boston in midsummer is hardly American; but the other half of the puzzle remained. He could only conjecture an approach from all directions to a common type among those who work with their hands for a living; what he had seen in Liverpool and now saw in Boston was not the English type or the American type, but the proletarian type. He noticed it especially in the women, and more especially in the young girls, as he met them in the street after their day's work was done, and on the first Sunday afternoon following his arrival, as he saw them in the Common. By far the greater part of those listening to the brass band which was then beginning to vex the ghost of our poor old Puritan Sabbath there, were given away by their accent for those primary and secondary Irish who abound with us. The old women were strong, ugly old peasant women, often with the simian cast of features which affords the caricaturist such an unmistakable Irish physiognomy; but the young women were thin and crooked, with pale, pasty complexions, and an effect of physical delicacy which might later be physical refinement. They went about in threes or fours, with their lank arms round one another's waists, or lounged upon the dry grass; and they seemed fond of wearing red jerseys, which accented every fact of their anatomy. Looking at them scientifically, Olney thought that if they survive to be mothers they might give us, with better conditions, a race as hale and handsome as the elder American race; but the transition from the Old World to the New, as represented in them, was painful, and it was not pretty in manner any more than in matter. Their voices were at once coarse and weak; their walk was uncertain, now awkward and now graceful, an undeveloped gait; their bearing was apt to be aggressive, and sometimes rude, as if from a wish to ascertain the full limits of their social freedom, rather than from ill-nature, or that bad-heartedness which most rudeness comes from.

But, in fact, Olney met nowhere the deference from beneath that his long sojourn in Europe had accustomed him to consider politeness. He was used in all public places with a kindness mixed with roughness, which is probably the real republican manner: the manner of Florence before the Medici; the manner of Venice when the Florentines were wounded by it after the Medici corrupted them; the manner of the French when the Terror had done its work. Nobody proved unamiable, though everybody seemed so at first; not even the waiters at his hotel, where he was served by adoptive citizens who looked so much like brigands that he could not help expecting to be carried off and held somewhere for ransom when he first came into the dining-room. They wore immense black mustaches or huge whiskers, or else the American beard cut slanting from the corners of the mouth.

They had a kind of short sack of alpaca, which did not support one's love of gentility like the conventional dress-coat of the world-wide waiter, or cheer one's heart like the white linen jacket and apron of the negro waiter. But Olney found them, upon what might be called personal acquaintance, neither uncivil nor unkind, though they were awkward and rather stupid. They could not hide their eagerness for fees, and they took an interest in his well-being so openly mercenary that he could scarcely enjoy his meals. With two of those four-winged whirligigs revolving on the table before him to scare away the flies, and working him up to such a vertigo that he thought he must swoon into his soup, Olney was uncomfortably aware of the Irish waiter standing so close behind his chair that his stomach bulged against it, and he felt his breath coming and going on the bald spot on his crown. He could not put out his hand to take up a bit of bread without having a hairy paw thrust forward to anticipate his want; and he knew that his waiter considered each service of the kind worth a good deal extra, and expected to be remembered for it in our silver coinage, whose unique ugliness struck Olney afresh.

He would not have been ready to say that one of the negro waiters, whom he wished they had at his hotel instead of those Irishmen, would not have been just as greedy of money; but he would have clothed his greed in such a smiling courtesy and such a childish simple-heartedness that it would have been graceful and winning. He would have used tact in his ministrations; he would not have cumbered him with service, as from a wheelbarrow, but would have given him a touch of help here, and a little morsel of attention there; he would have kept aloof as well as alert. That is, he would have had all these charms if he were at his best, and he would have had some of them if he were at his worst.

In fact, the one aspect of our mixed humanity here which struck Olney as altogether agreeable in getting home was that of the race which vexes our social question with its servile past, and promises to keep it uncomfortable with its civic future. He had not forgotten that, so far as society in the society sense is concerned, we have always frankly simplified the matter, and no more consort with the negroes than we do with the lower animals, so that one would be quite as likely to meet a cow or a horse in an American drawing-room as a person of color. But he had forgotten how entirely the colored people keep to themselves in all public places, and how, with the same civil rights as ourselves, they have their own neighborhoods, their own churches, their own amusements, their own resorts. They were just as free to come to the music on the Common that Sunday afternoon as any of the white people he saw there. They could have walked up and down, they could have lounged upon the grass, and no one would have molested them, though the whites would have kept apart from them. But he found very few of them there. It was not till he followed a group away from the Common through Charles Street, where they have their principal church, into Cambridge Street, which is their chief promenade, that he began to see many of them. In the humbler side-hill streets, and in the alleys branching upward from either thoroughfare, they have their homes, and here he encountered them of all ages and sexes. It seemed to him that they had increased since he was last in Boston beyond the ratio of nature; and the hotel clerk afterward told him there had been that summer an unusual influx of negroes from the South.

He would not have known the new arrivals by anything in their looks or bearing. Their environment had made as little impression on the older inhabitants, or the natives, as Time himself makes upon persons of their race, and Olney fancied that Boston did not characterize their manner, as it does that of almost every other sort of aliens. They all alike seemed shining with good-nature and good-will, and the desire of peace on earth. Their barbaric taste in color, when it flamed out in a crimson necktie or a scarlet jersey, or when it subdued itself to a sable that left no gleam of white about them but a point or rim of shirt collar, was invariably delightful to him; but he had to own that their younger people were often dressed with an innate feeling for style. Some of the young fellows were very effective dandies of the type we were then beginning to call dude, and were marked by an ultra correctness, if there is any such thing; they had that air of being clothed through and through,

as to the immortal spirit as well as the perishable body, by their cloth gaiters, their light trousers, their neatly buttoned cutaway coats, their harmonious scarfs, and their silk hats. They carried on flirtations of the eye with the young colored girls they met, or when they were walking with them they paid them a court which was far above the behavior of the common young white fellows with the girls of their class in refinement and delicacy. The negroes, if they wished to imitate the manners of our race, wished to imitate the manners of the best among us; they wished to be like ladies and gentlemen. But the young white girls and their fellows whom Olney saw during the evening in possession of most of the benches in the Common and the Public Garden, and between the lawns of Commonwealth Avenue, apparently did not wish to be like ladies and gentlemen in their behavior. The fellow in each case had his arm about the girl's waist, and she had her head at times upon his shoulder; if the branch of a tree overhead cast the smallest rag or tatter of shadow upon them, she had her head on his shoulder most of the time. Olney was rather abashed when he passed close to one of these couples, but they seemed to suffer no embarrassment. They had apparently no concealments to make, nothing to be ashamed of; and they had really nothing to give them a sense of guilt. They were simply vulgar young people, who were publicly abusing the freedom our civilization gives their youth, without knowing any better, or meaning any worse. Olney knew this, but he could not help remarking to the advantage of the negroes, that among all these couples on the benches of the Common and the Garden and the Avenue he never found a colored couple. He thought that some of the young colored girls, as he met them walking with their decorous beaux, were very pretty in their way. They had very thin, high, piping voices that had an effect both of gentleness and gentility. With their brilliant complexions of lustrous black, or rich *café au lait*, or creamy white, they gave a vividness to the public spectacle which it would not otherwise have had, and the sight of these negroes in Boston somehow brought back to Olney's homesick heart a sense of Italy, where he had never seen one of their race.

II.

Olney was very homesick for Italy that Sunday night. After two days in Boston, mostly spent in exploring the once familiar places in it, and discovering the new and strange ones, he hardly knew which made him feel more hopelessly alien. He had been five years away, and he perceived that the effort to repatriate himself must involve wounds as sore as those of the first days of exile. The tissues then lacerated must bleed again before his life could be reunited with the stock from which it had been torn. He felt himself unable to bear the pain; and he found no attraction of novelty in the future before him. He knew the Boston of his coming years too well to have any illusions about it; and he had known too many other places to have kept the provincial superstitions of his nonage and his earlier manhood concerning its primacy. He believed he should succeed, but that it would be in a minor city, after a struggle with competitors who would be just, and who might be generous, but who would be able, thoroughly equipped, and perfectly disciplined. The fight would be long, even if it were victorious; its prizes would be hard to win, however splendid. Neither the fight nor the prizes seemed so attractive now as they had seemed at a distance. He wished he had been content to stay in Florence, where he could have had the field to himself, if the harvest could never have been so rich. But he understood, even while he called himself a fool for coming home, that he could not have been content to stay without first coming away.

When he went abroad to study, he had a good deal of money, and the income from it was enough for him to live handsomely on anywhere; in Italy it was enough to live superbly on. But the friend with whom he left his affairs had put all of Olney's eggs into one basket. It was the Union Pacific basket which he chose, because nearly every one in Boston was choosing it at the same time, with the fatuous faith of Bostonians in their stocks. Suddenly Olney's income dropped from five or six thousand a year to nothing at all a year; and his pretty scheme of remaining in Italy and growing up with the country in a practice among the nervous Americans who came increasingly abroad every year had to be abandoned, or at least it seemed so at the time.

Now he wished he had sold some of his depreciated stock, which everybody said would be worth as much as ever some day, and taken the money to live on till he could begin earning some. This was what Garofalo, his friend and fellow-student in Vienna, and now Professor of the Superior Studies at Florence, urged him to do; and the notion pleased him, but could not persuade him. It was useless for Garofalo to argue that he would have to get the means of living in Boston in some such way, if he went home to establish himself; Olney believed that he should begin earning money in larger sums if not sooner at home. Besides, he recurred to that vague ideal of duty which all virtuous Americans have, and he felt that he ought, as an American, to live in America. He had been quite willing to think of living in Italy while he had the means, but as soon as he had no means, his dormant sense of patriotism roused itself. He said that if he had to make a fight, he would go where other people were making it, and where it would not seem so unnatural as it would in the secular repose of Florence, among those who had all put off their armor at the close of the sixteenth century. Garofalo alleged the intellectual activity everywhere around him in science, literature, philosophy. Olney could not say that it seemed to him a life referred from Germany, France, and England, without root in Italian soil; but he could answer that all this might very well be without affording a lucrative practice for a specialist in nervous diseases, who could be most prosperous where nervous diseases most abounded.

The question was joked away between them, and in the end there never seemed to have been any very serious question of Olney's staying in Florence. Now, if there had not been really, he wished there really had been. Everything discouraged him, somehow; and no doubt his depression was partly a physical mood. He had never expected to find people in town at that time in the summer, or to begin practice at once; he had only promised himself to look about and be suitably settled to receive the nervous sufferers when they began to get back in the fall. Yet the sight of all those handsome houses on the Back Bay, where nervous suffering, if it were to avail him, must mainly abide, struck a chill to his spirit; they seemed to repel his intended ministrations with their barricaded doorways and their close-shuttered windows. His failure to find Dr. Wingate, with whom he had advised about his studies, and with whom he had hoped to talk over his hopes, was peculiarly disheartening, though when he reasoned with himself he saw that there was an imperative logic in Wingate's absence; a nervous specialist of his popularity must, of course, have followed nervous suffering somewhere out of town. Still it was a disappointment, and it made the expense of Olney's sojourn seem yet more ruinous. The hotel where he had gone for cheapness was an old house kept on the American plan; but his outgo of three dollars a day dismayed him when he thought of the *arrangiamento* he could have made in Florence for half the money. He determined to look up a boarding-house in the morning; and the thought of this made him almost sick.

Olney was no longer so young as he had been; we none of us are as young as we once were; but all of us have not reached the great age of thirty, as he had, after seeming sweetly destined to remain forever in the twenties. He belonged to a family that became bald early, and there was already a thin place in the hair on his crown, which he discovered one day when he was looking at the back of his head in the glass. It was shortly after the Union Pacific first passed its dividend, and it made him feel for the time decrepit. Yet he was by no means superannuated in other respects. His color was youthfully fresh; his soft, full beard was of a rich golden red; what there was of his hair—and there was by no means little except in that one spot—was of the same mellow color, which it would keep till forty, without a touch of gray. His figure had not lost its youthful slimness, and it looked even fashionable in its clothes of London cut; so that any fellow-countryman who disliked his air of reserve might easily have passed him by on the other side, and avoided him for a confounded Englishman.

He sat on the high-pillared portico of the hotel, smoking for a half-hour after he returned from his evening stroll, and then he went to his room, and began to go to bed. He was very meditative about it, and after he took off his coat, he sat on the edge of the bed, pensively holding one shoe in his hand, until he could think to unlace the other.

III.

There came a shattering knock at his door, such as rouses you in the night when the porter mistakes your number for that of the gentleman he was to call at four. Olney shouted, "Come in!" and sat waiting the result, with his shoe still in his hand. The door opened, and one of those Irish faces showed itself.

"Are you a doctor, sor?"

"Yes."

"Ahl right."

The face was withdrawn, and the door was closing, when Olney called out: "Why? What of it? Does any one want me?"

"I don't know, sor. There's a lady in Twenty-wan that sah your name in the paper; but she said not to disturb ye if ye wahsn't a doctor."

"A lady?" said Olney. He rapidly reasoned that the lady, whoever she was, had found his name printed in the Sunday papers among the arrivals at that hotel, and that she must have some association with it. "Is she ill? Does she know me?"

"I don't know, sor," said the man, with an air of wishing to conceal nothing. "She don't be in bed, annyway."

Olney reflected a moment, hesitating between a certain vexation at being molested with this ridiculous message and a vague curiosity to find out who the lady could be. As a man, he would have wished to know who any unknown woman could be; as a man of science he divined that this unknown woman was probably one of those difficult invalids who have to be coaxed into anything decisive, even sending for a doctor; this tentative question of hers must represent ever so much self-worry and a high degree of self-conquest.

"Tell her, yes, I'm a doctor," he said to the man. He added, for purposes of identification, "Doctor Edward Olney." He thought for an instant he would send his card; but he decided this would be silly.

"Ahl right, sor. Thank ye, sor," said the man.

He went away, and Olney put on the shoe he had taken off, and got into his coat again. He expected the man back at once, and he wished to be ready, but the messenger did not come for ten or twelve minutes. Then he brought Olney a note, superscribed in a young-lady-like hand, and diffusing when opened a perfume which was instantly but indefinitely memoriferous. Where had he last met the young lady who used that perfume, so full of character, so redolent of personality? The mystery was solved by the note, and all the pleasure of the writer's presence returned to him at the sight of her name.

"Dear Sir,—My aunt, Mrs. Meredith, is so very far from well, that she asks me to write for her, and beg you to come and see her. She hopes she is not mistaken in thinking it is Dr. Olney whom she met at Professor Garofalo's in Florence, last winter; but if it is not, she trusts you will pardon the intrusion, otherwise unwarrantable at such an hour.

Yours very truly,
Rhoda Aldgate."

"Where is the room?" Olney demanded, putting the note into his breast pocket, and taking up his hat. He smiled to think how much less distinctive the diction was than the perfume; he fancied that Miss Aldgate had written down her aunt's words, which had a formality alien to the nature of the young girl he remembered so agreeably. As he followed along through the apparently aimless corridors, up and down short flights of steps that seemed to ascend at one point only to descend at another, he recalled the particulars of her beauty: her slender height, her rich complexion of olive, with a sort of under-stain of red, and the inky blackness of her eyes and hair. Her face was of almost classic perfection, and the hair, crinkling away to either temple, grew low upon the forehead, as the hair does in the Clytie head. In profile the mouth was firmly accented, with a deep cut outlining the full lower lip, and a fine jut forward of the delicate chin; and the regularity of the mask was farther relieved from insipidity by the sharp wing-like curve in the sides of the sensitive nostrils. Olney recalled it as a mask, and he recalled his sense of her wearing this family face, with its somewhat tragic beauty, over a personality that was at once gentle and gay. The mask, he felt, was inherited, but the character seemed to be of Miss Aldgate's own invention, and expressed itself in the sunny sparkle of her looks, that ran over with a willingness to please and to be

pleased, and to consist in effect of a succession of flashing, childlike smiles, showing between her red lips teeth of the milkiest whiteness, small, even, and perfect. These looks, the evening he remembered first meeting her and her aunt, were employed chiefly upon a serious young clergyman sojourning in Florence after a journey to the Holy Land. But they were not employed coquettishly so much as sympathetically, with a readiness for laughter that broke up the inherited mask with a strange contradictory levity. Olney was himself immersed in a long and serious analysis of *Romola* with the aunt, who appeared to have a conscience of prodigious magnifying force, cultivated to the last degree by a constant training upon the ethical problems of fiction. She brought its powerful lenses to bear upon the most intimate particles of Tito's character; his bad qualities seemed to give her almost as much satisfaction as if they had been her own. In knocking at Mrs. Meredith's door, he now remembered how charmingly that pretty little head of Miss Aldgate's, defined by the black hair with its lustrous crinkle, was set upon her shoulders.

IV.

The young girl herself opened the door, and faced him first with the tragic family mask. Then she put out her hand to him with the personal gayety he had recalled. Her laugh, so far as it bore upon the situation, recognized rather the good joke of their finding themselves all in an American hotel together than expressed anxiety for her aunt's condition. It was so glad and free, in fact, that Olney was surprised to find Mrs. Meredith looking quite haggard on the sofa, from which she reached him her hand without attempting to rise.

"Isn't it the most fortunate thing in the world," said Miss Aldgate, "that it should *really* be Dr. Olney? We couldn't believe it when we saw it in the paper!" she added; and now Olney perceived that the laugh which he might have thought indifferent, was a laugh of happy relief, of trust that since it was he, all must go well.

"Yes, it is indeed," said Mrs. Meredith; but she had none of the gayety in putting the burden upon Olney, under Providence, which flashed out in her niece's smile; she appeared to doubt whether Providence and he could manage it, and to relinquish it with misgiving. "There were so many chances against it that it scarcely seemed possible." She examined Olney's face, which had at once begun to hide the professional opinion he was forming, and seemed to find comfort in its unsmiling strength. "And I hated dreadfully to trouble you at such an hour."

"I believe there's no etiquette as to the time of a doctor's visits," said Olney, pulling a chair up to the sofa, and looking down at her. "I hope, if things go well after I'm settled here, to be called up sometimes in the middle of the night, though ten o'clock isn't bad for my second day in Boston." Miss Aldgate laughed with instant appreciation of his pleasantry, and Mrs. Meredith wanly smiled. "You must be even more recent than I am, Mrs. Meredith. I'm afraid that if I had found your names in the register when I signed mine, I should have ventured to call unprofessionally. But then it would very likely have been some other Mrs. Meredith."

Miss Aldgate laughed again, and Olney gave her a look of the kindness a man feels for any one who sees his joke. She dropped upon the chair at the head of the sofa, and invited him with dancing eyes to say some more of those things. But Mrs. Meredith took the word.

"We only got in this morning. That is, the steamer arrived too late last night for us to come ashore, and we drove to the hotel before breakfast. You must be rather surprised to find us in such a place."

"Not at all; I'm here myself," said Olney.

"Oh!" Miss Aldgate laughed.

"I don't assume," he added, "that you came here for cheapness, as I did. At the hotels on the European plan, as they call it, they charge you as much for a room as they do for room and board together here."

"Everything is very expensive," sighed Mrs. Meredith. "We paid five dollars for our carriage from the ship; and I believe it's nothing to what it is in New York. But it's a great while since I've been in Boston, and I told them to bring me here because I'd heard it was an old-fashioned, quiet place. I felt the need of rest, but it seems very noisy. It was very smooth all the way over; but I was excited, and I slept badly. The last two or three nights I've scarcely slept at all."

"Hmm!" said the doctor, feeling himself launched upon the case.

Miss Aldgate rose.

"My dear," said her aunt, "I wish you would look up the prescription the ship's doctor gave me. I was thinking of sending out to have it made up, but I shouldn't wish to try it now unless Dr. Olney approves."

Olney profited by Miss Aldgate's absence to feel Mrs. Meredith's pulse and look at her tongue. He asked her a few formal questions. He was a little surprised to find her so much better than she looked.

"You seem a little upset, Mrs. Meredith," he said. "You may be suffering from suppressed seasickness, but I don't think it's anything worse." He tried to treat the affair lightly, and he added: "I don't see why you shouldn't be on good terms with sleep. You know Tito slept very well, even with a bad conscience."

Mrs. Meredith would not smile with him at the recurrence to their last conversation. She sighed, and gave him a look of tragical appeal. "I sometimes think he had an enviable character."

"Or temperament," Olney suggested. "There doesn't seem to have been much question of character. But he was certainly well constituted for getting on in a world where there was no moral law—if he could have found such a world."

"Then you do believe there *is* such a law in *this* world?" Mrs. Meredith demanded, with an intensity that did not flatter Olney he had been light to good purpose.

He could not help smiling at his failure. "I would rather not say till you had got a night's rest."

"No, no," she persisted. "Do you believe that any one can rightfully live a lie? Do you believe that Tito was ever really at rest when he thought of what he was concealing?"

"He seems to have been pretty comfortable, except when Romola got at him with her moral nature."

"Ah, don't laugh!" said Mrs. Meredith. "It isn't a thing to laugh at."

Miss Aldgate came in, with a scrap of paper fluttering from her slim hand, and showing her pretty teeth in a smile so free of all ethical question that Olney swiftly conjectured an anxiety of Mrs. Meredith concerning a nature so apparently free of all personal responsibility as the young girl looked at that moment. He was aware of innocently rejoicing in this sense of her, which came from the goodness and sweetness which she looked as much as the irresponsibility. It might be that Mrs. Meredith had lost sleep in revolving the problems of Miss Aldgate's character, and the chances of her being equal to the duties that had left so little of Mrs. Meredith. If such an aunt and such a niece were formed to wear upon each other, as the ladies say, it was clear that the niece had worn the most. With this thought evanescently in mind, Olney took the prescription from her.

He read it over, but he did not perceive that the sense of it had failed to reach his mind till Mrs. Meredith said,

"If it is one of those old-fashioned narcotics—he called it a sleeping draught—I would rather not take it."

Though Olney had not been thinking of the prescription, he now pretended that he had. "It would be rather a heroic dose for a first-cabin passenger," he said; "though it might do for the steerage." He took out his pocket-book and wrote a prescription himself. "There! I think that ought to get you a night's rest, Mrs. Meredith."

"I suppose we can get it made up?" she said, irresolutely, lifting herself a little on one elbow.

"I'll take it out and have it done myself," said Olney. "There's an apothecary's just under the hotel."

He rose, but she said: "I can't let you be at that trouble. We can send. Will you—"

"I will ring, Aunt Caroline," said Miss Aldgate, and she ran forward to press the electric button by the door.

The bell was answered by the same man who came to call the doctor to Mrs. Meredith. Miss Aldgate took the prescription, and rapidly explained to him what she wanted. When she had finished, he looked up from the prescription at Olney with a puzzled face.

Olney smiled and Miss Aldgate laughed. The man had not understood at all.

"You know the apothecary's shop under the hotel?" Olney began.

"Yes, I know that forst-rate, sor."

"Well, take that paper down and give it to the apothecary, and wait till he makes up the medicine, and then bring it back to us."

"This paper, sor?"

"No; the medicine."

"And lave the paper wid um?"

"Yes. The apothecary will give you the medicine and keep the prescription. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sor."

"Well?"

"Is the 'pot'ecary after havin' the prescription now, sor?"

Olney took the paper out of his hand and shook it at him. "This paper—this—is the prescription. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sor."

"Take it to the apothecary—"

"The man under the hotel, sor?"

"Yes, the one under the hotel. This prescription—this paper—give it to him; and he will make up a medicine, and give it to you in a bottle; and then you bring it here."

"The bottle, sor?"

"Yes, the bottle with the medicine in it."

"Ahl right, sor! I understand, sor!"

The man hurried away down the corridor, and Miss Aldgate shut the door and broke into a laugh at sight of Olney's face, red and heated with the effort he had been making.

Olney laughed too. "If the matter had been much simpler, I never should have got it into his head at all!"

"They seem to have *no* imagination!" said the girl.

"Or too much," suggested Olney. "There is something very puzzling to us Teutons in the Celtic temperament. We don't know where to have an Irishman. We can predicate of a brother Teuton that this will please him, and that will vex him, but we can't of an Irishman. You treat him with the greatest rudeness and he doesn't mind it; then you propose to be particularly kind and nice, and he takes fire with the most bewildering offence."

"I *know* it," said Miss Aldgate. "That was the way with all our cooks in New York. Don't you remember, aunty?"

Mrs. Meredith made no answer, and

"We can't call them stupid," Olney went on. "I think that as a general thing the Irish are quicker-witted than we are. They're sympathetic and poetical far beyond us. But they can't understand the simplest thing from us. Perhaps they set the high constructive faculties of the imagination at work, when they ought to use a little attention, and mere common-sense. At any rate they seem more foreign to our intelligence, our way of thinking, than the Jews—or the negroes even."

"Oh, I'm glad to hear you say that about the negroes," said Miss Aldgate. "I'm sure the Irish are twice as stupid as the colored people, and not half as sweet! We were having a dispute this afternoon," she explained, "about the Irish waiters here and the colored waiters at the Hotel Vendome. I was calling on some friends we have there," and Miss Aldgate flushed a little as she said this; "or rather, they came here to see us, and then I drove back with them a moment; and it made me quite homesick to come away and leave those black waiters. Don't you think they're charming? With those soft voices and gentle manners? My aunt has no patience with me; she can't bear to have me look at them; but I never see one of them without loving them. I suppose it's because they're about the first thing I can remember. I was born in the South, you know. Perhaps I got to having a sort of fellow-feeling with them from my old black nurse. You know the Italians say you do."

She turned vividly toward Olney, as if to refer the scientific point to him, but he put it by with a laugh.

"I'm afraid I feel about them as Miss Aldgate does, Mrs. Meredith; and I hadn't an old black nurse, either. I've been finding them delightful, wherever I've seen them, since I got back." Miss Aldgate clapped her hands. "To be sure, I haven't been here long enough to get tired of them."

"Oh, I should *never* tire of them!" said the girl.

"But so far, certainly, they seem to me the most agreeable, the most interesting feature of the social spectacle."

"There, Aunt Caroline!"

"I must confess," Olney went on, "that it's given me a distinct pleasure whenever I've met one of them. They seem to be the only people left who have any heart for life here; they all look hopeful and happy, even in the rejection from their fellow-men, which strikes me as one of the most preposterous, the most monstrous things in the world, now I've got back to it here."

Mrs. Meredith lay with her hand shading her eyes and half her face. She asked, without taking her hand away, "Would you like to meet them on terms

of social equality — intermarry with them?"

"Oh, now, Aunt Caroline!" Miss Aldgate broke in. "Who's talking of anything like that?"

"I certainly am not," said Olney, "as far as the intermarrying is concerned. But short of that I don't see why one shouldn't associate with them. There are terms a good deal short of the affection we lavish on dogs and horses that I fancy they might be very glad of. We might recognize them as fellow-beings in public, if we don't in private; but we ignore, if we don't repulse them at every point — from our business as well as our bosoms. Yes, it strikes one as very odd on getting home — very funny, very painful. You would think we might meet on common ground before our common God — but we don't. They have their own churches, and I suppose it would be as surprising to find one of them at a white communion table as it would to find one at a white dinner party."

Olney said this without the least feeling about the matter, except a sense of its grotesqueness. He was himself an agnostic, but he could be as censorious of the Christians who denied Christ in the sacrament, as if he had himself been a better sort. He added:

"Possibly the negroes would be welcome in a Catholic church; the Catholics seem to have kept the ideal of Christian equality in their churches. If ever they turn their attention to the negroes —"

"Oh, I can't imagine a colored Catholic," said Miss Aldgate. "There seems something unnatural in the very idea."

"All the same, there are a good many of them."

"In Boston?"

"No, not in Boston, I fancy. But I've known of two marriages here between white women and colored men, and in both cases the wives were Irish Catholics."

"Really?" asked Miss Aldgate. Mrs. Meredith had taken no farther part in the conversation; she lay rigidly quiet on her sofa, with her hand shading her eyes. "I shouldn't have thought that Irish —"

There was a knock at the door, and Miss Aldgate sprang to open it, with the effect of being glad to work off her exuberant activity, in that or any other way: with Mrs. Meredith so passive, and Olney so acquiescent, the discussion of the race problem was not half enough for her.

The man was there, with the bottle from the apothecary's, and he and Miss Aldgate had a beaming little interview. He exulted in getting back with the medicine all right, and she gratefully accepted his high sense of his offices, and repaid him his outlay, running about the room, and opening several trunks and bags to find her purse, and then added something for his trouble.

"Dear me!" she said, when she got rid of him, "I wish they wouldn't make it *quite* so clear that they expected to be 'remembered.' They've kept my memory on the *qui vive* every moment I've been in the hotel."

Olney smiled in sympathy as he took the bottle from her. "I've found it impossible to forget the least thing they've done for me, and I never boasted of my memory. I was thinking at dinner yesterday, how much more delicate the colored waiters used to be in their insinuations."

"Were they? Yes, I'm sure they were!" she said, watching his examination of the label of the bottle, and his test of its contents from a touch of the inner tip of the cork on his tongue. "A spoon? I've got one here in aunty's medicine chest. It would have cost its weight in silver to get one from the dining-room. And there happens to be ice-water, if you have to give it in water. *Don't* say water without ice!"

"Ice-water will do," said Olney. He began to drop the medicine from the bottle into the spoon, which he then poured into the glass of water she brought him. "I believe," he said, stirring it, "that if the negroes ever have their turn — and if the meek are to inherit the earth they must come to it — we shall have a civilization of such sweetness and good-will as the world has never known yet. Perhaps we shall have to wait their turn for any real Christian civilization."

"You remember the black Madonna at Florence that used to be so popular? What Madonna was it? I suppose they will revere *her* when they get to be all Catholics. Were you in any of their churches to-day? You were saying —" Miss Aldgate put out her hand for the glass.

"No; I never was in a colored church in my life," said Olney. "I'm critical, not constructive, in my humanity. It's easier."

He went himself with the glass to Mrs. Meredith. She seemed not to have been paying any attention to his talk with her niece. She lifted herself up at his approach, and took the glass from him.

"Shall I drink it all?"

"Yes—you can take all of it."

She quaffed it at one nervous gulp, and flung her head heavily down again. "I don't believe it will make me sleep," she said.

Olney smiled. "Well, fortunately, this kind doesn't require the co-operation of the patient. It will make you sleep, I think. You may try keeping awake, if you like."

She opened her eyes with a flash. "Is it chloral?"

"No, it isn't chloral."

"Tell me the truth!" She laid a convulsive clutch upon his wrist, as he sat fronting her and curiously watching her. "I will not let you justify yourself by that code of yours which lets the doctor cheat his patient! If you have been giving me some form of chloral—"

"I haven't been giving you any form of chloral," said Olney, beginning to smile.

"Then you are trying to hypnotize me!"

Olney burst into a laugh. "You certainly need sleep, Mrs. Meredith! I'll look in during the forenoon about the time you ought to wake, and de-hypnotize you." He moved toward the door; but before he reached it he stopped and said, seriously: "I don't know of any code that would allow me to cheat you, against your will. I don't believe any doctor is justified in doing that. Unless he has some sign, some petition for deception, from the patient, you can depend upon it that he finds the truth the best thing."

"It's the only thing—at all times—in life and death!" cried Mrs. Meredith, perfervidly. "If I were dying, I should wish to know it!"

"And I *shouldn't* wish to know it!" said Miss Aldgate. "I think there are cases when the truth would be cruel—positively wicked! Don't you, Dr. Olney?"

"Well," said Olney, preparing to escape through the door which he had set open, "I couldn't honestly say that I think either of us is in immediate danger. Good-night!"

V.

Olney did not go to see Mrs. Meredith until noon, the next day. He thought that if she were worse, or no better, she would send for him, and that if she did not send, he might very well delay seeing her. He found her alone. Miss Aldgate, she said, had gone to drive with their friends at the Vendome, and was to lunch with them. Olney ignored her absence as politely as he could, and hoped Mrs. Meredith has slept.

"Yes, I slept," she said, with a kind of suppressed sigh, "but I'm not sure that I'm very much better for it."

"I'm sure you are," said Olney, with resolute cheerfulness; and he began to go through with the usual touching of the pulse, and looking at the tongue, and the questions that accompany this business.

Mrs. Meredith broke abruptly away from it all. "It's useless for us to go on! I've no doubt you can drug me to sleep whenever you will. But if I'm to wake up, when I wake, to the trouble that's on my mind, the sleep will do me no good."

She looked wistfully at him, as if she longed to have him ask her what the matter was; but Olney did not feel authorized to do this. He had known, almost from the first moment he met Mrs. Meredith, the night before, that she had something on her mind, or believed so, and that if she could tell him of her trouble, she would probably need no medicine; but he had to proceed, as the physician often must, upon the theory that only her body was out of order, and try to quiet her spirit through her nerves, when the true way was from the other direction. It went through his mind that it might be well for the nervous specialist hereafter to combine the functions of the priest and the leech, especially in the case of nervous ladies, and confess his patients before he began to prescribe for them.

But he could not help feeling glad that things had not come to this millennial pass; for he did not at all wish to know what Mrs. Meredith had on her mind. So much impression of her character had been left from their different meetings in Florence that he had already theorized her as one of those women, commoner amongst us than any other people, perhaps, to whom life, in spite of all experience, remains a sealed book, and who are always trying to unlock its mysteries with the keys furnished them by fiction. They judge the world by the novels they have read, and their acquaintance in the flesh by characters in stories, instead of judging these by the real people they have met, and

more or less lived with. Such women get a tone of mind that is very tiresome to every one but other women like them, and that is peculiarly repulsive to such men as Olney, or if not repulsive, then very ridiculous. In Mrs. Meredith's case he did not so much accuse her of wishing to pose as a character with a problem to work out; there was nothing histrionic about the poor woman; but he fancied her hopelessly muddled as to her plain, every-day obligations by a morbid sympathy with the duty-ridden creatures of the novelist's brain. He remembered from that first talk of the winter before—it had been a long talk, an exhaustive talk, covering many cases of conscience in fiction besides that of Tito Malema—that she had shown herself incapable of sinking the sense of obligation in the sense of responsibility, and that she apparently conceived of what she called living up to the truth as something that might be done singly; that right affected her as a body of positive color, sharply distinguished from wrong, and not shading into and out of it by gradations of tint, as we find it doing in reality. Such a woman, he had vaguely reflected, when he came to sum up his impressions, would be capable of an atrocious cruelty in speaking or acting the truth, and would consider herself an exemplary person for having done her duty at any cost of suffering to herself and others. But she would exaggerate as well as idealize, and he tried to find comfort now in thinking that what she had on her mind was very likely a thing of bulk out of all proportion to its weight. Very likely it was something with reference to her niece; some waywardness of affection or ambition in the girl. She might be wanting to study medicine, or law, or divinity; perhaps she wanted to go on the stage. More probably, it was a question of whom she should marry, and Mrs. Meredith was wrestling with the problem of how far in this age of intense individualization a girl's inclinations might be forced for her good, and how far let go for her evil. Such a problem would be quite enough to destroy Mrs. Meredith's peace if that was what she had on her mind; and Olney could not help relating his conjecture to those people at the Vendome, whom Miss Aldgate had gone to drive with and lunch with to-day, after having been to drive with them yesterday. Those people in turn he related to the young clergyman she had spent the evening in talking with in Florence, when he was himself only partially engaged in exploring her aunt's conscience. He wondered whether Mrs. Meredith favored or opposed the young clergyman, and what was just the form of the trouble that was on her mind, but still without the intention to inquire it out.

"Well, perhaps," he suggested, half jocosely, "the trouble will disappear when you've had sleep enough."

"You know very well," she answered, "that it won't—that what you say is simply impossible. I remember some things you said that night when we talked so long together, and I know that you are inclined to confound the moral and the physical, as all doctors are."

Olney would have liked to say, "I wish, my dear lady, you wouldn't confound the sane and insane in the way you do." But he silently submitted, and let her go on.

"That made me dislike you; but I can't say it made me distrust you. I think that if you had been an untruthful person you would have concealed your point of view from me."

Olney could not say he might not have thought it worth while to do that. On the contrary, he had a sort of compassion for the lofty superiority of a woman who so obviously felt her dependence upon him, and was arming herself in all her pride for her abasement before him. He knew that she was longing to tell him what was on her mind, and would probably not end till she had done it. He did not feel that he had the right to prevent her doing that, and he smiled passively in saying, "I couldn't advise you to trust me too far."

"I must trust *some* one too far," she said, "and I have literally no one but you." The tears came into her eyes, and Olney, who knew very well how easily the tears come into women's eyes, was broken up by the sight.

"My dear Mrs. Meredith, I should be very glad to be trusted even too far, if I could really be of use to you."

"Oh, I don't know that you can," she said. After a pause she added, abruptly, "Do you believe in heredity?"

Olney felt inclined to laugh. "Well, that's rather a spacious question, Mrs. Meredith. What do you mean by heredity?"

"You know! The persistence of ancestral traits; the transmission of character and tendency; the reappearance of types after several generations; the—"

She stopped, and Olney knew that he had got at the body of her anxiety, though she had not yet revealed its very features. He determined to deal with the matter as reassuringly as he could in the dark. He smiled in answering, "Heredity is a good deal like the germ theory. There's a large amount of truth in it, no doubt; but it's truth in a state of solution, and nobody knows just how much of it there is. Perhaps we shall never know. As for those cases of atavism—for I suppose that's what you mean—"

"Yes, yes! Atavism! That is the word."

"They are not so very common, and they're not so very well ascertained. You find them mentioned in the books, but vaguely, and on a kind of hearsay, without the names of persons and places; it's a notion that some writers rather like to toy with; but when you come to boil it down, as the newspapers say, there isn't a great deal of absolute fact there. Take the reversion to the inferior race type in the child of parents of mixed blood—say a white with a mulatto or quadroon—"

"Yes!" said Mrs. Meredith, with eagerness.

"Why, it's very effective as a bit of human drama. But it must be very rare—very rare indeed. You hear of instances in which the parent of mixed race could not be known from a white person, and yet the child reverts to the negro type in color and feature and character. I should doubt it very much."

Mrs. Meredith cried out as if he had questioned holy writ. "You should doubt it! Why should you doubt it, Dr. Olney?" Yet he perceived that for some reason she wished him to reaffirm his doubt.

"Because the chances are so enormously against it. The natural tendency is all the other way, to the permanent effacement of the inferior type. The child of a white and an octoroon is a sixteenth blood; and the child of that child and a white is a thirty-second blood. The chances of atavism, or reversion to the black great-great-great-grandfather are so remote that they may be said hardly to exist at all. They are outside of the probabilities, and only on the verge of the possibilities. But it's so thrilling to consider such a possibility that people like to consider it. Fancy is as much committed to it as prejudice is; but it hasn't so much excuse, for prejudice is mostly ignorant, and fancy is mostly educated, or half-educated." Olney folded one leg comfortably across the other, and went on, with a musing smile. "I've been thinking about all this a good deal within the past two days—or since I got back to Boston. I've been more and more struck with the fact that sooner or later our race must absorb the colored race; and I believe that it will obliterate not only its color, but its qualities. The tame man, the civilized man, is stronger than the wild man; and I believe that in those cases within any one race where there are very strong ancestral proclivities on one side especially toward evil, they will die out before the good tendencies on the other side, for much the same reason, that is, because vice is savage and virtue is civilized."

Mrs. Meredith listened intently, but at last, "I wish I could believe what you say," she sighed, heavily. "But I don't know that that would relieve me of the duty before me," she added, after a moment's thought. "Dr. Olney, there is something that I need very much to speak about — something that must be done—that my health depends upon—I shall never get well unless—"

"If there is anything you wish to say concerning your health, Mrs. Meredith," he answered, seriously, "it's of course my duty to hear it."

He sat prepared to listen, but she apparently did not know how to begin, and after several gasps she was silent. Then, "No, I can't tell you!" she broke out.

He rose. "Are you to be some time in Boston?" he asked, to relieve the embarrassment of the situation.

"I don't know. Yes, I suppose a week or two."

"If I can be of use to you in any way, I shall be glad to have you send for me."

He turned to the door, but as he put his hand on the knob she called out: "No! Don't go! Sit down! I must speak! You remember," she hurried on, before he could resume his chair, "a young gentleman who talked with my niece that night at Professor Garofalo's — a Mr. Bloomingdale?"

"The young minister?"

"Yes."

"I remember him very well, though I don't think I spoke with him."

Olney stared at Mrs. Meredith, wondering what this Rev. Mr. Bloomingdale had to do with the matter, whatever the matter might be.

"It is his mother and sisters that my niece is lunching with," she said, with an air of explaining. "He is expected on the next steamer, and then—then I must speak! It can't go on, so. There must be a clear and perfect understanding. Dr. Olney," she continued, with a glance at his face, which he felt growing more and more bewildered under the influence of her words. "Mr. Bloomingdale is very much attached to my niece. He—he has offered himself; he offered himself in Liverpool; and I insisted that Rhoda should not give him a decisive answer then—that she should take time to think it over. I wished to gain time myself."

"Yes," said Olney, because she seemed to expect him to say something.

"I wished to gain time and I wished to gain strength, but I have lost both; and the affair has grown more difficult and complicated. Mr. Bloomingdale's family are very fond of Rhoda; they are aware of his attachment—they were in Florence at the time you were, and they came home without him a few months ago, because he wished to stay on in the hope of winning her—and they are showing her every attention; and she does not see how her being with them complicates everything. Of course they flatter her, and she's very headstrong, like all young girls, and I'm afraid she's committing herself—"

"Do they live at the Vendome?" Olney asked, with a certain distaste for them, and he was conscious of resenting their attentions to Miss Aldgate as pushing and vulgar under the circumstances, though he had no right to do so.

"No. They are just waiting there for him. They are New York State people—the western part. They are very rich; the mother is a widow, and they are going to live in Sandusky, Ohio—I think it's Sandusky—where Mr. Bloomingdale has a call. They are kind, good people—very kind; and I feel that Rhoda is abusing their kindness by being so much with them before she has positively accepted him; and I can't let her do that until everything is known. She refused him when he offered himself first in Florence—I've always thought she had some other fancy—but at Liverpool, where he renewed his offer just before we sailed, she was inclined to accept him; I suppose her fancy had passed. As I say, I insisted that she should take at least a week to consider it, and that he should change his passage from our steamer to the next. I had no idea of finding his family in Boston, but perhaps in the confusion he forgot to tell us. They found our names in the passenger list, and they came to see us directly after lunch, yesterday. If the match is broken off now, after—"

Mrs. Meredith stopped in a sort of despair, which Olney shared with her as far as concerned the blind alley in which he found himself. He had not the least notion of the way out, and he could only wait her motion.

"I don't see," she resumed, "how my niece can help accepting him if she goes on at this rate with his family, and I don't know how to stop her without telling her the worst at once. I'm afraid she has got her heart set on him." Mrs. Meredith paused again, and then went on. "I have shrunk from speaking because I know that the poor young man's happiness, as well as Rhoda's, is involved, and the peace and self-respect of his family. There have been times when I have almost felt that if there were no danger of the facts ever coming to light, I could make up my mind to die, as I have lived, in a lie. But now I know I cannot; it is my duty to speak out; and the marriage must not take place unless everything is known. It will kill her. But it must be done! Those ancestral traits, those tendencies, may die out, but I can't let any one take the risk of their recurrence unknowingly. He must know who and what she is as fully as I do: her origin, her—"

Olney believed that he began to understand. There was some stain upon that poor child's birth. She was probably not related to Mrs. Meredith at all; she was a foundling; or she was the daughter of some man or woman whose vices or crimes might find her out with their shame if not their propensity some day. Whatever sinister celebrity she was heiress to, or whatever ancestral infamy, it could only be matter of conjecture, not inquiry, with Olney; but he imagined the

worst from hints that Mrs. Meredith had thrown out, and attributed her to a family of criminals, such as has here and there found its way into the figures of the statisticians. He was not shocked; he was interested by the fact; and he did not find Miss Aldgate at all less charming and beautiful in the conclusion he jumped to than he had found her before. He said to himself that if the case were his, as it was that young minister's, there could be no question in it, except the question of her willingness to marry him. He said this from the safe vantage of the disinterested witness, and with the easy decision of one who need not act upon his decision.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOME AMERICAN RIDERS.

BY COLONEL THEODORE AYRAULT DODGE, U. S. A.

Third Paper.

THE cowboy is in the saddle more than any man on the Plains. He rides what is well known as the cowboy's saddle, or Brazos tree. It is adapted from the old Spanish saddle—is, in fact, almost similar—and differs sensibly from the Mexican. The line of its seat from cantle to horn, viewed sidewise, is a semicircle; there is no flat place to sit on. This shape gives the cowboy, seen from the side, all but as perpendicular a seat in the saddle as the old knight in armor. There are, of course, other saddles in use. The Texas saddle has a much flatter seat than the Brazos tree; the Cheyenne saddle a still flatter one, with a high cantle and a different cut of pommel arch and bearing; and some individuals may ride any peculiar saddle. But all must have the horn and high cantle. In no other tree would the cowboy be at home or fit for service.

The cowboy is careful of his ponies, not only from a horseman's motives, but because he is held to account for them. Unlike the Indian, he rarely has a sore-backed nag. He often uses a gunny-bag saddle-cloth next the pony's skin—the hempen fibre of which keeps the back cool—and over this, for padding, his woollen blanket. In the Southwest he is apt to sport a variegated saddle-cloth with fringed edge, such as the Mexicans parade; and if he can manage to get hold of a Navajo blanket, he is fixed. These wonderful bits of handwork, of bright pleasing colors, are worth from fifty dollars upward, never seem to wear out, and are by long odds the best thing under a saddle which exists. The Indian will give from two ponies upward for one of them, when he can buy a wife for one pony, and not a very good pony (or wife) at that. The cowboy's saddle is held in place by one very wide or two narrower hair cinchas, though the single cincha is more a Californian habit. If one, it is on the Plains always put a full hand-breadth back of what in the East we call the girth-place. The rear girth gets a purchase on the back slope of the ribs.

The cowboy's bit is any kind of a curb with a long gag. He rides under all conditions with a loose rein, the bit ends of which are of chain, which clanks a rhythmic jingle to his easy lope. His pony is as surefooted as a mountain goat, and will safely scramble with his big load up a cliff, or slide down a bank which would make our tenderfoot hair stand on end. The loose rein and the sharp gag enable the cowboy with the least jerk to pull his pony back on his haunches, for the pony is unused to a steady hold. The cowboy is not a "three-legged rider." The bit hangs in a fancy trade bridle, which the cowboy ornaments in various fashions to suit his own ideas of style. The effect of its use on the pony is precisely the reverse of that which is made by a bit on a horse suppled by school methods or even bitted, and which has been ridden on a light touch. The latter brings down his head to the hand, with an arched neck, easy mouth, and a give-and-take feel of the hand. The pony at the least intimation of the bit, long before the rein is taut, jerks up his head, and must have a tough mouth or an exceptional fright to make him take hold of you.

The most striking part of the cowboy's rig is the chaperajos, or huge leathern overalls, he is apt to wear. These originated in the mesquite or chaparral country, where the cattle business had its origin, and where jeans or a pair of the best cords will be torn to shreds in a day.

COWBOY LIGHTING THE RANGE FIRE.

When the chaperajos are seen out of this region, they have been retained from force of habit. This singular garment is made of cowhide, weighs five or six pounds, and used invariably to have the edge cut into a long fringe, but this ornamentation has begun to disappear. It boasts no seat, which could with difficulty be made to fit. On the left leg of the chaperajos is a pocket for cigarettes or chewing tobacco, matches, and small sundries. The chaperajos could not comfortably be worn in any other saddle than one which gave a short, upright, "forked-radish" seat. They are too much like trousers made of stove-pipe.

At the cowboy's saddle-bow usually hangs a rawhide or hair or Mexican grass rope, from forty feet long upward, to use for every purpose, from roping cattle to hauling out a mired team; and his rifle, a seventy-three Winchester, rests crosswise at the horn, in a broad pouch-like strap, which protects the lock from injury, or is slung under the left leg, where it can lie with equal security. He boasts few riches. What he has is apt to be in dollars, or occasionally a few steers. He buys a pair of eighteen-dollar boots, a pair of fifteen-dollar gloves, and the rest of his rig and dress is scarcely worth a five-dollar bill.

Broncos with "manners" are like angels' visits. The cowboy's bronco is never what we should call half broken. By the time he has been ridden enough to be well broken in, he is usually all broken up. He is a difficult fellow to mount, being ridden but once every four or five days. If he were not so small, one could never mount him without assistance. He will back away, plunge forward, swerve, kick, strike, squeal, rush full at you with mouth wide open, or perform a hundred other antics which would compel us simple-minded park riders to hurry him off to the nearest auction-room. He is, in fact, what we are wont to characterize as "a dangerous brute." But the cowboy can always see him and go him one better. He approaches him at the left shoulder, and gathers the rein in his left hand. Not infrequently he puts his hand over the pony's eye while he grabs the left stirrup and gets his foot in it, following up the bronco's antics as best he may. Then, grabbing the pommel with the right hand and the pony's withers with the left, and if possible getting his left elbow in the hollow of the neck just forward of the withers, nothing which the pony can do can keep him out of the saddle. In fact, a plunge which drags him from his feet will all the more certainly swing him to his seat. Then, after a series of bucks, more or less severe, during which his spurs go time and again into the pony's flanks, the mastery is established where it properly belongs, and harmony, such as it is, reigns till the next time of mounting.

The cowboy universally rides a lope, as do all people who use wild horses. The bronco has no other gait, in fact, unless a sort of fox-trot. The cowboy's seat is unsuited to an open trot. He won't ride it if he can help it; and, it may as well be confessed, he cannot—and no one can—sit close without pounding to the long rangy trot of a big thorough-bred, though it is the perfection of gaits if you rise to it. We hear from many that the cowboy can do everything. Rumors run that some of Buffalo Bill's cowboys rode English horses in their own saddles, and beat everything to hounds in the midland counties. Those who know that country and its riders accept this statement *cum grano*. But assume its truth. One often sees a dare-devil of an English lad just out of college who imagines, because he has once or twice led the field on one of the squire's crack hunters, that he is the best rider in it. But, in truth, he is risking his horse's, not to count his own neck, at every obstacle he clears, and pumping the last ounce out of his generous beast, while wiser and older riders close behind him are saving their horses, and bringing them in fresh and able. It is not riding a fabulous distance, or at the greatest speed, or with the most conspicuous daring, which is the test, but getting in at the death with the least exertion to man and beast. The highest proof of artistic horsemanship is to accomplish your task with the least expenditure of physical force. To keep the horse in good condition is among civilized people a greater test than the speed or daring of the rider. So in the great tests of distance made by Plains ponies and civilized horses one element is apt to be forgotten. The latter must be brought in without injury; the pony may be killed by the feat. No question whatever that if the pony and the thorough-bred, under even conditions, be ridden until both fall in their tracks, the pony will be beaten in speed and distance.

But the cowboy is unequalled in his

THE INDIAN METHOD OF BREAKING A PONY.

own province, and this is enough of fame. His seat is astonishing. It is a common feat for him to put a playing-card on the saddle, or a dollar piece under each foot in the stirrup, or under his knees, and ride a vigorous bucker. Still he cannot ride a flat saddle until he learns the trick of it. And while no cowboy, without serving his apprenticeship in the hunting-field, would hold his own with practised riders there, it is certain that he would much sooner learn to ride across country well than even the best of cross-country men could vie with him in controlling a vicious bronco, or, indeed, in riding over the rough country he is wont to cover. It is the universal experience of the Plains that the best English rider fights shy of ground which the cowboy will gallop over until he "catches on to it," and confides in the sure feet of his little mount. Some men never learn to ride; but it stands to reason, *cæteris paribus*, that the man who makes riding his business will be a stouter horseman than one to whom it is a mere diversion.

As a rough rider the cowboy is *facile princeps;* as a horse-breaker, he devotes too little time to his task, nor does he go to work in the way best calculated to produce a quiet nag. Bronco busting is a distinct art. The bronco buster may be a "professional," who has originally taken up the work to replenish his exchequer, depleted by whiskey and poker, and sticks to it for lack of an easier job, and because he is at low-water mark; or he may be a cow-puncher in slack times. As a rule, he cannot stick it out very long, for the business is sure to end by busting the buster. It is unquestionably the most violent form of athletics, and the bronco buster, though he must be strong and active, is not, as a rule, in the exceptional condition necessary for great feats of strength and endurance. Indeed, training would scarcely help him much. Whatever his strength and health, the bronco buster is sure to get hurt sooner or later. He works it off and on at ten dollars a bronco. All cowboys do more or less breaking, and some ranches always break their own ponies, and generally have better ones for so doing.

The typical bronco buster should weigh a hundred and seventy or a hundred and eighty pounds. Weight does the business when a light man can accomplish nothing, though one of the most successful bronco riders of whom the writer ever heard was a long-geared, lank Texas lad, who would stick to his horse till his head would snap like a whip with the bucking, and he himself lose consciousness. Indeed, it is not uncommon for violent bucking to produce hemorrhage of the lungs. Few cowboys but get hurt one way or another at intervals. There is no creature in the service of man which can put his master to such violent efforts in his subjugation as the bronco. Of course a better plan would be the more gradual one of civilized trainers, but for this there is no time.

The whole secret of "busting" (the word is advisedly used, as picturesquely expressive of the process, in contradistinction to "breaking") lies in completely exhausting the bronco at the first lesson; he will never buck "for keeps" more than once. Buffalo Bill's ponies have been allowed to throw their riders, or the rider has judiciously slipped off at the right intervals, thus impressing the idea on the bronco's intelligence that he can surely throw his man if he sticks long enough to his bucking. But once ridden to the verge of falling in his tracks, the pony will not do his level worst again, but content himself with grunting and yelling, "knocking his teeth out," and playing the devil generally. The buster must be careful to keep well away from sheds and timber, and have room enough to cut a wide swath. He must be able to stick to his saddle like a leech, with or without stirrups. If, indeed, he needs his stirrups for a hold, he is not looked on as much of a rider; and it is a matter of pride with the "sure enough" buster not to rely on anything but what old horsemen call glue. To show his contempt for the bronco's power, he will ply the quirt at every jump. It is a fair fight and no favor between man and beast. But the buster has been there before, and knows exactly what he is about; the bronco is new to the business, and though he invariably makes a good fight, he is sure to have to give in. Some ponies take more busting than others, and some always buck more or less, however well broken. In fact, when the punchers turn out of a cold morning, the ponies will buck through the entire outfit, and the crowd stands around to see each man mount, watch the fun, and chaff the rider.

A MEXICAN VAQUERO.

Two rides will usually bust a bronco so that the average cow-puncher can use him, but he would scarcely keep company long with most Central Park riders. Two men generally work together. They enter the corral, where there is apt to be a good bunch of ponies; and these, as if guessing what is to come, at once jump away, and go careering madly around the enclosure. One man handles the rope, which he trails along the ground until he selects his pony, and then, with a sudden and dexterous snap, drags it over his head. A good roper can cast twenty-five feet. Then both men seize hold, dig their heels into the ground to stop the pony—knack will enable even one man to jerk him up, if need be—and finally get a turn round the snubbing-post in the centre of the corral. There they have the pony fast, and they gradually work him up to it. But the pony does not submit to this vigorous coaxing in any amiable mood. He bucks and plunges, kicks and squeals, and charges straight at his tormentors, who have to play a regular game of hide-and-seek behind the snubbing-post to save them from broken bones. Finally the men get the winded pony snubbed up close to the post, where one can hold him while the other gets behind him and catches another rope on a forward foot. Then, as the pony starts, he yanks the foot back, and in nine cases out of ten down goes the pony. But not always. Some obstinate ones will sink on the other knee, and with the nose on the ground still have four points to stand on. But by-and-by down he must; the snubbing-rope is made fast, the saddle is fitted on *tant bien que mal*, the cincha worked under, and the whole made fast. Sometimes it is difficult to get a bit in the pony's mouth, and they put on a hackamore, which is a halter-like rope arrangement, a sort of Rarey hitch, with an extra twist round his jaw, instead. Then the second rope is loosed and the pony is let up, still held by the snubbing-post rope. This is gradually loosened so as to let the pony have a little fun all to himself, which he is sure to do, bucking round in a pretty lively fashion for twenty minutes or half an hour to rid himself of the saddle, despite the choking of the rope. This takes the feather-edge off him, and he will end up his play covered with foam and quite a bit tired. Some extra vigorous busters ride the pony right off, but the more judicious prefer to let him tire himself out first. When this is done, the pony is gradually worked out on the prairie, and may perhaps have to be thrown again to cinch him up and get ready for the ride. To keep him down while the rider gets ready, the other man sits on his head, and the rider puts aside his six-shooter and hat and coat and everything superfluous, but keeps his spurs and quirt. Then he seizes the saddle and gets his foot in the stirrup, the pony is gradually unwound, and the instant he reaches his feet the buster is in the saddle. It is incredible how active these men can be. Then the real fun begins, and the rider and pony go at it in earnest. The other man sometimes goes along on another horse, with a rope to catch the pony if things work wrong; but he is a wall-flower, and takes no part in the dancing. It is pretty rough sport. The pony may be a running bucker, or may stand stock-still and buck in place at unexpected intervals; he may buck over a bank; he may buck and pitch a somersault forward; he may rear and fall over backward. The rider wants both to stick to his pony and be ready to vault off in short measure if essential. He uses all the legs nature has given him, stirrup or no stirrup, and lashes his pony at every rise with all his might. The *suaviter in modo* is absolutely sunk in the *fortiter in re*. When the pony rises, the trick is to get away from the cantle, and the heavy buster has a fashion when the pony comes down of settling himself in his seat with a hard jolt and an "Ugh!" a thing which soon tires out the little fellow, which weighs barely four times as much as the man, and is working a dozen times as hard. One way or other the pony will keep his resistance up for a certain length of time, according to disposition; but in a couple of hours he will be ridden down. Unless he gets his rider into a snarl, and thus earns a let up, he will be so played out that he will go along pretty quietly, with but slight attacks of his bucking fever. He has found his master, and he knows it. One more ride will be the final polish of his primary-schooling. The kindergartening has been omitted. The second ride will be a repetition of the first in a slightly modified and less dangerous form. After this the pony is considered "busted"; but his grammar-schooling he gets from the cowboy's use. He never reaches the high or normal school, let alone the college; but he has a knack of educating

himself, and the amount of information and skill he will pick up of his own accord at cow-punching is wonderful. He of course is taught to guide by the neck, and he twists and turns in the performance of his duties with extraordinary intelligence and quickness; but a good deal of what he does is not so much taught by an educational process as picked up by repetition of the same work, which, after all, is the only way a horse ever learns.

The cowboy will stay in the saddle an almost unheard-of period, often forty-eight hours at a time when holding big bunches of cattle. He is up by daylight and works till dark, and then well on into the night or all night long by turns. He is faithful and untiring, and wedded to his master's interests. Much of the vice attributed to the cowboy must be laid to the score of the "bad man" of the Plains, a class which used to exist in great numbers, but has been for the most part hunted down and driven out by the ranchmen, who were the greatest sufferers. The cowboy is no saint, but he is a manly fellow, and averages quite as well as the farmer or mechanic; the stranger who has been cast on his hospitality, and has accepted it as tendered, would say much higher.

The cowboy rides with the easy balance bred of constant habit, swaying about in the saddle much like a drunken man, but with a graceful method in his reeling. He does not, however, ride all over his horse, like the Indian on his pad or bareback. When he ropes a steer or a pony, he gets well over on the nigh side, and throws his weight against the strain, resting the back of the right thigh in the saddle. He can perform all the tricks of the Indian, and much of his fun as well as his work is astride his ponies. On foot he reminds one of Jack ashore, partly from the stiffness of his chaperajos; but with his loose garments, his bright kerchief, and his jingling spurs, he is a most picturesque fellow, in perfect keeping with his surroundings.

The best cowboys are usually bred to the business, which is by no means an easy one to learn. The Southwest yields the best supply. They are apt to claim kinship with the South rather than the East. The word "round-up" originated in the southern Alleghanies, "corral" in Mexico. The cattle business is of Mexican origin, and the dress and method of riding are unquestionably of Spanish descent. But, as in every other business, there are men from every section who succeed, and vastly more who fail.

The American cowboy has a Mexican cousin, the vaquero, who does cow-punching in Chihuahua, and raises horses for the Mexican cavalry and an occasional shipment across the Rio Grande. The vaquero is generally a peōn, and as lazy, shiftless, and unreliable a vagabond as all men held to involuntary servitude are wont to be. He is essentially a low-down fellow in his habits and instinct. Anything is grub to him which is not poison, and he will thrive on offal which no human being except a starving savage will touch.

In his ways the vaquero is a sort of tinsel imitation of a Mexican gentleman, and very cheap tinsel at that. Our cowboy is independent, and quite sufficient unto himself. Everything not cowboy is tenderfoot, cumbering the ground, and of no use in the world's economy except as a consumer of beef. He has as long an array of manly qualities as any fellow living, and, despite many rough-and-tumble traits, compels our honest admiration. Not only this, but the percentage of American cowboys who are not pretty decent fellows is small. One cannot claim so much for the vaquero in question, though the term vaquero covers a great territory and class, and applies to the just and unjust alike.

Our Chihuahua vaquero wears white cotton clothes, and goat-skin chaperajos with the hair left on, naked feet, and huarachos, or sandals, and big jingling spurs. A gourd, lashed to his cantle, does the duty of canteen. He rides the Mexican tree, and his saddle is loaded down with an abundance of cheap plunder. His seat is the same as the Mexican gentleman's—forked, with toes stuck far out to the front, and balancing in the saddle. He is supposed to be a famous rider, and is a very good one. He breaks his own ponies, which sufficiently proves his case. He likes to show off, in the true style of the Romance nations and their offshoots, and will often ride a half-busted bronco with his feet stuck out parade fashion, much as a Yankee boy would carry a chip on his shoulder. But in breaking in his pony he grips with thigh and knee and calf, and heels besides, as any rider perforce must.

The Mexican cow-ponies are proverbial-

GENTLEMAN RIDER ON THE PASEO DE LA REFORMA.

ly tough and serviceable. But the vaquero has to turn in most of his good-sized ponies, and is apt to be seen on a rackabones of undersized or old stock, or on a mare with a colt at foot. His gait is the lope, with an occasional fox-trot, and he uses his quirt as constantly as an Indian. No savage can be more cruel to his pony than a vaquero, or pay less heed to his welfare. Averaging the vaquero of northern Mexico, one American cowboy is worth half a dozen of him to work; and, though he is used to Apache raids, worth more than a gross of him to fight. In view of the origin of both these cowpunchers, this is not a singular fact.

The prototype of the vaquero, the Mexican gentleman, is a rider of quite another quality. No city man ever acquires the second-nature seat on a horse which one can boast who spends all the working hours of the day, and at times most of his nights, in the saddle. He may be a better horseman; he may have a better style, actually or according to local notions or traditions; he may be able to ride on the road, or do some one special thing, such as riding to hounds, or playing polo, or tilting, exceedingly well; but, for all that, a chair is more natural to him than a saddle; and to ask him to ride sixteen consecutive hours, which a cowboy does every day, and will double up with a smile, is to ask him to work to the point of complete exhaustion.

Horsemanship is a broader term than mere riding. It, of necessity, comprises the latter to a certain extent. A good horseman must be a good rider, though he may not be a perfect one, from age or disability. But the best rider may be a very poor horseman. The best wild rider never spares his horse. A good horseman's first thought is for his beast. But the horseman may by no means be able to equal the rider's feats of daring, endurance, skill, or agility. In short, we city folks, compared to the saddle-bred man whose life work is astride a horse, are and remain tenderfoots.

Now the Mexican gentleman, like most Southern men, is a good rider within his limits. He is the very reverse of the Englishman, who, with his *reductio ad simplicitatem* of everything, has stripped the beauties of equestrianism to the bone. With his tweed suits and his brusque manners, with his disregard of everything which lends a touch of charm to daily life, he has driven out much that is beautiful and more that is gallant in social and equestrian pleasures alike. With lace ruffles and buckled shoes have quite disappeared not only the beauties of equitation, but the graceful outward courtesies to the other sex; and the place of the latter has not been filled by the acknowledgment conveyed in the cavalier manner now in vogue that women have grown in wisdom to the point of taking care of themselves. Women are glad, no doubt, of some emancipation, but does she whom we love and admire as the real woman of to-day want to be left to her own resources any more than did her grandmother? Has she tired of the willing ministrations of the other sex? We have by no means lost our heart courtesies, but whither has the old-fashioned polish taken its flight? We are indebted for much to the Old Country; do not let us borrow too largely. Despite our *ante bellum* accusation that the South affiliated with the British aristocracy, the Southron has retained his gallantry to women, as we of the Eastern States, to our serious detriment, have not. The best rule in equitation, as in other arts, is first the useful, then the ornamental. But having the useful, by no means let the ornamental elude you, unless the twain be incompatible.

Our artist has drawn the typical rider on the Paseo de la Reforma, the Rotten Row or Harlem Lane of the city of Mexico. In this style ride both the statesman and the swell, the banker and (when he can afford it) his clerk. And very much so rode the Englishman of half a century ago. I have heard excellent English horsemen brush aside all reference to the high-school of equitation as worthy only of a snob. But there were some very decent "snobs" in England back in the thirties, when celebrated members of both Houses, the leaders of fashion, the most noted generals—the very men, indeed, who had beaten Boney—and every one pretending to be in the social swim would go prancing up and down the Row, passaging, piaffing, traversing, to the admiration of all beholders. Even the M. F. H. fell into the trick of it in the Park. They were not called snobs then; the initial letter was dropped; and when a Briton slurs at the better education of the horse to-day, he casts a stone at his own ancestry over the shoulder of the lover of the high-school.

The first thing in our Mexican friend which strikes us is his horse. This is not the bronco of the Plains. He is evidently imported from Spain, or lately bred from Spanish stock, without that long struggle for existence which has given the pony his wonderful endurance and robbed him of every mark of external beauty. Here we revert to the original Moorish type. The high and long-maned crest, arched with pride, the full red nostril, large and docile eye, rounded barrel, high croup, tail set on and carried to match the head, clean legs, high action, and perfect poise. How he fills our artistic eye! how we dwell upon him! until we remember that performance comes first, beauty after, and that the English thorough-bred, which can give a distance to the best of this exquisite creature's family and beat him handily, has developed from the same blood far other lines than these; or, indeed, that the meanest runt of a Plains pony, on a ride of a hundred miles across the Bad Lands, would leave the beautiful animal dead in his tracks full twoscore miles behind!

The Mexican swell rides on a saddle worth a fortune. It is loaded with silver trimmings, and hanging over it is an expensive serape, or Spanish blanket, which adds to the magnificence of the whole. His queer-shaped stirrups are redolent of the old mines. His bridle is in like manner adorned with metal in the shape of half a dozen big silver plates, and to his bit is attached a pair of knotted red-cord reins, which he holds high up and loose. He is dressed in a black velvet jacket fringed and embroidered with silver; and a huge and expensive hat, perched on his head, is tilted over one ear. His legs are encased in dark tight-fitting breeches, with silver trimming down the side seams, but cut so as, in summer weather, to unbutton from the knee down and flap aside. His spurs are silver, big and heavy and costly, and fitted to buckle round his high-cut heel. Under his left leg is fastened a broad-bladed and beautiful curved sword, with a hilt worthy a prince of the blood.

The seat of this exquisite is the perfect pattern of a clothes-pin. Leaning against the cantle, he stretches his legs forward and outward, with heels depressed in a fashion which reminds one of Sydney Smith's saying that he did not object to a clergyman riding, if only he rode very badly, and turned out his toes. It is the very converse of riding close to your horse. In what it originates it is hard to guess, unless bravado. The cowboy, with an equally short seat and long stirrups, keeps his legs where they belong, and if his leg is out of perpendicular, it will be so to the rear.

The rack rarely, the canter all but universally, is ridden by the Mexican. It is only the Englishman and those he has taught who ride what can be called a trot. With all others the trot is a mere jog, though a good open trot is one of the easiest gaits for a horse to go. Luckily, as the horses of the world gain in breeding by the use of English stock, so the world is learning the English habit of rising. When I was a school-boy in Prussia, I was fairly hooted out of rising to a trot. But now you see the Prussian and all other Continental officers riding *à l'Anglaise* in full uniform, and one may see a lancer or hussar trotting through the streets with a handful of despatches, leaning over his horse's neck and rising to the gait in a fashion which would have court-martialled him in the old ramrod Anglophobia days of Frederick William IV. For all they laugh at England for her military pretensions, they adopt many good things from her, not the least of which is the course of cross-country riding which all foreign officers are now required to take.

The canter of the Mexican is the old park canter, with a superabundant use of the curb to make the horse prance and play and show his action. But we must not look down upon him. He is doing nothing more than the men who used to go titupping down Rotten Row every fine afternoon of fifty years ago; and he may be a better rider than he looks.

This trot and canter controversy is not yet settled. The Englishman claims that his horse can go seven miles on a trot for six on a canter. Our cavalry officers on the Plains have arrived at a similar conclusion, and all long marches are made at alternate walk and trot, or walk alone. Most cavalry does this. But you cannot make a Southerner or a Plainsman adopt this theory. The Southern horse goes his so-called artificial gaits, or canters: you cannot give away a trotter for the saddle. The bronco canters all but exclusively. The matter seems to depend on inbred habit, and comparative statistics on the subject, however interesting, could scarcely be made accurate.

BRITICISMS AND AMERICANISMS.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

IN a novel written in the last decade but one of the nineteenth century by an Australian lady in collaboration with a member of Parliament, one of the characters stops another "to ask for the explanation of this or that Australian phrase," wondering whether "it would be better to give the English meaning of each word after the word itself, and to keep on repeating it all through, or would it do to put a foot-note once for all, or how would it do to have a little glossary at the end?" As it happens, oddly enough, the authors of *The Ladies' Gallery* have not themselves done any one of these things; and therefore, if we chance to read their fiction, we are left to grope for ourselves when in the first two chapters we are told of "the wild howling of the *dingoes* in the *scrub*," and when we learn that the hero had "eaten his evening meal—*damper* and a hard junk of *wallabi* flesh"—while "his *billy* of tea was warming." Then we are informed that "he had arranged a bed with his blankets, his *swag* for a pillow," and that he wished for a good mate to share his watch, or even "a black *tracker* upon whom he could depend as a scout." We are told also that this hero, who "was not intended to *grub* along," hears a call in the night, and he reflects "that a black fellow would not *cou-ee* in that way." Later he cuts up "a *fig* of tobacco"; he says "we can *yarn* now"; he speaks of "living on wild plums and *bandicoot*"; and he makes mention of "a certain *newchum*." From the context we may fairly infer that this last term is the Australian equivalent of the Western *tenderfoot;* but who shall explain the meaning of *damper* and *dingoes*, *cou-ee* and *bandicoot?* And why have *scrub* and *billy*, *grub* and *fig*, taken on new meanings, as though they had suffered a sea-change in the long voyage around the Cape or through the canal?

As yet, so far as I know, no British critic has raised a cry of alarm against the coming degradation of the English language by the invasion of Australianisms. It can hardly be doubted, however, that the necessities of a new civilization will force the Australian to the making of many a new word to define new conditions. As the San Francisco *hoodlum* is different from the New York *loafer*, so the Melbourne *larrikin* has differentiated himself from the London *rough*, and in due season a term had to be developed to denote this differentiation. There are also not a few Canadian phrases to be collected by the curious; and the exiles in India have evolved a vocabulary of their own by a frequent adoption of native words, which makes difficult the reading of certain of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's earlier tales. To recall these things is but to recognize that the same causes are at work in Canada, in India, and in Australia as have been acting in the United States. It remains to be seen whether the British critic will show the same intolerance toward the colonial and dependent Australian and Canadian that he has been wont to show toward the independent American. The controversy, when it comes, is one at which the American will look on with disinterested amusement, remembering that those laugh best who laugh last, and that Dean Alford omitted from the later editions of his dogmatic discussion of the *Queen's English* a passage which was prominent in the first edition, issued in 1863, during the war of the rebellion, and which animadverted on the process of deterioration that the Queen's English had undergone at the hands of the Americans. "Look at those phrases," he cried, "which so amuse us in their speech and books, at their reckless exaggeration and contempt for congruity, and then compare the character and history of the nation—its blunted sense of moral obligation and duty to man, its open disregard of conventional right where aggrandizement is to be obtained, and I may now say, its reckless and fruitless maintenance of the most cruel and unprincipled war in the history of the world." Time can be relied on to quash an indictment against a nation, and we Americans should be sorry to think that there are to-day in England any of those who in 1863 sympathized with the Dean of Canterbury, and who are not now heartily ashamed of their attitude then.

Owing, it may be, to the consciousness of strength, which is a precious result of the war the British clergyman denounced thus eloquently, the last tie of colonial-

ism which bound us to the mother country is broken. We know now that the mother tongue is a heritage and not a loan. It is ours to use as we needs must. In America there is no necessity to plead for the right of the Americanism to exist. The cause is won. No American writer worth his salt would think of withdrawing a word or of apologizing for a phrase because it was not current within sound of Bow Bells. The most timid of American authoresses has no doubt as to her use of *railroad*, *conductor*, *grade*, and to *switch*, despite her possible knowledge that in British usage the equivalents of these words are *railway*, *guard*, *gradient*, and to *shunt*. On the contrary, in fact, there is visible now and again, especially on the part of the most highly cultivated writers, an obvious delight in grasping an indigenous word racy of the soil. There is many an American expression of a pungent freshness which authors, weary of an outworn vocabulary, seize eagerly. It may be a new word, but it would not be in accord with our traditions to refuse naturalization to a welcome new-comer; or it may be a survival flourishing here in our open fields, although long since rooted out of the trim island garden on the other side of the Atlantic, and in such case we use it unhesitatingly to-day as our forefathers used it in the past, "following," as Lowell remarks, "the fashion of our ancestors, who unhappily could bring over no English better than Shakespeare's."

In the preface to the first edition of his dictionary, issued in 1825, Noah Webster declared that although in America "the body of the language is the same as in England, and it is desirable to perpetuate that sameness, yet some differences must exist," since "language is the expression of ideas, and if the people of one country cannot preserve an identity of ideas" with the people of another country, they are not likely to retain an absolute identity of language; and Webster had no difficulty in showing that differences of physical and political conditions had already in his day, only half a century after the Revolution, and when the centre of population was still close to the Atlantic seaboard, produced differences of speech. It is too much to expect, perhaps, that the British critic shall look at this Yankee independence from our point of view. Professor Lounsbury tells us in his admirable biography that in Fenimore Cooper's time the attitude of the Englishman toward the American "in the most favorable cases .... was supercilious and patronizing, an attitude which never permits the nation criticising to understand the nation criticised." Things have changed for the better since Cooper was almost alone in his stalwart Americanism, but the arrogance which General Braddock of his Majesty's army showed toward Colonel Washington of the Virginia contingent survives here and there in Great Britain, even though another dean sits in Dr. Alford's stall in Canterbury Cathedral; it prompted an English novelist not long ago to be offensively impertinent to an American lady (*Athenæum*, September 1, 1888), and it allowed Lord Wolseley to insult the memory of Robert E. Lee with ignorant praise. It finds expression in a passage like the following from a *Primer of English Composition*, by Mr. John Nichols: "Americanisms, as 'Britisher,' 'skedaddle,' and the peculiar use of 'clever,' 'calculate,' 'guess,' 'reckon,' etc., with the mongrel speech adopted by some humorists, are only admissible in satirical pictures of American manners" (p. 35). When we read an assertion of this sort, we are reduced to believe that it must be the dampness of the British climate which has thus rusted the hinges of British manners.

Far more often than we could wish can we hear the note of lofty condescension in British discussion of the peculiarities of other races. When Englishmen are forced to compare themselves with men of any other country, no doubt it must be difficult for them not to plume themselves on their superior virtue. But modesty is also a virtue, and if this were more often cultivated in Great Britain, the French, for example, would have fewer occasions for making pointed remarks about *la morgue britannique*. Even the gentle Thackeray — if the excursus may be forgiven — is not wholly free from this failing. In spite of his familiarity with French life and French art, he could not quite divest himself of his British pride, and of the intolerance which accompanies it, and therefore we find him recording that M. de Florac confided gayly to Mr. Clive Newcome the reason why he preferred the coffee at the hotel to the coffee at the great café "with a *duris urgéns in rébūs égestās!* pro-

nounced in the true French manner" (*Newcomes*, chapter xxviii.). But how should a Frenchman pronounce Latin? —like an Englishman, perhaps? When even the kindly Thackeray is capable of a sneering insularity of this sort, it is small wonder that the feeling of the French toward the British is well expressed in the final line of the quatrain inscribed over the gate at Compiègne through which Joan Darc went to her capture:

"Tous ceux-là d'Albion n'ont faict le bien jamais!"

And we are reminded of the English lady who was taken to see Mr. Jefferson's performance of Rip Van Winkle, and who liked it very much indeed, but thought it such a pity that the actor had so strong an American accent!

"Ignorance of his neighbor is the character of the typical John Bull," says Mr. R. L. Stevenson, who also declares that "the Englishman sits apart bursting with pride and ignorance." What a Scot has written a Yankee may quote. And the quotation has pertinence here in view of the fact that in the last century the English were just as keen against Scotticisms and Hibernicisms, and just as bitter, as they have been in this century against Americanisms, and as they may be in the next against Australianisms. Macaulay asserted that there were in "Marmion" and in "Waverley" "Scotticisms at which a London apprentice would laugh"; and there are to be seen in the English newspapers now and again petty attacks on the style and vocabulary of American authors of distinction, which it is perhaps charitable to credit to London apprentices. One of these it was no doubt who began a review of Mr. Brownell's subtle and profound study of *French Traits* with the statement that "the language most depressing to the educated Englishman is the language of the cultured American." Probably the small sword will always be exasperating to those who cling to the boxing-glove.

When a London apprentice laughs at the Scotticisms of the North Briton, and when the London *Athenæum* is depressed by the language of cultured Americans, there is to be discovered behind the laugh and the scoff an assumption that any departure from the usage which obtains in London is most deplorable. The laugh and the scoff are the outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual belief that the Londoner is the sole guardian and trustee of the English language. But this is a belief for which there is no foundation whatever. The English language is not bankrupt that it needs to have a receiver appointed; it is quite capable of minding its own business without the care of a committee of Englishmen. If indeed a guardian were necessary, what Englishman would it be who would best preserve our pure English—the shepherd of Dorset or the miner of Northumberland, the Yorkshire man or the cockney? If it is not the London apprentice who is to set the standard, but the Englishman of breeding, it is hard to discover the ground whereon this Englishman can claim superiority of taste or knowledge over the other educated men to whom English is the mother tongue, whether they were born in Scotland, Ireland, or America, in Australia, India, or Canada.

The fallacy of the Englishman, be he London apprentice or contributor to the *Athenæum*, is that he erects a merely personal standard in the use of our language. He compares the English he finds in the novels of a Scotchman or in the essays of an American with that which he hears about him daily in London, animadverting upon every divergence from this local British usage as a departure from the strict letter of the law which governs our language. It is, of course, unfair to suggest that a parochial self-satisfaction underlies this utilization of personal experience as the sole test of linguistic propriety; but the procedure is amusingly illogical.

The cockney has no monopoly of good English if even he has his full portion. The Englishman in England is but the elder brother of the Anglo-Saxon elsewhere; and by no right of primogeniture does he control the language which is our birthright. Noah Webster, in the preface from which quotation has already been made, remarked that American authors had a tendency to write "the language in its genuine idiom," and he asserted that "in this respect Franklin and Washington, whose language is their hereditary mother tongue, unsophisticated by modern grammar, present as pure models of genuine English as Addison or Swift." It may be doubted whether English is now more vigorously spoken or better understood in London than in New York or in Melbourne; but it is indisputable that the

student detects in the ordinary speech of the Englishman many a lapse from the best usage. This contaminating of the well of English undefiled is not to be defended because it is due to Englishmen who happen to live in England. A blunder made in Great Britain is to be stigmatized as a Briticism, and it is to be avoided by those who take thought of their speech just as though the impropriety were a Scotticism or a Hibernicism, an Americanism or an Australianism. When a locution of the London apprentice is not in accord with the principles of the language, there is no prejudice in its favor because it happened to arise beside the Thames rather than on the shores of the Hudson or by the banks of the St. Lawrence.

Of Briticisms there are as many and as worthy of collection and collocation as were the most of the Americanisms the all-embracing Bartlett gathered into his dictionary. Indeed, if a Scot or a Yankee were to prepare a glossary of Briticisms on the ample scale adopted by Mr. Bartlett, and with the same generous hospitality, the result would surprise no one more than the Englishman. We should find in its pages many a word and phrase and turn of speech common enough in England and quite foreign to the best usage of those who speak English—Briticisms as worthy of reproof as the worst specimen of "the mongrel speech adopted by some humorists in America." These are to be sought rather in the written language than in oral speech, though there are Briticisms a-plenty in the talk of the Londoner, from the suppression of the initial *h* among the masses to the dropping of the final *g* among the classes. Of a truth, precision of speech is not frequent in London, and not seldom the delivery of the Englishman of education nowadays may fairly be called slovenly. As I recall the list of those whom I have heard use the English language with mingled ease and elegance, I find fewer Englishmen than either Scotchmen or Americans. Quinctilian tells us that an old Athenian woman called the eloquent Theophrastus a stranger, and declared "that she had discovered him to be a foreigner only from his speaking in a manner too Attic." Something of this ultra-precision is perhaps to be observed to-day in the modern Athens, be that Edinburgh or Boston.

In the ordinary speech of Englishmen there are not a few vocables which grate on American ears. Sometimes they are ludicrous, sometimes they are hideous, sometimes they seem to us simply strange. Thus when Matthew Arnold wrote about Tolstoï, he told us that Anna Karénina "throws herself under the wheels of a *goods* train." To us Americans this sounds odd, as it is our habit to call the means of self-destruction chosen by the Russian heroine "a *freight* train." But it is simply due to the accidental evolution of railroad terminology in England and in America at the same time, whereby the same thing came to be called by a different name on either side of the Atlantic. Neither term has a right of way as against the other; and it would be interesting to foresee which will get down to our great-grandchildren. In like manner the *keyless watch* of Great Britain is the *stem-winder* of the United States; and here, again, there is little to choose, as both words are logical.

The use of *like* for *as*, not uncommon in the Southern States, has there always been regarded as an indefensible colloquialism; but in England it is heard in the conversation of literary men of high standing, and now and again it even gets itself into print in books of good repute. It will be found, for instance, in the sketch of Macaulay which the late Cotter Morrison wrote for the series of *English Men of Letters* edited by Mr. John Morley. And Walter Bagehot represents the dwellers in old manor-houses and in rural parsonages asking, "Why can't they [the French] have Kings, Lords, and Commons, *like* we have?" Here occasion serves to remark that Bagehot's own writing is besprinkled with Briticisms; his style is slouchy beyond belief; it is impossible to imagine a Frenchman or an American capable of thinking as clearly and as cogently as Bagehot, and willing to write as carelessly.

To be noted also is the British habit of saying "very pleased," when the tradition of the language and the best American usage alike require one to say "very much pleased." Equally noteworthy is the misuse of *without* for *unless*, condemned in America as a vulgarism, but discoverable in England in the pages of important periodical publications; for example, in the number of the *New Review* for August, 1890, we find Sir Charles Dilke, who, as a member of her Majesty's

Privy Council, ought to be familiar with the Queen's English, writing that "nothing can be brought before the Vestry *without* the Vestry is duly summoned." Among the political Briticisms which deserve collection as well as political Americanisms, although far less picturesque, are to be recorded the use of *the government* when *the ministry* rather is intended, and also the habit of accepting these nouns of multitude as plural, and therefore of writing "the ministry *are*" and "the government *are*" where an American would more naturally write "the administration *is*." Another more recent Briticism is the growing habit of dropping the article, and saying that "ministers are," meaning thereby that the cabinet as a whole is about to take action. As yet I have not seen "ministers is," but even this barbaric locution bids fair to be reached in course of time. It must be admitted that the terminology of politics is independent in its tendencies, and frequently "breaks the slate" of the regular grammar. It was the speech-making of an American Senator which appeared to the late Mr. G. T. Lanigan as "a foretaste of that grammatical millennium when the singular verb shall lie down with the plural noun, and a little conjunction shall lead them."

Perhaps the two most frequent Briticisms and the most obvious are the use of *different to* where the American more appropriately and logically says *different from*, and the employment of *directly* and its synonyme *immediately* for *as soon as* in such phrases as "*directly* he arrived, he did thus." Even Thackeray, in his most carefully written and most artistic novel, allowed Henry Esmond to write *instantly* for *as soon as*, whereby he was guilty also of an anachronism, as this blunder is a Briticism of comparatively recent origin, and is not yet to be found in the pages of any American author of authority. It is perhaps worthy of note that in that triumph of psychologic insight *Barry Lyndon*, which also is written in the first person, we find *like* for *as*, much as though it were a Hibernicism, which we do not understand it to be.

I am informed and believe—for in matters of language I prefer to testify on information and belief only, and not to make affidavit of my own knowledge, necessarily circumscribed by individual experience—I am informed and believe that an Englishman says *lift* where we say *elevator*, and that he calls that man an *agricultural laborer* whom an American would term a *farm hand*. In the one case the Briticism is the shorter, and in the other the Americanism. I am told that an Englishman calls for a *tin* of condensed milk, when an American would ask for a *can*, and that an Englishman even ventures to taste *tinned* meat, which we Americans would suspect to be tainted by the metal, although we have no prejudice against *canned* meats. I understand that an Englishman *stops* at a hotel at which an American would *stay*. I have been led to believe that an English woman of fashion will go to a *swagger function*, at which she will expect to meet *no end* of *smart* people, meaning thereby not clever folks, but *swells*. I have heard that an Englishman speaks of a *wire*, meaning a *telegram;* and I know that an English friend of mine in New York received a letter from his sister in London, bidding him hold himself in readiness to cross the Atlantic at a day's notice, and informing him that he might "have to come over on a *wire*." To an American, going over the ocean "on a wire" seems an unusual mode of travelling, and too Blondin-like to be attempted by less expert acrobats.

The point half-way between us and our adversary seems nearer to him; but this is an optical delusion, just as the jet of water in the centre of a fountain appears closer to the other side than to ours. So it is not easy for any one on either shore of the Atlantic to be absolutely impartial in considering the speech of those on the other. An American with a sense of the poetic cannot but prefer to the imported word *autumn* the native and more logical word *fall*, which the British have strangely suffered to drop into disuse. An American conscious of the fact that *cunning* is frequent in the mouths of his fair countrywomen, and that it is sadly wrenched from its true significance, is aware also that the British are trying to cramp our mother tongue by limiting *bug* to a single offensive species, by giving to *bloody* an ulterior significance as of semi-profanity, and by restricting *sick* to a single form of physical wretchedness, forgetful that Peter's wife's mother once lay sick of a fever, and that an officer in her Majesty's service may even now go home on sick leave. The ordinary and broader use of *sick* is not as uncommon in Eng-

land as some British critics affect to think. I have heard an Englishman defend the use of *I feel bad* for *I feel ill*, on the ground that he employed the former phrase only when he was sick enough to be above all thought of grammar.

We Americans have extended the meaning of *transom*, which, strictly speaking, was the bar across the top of a door under the fanlight itself. This American enlargement of the meaning of *transom* has not found favor at the hands of British critics, who did not protest in any way against the British restriction of the meaning of *bug*, *bloody*, and *sick*. Indeed in the very number of the London weekly review in which we could read a protest against Mr. Howells's employment of *transom* in its more modern American meaning was to be seen an advertisement of a journalist in want of a job, and vaunting himself as expert in the writing of *leaderettes*. Surely *leaderette* is as unlovely a vocable as one could find in a Sabbath day's reading; and, moreover, it is almost unintelligible to an American, who calls that an *editorial* which the Englishman calls a *leader*, and who would term that an *editorial paragraph* which the Englishman terms a *leaderette*. Another sentence plucked from the pages of the *Saturday Review* about the same time is also almost incomprehensible to the ordinary American: "But he is so brilliant and so much by way of being complete that they will be few who read his book and do not wish to know more of him." From the context we may hazard a guess that *so much by way of being* is here synonymous with *almost*. But what would Lindley Murray say to so vile a phrase?—that Lindley Murray whom the British invoke so often, ignoring or ignorant of the fact that he was an American. Holding with the late Richard Grant White that ours is really a grammarless tongue, and distrusting all efforts of school-masters to strait-jacket our speech into formulas borrowed from the Latin, I for one should be quite willing to abandon Lindley Murray to the British. It is not the first time that an American weed has been exhibited in England as a horticultural beauty; our common wayside mullein, for example, is cherished across the Atlantic as the "American velvet plant."

Other divergencies of usage may perhaps deserve a passing word. It is an Americanism to call him *clever* whom we deem good-natured only; and it is a Briticism to call that entertainment *smart* which we consider very fashionable; and of the two the Briticism seems the more natural outgrowth. So also the British *terminus* of Latin origin is better than the American *depot* of French origin; it is a wonder that so uncouth an absurdity as *depot* ever got into use when we had at hand the natural word *station*.

Sometimes the difference between the Americanism and the Briticism is very slight. In America *coal* is put on the grate in the singular, while in England *coals* are put in the grate in the plural. In the United States *beets* are served at table as a vegetable, while in Great Britain *beet root* is served. Oddly enough, the British do not say *potato root* or *carrot root* when they order either of those esculents to be cooked, and as the American usage seems the more logical, perhaps it is more likely to prevail.

Sometimes—and indeed one might say often—a word or a usage is denounced by some British critic without due examination of the evidence on its behalf. Professor Freeman, for example, who is infrequently finicky in his choice of words, objected strongly to the use of *metropolis* as descriptive of the chief city of a country, rather restricting the word to its more ecclesiastical significance as a cathedral town, and Mr. Skeat has admitted the validity of the objection. But Mr. R. O. Williams, in his recent suggestive paper on "Good English for Americans," informs us that *metropolis* was employed to indicate the most important city of the state by Macaulay, an author most careful in the use of words, and by De Quincey, a purist of the strictest sense. Nay, more, he even finds *metropolis* thus taken in the prose of Addison and in the verse of Milton.

In like manner Dr. Fitzedward Hall had no difficulty in showing that *reliable*, often objurgated as an Americanism, is to be found in a letter written in 1624 by one Richard Montagu, afterward a bishop, and that it owes its introduction into literature to Coleridge, who used it in 1800. Dr. Hall has also shown that *scientist*, which Mr. A. J. Ellis saw fit to denounce as an "American barbaric trisyllable," was first used by an Englishman, Dr. Whewell, in 1840. One of the abiding advantages of the New English Dictionary of the

Philological Society—an advantage which may more than counterbalance the carelessness with which its quotations have been verified—is that its columns can be used to convince even the ordinary British critic that many a word and many an expression which he is prompt to condemn as an Americanism, and therefore pestilent, is to be found in the literature of our language long before the Declaration of Independence broke the political unity of the Anglo-Saxon race. And although a negative is always difficult of proof, this same New English Dictionary gives evidence in behalf of the late Mr. White's contention that *Britisher* is not an Americanism, but a Briticism; he said that the word was never heard in the mouth of an American, and, as it happens, Dr. Murray is not able to adduce in its behalf a single quotation from any American author.

The effort for precision, the desire to make a word do no more than is set down for it, the wish to have warrant for every syllable, is neither despicable nor futile. It is only by taking thought that language can be bent to do our will. The sparse vocabulary and the rude idioms of the shepherd or the teamster are inadequate to the needs of the poet and of the student. The ideal of style is said to be the speech of the people in the mouth of the scholar. And Walter Bagehot, in his essay on "Sterne and Thackeray"—one of the few of his papers which have art and form as well as sympathy and insight—declares that "how language was first invented and made we may not know, but beyond doubt it was shaped and fashioned into its present state by common ordinary men and women using it for common and ordinary purposes. They wanted a carving-knife, not a razor or lancet; and those great artists who have to use language for more exquisite purposes, who employ it to describe changing sentiments and momentary fancies, and the fluctuating and indefinite inner world, must use curious nicety and hidden but effectual artifice, else they cannot duly punctuate their thoughts and slice the fine edges of their reflections. A hair's breadth is as important to them as a yard's breadth to a common workman."

To put so sharp a point upon his style, the artist in words must choose his material with unfaltering care. He must select and store away in his scrip the best words. He must free his vocabulary from clumsy localisms, whether these be Americanisms or Briticisms. He must be true to the inherent and vital principles of our language, not yielding to temporary defections from the truth, whether these flourish in Great Britain or in the United States.

It cannot be said too often that there is no basis for the belief that somewhere there exists a sublimated English language, perfect and impeccable. This is the flawless ideal to which all artists in style strive vainly to attain, whether they are Englishmen or Americans, Australians or Canadians, Irish or Scotch. But nowhere is this speech without stain spoken by man in his daily life—not in London, where cockneyisms abound, not in Oxford, where university slang is luxuriant and where pedantry flourishes. Nowhere has this pure and undefiled language ever been spoken by any community. Nowhere will it ever be spoken other than by a few men here and there gifted by nature or trained by art. The speech of the people in the mouth of the scholar, that is the absolute ideal which no man can find by travel, and which every man must make for himself by toil, avoiding alike the tendency of the people toward slouching inaccuracy and the tendency of the scholar toward academic frigidity. Of the two, the more wholesome leaning is toward the forcible idioms of the plain people rather than the tamer precision of the student. The wild flowers of speech, plucked betimes with the dew still on them, humble and homely and touching, such as we find in Franklin and in Emerson, in Lowell and in Thoreau, are to be preferred infinitely before the waxen petals of rhetoric as a school-master arranges them. The grammarian, the purist, the pernicketty stickler for trifles, is the deadly foe of good English, rich in idioms and racy of the soil. Every man who has taught himself to know good English, and to love it and to delight in it, must sympathize with Professor Lounsbury's lack of admiration "for that grammar-school training which consists in teaching the pupil how much more he knows about our tongue than the great masters who have moulded it, which practically sets up the claim that the only men who are able to write English properly are the men who have never shown any capacity to write it at all."

As to the English of the future, who

knows what the years may bring forth? The language is alive and growing and extending on all sides, to the grief of the purist and the pedant, who prefer a dead language that they can dissect at will, and that has come to the end of its usefulness. The existence of Briticisms and of Americanisms and of Australianisms is a sign of healthy vitality. "Neither usage," said Professor Freeman, after contrasting certain Americanisms and Briticisms, "can be said to be in itself better or worse than the other. Each usage is the better in the land in which it has grown up of itself." An unprejudiced critic, if such a one could haply be found, would probably discover an equality of blemish on either side of the ocean—more precision and pedantry on the one side, and a more daring carelessness on the other. To declare a single standard of speech is impossible.

That there will ever be any broad divergence between the English language and American speech, such, for example, as differentiates the Portuguese from the Spanish, is now altogether unlikely. A divergence as wide as this has been impossible since the invention of printing, and it is even less possible since the schoolmaster has been abroad teaching the same A B C in London, New York, Sydney, and Calcutta. Although it has ceased absolutely to be British, the chief literature of North America is still English, and must remain so, just as the chief literature of South America is still Spanish. Señor Juan Valera, declaring this truth in the preface to his delightful *Pepita Ximenez*, reminds us that "the literature of Syracuse, of Antioch, and of Alexandria was as much Greek literature as was the literature of Athens." In like manner we may recall the fact that Lucan, Seneca, Martial, and Quinctilian were all of them Spaniards by birth.

That any one country shall remain or become at once the political, financial, and literary centre of the wide series of Anglo-Saxon states which now encircles the globe is almost equally unlikely. But we may be sure that that branch of our Anglo-Saxon stock will use the best English, and will perhaps see its standards of speech accepted by the other branches, which is most vigorous physically, mentally, and morally, which has the most intelligence, and which knows its duty best and does it most fearlessly.

THE REPUBLIC OF PARAGUAY.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

THE republic of Paraguay has hitherto been one of the least known of the South American states. Situated in the heart of the continent, and communicating with the sea only by the intermediary of the Paraná River, it has remained a far-away country, forgotten, unvisited, unexplored. And yet in the old days its territory was the centre of all the operations of the Europeans on the Atlantic coast of America. During the early period of the Spanish occupation the settlers found hospitality in Paraguay sooner than on the more accessible banks of the river Plate, while its fertility, climate, and geographical position recommended it to the Jesuits for the establishment of their "reductions," and for the essay of a system of communism which gave admirable results from the point of view of collective felicity. During two hundred years the settlements of the Jesuits prospered. In 1764 the order was expelled; when the architects left it, the communistic edifice, within whose pleasant precincts the native Guarani population had learnt the elements of a simple and almost idyllic civilization, fell into ruins, and the whole country and the people quickly declined. In the beginning of the present century, when the independence movement deprived the crown of Spain of its American colonies, Paraguay did not join in the generous and co-operative work of liberty, but shut itself up within its frontiers, trusting to its wealth, and wishing to owe nothing to its neighbors. This policy was that of the dictator Francia and of his successors, Lopez I. and Lopez II., whose despotic rule from the beginning of the century up to 1870 was virtually a continuation of the Jesuit system of state communism, minus the religious and recreative elements. Critics who persist in considering universal suffrage to be the last word of political science have severely condemned these despots. The fact, however, remains that under their rule Paraguay reached a high degree of wealth and material well-being,

and threatened to assume a supremacy which alarmed its neighbors. The result of this uneasiness and jealousy was the war of the triple alliance of Brazil, Uruguay, and the Argentine against Paraguay, which began in 1864 and lasted five years, ending in the ruin of the latter country, and the almost complete annihilation of the young and adult male population, and leaving in the land none but women and aged men. Of the riches and prosperity of Paraguay there remained no vestiges; the army and fleet were destroyed; ruin and misery were on all sides; the conquerors had only to divide the spoils after Lopez died, with arms in his hands, at Cerro Cora, on March 1, 1870. The Paraguayans fought like heroes, and when, from want of men, they could fight no longer, a handful of patriots met at Asuncion, formed a triumvirate, resisted the pressure of the allies in the sphere of diplomacy, signed a treaty of peace, and on August 15, 1870, opened a Constituent Assembly, which established the new constitutional chart.

During more than twenty years this constitution has been observed by seven successive Presidents, and Paraguay has been occupied in the slow and laborious task of national recuperation. Meanwhile all the barriers and restrictions established by the preceding governments were abolished; the new constitution declared the navigation of the rivers to be free, opened the frontiers, gave natives and foreigners alike the right to enter, traverse, or leave the republic freely and without let or hinderance of any kind, and thus placed Paraguay in communication with the rest of the world. But rumor had represented the country to be absolutely destroyed, and for the next ten years very few travellers took the trouble to go a thousand miles up the river to see for themselves, so that the outside world continued in almost complete ignorance about the actual state of Paraguay; and even now very few people have other than vague ideas as to the aspect, condition, and resources of the republic. At present, actuated by the example of the Argentine, Paraguay is anxious to make efforts toward progress. The rapid development of the neighboring republics, the occupation of the more accessible territory, the fever of speculation, the consequent inflated prices of land, and the excessive dearness of existence in general, have rendered colonization more and more difficult, while at the same time other enterprises by which fortunes are rapidly made in newly developed countries are becoming rarer, and the profits less handsome. This is the case more especially in the Argentine Republic, as was amply proven by the crisis of 1890. The events of the past few years have discredited that country, and the surplus energy and capital of Europe have begun to look around for new fields of activity, amongst which Paraguay figures, very modestly, it is true, at present, but nevertheless there is a visible commencement of a new era in that country, and a strong probability that European commercial interests will gradually be developed there on an important scale. This will, of course, be the work of years. The opening up of Paraguay depends upon the creation of a new current of capital and of immigration. It is a country destined sooner or later for agricultural colonization.

From the point of view of the economist, Paraguay is situated within the most favored and healthy region of South America. Supposing the continent to be divided into three districts, we find that the first region in the north, watered by the Orinoco and the Amazon, is equatorial, torrid, and unhealthy for Europeans. The second region, in the west, is that of the Cordillera and the Pacific coast, where the nature of the ground is unfavorable to agricultural colonization on a large scale, where the greatest wealth is mineral, and where half the territory is occupied by the Chilians, who are the best-organized and most civilized nation in South America, and need no immigration. The third and remaining region comprises the basin of the Paraná River, the southern portion of Brazil, the Argentine Republic, Paraguay, Uruguay, and part of Bolivia; in short, all the country south of latitude 20° south. This eastern zone is the domain where immigration has prospered already, and where it is likely to prosper in the future, though not perhaps on such a vast scale as was observed in the palmy years of the Argentine.

The boundaries of Paraguay have been misrepresented on most maps, owing to the want of surveys. Placed at the confluence of the rivers Paraná and Paraguay, the territory of the republic is divided by the course of this latter stream

into two distinct parts—Paraguay proper and western Paraguay, or the Paraguayan Chaco. Bounded on the north by the rivers Apá and Estrella, on the east by the cordilleras of Amambay and Mbaracayú and the river Paraná, on the south by the river Paraná, and on the west by the river whence it gets its name, Paraguay proper extends from 22° south to 27° south latitude, and from 56° to 60° longitude west from the meridian of Paris. Western Paraguay, or the Paraguayan Chaco, extends from the Pilcomayo River up to the Bolivian frontier, latitude 25° 20′ south to latitude 20° 10′ south, forming a quadrilateral, the exact limits of which have not yet been determined geographically. Paraguay proper is not a mountainous country, but its surface is very undulating, and traversed by various hill chains whose summits do not exceed five hundred metres. The lines of the landscape are always soft and harmonious; there is nothing severe or sombre; almost everywhere the rock is covered with thick masses of verdure; and the general character of the landscape is charming, and often so pretty and perfectly composed that it suggests the work of a clever scene-painter. With the exception of parts of Peru, Paraguay, from the point of view of scenery, impressed me as the most beautiful and charming country that I saw south of the equator. The interior of Paraguay is still little known to geographers. The northern and eastern parts are covered with immense virgin forests, which present an impenetrable obstacle to travellers. Except in the valley between the towns of Asuncion and Villa Encarnacion, and except certain roads opened across the forests of *yerba maté*, there are very few means of communication by land. The traffic is mainly carried on by water, and the centres of population are almost invariably grouped along the rivers. At present the whole life of the republic seems to be concentrated on the left bank of the Paraguay River, which is always open to navigation, and forms the great natural route of the country.

The climate of Paraguay has been carefully studied of late years by Mr. Mangels, who has long lived in Asuncion. This town is situated at a height of 77 metres above the level of the sea, which is the average height of the whole territory, there being a slight rise toward the northeast, where the highest cordilleras attain 500 metres. The temperature is not subject to brusque variations. During the three summer months—December, January, and February—it varies between a minimum of 13° or 14° centigrade and a maximum of 38°. The summer heat is not torrid, but is tempered by frequent storms. In July, that is to say, in midwinter, the thermometer at night descends sometimes to 5° centigrade, while in the daytime it rises to 30°. September and October are generally rainy, but there is no fixed rainy season such as we find further north in the tropical zone. On the whole, the climate of Paraguay is considered healthy, and during nine months out of the twelve it may be characterized as temperate.

The actual situation of property in Paraguay demands a few words of explanation, the more so as the future of the country depends upon it. After the war of the triple alliance, in the general ruin and desolation of the country most of the public and private archives disappeared, and these had to be reconstituted as best they could be after peace was signed. All who made the demand then received special titles, *titulos supletorios*, —which constituted authentic deeds for the ownership of real estate. The ravages of the war, however, were so terrible that many families disappeared entirely, leaving no heirs whatever, and so much land returned to the state. The already vast public domain was thus increased to such an extent that nearly all the territory of Paraguay became state property. This fact was an obstacle to the resuscitation of the country, because the state had neither money nor hands wherewith to utilize its lands. In former days, under the *régime* of Francia and the Lopezes, the utilization of the state lands was almost the only source of the public fortunes. The state was then the absolute master of all, and the theory was that the state must be self-sufficing. Hence the establishment on the state lands of vast estancias, or cattle farms, and afterward, under Lopez, of equally vast agricultural enterprises, which provided the government with enormous resources. These were the palmy days of Paraguay. The state was enormously rich, and yet the population paid no taxes. On the other hand, the state, with its immense capital, and its complete and, if necessary, arbitrary command of labor, was the formida-

ble rival of the private holders and commercial men, whose limited means condemned them to failure. In the form of representative government inaugurated in Paraguay after the war there was no reason for the existence of state property; in the first place, because the state no longer had the means to reconstitute and work the farms that had been destroyed during the war; and in the second place, because industry and commerce were declared free. Then arose the problems: who could buy the state lands; and where were the hands to cultivate them? For several years these problems remained without solution, until finally, in 1885, the Paraguayan government took two measures, the success of which was the beginning of a new era for the country. One measure was the law of July, 1885, concerning the sale of the state lands at prices varying according to five categories of situation and fertility; the second was the arrangement of the debt of 1870, and the acceptation by the English bondholders of 500 leagues of land to cancel their claim. Thus the credit of Paraguay was restored, and its soil acquired a commercial value. After this operation the Argentines began to take an interest in Paraguay, and at present all the state lands that were for sale have been taken up by various companies and syndicates, of which the most important are the Paraguay Land Company and the Paraguayo-Argentine Land Company, the former English and the latter Argentine. The operations of these companies are still in their infancy; the practical value of much of the land that they own has not yet been demonstrated.

In 1885, at the same time that the law for the sale of the public lands was voted, Congress sanctioned a similar measure concerning the *yerbales*, or forests of *yerba maté*. The state, in its quality of owner, could not look after the keeping up of these forests, and under the system of annual renting they were threatened with total destruction, as happened in the Argentine. Hence the sale of the *yerbales* and the formation of great companies, such as the Industrial Paraguaya and Patri and Company, which have bought hundreds of leagues of tea forests, and invested large amounts of capital in these enterprises. The state, however, still owns the greater part of the tea forests, and great prudence is displayed in their sale. The government is also devoting attention to the topographical survey of the territory, so very necessary for fixing the limits of property.

The population of Paraguay is a matter of dispute. The official statisticians fix it at 330,000 in round numbers. Careful calculations make out the population to have been about 770,000 in 1866, at the beginning of the war. Slaughter, sickness, and starvation suppressed about three-fourths of the population during the years of the war, so that in 1872 there remained only 250,000 people in the whole country. In 1890, if we estimate the total population at half a million, we shall probably be over the mark. The increase is due simply to normal progression, for up to the present the number of immigrants who enter Paraguay does not exceed a thousand a year. The population of Asuncion, the capital, is about 25,000.

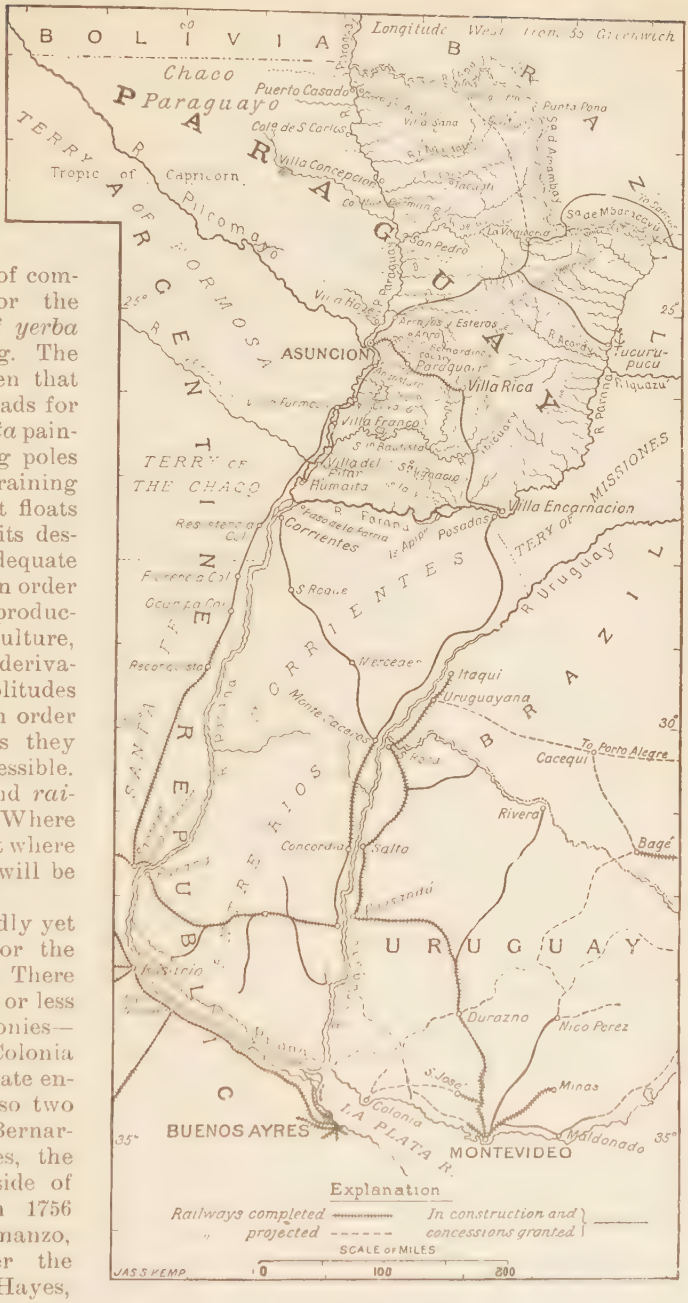
In speaking of the population of Paraguay we have referred to the republic proper only, and not to the Indians of the Chaco and of the eastern frontier. These Indians are estimated by the government statisticians at 100,000, but no trustworthy information about them really exists. The Indians on the eastern frontier are quiet people, who work with the cutters in the tea forests. The Indians of the Chaco are Lenguas, Payaguas, Sanapanas, Chamacocas, and other less-known tribes; some warlike, others pastoral. The Lenguas are constantly seen in the northwest of Paraguay; they cross the river from the Chaco in their canoes, and from time to time do a day's work or a morning's work. Whole tribes of Indians go to Villa Concepcion at times, just as the Patagonians go to Punta Arenas, to sell their skins and to buy Huntley and Palmer's biscuits. All these Indians have copper-colored skins, and none of them are remarkable for beauty. For that matter, the mass of the population of Paraguay is more or less Indian, being the descendants of the Guarani tribes, who were more or less civilized by the Jesuits in the old colonial days. Guarani rather than Spanish is still the language of the populace, as it is in the Argentine province of Corrientes, where the inhabitants are likewise of Guarani origin.

The great want in Paraguay is means of communication, and the first step toward the effective modernization and development of the territory will be the creation of railways. This work has

been already begun, and besides practical schemes of easy execution and immediate utility, some vast enterprises have been conceived which deserve notice if not approbation. One of these latter is a concession for a transcontinental railway between Paraguay and Bolivia, across the Chaco, held by an ex-American Minister Plenipotentiary to the Argentine Republic. This line will start at the level of Villa Concepcion and go across the Chaco, a distance of 565 miles, to the Bolivian frontier, and thence to the Bolivian capital, Sucre, which is distant 820 miles from Villa Concepcion. Another grand scheme, the realization of which is likely to remain in suspense for some years to come, is the transcontinental railway from Asuncion to Santos, the great port of the Brazilian province of São Paulo, a distance of 1300 kilometres. The railway would put Asuncion within thirty hours of Santos, whereas at present it takes nearly a week down stream to get from Asuncion to Buenos Ayres and Montevideo, and so to the ocean. A branch of this railway would run to Tacuru-Pucu, the point where the navigation of the upper Paraná ceases to be possible, and thus the line would traverse the richest *yerba maté* and timber forests of the republic. At the same time the line to Santos would give new life to the great interior Brazilian province of Matto-Grosso, and to the Argentine provinces of Corrientes and Missiones, and it would likewise encourage Bolivia to seek an issue from her inland prison in the direction of the Paraguay River. Such are the theoretical advantages of this projected line. Meanwhile, to return to facts and realities, we have one line in actual existence and in course of prolongation, namely the Asuncion and Villa Rica Railway, which was decreed by Lopez I. and begun in June, 1859, at a time when few South American states ventured even to dream of railway enterprises. The first section of the line was built as far as Paraguari, 72 kilometres from Asuncion, and its continuation was prevented by the outbreak of the war and the subsequent ruin of the country. Things remained in this state until 1886, when the government bought the line, which had become the property of a private company, and ordered the construction of the remaining section. Now the line has been sold by the government to an English company, which is continuing it down to Villa Encarnacion, on the river Paraná, on the southern frontier of the republic. On the opposite bank of the Paraná River is the town of Posadas, the terminus of the Argentine line now in construction from Monte Caseros, on the Uruguay River just opposite the town of Santa Rosa del Uruguay. From Monte Caseros a line runs to Concordia, which is opposite the Uruguayan town of Salto. A glance at the map will show that the completion of the lines above referred to, which may be expected in 1892, will place Asuncion and the southern regions of Paraguay in convenient communication with the Argentine provinces of Corrientes and Entre Rios, and more especially with the port of Montevideo, *viâ* Posadas, Monte Caseros, Concordia, Salto, Paysandú, and the lines of the Midland and Central Uruguayan railways.

In Paraguay ways of communication must precede colonization, because otherwise the colonist is condemned to vegetate in the midst of solitude without a market for his products. Under Lopez the country possessed four great roads starting from Asuncion, one southward, parallel with the river, to Paso de la Patria, on the Paraná, a second across the country to Villa Encarnacion, a third eastward to Villa Rica, and a fourth northward to Arroyos y Esteros, where it divided into two branches, one going northward parallel with the Paraguay River, and the other northeast to Villa Ygatimi. These so-called royal roads—*caminos reales*—were connected by secondary and cross-roads, which completed the system. During the war these roads were more or less destroyed, and until lately no measures have been taken to repair them. Other means of communication, destined to become in course of time great roads, are the *picadas*, or cuttings through the forests, made by the *yerbateros* in order to transport the *maté* to the river ports. In the north of the republic there are *picadas* running east and west, which put Villa Concepcion in communication with the *yerbales* of the eastern frontier. The *yerbales* of the Paraná Valley are likewise traversed by *picadas*. Hitherto, however, the facility of water communications has retarded the making of roads. The basin of the Paraguay in particular is canalized by a number of important rivers that are navigable by

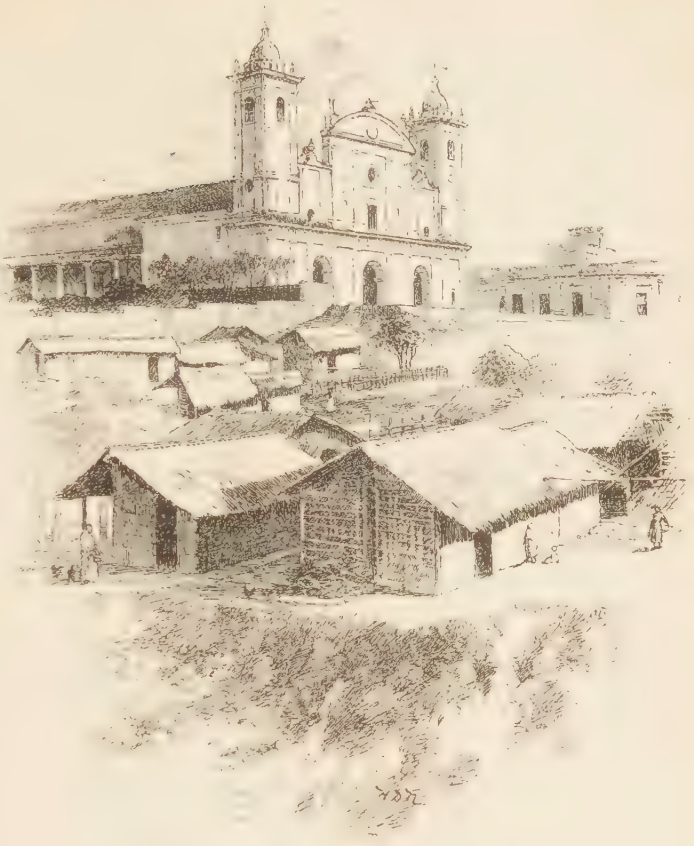
chatas, or barges, and *jangadas*, or timber rafts. By these means the *yerba maté* and the precious woods of Paraguay are brought to the port of Asuncion, where the means of exterior navigation are centralized. These ways of communication suffice for the primitive industries of *yerba maté* and timber-cutting. The laborious teams of oxen that toil along with their loads for weeks together, the *chata* painfully propelled by long poles pressed against straining shoulders, the raft that floats lazily until it reaches its destination—all this is adequate so far as it goes. But in order to make Paraguay a productive country in agriculture, horticulture, and the derivative industries, the solitudes must be peopled, and in order to people the solitudes they must be rendered accessible. This is the business and *raison d'être* of railways. Where the line goes men go, but where there is no line there will be no useful colonization.



Colonization has hardly yet begun in Paraguay, for the reasons above indicated. There are, however, two more or less flourishing German colonies—Nueva Germania and Colonia Leipzig—started by private enterprise. There are also two official colonies, San Bernardino and Villa Hayes, the latter, on the Chaco side of the river, founded in 1756 under the name of Remanzo, and rechristened after the war, when President Hayes, as arbiter between the Argentine and Paraguay, recognized the rights of the latter to a part of the Chaco. San Bernardino, founded in 1881, is on the northern shore of Lake Ipacaray, on the railway line between Asuncion and Villa Rica. The majority of the colonists in Villa Hayes are French, and in San Bernardino Germans predominate. A North American colony has been founded on a small scale in the vicinity of San Pedro, with a view to cultivating tobacco, and a French colony, called Villa Sana, was started at the beginning of 1890 in the rich land northeast of Villa Concepcion. The desire of the Paraguayan government is to promote the establishment of large

private colonization enterprises, which experience has shown to be more advantageous both to the colonists and to the state than official colonies or mere assisted immigration, such as has been favored in the Argentine, with results that have rarely been satisfactory. The kinds of industry to be undertaken by colonies or private individuals in Paraguay are numerous. First of all, we may note horse and cattle breeding, for which the soil is admirably adapted, and dairy farming, now very little practised. Sheep do not prosper in Paraguay, on account of the great summer heat and of the nature of the country. After the pastoral industry follows agriculture. Wheat is imported from the Argentine, where it can be grown more cheaply. In Paraguay the chief culture is that of maize, of which five varieties are produced in great abundance. Rice is grown on a small scale along the river-banks, and thanks to the facility of establishing irrigation, the cultivation of this cereal on a large scale seems possible and desirable. Barley and oats thrive, but have hitherto been cultivated only to a very limited extent. Mandioca is grown everywhere in Paraguay, and eaten either boiled in the *puchero*, or *pot au feu*, or else roasted in the ashes. This root is the potato of the South Americans, the chief element in the nourishment of the least prosperous and least civilized peoples. In market gardening almost everything remains to be done; there is a great demand for garden produce, and very few gardeners to meet it. Viticulture has also to be redeveloped in Paraguay, where it existed on a grand scale in the seventeenth century, and furnished wine to Buenos Ayres. Now, however, the industry has disappeared, from causes that have not been satisfactorily explained. Sugar-cane prospers in Paraguay as well as it does in Tucuman, Corrientes, and the Argentine Chaco, and four varieties have been cultivated with success both for sugar-making and for distillery, but up to the present almost all the cane is used for distilling *caña*, or rum. There is hardly a village in Paraguay that has not its *caña* distillery, and it is estimated that the annual production amounts to 3½ million litres, which gives an average consumption per inhabitant of 9 litres a year. The average consumption of alcohol per head is: in France, 3 litres; Great Britain, 6; Prussia, 7; Sweden and Russia, 10; and Denmark, 16. This cane spirit, which can be produced in abundance, combined with the variety of aromatic plants and fruits that grow in Paraguay—*maté*, guava, banana, pineapple, various plants of the myrtle family, etc.—renders the country favorable for the establishment of liqueur manufactories. We must not forget to note promising experiments that have been made in the culture of coffee, and finally the culture of tobacco, which grows freely and abundantly. In South America certain marks of Paraguayan tobacco are highly esteemed, and some enthusiasts venture to compare them with Havana brands. For my part I tried some dozen of the choicest varieties, and found them all detestable. Nevertheless, there is much tobacco exported, and doubtless with care the quality of the leaf could be improved. In Paraguay itself the consumption of tobacco is colossal. The total production at present is 10½ million kilograms a year in round numbers, of which 4,785,000 kilograms are exported, and the rest smoked in the country. Thus we find that each inhabitant smokes an average of 11½ kilograms a year, or, say, eight cigars a day. In France the annual consumption per inhabitant is 758 grams, or about 1½ pounds. In Paraguay the women and children smoke as much as the men.

One of the great sources of wealth in Paraguay is the timber. The country is rich in splendid woods of all kinds, suitable for carpentry, carriage and ship building, in fine woods for cabinet-makers, and in dye-woods and trees useful in the chemical industries. The chief obstacle to the utilization of these woods is the difficulty of transportation. There are also many textile plants in the forests, which the industry of the future will learn to utilize commercially, such as cotton, ramie, and *ibyra*, a plant of the pineapple family, with long, narrow, and flexible leaves, containing an excellent fibre. This plant covers leagues and leagues of territory. A very large and curious collection of Paraguayan textile plants was exhibited at the Paris exhibition of 1889, and described in the catalogue. At the same exhibition were specimens of fourteen dyeing materials extracted from Paraguayan plants. The oleaginous plants are the *mani*, or pea-nut, cocoa-nut palms, castor-bean—all utilized on a small scale and capable of greater extension.



LA CHACARITA

Now we come to the two staple products of Paraguay, *yerba maté* and oranges. The *yerba maté* was employed in the form of an aromatic drink by the Indians, who taught the Spanish conquerors to appreciate it. Nowadays the consumption of *maté* is general throughout South America, not only amongst the creoles and the old settlers, but also amongst the new immigrants. It is preferred to Chinese tea, coffee, and cocoa, than which it is pronounced by certain scientists to be more truly a waste-preventing stimulant. Throughout Spanish America the *bombilla* and the gourd are in use, and many times a day the amateurs make their infusion, and suck it placidly through the slender tube. Curiously enough, *maté* cannot be cultivated. The Jesuits, it appears, discovered a means of reproducing the *Ilex paraguariensis*, and made great plantations around their "reductions." But since the expulsion of the fathers the secret has been lost. The plant grows spontaneously between latitudes 22° and 29° south, and east of the 59th degree of longitude west from Paris. The nearer it grows to the sea, the poorer is the quality. The finest *maté* is that of Paraguay. The exportation ports are Tacuru-Pucu and Villa Encarnacion on the Paraná River, and Asuncion and Villa Concepcion on the Paraguay, whence it is shipped to the Argentine ports of Rosario and Buenos Ayres, to Corumba in Brazil, and Montevideo in Uruguay. The total production is estimated at 11 million kilogrammes a year, more than half of which is exported. The *maté*, as we have seen, grows in the distant forests of the east of Paraguay. The utilization of the *maté* involves four operations—gathering, preparation, transport, and packing—and finally sending to market. The gathering is done by the *minero*, who cuts the leaves and dries them slightly over a fire. The preparation is completed by the *uru*, who roasts the leaves, which are then conveyed in wagons drawn by six oxen to the head centre of the enterprise, where they are put in sacks or bales of cowhide. Water transport is generally used for carrying the *maté* to the markets of Villa Concepcion or Asuncion. Hundreds of workmen are employed in the forests cutting *maté*. Great fortunes are made by the contractors, or *yerbateros*, and more especially by the commercial

STREET IN ASUNCION.

companies who sell and export the product, while at the same time the small export tax levied by the government constitutes an important source of revenue.

The orange-tree is generally understood to have been introduced into Paraguay by the Jesuits, and the seeds distributed by the birds. However this may be, the orange has spread all over the country, from the river-banks to the tops of the hills, and from the cottages even to the deepest solitudes of the virgin forest. Paraguay is the land of orange-trees more truly than the country of Mignon. There are several varieties, notably the *apepu*, a very acid orange, which, from its Guarani name, some believe to be a native variety, while the sweet orange, the *bigarade* (*Citrus bigaradia*), the mandarin, and various kinds of lemons and limes were undoubtedly introduced by the Jesuits. At any rate, whether wild or cultivated, orange-trees abound, and spread over the landscape a warm golden tinge of singular intensity. The Paraguayan landscape has qualities of color and silhouette that one can never forget, and there is a fascination in the aspect of the country that makes travellers who have once seen it rave about it for the rest of their lives. I felt this fascination as others have done, and my souvenirs are full of delightful visions of flowers, fruit, and verdure with soft undulating lines, river vistas in the background, and oranges everywhere. And what oranges! Juicy, perfumed, and of a delicacy that Spain and Italy have never attained. The chief industry consists in the exportation of the fruit. The great orange season is from May to August, when the ports of the Paraguay River from Humaita to Asuncion despatch enormous quantities by steamers and schooners. Villeta, San Lorenzo, and San Antonio are the principal ports, and there best may be seen the picturesque processions of laughing and screaming girls and women, who carry basket after basket of fruit on their heads from the shore to the ship, like a swarm of busy ants. Up to the present no industrial use has been made of the orange. Some sixty millions are exported annually, the same quantity is consumed by the natives, and perhaps treble that quantity is devoured by monkeys and birds, or left to rot on the ground.

Now that we have described briefly the nature of the country, its political condition, and the main sources of its wealth, whether in the present or in the future, when colonization and capital shall have made the land actively productive, let us see how the towns look and how the people live. In Paraguay there is but one town—Asuncion, the capital. When the traveller has seen this city he has seen the quintessence of all that is fine in the republic.

Asuncion is charmingly situated on gently undulating ground, rising to a considerable height above the river, which makes a bend here, and forms a bay in which are anchored a few steamers, many schooners, a white Brazilian gun-boat, and two or three hulks, while close to the shore are some long wood rafts and cedar logs. To the northeast of the port, which consists merely of a wooden pier, simple quays, and the usual buildings of custom-house and warehouses on a small scale, the beach for some distance forms a broad level stretch of green meadows, bounded by steep red sandstone cliffs, which are crowned by the silhouettes of the principal edifices of the town — the palace of Lopez, the Cabildo, the barracks, the dome of the Pantheon, the Church of San Francisco, and below this church, perched literally on the side of the cliff, the suburb or quarter called La Chacarita. All along the shore are groups of women washing clothes, with, in the background, a flourishing growth of trees and jungle, and the town itself appears to be surrounded and interspersed with verdure. The view of Asuncion from the river is delightful, but the view from the interior is still more so, particularly from the high ground of La Cancha, a sort of hotel and pleasure resort, situated a short distance to the east. From this point the spectacle is most fascinating. The outer zone of the town consists of a belt of low wooded hills, dotted with cottages and yellow with orange-trees. The inner zone, more level but still undulating, slopes toward the river, and appears covered with buildings, from which emerge tall church towers and, here and there, groups of trees; beyond this is the silvery river winding along between islands, jungles, and shallows, and in the background is the dark blue interminable flatness of the Paraguayan Chaco. There are few towns in the world more picturesquely situated than Asuncion, and few urban panoramas that offer a more beautiful distribution of soft hills, rich vegetation, pretty river scenery, and grand and limitless horizon.

COTTAGE IN ASUNCION.

The town is full of surprises and contrasts. This hotel of La Cancha, for instance, almost within a stone's-throw of the virgin forest, is lighted by electricity. The streets of Asuncion are, with two exceptions, unpaved, and in some of the side streets cows may be seen grazing, but all are lined with tall posts and cross-trees

VIEW OF THE LOPEZ PALACE FROM THE RIVER.

that carry innumerable telegraph wires, and in some the old oil lanterns have been replaced by electric lamps. The town is laid out rectangularly in *cuadras*, the streets running in one direction toward the port and river, and in the other toward the wooded country. These streets all go up and down hill; they have high sidewalks, more or less paved; but the roadway is generally a sort of deep and rugged valley of fine red sand, with here and there a protruding rock. A proof of the condition of the streets of Asuncion is given by the fact that there are no public or private carriages; the only vehicles that can circulate are ox carts, and higher vehicles drawn by three or four mules. Pack-mules, donkeys, and riding-horses are also used, but for light goods and passengers the great and indispensable conveyance is the tramway, which bears the name of Conductor Universal. The streets go on and on to the limits of the town, the houses and huts become less frequent, but the deep sandy road continues between forests, orange-trees, and innumerable varieties of flowering shrubs and creepers. The telegraph posts continue likewise, and with them the tram lines and the cars, with their teams of ill-used mules, their dark-skinned drivers and conductors, who talk Guarani, and barely understand a few words of Spanish. One wonders what can be the use of a tramway through the forest. At last, however, after running some five miles, the car stops at a spot called Villa Morra, where the streets are indicated by finger-posts stuck in the open fields. There are a few country houses here, a manufactory of palm oil, a hotel, and, at a short distance, the church and cemetery of the Recoleta. The landscape is beautiful, and the vegetation and flora of a variety and richness beyond description; the roads are lined with orange-trees; every hut nestles in groves of orange, banana, lime, fig, and palm trees; the hedges and fences are formed of huge cactuses, convolvuli, and lianes. As for the cottages and huts, they are of very primitive architecture, most of them being built of mud and cane, with bark roofs; a few only are of brick, with tile roofs; and still fewer have more than one room, one door, and one small window, shaded in front by a veranda supported on palm-tree pillars. In the town, too, the old houses all have verandas or long colonnades in front that cover the sidewalk, and offer protection from the tropical sun. The more modern houses, on the other hand, have no verandas; they are like those of Buenos Ayres, and their façades are over-ornamented with stucco and elaborate iron gratings.

The cemetery of La Recoleta is neatly kept, some of the tombs are elaborate specimens of the Italian stucco-worker's art, adorned with natural flowers and wreaths of beads threaded on wire, after the French fashion, but most of them are simple black wooden crosses, draped with bands or scarfs of white linen embroidered at the ends. In front of each cross are placed two common tin lanterns surmounted by a little tin cross, with candles

FUNERAL OF AN "ANGELITO" IN RECOLETA.

burning inside. While I was wandering about this cemetery, where orange-trees are more numerous than cypresses, two bells in the tower of the church began to ring rapidly and joyously—one might have thought for a marriage. I went outside and waited, and soon I saw in the distance some figures coming along a sandy lane bordered with grass and luxuriant shrubs and trees. In the background was the wide vista of rolling, wooded landscape, dotted in the distance with red-tiled roofs of cottages, and with the yellow glow of the fruit-laden orange-trees. As the figures approached, I distinguished costumes of gay colors—sky-blue, rose, pink, yellow, and white. It was a procession of women and girls, some with babes in their arms, others with children trotting at their sides, the little boys wearing *ponchos*, the women and girls dressed in the usual Paraguayan fashion, with a skirt and camisole, and a white sheet or a black shawl draped in Oriental style and covering the head. These women were all barefooted. They advanced with gayety and laughter, almost at a gentle run; and the young woman who led the cortége carried on her head a little coffin enveloped in white embroidery strewn with fresh natural roses. Thus, while the bells clattered more merrily than ever, the joyous group passed the turnstile, traversed the cloisters of the church, and halted beside a hole, in which a grave-digger, wearing a long brown-striped *poncho*, placed the coffin of the *angelito*, and stamped down the earth—thud! thud! thud! Then the group left the cemetery, gay and happy, at the same rapid Indian walking pace, the bereaved mother carrying a black wooden cross with a white embroidered band or stole wound round it. These people were not sad over the death of the babe, because, according to the South American superstition, they believed that, having been baptized, it would go directly to paradise, and become a little angel—an *angelito*. And so they returned down the sandy lane rejoicing, with elastic and graceful step, a charm of slender silhouettes and a floating of bright-colored drapery that reminded one of the frescoes of Ghirlandajo and Bernardino Luini.

PLAZA LIBERTAD, ASUNCION.

The town of Asuncion is not rich in monuments. Although it is the oldest city on the South American continent, it has no relics of the *conquistadores*, whose aim, it is to be feared, was always to enrich themselves rather than to create a healthy and noble civilization. Apart from the churches, one of which is in ruins, having been gutted by fire, the

only buildings of note are the palace of the tyrant Lopez, which has now been repaired for use as government offices, the theatre, the railway station, and the old Cabildo. The theatre is handsome, and more commodious than many a famous European house. It is entirely lighted by electricity, and in the boxes are electric bells to call for refreshments. The decoration of the three tiers of boxes and galleries is agreeable. The cartouches round the ceiling give to Molière the place of honor over the proscenium, with Gounod on the left and Massenet on the right, while the remaining cartouches are assigned to Racine, Corneille, Lulli, Wagner, Shakespeare, Alarçon, Lope de Vega, Schumann, Mozart, Beaumarchais, Hugo, Berlioz, Beethoven, Scribe, Goethe, Donizetti, Verdi, and Calderon. The admiration of the Paraguayans is well employed in theory, but it is to be feared that the only musical or dramatic pleasure that they get is afforded by very indifferent ambulant *zarzuela* companies. If Lopez had been allowed to carry out his dream of greatness things would have been different, for his desire was to endow Asuncion with a theatre as vast as that of La Scala at Milan. The prodigious edifice was carried up to a height of some twenty feet above the ground, and now stands a deserted and melancholy pile of moss-covered masonry in the midst of the town, unfinished, and never likely to be finished. Yet another unfinished monument of past grandeur is the church and dome called the Pantheon of Lopez. This edifice, like the theatre, is a huge brick skeleton, with weeds and wild flowers growing on the ledges of the cupola, which in the dream of the founder was destined to shelter the remains of a South American Napoleon.

Of the several plazas of Asuncion, the most interesting is the Plaza Independencia, neatly fenced in and laid out, planted

SOLDIERS AND THEIR WOMEN AT THE BARRACKS.

TYPE OF GUARANI GIRL.

with palm-trees, and adorned with a column on which are commemorative inscriptions of the foundation of the country, the first cry of liberty, the declaration of independence, and the proclamation of the national Constitution:

Fundacion del Paraguay 15 de Agosto de 1536.
Primer Grito de la Libertad 14 de Mayo de 1811.
Jura de la Independencia Nacional 25 de Diciembre de 1842.
Jura de la Constitucion Nacional 25 de Noviembre de 1870.

Around this plaza is much open space, cavalry barracks, and infantry barracks, with a colonnade along the front, under which you see the soldiers sitting with their women folk, some of them nursing their children, others drinking *maté*, and all smoking cigars, both men and women alike. At sunset the military band plays in an informal way, and in the distance the lights are seen burning in the Church of San Francisco, on the edge of the cliffs, below which you see the primitive semi-Indian huts of the Chacarita quarter, and below that the vast landscape of the winding river, and the dark woodland solitudes of the Chaco.

For the artistic visitor the chief interest of Asuncion is the street life, and particularly the central market, where almost all the types of the country may be seen. In the early morning the vast open space in front of the market is thronged with donkeys, pack-mules, carts, teams of oxen, dogs, and peasants, who have come in from the country to sell produce and buy provisions. The ox carts are smaller and different in form from the "prairie schooners" of the Argentine. They have massive wooden axles and open wheels, wooden frames with floor and sides of bamboo, a roof of hides, and suspended from the roof through a ring may generally be seen a bamboo pole, or goad, long enough to enable the driver to reach from the cart to the foremost of his three yokes of oxen. The market is thronged with old and young women, each one smoking or chewing a cigar. Almost all of them are dressed in white, only a few wearing black shawls. The costume consists of a cotton skirt with two flounces, a low-necked loose camisole tied around the waist, and over all a white cotton shawl that serves as *manta* or burnoose. Some of the more coquettish complete their toilet by the addition of a comb in their back hair, which is generally worn in the Indian style in two long braids. These women all carry burdens on their heads, however light they may be. I saw women carrying even letters on their heads on the way to the post-office. Throughout the day you see women going about the streets with red earthen water-pots on their heads. The form of these pots, their rough ornamentation of coarsely painted flowers, the dark skins of the women, and their white burnoose-like costumes combined, remind one of the women of Biskra.

Inside the market, besides the various stalls for the sale of vegetables, provisions of all kinds, and dry-goods, there are several restaurants, where smoking caldrons of stew are presided over by active matrons; and along all the alleys the pavement is occupied by women of all ages squatting in groups, mostly Guarani Indians, interspersed with a few negresses and mulattoes, all smoking, looking sad, thin, and miserable, and, with very few exceptions, exceedingly ugly. Occasionally, however,

THE MARKET, ASUNCION

INSIDE THE MARKET.

you see a Guarani girl with a serene face, fine eyes, well-formed and even beautiful features. It would be difficult to find a more complete collection of ugly and lean old women than that to be seen in the market of Asuncion. They sit there comparatively silent, abandoned to their fate, with their merchandise spread out on the floor in front of them—a few cobs of maize, a few bundles of rough cigars tied up with sewing-cotton, little piles of mandioca, sweet-potatoes, oranges, pea-nuts, sugar-cane, some vegetables and salad, two or three cheeses badly made, a bunch of bananas, or what not. Some of them sell charcoal tied up in little sacks about six inches long that look like toys. All these women speak in a whining, deprecatory tone. If you ask the price of a thing, they answer almost whimperingly, as if it pained them to tell you. Outside the market, under the colonnade, you see similar groups of young and old women squatting in front of little heaps of produce and waiting for customers; and other groups of women gliding along bare-footed and noiselessly, indolent and ruminative, each one with a cigar between her lips. The bazars of the Levant can alone offer scenes analogous to the market life of Asuncion. During the daytime these women in white and the various popular types are to be seen in the streets, which, however, are generally very empty, for Asuncion is still a dead city; business and modernization advance very slowly. With the exception of the main street, where there are banks and offices, a few export houses and some big general stores —mostly in the hands of Italians and Germans—the streets of Asuncion suggest rather those of a country village than those of the capital of a republic. What better instances can we give than the fact that carriages cannot pass through many of them, and that within a hundred yards of the main Calle de las Palmas I saw cows turned out to graze in the roadway, day after day, under the shade of the telephone wires?

The streets of Asuncion are most animated in the early morning hours, but there never seems to be much movement, much less any hurrying. At eleven o'clock, winter and summer, all business ceases, the whole town breakfasts, and after breakfast takes a long siesta. The cessation of all work and locomotion is so complete that from 11 A. M. until 2 P. M. the horse-cars even interrupt their service. In the afternoon business is resumed in a leisurely way until the hour for taking aperitives, when the two or three cafés and *confiterias* and the clubs are full of men enjoying life. In the evening the shops are lighted up, and

there is a certain amount of promenading. The people of the upper and middle classes seem, however, to form a very small minority. Nevertheless there are some few Parisian costumes, and a score or so of stove-pipe hats worn by bank directors, ministers, and political notabilities, whose sayings and doings are commented on by the two daily papers, *La Democracia* and *La Razon*, and whose persons are caricatured by the satirical weekly, *El Latigo Inmortal*. Half the articles of this latter journal are printed in the Guarani language.

Such being the backward but picturesque condition of the capital of Paraguay, what must be that of the provincial towns and villages? The traveller can easily judge by a trip 250 miles up the river to Villa Concepcion, or by a railway journey toward Villa Rica; but, except from the point of view of the lover of landscape and tropical nature, there is not much to make the journey worth one's while. Villa Concepcion is immeasurably less advanced than Asuncion, and less picturesque, and the other towns and villages offer nothing of interest. As for visiting parts of Paraguay not on the two routes above mentioned, the want of roads and ways of communication renders the task long and toilsome.

As regards the future of Paraguay, there can be no doubt that the country has great natural resources, and that it could be immensely and rapidly developed by the introduction of European colonists. It is probable, too, that the English capitalists will in the near future manifest greater and greater interest in Paraguay, and that a part of the interest hitherto monopolized by the Argentine Republic will be transferred from the discredited country to the new paradise in the interior, where the conditions in general are not unfavorable, as we have already seen. Furthermore, if we admit that progress is desirable, and that it is good for men to toil and earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, and abstraction being made of humane and sentimental considerations, it might be argued that the war almost of extermination which the Argentines and the Brazilians waged against the Paraguayans was a blessing for the country and for humanity, inasmuch as it destroyed thousands of useless creatures, and left the ground clear for new energy. The native element cannot be counted upon as an auxiliary in the amelioration of Paraguay. The Metis, the Guarani, and the other Indian races that form the actual population, together with a small criollo class, cannot be induced to work except under the hand of a despot like Lopez, or by an ingenious and paternal system of communism, such as the Jesuits established in the old colonial days in their *misiones* on the Alto Paraná. After the expulsion of the Jesuits, it may be remembered, most of the Guarani Indians whom they had civilized and exploited retired to Paraguay, where their descendants have remained to the present day, but, of course, lost in the masses. These natives refuse to work in a regular manner.

The proprietors of the palm-oil manufactory near Asuncion assured me that their greatest difficulty was to get nuts. It is only when they are on the verge of starvation that the natives will take the trouble to gather nuts and bring them to the mill. Butter is very rare in the Paraguayan capital, because the peasants will not attend to their cows, lead them to good pasture, and work a churn. At Asuncion we have seen the cows turned out into the street to graze, where there is next to nothing to eat. At Villa Concepcion the case is the same, whereas if the cows were led half a mile to the edge of the town they would find abundant pasture, and give good milk. This is only one instance out of a thousand. Take, again, those old and young women we saw squatting in the market, with little scraps of produce spread out before them. Suppose they sell this for ten cents, they have enough to buy *maté*, tobacco, and mandioca, which are their chief aliments, and thus they keep the household going, with the help of oranges, that lie in many places a foot deep on the ground. A caustic observer has said that the Paraguayan peasant lives on *maté* and the smell of a greased rag. The greased rag is an exaggeration. *Maté*, mandioca, tobacco, sugar-cane, oranges, and *caña* rum as a luxury, such are the ordinary and extraordinary articles of consumption. With poor food such as this, the men are naturally weak and indolent; and being at the same time the lords of creation, they pass their lives in meditative laziness, and leave the women to do what little work is absolutely required to keep a roof over their heads. These Paraguayans, poor and ignorant as

VIEW ON THE RIVER.

they may be, are proud and susceptible; they never say thank you except as a formula of refusal; it is useless to order them about; they must be treated with gentleness and persuasion, as equals, and even then not much can be got out of them. So I was told by a dozen men who have had varied experience in the country. The educated Paraguayans themselves admit this much, but without notable disapproval; and with an impatient click of the tongue against the teeth, and much writhing and shrugging of neck and shoulders, they will protest against Americanism, progress, and doing things quickly. "It is not in the character of the nation," they will say. "It is in our nature to go on slowly, quietly, without effort; and fortune comes to us almost while we are sleeping."

A French gentleman who has recently organized a colony called Villa Sana, about twenty leagues northeast of Villa Concepcion, on land belonging to the Paraguayo-Argentine Land Company, told me that in the beginning, when he went to survey the ground and to ascertain its exact whereabouts—always a troublesome business in these countries, where there is as yet no topographical survey—he had the greatest difficulty in inducing half a dozen Paraguayans to accompany him. They told him that he would never find the land, that he would be unable to cross the river Aquidaban, and, in short, that his was a wild-goose chase. However, when they arrived at the river, and the Frenchman simply jumped in and swam across, their *amour propre* was touched, and they swam after him. These half-dozen Paraguayans have remained attached to the colony, but they have lost the esteem of their countrymen. When, after the exploring expedition, our Frenchman started from Villa Concepcion with his sixty colonists and his train of bullock carts and impedimenta, the loafers of the town said to the few Paraguayans who accompanied him and were helping in the loading: "What? Are you as big fools as those Europeans, to work like that?"

In Paraguay you generally see the men idling and the women working; the men riding on horse, and the women following on foot. The women are no better than slaves; they are productive elements like cattle. On one estate I found an old French colonist who had a Guarani wife, whom he treated according to the native fashion, making her work, and even beating her from time to time, but he said to me: "I do not treat her so hardly as my neighbors, for I allow her to sit at table with me, and she looks upon me in consequence as if I were a god. Que voulez-vous, monsieur? It is the custom of the country to treat the women as slaves; they expect it, and if they were treated otherwise would be no good."

As for the Indians, they are worse than the Paraguayans; they do not want money, but if they happen to be hungry, they will do a fair amount of work in order to earn a breakfast; then, when they have eaten their fill, they dance with joy and depart. Nothing can retain them; they have all they desire for the moment, and are absolutely incapable of thought for the morrow.

The evidence I gathered from the most various sources about the Paraguayan natives was always the same. An English ex-naval officer and ex-elephant hunter in Africa, who has a cane distillery near Paraguari, was of opinion that Paraguay is not going to improve in the immediate future. In twenty or thirty years' time, when the population has increased and life become more difficult, there may be a change. At present the people have mandioca and oranges in abundance; they need not work, and they will not work. This gentleman thought that the Paraguayans were most happy under the severe tyranny of Francia and Lopez when they were all practically slaves, and he regretted that foreigners are now allowed to come in and buy land, because it means to the natives an ultimate loss of nationality. Another Englishman, who had been three years cattle-farming at San Ignacio, told me that ever since he had been there he had never got a stroke of work out of the natives dwelling on his land; they live on oranges, mandioca, and *maté*, and will not work. On his estancia he has 20,000 orange-trees, but for want of means of transportation the fruit has no market value. Under the trees the oranges lie on the ground a foot deep, and the cattle eat them and fatten well. This observer suggested that it might be a good thing for Paraguay if the government caused the orange-trees to be cut down, as the government of Costa Rica at one time had the *bananiers* destroyed, with a view to stamping out laziness and obliging people to work for their bread. All this seems strange. Nature and the Jesuits have given these Paraguayans the means of life and of oblivious felicity in the shape of mandioca, oranges, *maté*, and tobacco. They enjoy a climate so delightful that clothes are scarcely needed. And yet the meddlesome Europeans are surprised and irritated because they do not work.

AN ESTANCIA.

THE EPISODE OF THE MARQUES DE VALDEFLORES.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

I

ANTONIO HILARION DOMINGUEZ MEDRANO Y CORELLA, Marques de Valdeflores. When this brilliant name, with its pendent rubrica, was written by the nobleman to whom it pertained upon the register of the Casa Napoléon—a modest hostelry, founded in the interest of the travelling Franco-Hispano public temporarily resident in the city of New York—there ran through that establishment a thrill which may be said to have shaken it, figuratively speaking, from stem to stern.

TELÉSFORO.

As a rule, the frequenters of the Casa Napoléon were not noblemen. The exceptions to this rule were sporadic French counts, whose costly patronage by no means was to be desired. Thanks to Madame's worldly wisdom—sharpened to a very fine edge by five-and-twenty years of hotel-keeping—these self-constituted members of the French nobility rarely got ahead of her. She "zized 'em up," as she expressed it, promptly; and as promptly they received their deserts: that is to say, they were requested to pay in advance or to move on. Then they moved on.

But a nobleman from Old Spain, a genuine nobleman, and so exalted a personage as a Marques, was quite another thing. This was a splendor the like of which was unknown in all the eighteen years during which the Casa Napoléon had run its somewhat checkered but, on the whole, successful career. Madame, though an Imperialist rather than a Legitimist in her political creed, had a soulful respect for a title—which respect she manifested on this occasion by putting the silk coverlet on the bed in the best apartment, and by hurriedly removing the brown holland slips from the red plush sofa and from the two red plush arm-chairs. Don Anastasio—whose royalist tendencies had led him into a revolution in Mexico that had ended in not leading him, but in most violently projecting him, out of it—rejoiced in the honor attendant upon entertaining so distinguished a representative of the principles for which, he was accustomed to declare, he had suffered martyrdom. That he might lift himself to the high plane of the situation, he lighted one of the choicest of his reserved stock of smuggled cigars, and smoked it to the health of the King of Spain. Telésforo, the Cuban negro who waited in the dining-room upon the Spanish-speaking patrons of the house, retired hurriedly to his den in the basement and put on his

"WHEN THIS BRILLIANT NAME, WITH ITS PENDENT RUBRICA, WAS WRITTEN."

MARIE.

clean shirt: which was not due, in the natural order of things, until the ensuing Sunday. Even Jules—the one-eyed French waiter; a pronounced Red, who openly boasted that he had lost his eye while fighting in the Commune behind a barricade—so far yielded to the spirit of the hour as to put on the clean paper collar that (keeping it in the rarely used large soup tureen) he held in reserve for occasions of especial festivity. Marie, the trig chamber-maid, stuck a bow of cherry-colored ribbon in her black hair. No more was required of her. Without any extra adornment, Marie at all times was as fresh and as blooming as the rose.

As it was with the proprietors and the retainers of the Casa Napoléon, so was it also with the *habitués* of that rather eccentric but most comfortable establishment. Colonel Withersby, who had not been wholly successful in his latest venture in tramway promotion in Nicaragua —who had been compelled, in fact, to leave Nicaragua with such inconsiderate celerity that his exodus might with propriety be termed a flight—was cheered by the hope that Heaven had thrown in his way an opportunity to promote a tramway in some city (any city, he was not particular) in Spain. Monsieur Duvent, the dealer in a very respectable French gambling establishment in South Fifth Avenue, stroked thoughtfully his respectable gray mustache and made a few trifling mental calculations in regard to the relative values of current Spanish and American coins. Mrs. Myrtle Vane, who was connected with the press, perceived at least a society item in the situation; possibly, should the Marques prove to be in any way a scandalous personage, a half-column article for the Sunday edition. Mrs. Mortimer—who, presumably, was a person of substance; for she occupied a handsome apartment on the first floor, yet she toiled not, neither did she spin—listened to Marie's account of the arrival of the Marques with an expression of much interest. Thereafter she descended to dinner clad in raiment of price that far outshone in splendor the modest beauty of the lilies of the field—a species of vegetation with which, in point of fact, Mrs. Mortimer had but little in common.

Dr. Théophile (French creole, expatriated from the island of Guadeloupe) alone refused to accept the Marques at his face value. "Pooh!" said Dr. Théophile, rudely, when Don Anastasio called him into the office that evening and showed him the magnificent name upon the register. "Pooh! He is not a real Marques. That is moonshine. A nobleman of that calibre, Don Anastasio, does not come to the Casa Napoléon. Now and then, I grant you, you have here a rich planter from the Islands or from the Spanish Main; and now and then a revolutionist who has been lucky enough—as you were—to get away with some of the revolutionary

swag. But a genuine Marques, and from Old Spain, and rich? Oh no, Don Anastasio; that is only a dream! If he is a Marques, he certainly is without money; if he has money, he certainly is not a Marques—and the chances are that he has neither title nor cash. I saw something in the *Epoca* last week about a monté dealer who had to leave Barcelona in a hurry. No doubt your Marques is that very man."

However, Dr. Théophile was a natural-born remonstrant. It was he who assailed Don Anastasio's claim to martyrdom in the royalist cause. The Doctor's contention was that Don Anastasio would have lived a most miserable life, ending in an early and uncomfortable death, had not good fortune wafted him hurriedly out of Mexico and safely deposited him in New York—where his days were long in the land, and very pleasant to him in the comfortable haven in the Casa Napoléon that he had secured by his judicious marriage with Madame. Don Anastasio, who could afford to be heroic under the circumstances, denied Dr. Théophile's points absolutely, and clung to the belief in his martyrdom with an affectionate fervor—that did not in the least interfere, however, with his contentedly wearing shabby raiment and soiled linen and faring sumptuously every day. Indeed, the excellent food that Madame gave him to eat, and the sound Bordeaux that she gave him to drink, would have gone a long way toward squaring accounts with a martyr whose martyrdom had been of a much more vigorous sort.

After this denial of the validity of the Marques there was something of a coolness between Dr. Théophile and Don Anastasio; that endured until too much of Madame's rich food, and too much of that especial old Bordeaux, brought on one of Don Anastasio's bilious attacks, and so compelled him to resort to Dr. Théophile for physicking. Madame, who was short and round, and of a most quick and resolute temperament, did not suffer her resentment of the aspersions upon the genuineness of the Marques to take the form of a mere coolness; it took the form of a very positive warmth. In her native clipped and softened French of Toulouse, she rated Dr. Théophile most roundly for venturing to call in question the honor of the nobleman within her gates—who, in a most nobleman-like manner, was running up a bill at the rate of from five to seven dollars a day. To this rating Dr. Théophile, in his much more clipped and still softer French of Guadeloupe, replied temperately that he would not then discuss the matter further; but that he would have much pleasure in resuming it at a later period, when time in its fulness should have tested their conflicting opinions in the crucible of practical results. He was wise in his generation, was this Dr. Théophile. His warrings were not with womenkind. With a man, he said, he was ready at all times to do battle with tongue or pistol or sword. But with a woman—no! A woman, he declared, was an inconclusive animal. You might grind her between irrefutable arguments until you had reduced her to figurative fragments—and at the end of this somewhat shocking process she simply would reiterate her original proposition with a calmly superior smile. Yet the women liked Dr. Théophile. There was current an old-time rumor that the cause of his leaving Guadeloupe was a dismal blight that had fallen upon his heart. A man whose past has in it a bit of sad romance like that is an object of tender solicitude to every right-natured woman; and he easily finds forgiveness on the part of such gentle judges for saying evil things about the sex that has done him so cruel a wrong.

II.

Meanwhile, the Marques de Valdeflores—blissfully ignorant of the doubts cast by Dr. Théophile upon his wealth and his patent of nobility, and ignorant also of the various amiable designs formed by the resident population of the Casa Napoléon for assisting in the distribution of that wealth and for rendering that nobility commercially valuable—continued in apparent contentment to occupy Madame's best apartment, to eat largely of the admirable food which she caused daily to be prepared for him, and to drink most liberally of her excellent wines.

He was a very affable personage, was the Marques. "You might think that he wasn't a nobleman at all!" was Madame's admiring comment when telling of the frank and entirely unaffected way in which he had borrowed a dollar of Telésforo, the Cuban negro, to pay his cab fare.

"You might know that he was not," was the cynical comment of Dr. Théophile, to whom this gracious fact was told.

Fortunately for the credit for hospitality of the Casa Napoléon, Dr. Théophile was the only one of the several dwellers in or frequenters of that establishment who manifested the least disposition toward standing the Marques off. The others, to do them justice, more than atoned for Dr. Théophile's coldness by their effusive friendliness. With a frank cordiality charming to contemplate they severally and collectively did their very best to make him feel that, so far from being a stranger in a strange land, he was very much at home among genuine friends. As tending still further to emphasize this international comity, it was even more delightful to observe the gracious friendliness with which these friendly advances were met and reciprocated. Having lived long enough in the world—he was a personable man, in the prime of his mature manhood—to know how rarely the perfect flower of friendship blooms, and possessing, moreover, the open-hearted temperament of the South, it was only natural, though on that account none the less pleasing, that the Marques should do his part to show his grateful appreciation of the hospitable kindness that was showered upon him. That he did his part was admitted by everybody but the remonstrant Dr. Théophile, who declared morosely that he overdid it.

Mrs. Myrtle Vane, who sat beside him at the ordinary, succeeded in getting a good column article out of him on the very first evening of their acquaintance. The Marques told her some very racy stories about Spanish court life; and she worked them up—her knowledge of Spanish, a language universally current in the Casa Napoléon, enabling her to throw in a word here and there that gave them local color—in a fashion that made them still racier. As special correspondence under a Madrid date, they were a decided hit in the Sunday edition. The editor voluntarily gave her six dollars and a half the thousand words, and told her to go ahead and get some more. It was as good stuff as he ever had come across, he said. It certainly was admirably scandalous. Mrs. Vane perceived that she had opened a gold mine—for the story-telling powers of the Marques appeared to be inexhaustible—and she worked it with a will. Feeling under a real obligation to the nobleman who so considerably was increasing her weekly income—she was a kind-hearted soul, not nearly so sophisticated as her very highly spiced illiterary productions would have led one to suppose—she was glad to have an opportunity to show her appreciation of his kindness by inviting him to accompany her, on a press order, to an evening at the play. In the spirit in which it was offered, the Marques accepted this polite invitation. It struck him that there was something slightly pathetic about it. After the performance he treated Mrs. Vane—at a certain restaurant well known for its shady reputation and for the brilliant achievements of its *chef*—to the very best supper that she had eaten in the whole course of her life.

"He's a perfect high-toned gentleman," Mrs. Vane declared when recounting to Mrs. Mortimer rapturously—for little suppers came rarely in her life—this extraordinary and delightful experience. "He ordered all the highest-priced things on the bill of fare, and he set up the wine as if it was water; and he never offered to do more than just nicely squeeze my hand. I don't care what spiteful things Dr. Théophile says about him; after that I know that he's a perfect high-toned gentleman all the way through!"

Inasmuch as Mrs. Mortimer, according to the repeated assertion of Colonel Withersby, was a high-toned lady herself, it is reasonable to suppose that she found pleasure in listening to this handsome eulogy; and it is creditable to her generous impulses to suppose, also, that when, a few days later, she invited the Marques to a little supper in her own apartment, she was actuated by an amiable desire to repay his kindness to her friend in kind.

Mrs. Mortimer was a delightful hostess, and her little suppers were renowned. To be sure, those who partook of them were apt to find that in the long-run they came rather high; but this trifling drawback upon a pure enjoyment of her hospitality was immaterial, inasmuch as, with a characteristic thoughtfulness, she uniformly selected her guests from that moneyed class which is superior in matters of amusement to considerations of expense.

On this particular occasion, it is needless to say that the Marques enjoyed his supper with Mrs. Mortimer. That Mrs. Mortimer enjoyed her supper with the Marques is a matter less absolutely assured. When he bade her good-night, bowing over her hand very gracefully, and

with a gallant and high-bred courtesy kissing the tips of her white fingers, it is undeniable that he left her in a decidedly bewildered state of mind. All that Mrs. Vane had told of his dignified reserve she perceived was true. Her acquaintance with the higher nobility was extremely limited. If this were a fair specimen of that class she was fain to admit that its members were anything but easy to understand. Her one coherent concept in the premises was the unpleasant conviction that her little supper had not been an unqualified success.

Nor did Monsieur Duvent, as the result of his lavish expenditure of friendship upon the Marques, receive any very adequate return. Having travelled a great deal, professionally, in Spain, he began his friendly advances by intelligent encomiums of that country. The Marques met his complimentary comments by the polite declaration that praise of his native land always was dear to him, but that it was doubly dear when bestowed with accurate discrimination by one who obviously knew it well; after which he made several exceedingly handsome speeches to Monsieur Duvent in regard to France. Their talk running lightly upon the more superficial characteristics of their respective countries, there was nothing forced in Monsieur Duvent's remark that he had been much struck—he did not add that his opportunities for being struck in this fashion had been decidedly exceptional—by observing the passionate and universal devotion of the Spanish race to gaming. In reply, the Marques courteously denied that the taste for gaming was universal among his countrymen, but at the same time admitted frankly that it was very general; he even added, smilingly, that he shared in it himself. To permit one's self to be carried away by this passion, he observed with an admirable morality, was a most serious mistake; but within due bounds, he continued, with a morality less severe, he knew of no amusement more interesting than judiciously conducted games of mingled chance and skill played for heavy yet not excessive stakes.

Naturally, this discourse was very exactly to Monsieur Duvent's mind; and still more to his mind was the prompt acceptance by the Marques of the obliging offer to afford him an opportunity for gratifying his taste for gaming in New York. As for the moral reflections that had accompanied the avowal by the Marques of his amiable weakness, Monsieur Duvent attached but little importance to them. In the course of his very extensive experience in these matters he frequently had heard expressed sentiments of this temperate sort; and as frequently had seen them scattered, in time of trial, like smoke before the wind.

What very much surprised Monsieur Duvent, therefore—when, in due course, the Marques was introduced into the quiet and intensely respectable gambling establishment in South Fifth Avenue—was to observe that the temperateness of his new friend in deeds was precisely in keeping with his temperateness in words. The Marques played with a handsome liberality, but also with a most phenomenal coolness. He followed his luck boldly yet prudently; he dropped his bad luck instantly; and his experienced wisdom was manifested by the obvious fact that he adhered to no "system," and recognized in the game no principle save that of the purest chance. At the end of an hour or so, when he nodded pleasantly to Monsieur Duvent and withdrew, the bank was much the worse for his visit. Monsieur Duvent, whose income was largely in the nature of commissions, was decidedly dissatisfied. In this case the commission had gone the wrong way. The unpleasant fact must be added that in the course of the subsequent visits paid by the Marques to the quiet banking establishment—fortunately he did not come often—his aggravating good fortune remained practically unchanged. Being only human, Monsieur Duvent suffered his friendship for the Spanish nobleman appreciably to cool.

III.

Colonel Withersby's acquaintance with the Marques opened under circumstances so auspicious as to inspire in the breast of that eminent promoter the most sanguine hopes. At that particular juncture the Colonel, as he himself expressed it, was "in a blanked bad hole." He had made the fatal mistake, in the hope of larger winnings, of standing by the Nicaragua tramway enterprise until it was too late for him to get out before the smash. As the result of his unwise greed he had lost not what he had put into the tramway company, for he had not put anything into it, but what he had expected to take out of it. Further, and this was where

the pinch came, his reputation as a promoter had been most seriously injured. Owing to circumstances over which he had had entire control, the Colonel's reputation—either as a promoter or as anything else—was of a sort that no longer could be trifled with. There was very little of it left, and that little was bad. But, until this unlucky twist in Nicaragua, his shrewdness in invariably getting out before the smash, and his handsome conduct in uniformly giving the straight tip to his fellow-occupants of the ground-floor, always had enabled him to smile at disasters in which only the innocent suffered; and, presently, with a fresh supply of innocents, to make a fresh and not less profitable start.

In the Nicaragua affair no unpleasant reflections were cast upon the Colonel's honesty by his immediate friends; had any one suggested that he possessed a sufficient amount of honesty to catch even a very small reflection they doubtless would have smiled; but they frankly and profanely admitted that their confidence in his sagacity was destroyed. In their coarse but hearty manner they declared that they would be blanked before they would chip in with such a blank fool again. When the most intimate friends of a promoter use language of this sort about him, it is evident that his sphere of usefulness in promotion must be materially contracted. In the case of Colonel Withersby it was contracted about to the vanishing point. In his prompt military way (he had served, with a constantly increasing credit to himself, as a sutler in the late war) he perceived how shattered were his frontiers, and how gloomy was the outlook toward their rectification; and therefore it was that he described himself as being "in a blanked bad hole." His profane emphasis was borne out by the facts.

Naturally, the coming of the Marques de Valdeflores at this critical juncture was regarded by the Colonel as nothing less than providential. Not only was the acquaintance of a rich nobleman desirable on general principles—since such a personage might reasonably be expected to subscribe liberally to any stock, and to give strength to any company by permitting the use of his name on the board of direction—but the Colonel saw much that was comforting in the opening possibility of shifting his promoting interests from Spanish America to Old Spain. In the colonies he was forced to contend against the adverse influence of his own widely diffused reputation as a far too skilful financier—a reputation that most seriously militated against his promoting anything whatever. In the parent country, as both hope and modesty advised him, there was a fair chance that he might carry on business quietly, unhampered by his own renown.

Taking this cheerful view of what a friendship with the Marques was likely to do for him, he spoke only the literal truth when he told that nobleman that he would have much pleasure in showing him the town. As the event proved, the Marques was not desirous of seeing the town within the full meaning of the Colonel's words; but he repeatedly did accept invitations to the theatre, and also accepted cheerfully the refreshments of a vinous nature offered to him by the Colonel with an excellent hospitality in the intervals and at the ends of the several performances which they witnessed together. That on these and on all other possible occasions he should have his attention pointedly directed to the subject of tramways was a foregone conclusion, for tramways were the very essence of the Colonel's life. What was more surprising, and to the Colonel eminently pleasing, was the fact that he manifested in regard to tramways an intelligent interest. He mentioned, by way of explaining his possession of so unusually large a fund of accurate information upon this subject, that he owned some shares in a tramway company recently organized in Madrid. The enterprise had turned out very well, he said; so well, indeed, that he greatly regretted that when the shares first were put upon the market he had not taken a larger block. This was a sentiment that the Colonel never had heard advanced by a single one of the numerous purchasers of shares which he himself had floated. It surprised and delighted him. Here indeed was a field the working of which promised well. And so vigorously did Colonel Withersby proceed to work it that within a week he and the Marques were discussing energetically the details of a plan for building an urban tramway—eventually to have suburban extensions—in the city of Tarazona. That the Colonel never before had so much as heard the name of this city—it was selected because the most considerable of the estates of the Marques

lay near to it—did not in the least interfere with his going into the enterprise heart and soul. The name was a good one for a prospectus. That was quite enough for him. He sat down quickly at a writing-table and wrote a prospectus —his skill was prodigious in this line of composition—in which he proved conclusively that the Compañia Limitada de Ferrocarriles de la Ciudad de Tarazona y sus Alrededores was the most promising financial enterprise in which the investing public ever had been permitted to purchase the few remaining shares.

But pleased though the Colonel naturally was at having thus struck what had every appearance of being a pay streak of phenomenal thickness and width, he was not a little disheartened, as time went on without materially advancing the Tarazona tramway enterprise, by the conviction that the ore was of an eminently refractory type. So far as projection was concerned, the Marques was all that the most sanguine promoter could ask; but in the matter of coming down to the hard-pan, to use the Colonel's phrase, he left a good deal to be desired. Under other and more favorable circumstances the Colonel's vigorous method would have been to get his scheme into tangible shape by the organization of a company, which he then would have asked the Marques to join as chairman; and by the printing of some thousands of certificates of shares, a considerable portion of which he would have "placed" with his friends, and the remaining more considerable portion of which he would have asked the Marques to purchase. Then he would have strewn the prospectus broadcast throughout the land. If it took, and there was a demand for the stock—well, then the Colonel and his friends would see that the demand was supplied, even at the sacrifice of their own holdings. Should they be compelled by a high sense of duty to make a sacrifice of this nature, they would then, of course, retire from the management. Having enabled it to win its way to popular favor, they would permit the Compañia Limitada de Ferrocarriles de la Ciudad de Tarazona y sus Alrededores to go it alone.

Under the existing highly unfavorable circumstances this masterly line of action could not be pursued. Those who had been the friends of his bosom, before the Nicaragua catastrophe, standing ready to help in the organization of anything, and willing to permit any number of shares of it to stand in their names, now would have none of him. Their disposition was wholly that of priests and Levites. They declined with maledictions to act as directors. They declared in the most profanely positive terms that they would not lend him a solitary imprecated cent. Yet without some slight advance of ready money—his own scant savings from the Nicaragua wreck being about expended—he could do nothing. His prospectus must be printed, and so must his share certificates—and even the most sanguine of the bank-note companies declined to execute his order save on a basis of fifty per cent. deposited in advance.

The only line of action that appeared to be open to him in the premises was to induce the Marques to come down with the trifling amount demanded by the bank-note company, and to permit the use of his name as chairman of the yet-to-be-organized board. With that much of a start, the Colonel's hopeful nature led him to believe that he could scare up a board of direction somehow; and, if he could not, he was prepared to fill in the gap temporarily with a list of names copied from the nearest tombstones. But when this modest plan — not including, however, a statement of the source whence the names of his fellow-directors might be drawn — was formulated and presented, the Marques toyed with it in a manner that provoked Colonel Withersby to violent profanity in private, and that seemed more than likely to end by driving him mad. One day he would manifest every disposition to fall in with the Colonel's proposals, and the very next day he would treat the whole matter as though it had been at that moment opened to him for the first time. That he continued to accept the various entertainments, with their accompanying refreshments, which the Colonel offered him, only made the situation the more trying. Having been begun, these hospitalities could not well be abandoned. But it was entirely obvious to the Colonel that they could not go on much longer unless he could succeed in making some sort of a strike. As he put it, in the mining phraseology that was habitual with him, the dumps were cleaned up, there was nothing but wall in sight, and he had either to open a new prospect or go flat on his back on the bed-rock. Truly, by this time, the hole that he was

in was a desperately deep one, and he was at the very bottom of it. With all his vigor, and in the matter of cursing he had a great deal of vigor, he cursed the hour in which the Marques de Valdeflores had come out of Spain.

Being in this bitter mood, Colonel Withersby turned to Monsieur Duvent and Mrs. Mortimer—whose disposition toward the Marques he shrewdly inferred was quite as bitter as his own—with a request for aid in realizing a little plan by which their several sacrifices of cash upon the altar of a singularly barren friendship certainly would be restored to them; and even might be restored to them as much as fourfold.

In presenting his plan to his friends, Colonel Withersby's supporting argument was statesman-like. If the Marques were a genuine Marques, he said, and as rich as he professed himself to be, the loss of five hundred dollars, or even of five thousand dollars, could make no possible difference to him. If, on the other hand, he were a bogus Marques, and his wealth also a sham, no harm could come from shearing him in so far as he could be shorn, and thereafter turning him adrift to run away with the flock of black lambs to which, as then would be demonstrated, he properly belonged. Indeed, so far from harm coming of this preliminary snipping, it would yield the valuable result of proving beyond a peradventure the quality of the fleece; and so would determine whether or not his, the Colonel's, time and talents could be employed to advantage in endeavoring to effect the more radical shearing that would remove every vestige of merchantable wool. In brief, the Colonel's plan, the logical conclusion from these premises, was that they should relieve the Marques of a few of his Spanish dollars in the course of a quiet evening at play.

Argument of this able sort, especially when addressed to persons already more than disposed to fall in with its conclusions, was convincing. Mrs. Mortimer, it is true—she was a cautious person, who played slowly and prudently the interesting games in which she was engaged—did hesitate a little, but presently said with an agreeable cordiality that the Colonel had done her many good turns in the past, and that she gladly would do him a good turn now by assisting to the best of her ability in making his plan a working success. Probably there was a great store of womanly tenderness and self-sacrifice in Mrs. Mortimer's nature. Indeed, the accumulation of these gentle qualities must have been very considerable, for she rarely made any use of them.

Monsieur Duvent did not hesitate at all. The chance of getting a shot direct at the Marques delighted him. Unhampered by the arbitrary and annoying regulations of a banking system that he despised but could not defy, he felt a comfortable conviction that he could balance, even to the extent of tipping it decidedly in the other direction, the account that stood so heavily against him. He therefore willingly promised to provide the five hundred dollars of visible capital that the occasion called for; and even consented to divide with Mrs. Mortimer—in the improbable event of failure to secure from the Marques at least this trifling amount—the cost of the little supper that would precede the more serious entertainment in which their Spanish friend would be requested to take part.

IV.

By those privileged to enjoy them, as already has been intimated, the coziness of Mrs. Mortimer's little suppers was justly esteemed. Usually they were limited to herself and a single guest; under no circumstances were they suffered to exceed the sociable number of four. Mrs. Mortimer's tastes were not precisely simple; but she was of a shy, retiring nature, and she detested a crowd.

On the present occasion it was pleasant to behold—had there been anybody to behold it—the warm cordiality that was developed between these four agreeable people as this charming little supper moved smoothly along from the cocktails which began it (cocktails before supper had the merit of novelty to the Marques; he took to them most kindly) to the coffee that brought it to an end. Mrs. Mortimer's fine social qualities enabled her to make each one of her guests appear at his very best, and also to appreciate at its full value his own appearance. She was well acquainted with Colonel Withersby's best stories, and she skilfully led up to them; she understood Monsieur Duvent's professional disposition toward taciturnity, and covered it so admirably as to give the impression that he was positively loquacious; when the conversation showed

the least tendency toward flagging, she herself was as prompt to fill the impending pause with sparkling anecdote as in its more lively periods she was ready still further to stimulate it by sprightly repartee. Being conducted in the French and Spanish tongues—the Marques did not speak English—the talk naturally followed the genius of these languages, and was possibly a trifle freer than it would have been had English been employed as the medium for the interchange of thought. As the evening advanced, this liberal tendency became somewhat more marked.

It was, however, in her demeanor toward the Marques that Mrs. Mortimer's admirable qualities as a hostess most brilliantly were displayed. Her gracious friendliness was manifested by a hand frankly placed upon his shoulder as she bent over him to offer coffee (her merry conceit being to serve this beverage herself); by exchanging glasses with him when she drank his health; by her use of her prodigiously handsome brown eyes—and in a hundred other artless and pretty ways. As to her cleverness in creating conversational situations that enabled him to say bright things, it really was astonishing. As has been stated, the disposition of the Marques at all times was friendly; under these exceptionally agreeable circumstances he became positively effusive. Yet, though his manner really was frankness itself, Mrs. Mortimer's fine perception suggested to her mind the troubling doubt that perhaps his effusiveness in some small part was assumed. Possibly a similar thought was entertained by Monsieur Duvent—but in the case of Monsieur Duvent the fact must be remembered that his professional experience had begotten in him what might be termed an almost morbid suspicion of his kind.

Until the middle of the feast was passed, Colonel Withersby also debated within himself whether or not the good feeling that the Marques so liberally manifested was wholly genuine. After that period—his own generous nature being then warmed and stimulated by the very considerable quantities of the excellent food and drink which had become a part of it—he dismissed all such evil suspicions from his manly breast as being alike unworthy of himself and his noble friend. The Marques, as he declared heartily in his thought, was as straight as a string, and a jolly good fellow all the way through. It was a peculiarity of Colonel Withersby's temperament—a peculiarity that on more than one occasion had betrayed his substantial interests—that his usually keen and severe judgment of men and things was subject to serious derangement by an access of what may be termed vinous benevolence. Mrs. Mortimer and Monsieur Duvent, being among the most intimate of the Colonel's friends, were well acquainted with this genial failing in his lofty character; and because of their knowledge of it, they viewed with increasing alarm his evident intention to make the spirit of the occasion so largely a part of himself. They were sustained, however, by the comforting knowledge—bred of an extended acquaintance with his methods—that even when the Colonel had associated an extraordinary quantity of extraneous spirits with his own, he still could play a phenomenally good game of cards.

Without thought of the anxiety that his cheerful conviviality was occasioning his friends, the Colonel rattled away in his most lively manner, and manifested toward the Marques a constantly increasing cordiality. Indeed, by the time that they had reached the coffee and cigars (Mrs. Mortimer was considerate enough to permit the gentlemen to smoke) his disposition was to vow eternal friendship with the Marques, and to seal his vow, in the Spanish fashion, with a fraternal embrace. But in despite of this tendency of his affectionate nature toward overflow, the confidence of his friends in his sound judgment remaining unimpaired in the midst of its alcoholic environment was not misplaced. His heart, it is true, was mellowed almost to melting; but it also is true that his head remained admirably cool. Sentiment, with the Colonel, was one thing; business was another. His warm fraternal feeling for the Marques did not for one moment interfere with his fixed intention to work him, as he somewhat coarsely had expressed it, for all that he was worth.

It was with this utilitarian purpose full in view that the Colonel suggested—the pleasures of eating being ended but the pleasures of drinking still continuing—that they should end their agreeable evening with a quiet game of cards. Being gentlemen of the world, the Marques and

Monsieur Duvent readily fell in with this proposal. Mrs. Mortimer, it is true, entered a gentle remonstrance against so engrossing a form of amusement, on the ground that it would check the flow of brilliant conversation, and also, as she playfully added, would deprive her of the undivided attention which was her due. The gentlemen, however, explained that as the game would be played merely as a pastime, and for insignificant stakes, it would not in the smallest degree interfere with conversation; and they vowed and protested that under no circumstances could they fail to pay their tribute of homage to Mrs. Mortimer's charms. In view of this explanation, and of the gallant declaration that accompanied it, the lady was pleased to withdraw her objections, and even to consent to take part in the game. But she was a very stupid player, she said; and she expressed much good-humored regret for whoever should be unlucky enough to be her partner—she was *so* careless, she protested, and did make such perfectly horrid mistakes.

There was a trifling delay in beginning the game, due to Mrs. Mortimer's professed inability to find the cards with which to play it. She was perfectly sure, she said, that somewhere about her apartment there was a little bundle containing half a dozen new packs; they had been given to her quite recently by one of her friends; where she had put them she could not remember at all. Her memory was so outrageously bad, she added, while continuing her search, that her life was made a veritable burden to her. Truly, Mrs. Mortimer's memory could not have been a very good one, for the package had been presented to her—the amiable anonymous friend to whom she owed it being, in point of fact, Colonel Withersby—at a period no more remote than that very afternoon; yet a good ten minutes passed before she could remember that she had placed it in a drawer of her escritoire upon receiving it from the Colonel's hands.

She laughed merrily over her own stupidity when at last the missing package was found; and she laughed still more when, having cut for partners, what she gayly referred to as the dreadfully bad luck of the Marques made them allies against Colonel Withersby and Monsieur Duvent. Their defeat, she declared, was a foregone conclusion; it really was too bad! The Marques, for his part, vowed that he was so indifferent a player that he would be grateful to her for the mistakes which would keep his own lapses in countenance; and politely added that defeat in her company would give him a pleasure far superior to that conferred by a victory in which she had no share. In the matter of making handsome speeches the Marques de Valdeflores was not easily to be outdone.

Yet, in despite of Mrs. Mortimer's bad play—concerning which, politeness aside, there could be no question—and in despite of the far from brilliant play of her partner, the game for some little time went decidedly in their favor. This was in part accounted for by the fact that the hands which they held were phenomenally good, while the hands held by their adversaries were correspondingly bad. So marked was the run of luck in their favor—being most marked, indeed, when the deal lay with Colonel Withersby or Monsieur Duvent—that the Colonel swore, in his bluff, hearty way, that the devil himself was in the pack, and was manipulating it for the express purpose of punishing him, the Colonel, for his sins; at which humorous sally there was a general laugh.

However, at the end of an hour—by which time rather more than half of the capital provided for the occasion by Monsieur Duvent was arranged before Mrs. Mortimer in a gay little pile—the Colonel said quite seriously that the luck of the pack certainly was against him, and begged that it might be changed. There was a smile, of course, at the Colonel's superstition; but the Marques promptly conceded the favor requested, and induced Mrs. Mortimer also to grant it: which was not an easy matter, for she declared that she needed all that good luck could do for her in order to hold her own.

The event really seemed to justify the Colonel's superstitious fancy, for with the very first deal of the new pack—he dealt it himself—the luck entirely changed. In view of this fact, of the agreement that the stakes should be increased so that the losers might have a better chance to recoup, and of the marked increase in the number of Mrs. Mortimer's mistakes, it will be perceived that there were several excellent reasons why the handsome accumulation of gold in front of Mrs. Mortimer should go even more quickly than

"HER DEMEANOR TOWARD THE MARQUES."

it had come. But, oddly enough, it did not go. The play of the Marques was made in the same negligent manner that it had been made from the start; but Monsieur Duvent observed—not without a touch of that admiration which every professional, even though unwillingly, concedes to professional skill—that its quality had entirely changed. It was not brilliant, but it was cautious, firm, and extraordinarily sure. When he dealt, his own hand was as strikingly good as it was strikingly bad when the deal lay with the Colonel or with Monsieur Duvent; Mrs. Mortimer's mistakes—they were very numerous—were handsomely covered, and even sometimes were turned to advantage; his conduct of the game, in short, was masterly—and the gay little pile in front of his partner, so far from diminishing, steadily increased. Monsieur Duvent shot an inquiring glance from under his bushy gray eyebrows across the table at the Colonel. As understood by that gentleman it meant: "Who have we got here, anyway?" The Colonel's answering glance was intended to convey his strong conviction that—to paraphrase euphemistically his thought—the cloven hoof of their adversary was invisible only because it was covered with a neatly made patent-leather boot. At the end of the second hour the entire capital provided by Monsieur Duvent had changed hands.

At this stage of proceedings Monsieur Duvent and the Colonel, taking advantage of an interruption in the game caused by the serving of fresh coffee, held a short conference. Monsieur Duvent expressed decidedly the opinion that they had better stop. The Marques, if he were a Marques, evidently knew more than they did. The part of prudence was to make the best of a bad bargain and to drop him then and there. But the Colonel, whose fighting spirit was thoroughly aroused, would not for a moment consent to such ignominious surrender. He insisted that Monsieur Duvent should provide another five hundred—merely for a show, he said—and that the game should go on. By sheer force of will—the Colonel was a most resolute person—he succeeded in carrying his point. Sorely against his better judgment, but still yielding, Monsieur Duvent produced from a reserved fund in his private chamber the sum required; whereupon, the coffee being finished, the game went on. But it went on so disastrously that at the end of another hour the fresh supply of capital was exhausted—and Monsieur Duvent's thousand was arranged in front of Mrs. Mortimer in ten neat little piles. Gratifying though it was on abstract grounds to perceive his own wisdom thus triumph over the Colonel's fatuous folly, there was such substantial cause for annoyance in the situation that Monsieur Duvent found no enjoyment in it. With a smile that lacked a little in spontaneity he suggested that they now had played long enough.

In this temperate proposition, with excellent good-breeding, the Marques at once concurred. But the Colonel—having continued as the night wore on to expand his spirits factitiously—would not listen to it at all. He was for fighting as long as any sort of a shot remained in the locker. He advanced this view with emphasis: and suggested that in lieu of cash the Marques should receive—should his very extraordinary luck continue—his, the Colonel's, written promises of payment, to be redeemed on the ensuing day. Monsieur Duvent, of course, could not reasonably object to going on when capital of this possibly attenuated nature was employed; and the Marques accepted the proposal with a polite alacrity that quite touched the Colonel's heart.

On the promissory basis thus established, but with the luck steadily against the Colonel and his partner, the game was continued until four o'clock in the morning. When this hour arrived the Marques announced placidly that, inasmuch as he was habitually an early riser, it really was time for him to go to bed. He had greatly enjoyed his evening, he said; it was one of the most agreeable and amusing evenings, in fact, that he had ever passed. In handsome terms he smilingly congratulated Mrs. Mortimer upon the good luck that had attended her bad play, and insisted that two-thirds of their joint winnings should be hers. Nothing could be more liberal than this arrangement. In pursuance of it he turned over to her the two thousand dollars represented by Colonel Withersby's paper, and slipped the thousand dollars in gold into his own pocket as his own modest share. Then he shook hands heartily with the gentlemen; gallantly kissed the tips of Mrs. Mortimer's white fingers; and bidding the company a most cordial good-

night, left the room. As the door closed behind him there was a moment of silence, and then the Colonel accurately expressed the sense of the meeting in the terse observation, "Well, I'll be ——!"

V.

In the early afternoon of the day that had begun for them so disastrously, a little council of war was held by the vanquished in Mrs. Mortimer's apartment. In a general way, the council was swayed by a common motive; but its several members contemplated this motive through the media of widely different moods.

Mrs. Mortimer, sitting with her back to the carefully adjusted light, apparently was none the worse for her late hours; and she was by no means cast down by the defeat that she had witnessed but in which she had not precisely shared. Her net loss, after all, was only half the cost of the little supper; and she was not by any means certain that this loss was absolute—rather was she inclined to look upon it in the light of an investment. Marques or no Marques, the Spanish gentleman had commended himself heartily to her good graces by his obviously masterful qualities in the acquisition of property. Mrs. Mortimer had seen too much of the world to be dazzled by a title; that which inspired her respect and won her esteem was substantial wealth—and her liberal spirit held her high above all petty and trivial objections to the manner in which the wealth was acquired. That it actually existed was quite enough for her. She was absolutely indifferent, therefore, as to whether the Marques de Valdeflores possessed large hereditary estates in Spain or large hereditary skill in playing games of so-called chance. In either case the result practically was the same: he was a man of substance with whom the

COLONEL WITHERSBY, PROMOTER OF RAILWAYS.

most friendly relations eminently were to be desired. She had observed also with pleasure that his caution was equal to his skill. Although herself the sufferer by it, she had commended him rather than blamed him for his intelligent division of their joint winnings. On the face of it, this division had been characterized by a magnificent generosity; but no one knew better than she did that the generosity was more apparent than real. Before retiring, she had used twelve hundred dollars' worth of Colonel Withersby's paper in crimping her hair, and carelessly had thrown the remainder of these valuable securities into her waste-paper basket. Some disagreeable reflections, it is true, had attended her prodigal use of the impotentiality of wealth that the Marques had lavished upon her; but, at the same time, she had been unable to withhold her profound respect for the delicate adroitness that his conduct of this transaction had displayed. His method had nothing coarse about it. It was not bludgeon work; it was the effective finesse of the rapier. Mrs. Mortimer was not a bad hand, in a lady-like way, at rapier practice herself. She felt that could she but ally herself with such a past master of the art as the Marques had proved himself to be, her future would be assured. She came to the council, therefore, in the spirit of doves and olive branches, with every fibre of her tender being prepared to thrill responsive to the soft phrase of peace. Her proposition was, the Marques having proved himself to be a good deal more than a match for them, that they should cease to regard him as an enemy, and should frankly invite him to be their associate and friend.

In opposition to these peaceful views of Mrs. Mortimer's, Colonel Withersby—coming to the council with the vigor and in the temper of a giant refreshed with cocktails—was all for war. The Colonel's pride was wounded; his finer sensibilities were hurt. The very qualities which Mrs. Mortimer most admired in the Marques—his delicate method, his refined skill, his perfect *savoir-faire*—were precisely the qualities which the Colonel most strongly resented. It was cruelly galling to his self-respect to be conquered with weapons which he perceived were infinitely superior to his own, and which he also perceived were hopelessly beyond his power to use. In the course of his rather remarkably variegated career, Colonel Withersby repeatedly had received what he was wont to describe, in his richly figurative language, as black eyes; but he always had had at least the poor satisfaction of knowing how and why the darkening of his orbs of vision had been achieved. In this case, however, he did not know how, still less why, his adversary had triumphed over him. Certainly Monsieur Duvent had made no mistakes; save in the matter of unwisely prolonging the play, he himself had made no mistakes; and Mrs. Mortimer, to do her justice, had made all the mistakes expected of her and even a few to spare. Rarely had three intelligent persons contrived a more effective programme; rarely had such a programme been more exactly carried out. Humanly and logically, its results should have been honorable victory attended by substantial spoils. Yet its diabolical and illogical result actually was humiliating disaster attended by substantial loss. Being at the best of times but a heathen, it is not surprising that under these trying circumstances Colonel Withersby raged; nor that, raging, he cast his voice for war.

Monsieur Duvent, whose temperament was conservative, rejected the Colonel's truculent suggestions and ranged himself with Mrs. Mortimer on the side of a profitable peace. Their Spanish friend, he declared, speaking out of the wealth of his experience of the world, evidently was not a Marques; he was one of themselves. It was generally conceded, he continued, that dog ought not to eat dog (Monsieur Duvent expressed this concept, of course, in its French equivalent: *les loups ne se mangent pas entre eux*); and it was universally admitted that when a feast of this unnatural sort took place only the dog who did the eating got any real good from it. They themselves, he pointed out—especially he himself, since his was the capital that the Marques had absorbed—occupied the position of the other dog, the eaten one. Obviously that position was as unprofitable as it was humiliating. Consequently, he concluded, their rational course in the premises was that which Mrs. Mortimer had indicated: to seek an alliance with this most accomplished person—which should be continued, at least, until they had mastered the secrets of his superior skill. When they knew as much as he did, said Monsieur Duvent, they could throw him over and have done with him;

just at present he knew a great deal more than they, and it was largely to their interest to make him their friend. There was no false pride about Monsieur Duvent. His thirst for professional knowledge was inexhaustible, and he was eager at all times to slake it at any source.

Colonel Withersby was not pleased to find himself in so conspicuous a minority; and he was open, not to say violent, in expressing his displeasure. His was a bold, aggressive nature—and the cocktails wherewith he had refreshed himself had not tended to take any of the fighting spirit out of him. Had he not occupied the trying position of a dependent—for without the assistance of his friends he would lack sinews for his intended war—he would have been abusive. Under the existing circumstances he was argumentative. The Spaniard, he admitted, certainly knew a great deal about cards; in that line of gentlemanly amusement, no doubt, it would be well to avoid any further trial of conclusions with him. But when it came to dice, the case was different. In throwing dice, the Colonel declared with a sincere immodesty, he had yet to meet the man who could get ahead of him. Let him but have a square chance to settle matters on that basis with the Marques and all would yet be well. The others, if they did not want to, need not appear in the matter at all. If they would but set him up with a beggarly hundred—merely enough to make a show with—he would ask no more of them. Being thus started, he would go ahead and win the victory alone. And finally, with the most convincing self-imprecations if he didn't, the Colonel protested that he would divide on the square.

Monsieur Duvent stroked doubtfully his respectable gray mustache. On the one hand he had great confidence in the Colonel's skill in the manipulation of dice. On the other hand his estimate of the skill of the Marques in all directions was very high. It was altogether probable, he thought, that a man who evidently had made so profound a study of the scientific possibilities of pasteboard had pressed his researches not less deeply into the scientific possibilities of ivory. If he had, then would the Colonel be but as wax in his hands. Therefore Monsieur Duvent hesitated; and with each moment of his hesitation his disposition tended the more strongly to take the ground that he declined to throw good money after bad.

Fortunately for Colonel Withersby, the tender nature of Mrs. Mortimer had not been appealed to in vain. As she herself had said, the Colonel had done her many good turns in the past; and she saw no reason for doubting that he might do her many more good turns in the future—which latter consideration may have been remotely the cause of the flood of kindly intention that now welled up within her gentle breast. She was a pronounced free-trader, and her knowledge of the world assured her that reciprocity could not always be only on one side. Had the Colonel asked her to join him openly in carrying on his campaign against the Marques, she certainly would have refused his request. That would have been asking too much. But the Colonel's proposal to fight his battle alone—and to divide the spoils in case he should be victorious—put the matter on a basis that enabled her to give free play to the generous dictates of her heart. She therefore added her entreaties to his appeal to Monsieur Duvent for assistance; and even went so far as to offer to join equally with that gentleman in providing the small amount of capital without which the little venture in ivory could not be launched.

Whether or not this liberal offer would have sufficed to overcome Monsieur Duvent's parsimonious hesitancy, never will be known. At the very moment that he opened his mouth to speak the words which no doubt would have been decisive, there was a knock at the door; then a servant entered bearing a great bunch of magnificent roses—all of which, however, being very full blown, were somewhat past their prime. An envelope directed to Mrs. Mortimer was attached to this handsome yet slightly equivocal floral tribute. Within the envelope was the card of the Marques de Valdeflores, on which was pencilled the request that she would accept the accompanying trifling souvenir of the very agreeable evening that he had passed in her company and in the company of her friends. In the right-hand bottom corner of the card were added the letters: P. P. C. In many ways Mrs. Mortimer was not a perfect woman, but among her imperfections was not that of stupidity. As she looked at this bunch of too-full-blown roses, and realized the message that it was intended delicately to convey, the

dove-like and olive-branching sentiments departed from her breast—and in their place came sentiments compounded of daggers and bowstrings and very poisonous bowls!

As for Colonel Withersby, having but glanced at the fateful letters on the card that Mrs. Mortimer mutely handed him, he descended to the office of the Casa Napoléon in little more than a single bound. In little more than two bounds he returned to the first floor. Consternation was written upon his expressive face, and also rage. In a sentence that was nothing short of blistering in its intensity he announced the ruinous fact that the Marques de Valdeflores had sailed at six o'clock that morning on the French steamer, and at that moment must be at least two hundred miles out at sea!

VI.

Dr. Théophile had but little to say when Madame told him with triumphal sorrow that the Marques de Valdeflores had paid his bill in full and had departed for his native Spain. Madame's mixture of sentiments was natural. Her triumph was because her estimate of the financial integrity of the Marques had been justified by the event; her sorrow was because so profitable a patron was gone from the Casa Napoléon. The few words which Dr. Théophile spoke, in his softened French of Guadeloupe, were to the effect that a man was not necessarily a Marques because he happened to pay his bill at a hotel. Madame resented this answer hotly. It was more, she said, than ungenerous; it was heartlessly unjust. She challenged Dr. Théophile to disprove by any evidence save his own miserable suspicions that the Marques was not a Marques; she defied him to do his worst! Dr. Théophile said mildly that he really could not afford the time requisite for abstract research of this nature, and added that he had no worst to do. Madame declared that his reply was inconclusive; an obvious endeavor to evade the question that he himself had raised. Dr. Théophile smiled pleasantly and answered that, as usual, she was quite right.

Had Madame only known it, she might have called Colonel Withersby as a witness in her behalf; for the Colonel, had he been willing to testify, could have made her triumph over Dr. Théophile complete. Being curious to get down to what he termed the hard-pan in regard to the Marques, he had made an expedition of inquiry to the Spanish consulate on the very day that that nobleman had sailed away.

Certainly, said the polite young man who answered his pointed question, the Marques de Valdeflores had been in New York for nearly a month. His visit had been one of business—to arrange with a firm of American contractors for the building of a tramway in the city of Tarazona. He had completed this business satisfactorily.

The Colonel's usually ruddy face whitened a little as he listened to this statement. The tramway project really, then, had been a substantial one after all! This was bitter indeed. But perhaps it was not true; the young man might be only chaffing him. His voice was hoarse, and there was a perceptible break in it as he said: "Honest Injun, now. You're giving it to me straight?"

The young man looked puzzled. He was by no means familiar with the intricacies of the English language, and his mental translation of these words into literal Spanish did not yield a very intelligible result.

Perceiving the confusion that was caused by his use of a too extreme form of his own vernacular, the Colonel repeated his question in substance in the Spanish tongue: "Of a truth he is a Marques, and rich? There is no mistake?"

The young man perceptibly brightened. "Oh, of a truth there is no mistake, señor," he answered. "He is a Marques, and enormously rich. To see him you would not think so, perhaps, for his habits are very simple, and he is as modest in his manner as in his dress. You see, he has given much of his time to business matters; and he has travelled a great deal."

Colonel Withersby withdrew from the consulate. His desire for information was more than satisfied; it was satiated. In the relative privacy of the passageway outside the consulate door, his pent-up feelings found vent.

"Travelled, has he?" ejaculated the Colonel, with a series of accessory ejaculations of such force that the air immediately around him became perceptibly blue. "Travelled! Well, I should say he had! I've travelled a little myself, but I'll be"—the Colonel here dropped into minor prophecy—"if he hasn't gone two miles to my one every time!"

Third Paper.

TO remember Evesham is to call up a broad and smiling vale: a river looped about a green hill and returning almost on itself; on the lower slope of the hill, beside the river, a little town; and above its mills and roofs, two spires and one pre-eminent tower, all set in the same church-yard.

The vale itself, as we dropped down toward Evesham, was insensibly changing. Unawares we left the pastures behind, and drifted into a land of orchards and market-gardens—no Devonshire orchards, with carpets of vivid grass, but stiff regiments of plum-trees, and between their files asparagus growing, and sage and winter lettuce under hand-glasses, and cabbages splashed with mauve and crimson. We had crossed, in fact, the frontier of a fruit-growing country that in England has no rival but Kent. The beginnings of this prosperous gardening are sometimes ascribed to one Signor Bernardi, a Genoese gentleman who settled at Evesham in the middle of the seventeenth century. But more probably these orchards grow for the same reason that the meadows above are fat and a bell tower stands in Evesham. There is a legend to that effect which is worth the telling.

Egwin, Bishop of Worcester in the year 700 or thereabouts, was a saint of shining piety, but unpopular in his diocese, which had not long been converted from paganism, and retained many "ethnic and uncomely customs." Against these the bishop thundered, till the people seized and haled him before Ethelred, then King of Mercia, charging him with tyranny and many bitter things. The matter was referred to the Holy Father at Rome, who commanded Egwin to appear before him and answer the charges. So to Rome he went; but before starting, to show how lowly he accounted himself, he ordered a pair of iron horse-fetters, and having put his feet into them, caused them to be locked and the key tossed into the Avon. Thus shackled, he went forward to Dover, took ship, and came to the Holy City; when, lo, a miracle! His attendants had gone down to the Tiber to catch a fish for supper. Scarcely was the line cast when a fine salmon took it and leapt ashore, without a struggle to escape. They hurried home with their prize, opened him, and found inside the key of the bishop's fetters.

A Market Garden near Evesham.

It is needless to say that the pope, after this, made short work of the charges against Egwin. The accused was loaded with honors, and sent home with particular recommendations to King Ethelred, who lost no time in restoring the bishop to his see and appointing him tutor to his own sons. Among other marks of friendship the king gave Egwin a large tract of land. It was savage, inhospitable, horrid with thickets and forest trees. Yet Egwin liked it; for he kept pigs, which found abundance of food there. So, dividing the wilderness into four quarters, he appointed a swine-herd over each, whose names were Eoves and Ympa, two brothers; and Trottuc and Carnuc, brothers also. Eoves (with whom alone we are concerned) had charge over the eastern portion, and it happened to him one day that a favorite sow strayed off into the thickest of the woods. Eoves spent weeks in searching after her, and at length wandered so far that he too lost his way. He shouted for succor, but none came. Growing appalled, he began to run headlong through the undergrowth, when suddenly he stumbled on the lost sow, having three young ones with her. She came gladly to his call, grunting and muzzling at his legs; then turned, and began to hurry into the deeper forest, the young pigs trotting beside her. Eoves followed, and soon, to his wonder, reached a glade, open and somewhat steep, where was a virgin standing, lovelier than the noonday, and two others beside her, celestially robed, having psalteries in their hands and singing holy songs. The swine-herd understood nothing of the vision; but hurrying back, was lucky enough to find an egress from the woods, and returned to his home.

Evesham Belltower & old Abbey gateway.

Chadbury Mill.

REED-CUTTERS.

This matter was reported to Egwin; and he, being eager to see the place with his own eyes, was led thither by Eoves. There it was vouchsafed to him to see the same vision, and, as it faded, to hear a voice from the chief virgin, saying, "This place have I chosen." Whereupon he understood that he, like Æneas, had been guided by a sow to the spot where he must build; and soon the Abbey of Evesham, or Eovesham, began to rise where the virgins had stood. This was in 703, and the building was finished in six years.

Such is the legend. A town sprang up around the monastery; the thickets were cleared and became pasture-lands and orchards; the country smiled, and the abbey waxed rich. It housed sixty-seven monks, five matrons, three poor brothers, three clerks, and sixty-five servants to work in brew-house, bake-house, kitchen, cellar, infirmary; to make clothes and boots; to open the great gate; to till the gardens, vineyards, and orchards; and to fish for eels in the Avon below. When William de Beauchamp, whose castle stood at Bengeworth, on the opposite bank, broke into the abbey church and plundered it, about 1150 A.D., the abbot excommunicated him and his retainers, razed his castle, and made a burial-ground of the site. In 1530, under the rule of Clement Lichfield, the abbey possessed fifteen manors in the county of Worcester alone, in Gloucestershire six, in Warwickshire three, in Northamptonshire two, with lands, rents, and advowsons far and wide. Out of Oxford and Cambridge there was no such assemblage of religious buildings in England. Then Clement Lichfield reared "a right sumptuous and high square tower of stone"; and almost at once King Henry VIII. made his swoop on the monasteries.

The country still smiles; but to-day of all the conventual buildings there survive but a stone or two—a sculptured arch leading to a kitchen-garden, and this "high square tower" of Lichfield's building. This last was designed to be at once the abbey's gateway, horologe, and bel-

Hampton Ferry.

THE GIG SEAT.

ence has imposed the usual restrictions on their use, and nine times out of ten you will find them deserted.

The day was almost spent as we took to the canoe once more, and paddled around the long bend that girdles the town. We thought to have left the bell tower far behind, when, a little past Hampton Ferry, its pinnacles reappeared, and the twin spires of St. Lawrence and All Saints, peering above a plum orchard almost ahead of us. On our left the sun sank in a broad yellow haze; the hill where Simon fell, and where stands the Abbey Manor-house, was soaked in it; and soon, as the channel brought our faces westward again, and we drew near Chadbury mill and Chadbury lock and weir, the vale was filled with this yellow light, pale and pervasive.

"Great Evesham's fertile glebe
what tongue hath not extolled?
As though to her alone belonged the garb of gold,"

fry; but before the day of its completion all these uses were nullified. Its service since has been monumental merely—to stand over the razed foundations and obliterated fish-ponds of Egwin's house, and speak to the vale of famous men and the hands that made it fertile.

There are many old houses in Evesham, and especially in Bridge Street; but the bridge at the foot of this street is modern, and ascribed "to the public spirit and perseverance of Henry Workman, Esq." To him also are due the "Workman Gardens," a strip of pleasure-ground on the river's left bank, facing the abbey grounds; but local sapi-

sings Drayton; and certainly she wore the garb that evening. As she donned it, the chorus of the birds ceased, and with

CROPTHORNE MILL.

the sudden hush we became aware that their voices had been following in our ears all the day through. Above and below Evesham every furlong of the river-bank

FLADBURY MILL.

is populous, with larks especially, whose song you may hear shivering from every point of the sky. In early winter the number of nests that the falling leaves disclose is astonishing. Some, no doubt, have lasted and will last for years, such as the mud-plastered houses of the blackbird and thrush, and the fagot pile which the magpie constructs in the top of a tree. But the flimsy nests of the warblers and other late-breeding birds, built of a few dried grasses and bound together with cobwebs and horse-hair, date from last spring, and will disappear before the next. They were not made until the leaves were out, and upon the leaves their builders

CHADBURY WEIR.

WILLOWS BY CROPTHORNE.

relied for concealment, so that in winter they hang betrayed. Yet even in winter the banks teem with life and color and interest. P., who rowed down here one bright December morning when the scarlet hips were out, and dark red haws, and the silver-gray seed of "old man's beard," tells of a big meadow from which the flood had just subsided, and of birds innumerable feeding there—rooks, starlings, pewits in flocks, little white-rumped sandpipers darting to and fro and uttering their sharp note, a dozen herons solemnly but suspiciously observant of the passing boat, and watching for its effect on a cluster of wild-duck out on the ruffled stream. You cannot, indeed, pass down Avon without receiving the wide-eyed attention of its fauna; and politeness calls on you to return it.

Chadbury is twenty miles below Stratford, and here we meet the first lock that is kept in repair; so that for twenty miles Mr. William Sandys's work of making Avon navigable has gone for nothing. He lived at Fladbury, just below, and the money he threw away on his hobby "cannot be reckoned at less than twenty thousand pounds." "As soon," writes Dr. Nash, in his *Worcestershire*, "as he had finished his work to Stratford (and, as I have heard, spent all his fortune), he immediately delivered up all to Parliament, to do what they thought fit therein." And this was precisely nothing.

Consequently there is to-day but little human stir beside the Avon. The "freighted barge from distant shores" travels this way no longer, or but rarely. Unless by the towns—Emscote, Stratford, Evesham, and Tewkesbury—a pleasure-boat is hardly to be met, and all the villages seem to turn their backs on the stream. At the mills we see a few men, whitened with flour; in summer the mowers and haymakers

WYRE LOCK.

appear for a few days upon the meadows, and are soon gone; in winter a few may return to poll the willows, tying their twigs into fagots, and leaving the stems standing, with white scarred heads; occasionally a man and a boy will come in one of the native high-prowed punts to cut and bind the dark rushes that, when dried, are used for matting, chair seats, and calking beer barrels; or the tops of a withy bed will sway erratically as we pass, and tell of somebody at work there; or in autumn flood-time a professional fisherman, with his eel nets, is busy at the weirs. These

NETS DRYING AT WYRE.

represent the industries of Avon. Other human forms there are, which angle with rod and line, strange, infinitely patient men, fishing for eels and other succulent fish, catching (it may be) one dace between sunrise and sundown. Their ancestors must have had better sport, for Dugdale constantly speaks of valuable fishing rights on the river, and many a farmer paid his rent to the Church in eels. To this day every cottage has its punt, and sometimes a seat rigged up in some likely spot over the stream. One such we marked with particular interest. It was, in fact, the body of an old gig; and therein sat an angler, and a glutton of his kind, for he had no less than seven lines baited, and the rods radiated from him like the spokes of a wheel. Perhaps it was his one holiday for the week, and he had hit on this device for cramming the seven days' sport into one.

OLD PEAR-TREES AT PERSHORE.

Much might be written of Chadbury mill and weir as we saw them in

> "the twilight of such day
> As after sunset fadeth in the west."

But, again, it is hard to improve upon Ireland, who calls it "so rich a landscape that nature seems not to require the assistance of art, in the language of modern refinement, either to correct her coarse expression by removing a hill or docking a tree, or to supply her careless and tasteless omissions for the purpose of rendering her more completely picturesque."

In gathering darkness we dropped down beneath a hill-side partly wooded, partly set out in young plum orchards, partly turfed, and dotted with old thorns. Here is Cracombe House, and beyond it lie two villages, Fladbury on the right, and Cropthorne on the left, each with its own mill. A ford used to join them, but this was superseded by a bridge to commemorate the Queen's Jubilee. We did not come to it that night, for at Fladbury there stands a parsonage, with a lawn sloping between trees to the river, and on this lawn we

PERSHORE BRIDGE.

heard the voices and laughter of friends in the dusk. Turning our canoe shoreward, we hailed them.

If Kenilworth Castle and Evesham Abbey, structures so massive, take but a century or so to fall in complete ruin, how soon will mere man revert to savagery? Our host at Fladbury parsonage was a painter, one in whom Americans take a just pride, and the talk at his table that evening was brisk enough, had we but possessed ears for it. Instead, we who had journeyed for ten days from inn to inn, reading no newspapers, receiving no letters, conversing with few fellows, regarding only the quiet panorama of meadow, wood, and stream, sat in a mental haze. We were stupefied with long draughts of open air. The dazzle of the river, the rhythmical stroke of the paddle, had set our wits to sleep. Once or twice we strove to rally them, and listen to the talkers; but always the ripple of Avon rose and ran in our ears, confusing the words, and we sank back into agreeable hebetude. The same held us, too, next morning, as we ported our canoe over Fladbury weir, and started for Tewkesbury in the teeth of a west wind that blew "through the sharp hawthorn" and curled the water. The year had aged noticeably in the past night, and the country-side wore a forlorn look. None the less, the reaches below Cropthorne struck us as singularly beautiful. From a

AT WYRE.

fringe of fantastic pollard willows, out of whose decayed trunks grew the wild rose and bramble, orchards and pastures swelled up to a line of cottages and a square-towered church standing against the sky. Cropthorne church is to be visited as well for its beauty as for the monuments it contains of the Dingley family, to which the manor formerly belonged. There is one to the memory of Francis Dingley, Esq., who happily matched with Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Brigge, Esq., and Mary Hoby, his wife, had issue eleven sons and eight daughters, and died in peace, *anno* 1624. The last of the Dingleys, a girl, married Edward Goodyeare, of Burghope, and bore him two sons, whose history is tragic. The elder, Sir John, was a childless man; and his brother Samuel, who followed the sea, and had become captain of the *Ruby* man-of-war, expected in time to have the estates. But the two men hated each other, and at last a threat of disinheritance so angered the captain that he took the desperate reso-

THE SUMMER-HOUSE ON BREDON HILL.

PERSHORE WATER-GATE.

GREAT COMBERTON.

horrid deed was perpetrating." The captain, with his two accomplices, was soon taken and hanged. He was a brave sailor, and had distinguished himself at St. Sebastian, Ferrol, and San Antonio, at which last place he burnt three men-of-war, the magazine, and stores.

Four miles below Fladbury lies Wyre lock, with Wyre village on the right bank, its cottage gardens planted with cabbages and winter lettuce, or hung with nets drying in the wind. Across the river, a few fields back, Wick straggles, a long street of timbered cottages, with a little church, and before the church a cross.

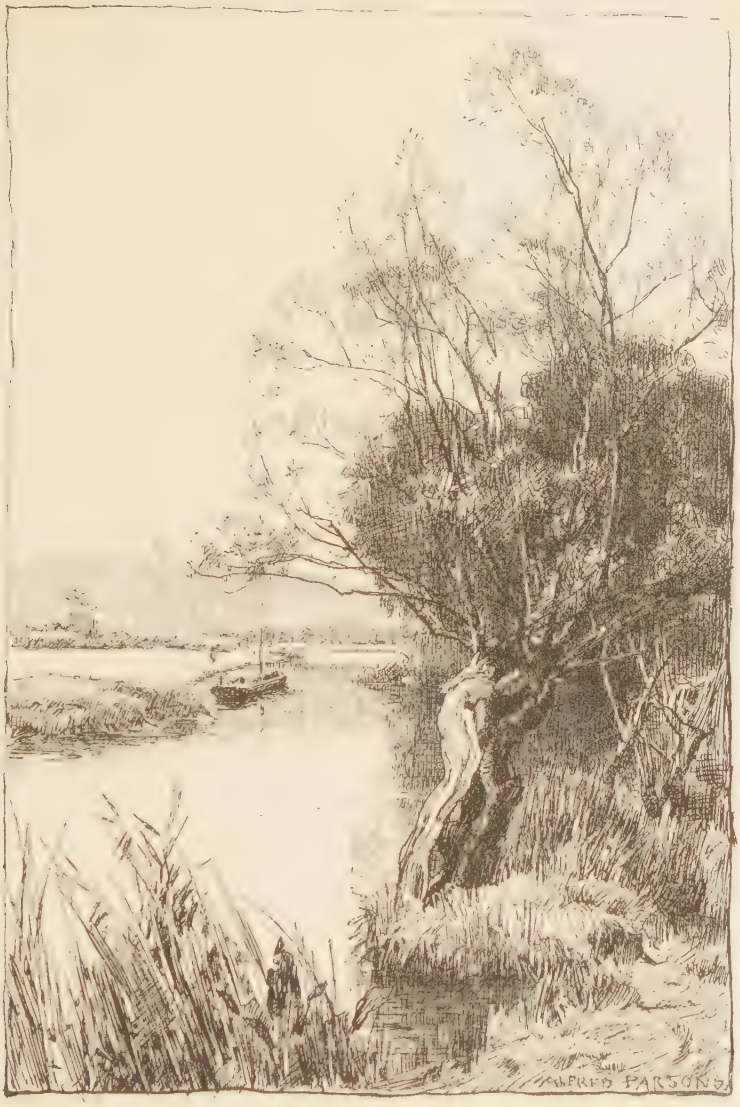
lution of murdering the baronet, and perpetrated it on the 17th of January, 1741. Dr. Nash tells the story: "A friend at Bristol, who knew their mortal antipathy, had invited them both to dinner, in hopes of reconciling them, and they parted in seeming friendship. But the captain placed some of his crew in the street near College Green, with orders to seize his brother, and assisted in hurrying him by violence to his ship, under pretence that he was disordered in his senses, where, when they arrived, he caused him to be strangled in the cabin by White and Mahony, two ruffians of his crew, himself standing sentinel at the door while the

NAFFORD MILL.

And ahead of us, over its acres of plum and pear orchards, the fine tower of Pershore rises.

Of all the abbeys that once graced the Avon, Tewkesbury alone retains some of its former splendor. Sulby is a farmhouse; of Stoneleigh but a gateway is left; of Evesham an arch and a tower; while Pershore keeps only its tower and choir. Oswald, nephew of our old friend Ethelred, King of Mercia, founded a house of secular canons here A.D.

ECKINGTON BRIDGE.



NEAR ECKINGTON.

689, who by a charter of King Edgar, two centuries later, were superseded by Benedictine monks. Being built of wood, both church and convent were thrice destroyed by fire, first about the year 1000, then in 1223, and again in 1288: on this last occasion by the sin of a brother, who went a-courting with a lantern within the sacred walls (*muliebri consilio infatuatus, in loco illo sacrato ignem obtulit alienum*). This fire consumed not only the abbey, but the greater part of the town, and the wicked cause of it led to a suspension of all religious services until 1299, when the Bishop of Llandaff came and "reconciled" the Church. All that remains to-day is used as the parish church of the Holy Cross, and is a beautiful piece of Early English work. Pershore itself bears all the markings of a quietly prosperous market town. Its wide street is lined with respectable red-brick houses, faced with stone, having pediments over their front doors, and

STRENSHAM CHURCH.

square windows, some of them blocked ever since the days of the window-tax. Its plums are known throughout England, its pears yield excellent perry, and on pears and plums together it relies for a blameless competence.

We passed Pershore bridge, which the Royalists broke down in their retreat from Worcester field, and the water-gate. There was a water-gate at Fladbury also, one post of which we were assured was the same that Mr. Sandys planted in 1637. For long the steep chine of Bredon Hill had lain ahead of us, closing the view. We had first spied it yesterday, from the hill-side below Cleeve, and ever since it had been with us; but below Pershore the river so winds that whether you row down stream or up, Bredon will be found the dominant feature in the landscape. But whether a passing cloud paints it purple, or the sun shines on it, lighting the grassy slopes, and showing every bush and quarry on the sides, it is always a beautiful background for the villages that cluster round its foot—Great and Little Comberton, Bricklehampton, Elmley Castle, and Norton-by-Bredon. As we passed them the day relented for a while, and in the pale sunshine their gray church towers stood out, bright spots against the hill-side.

We floated under the steep bank that separates Comberton and its poplars from the stream, along to the dusty mill beside Nafford Lock, and drew close under this hill-side until the old beacon at its top (called the Summer-house) stood right above our heads. At Nafford Lock there is a drop of six or eight feet before the river runs on by yet more villages—Eckington, Birlingham, and Defford. Here in the sombre west ahead of us the Malverns come into view, and here, between Eckington and Defford, a bridge crosses, over which we leaned for a quiet half-hour before going on our way.

It was a time, I think, that will pleasantly come back to us in days when we shall fear to trust our decrepit limbs in a canoe. The bridge, six-arched, with deep buttresses, seemed as old as Avon itself. It is built of the red sandstone so common in the neighborhood; but time has long since mellowed and subdued its color to reflect the landscape's mood, which just now was sober and even mournful. Rain hung over the Malverns; down on the flat plain, where the river crept into the evening, the poplars were swaying gently; a pair of jays hustled by with a warning squawk. Throughout this, the last day of our voyage, we had travelled dully, scarce exchanging a word, possessed with the stupor before alluded to. A small discovery awoke us. As we rested our elbows on the parapet, we noticed that many deep

BREDON.

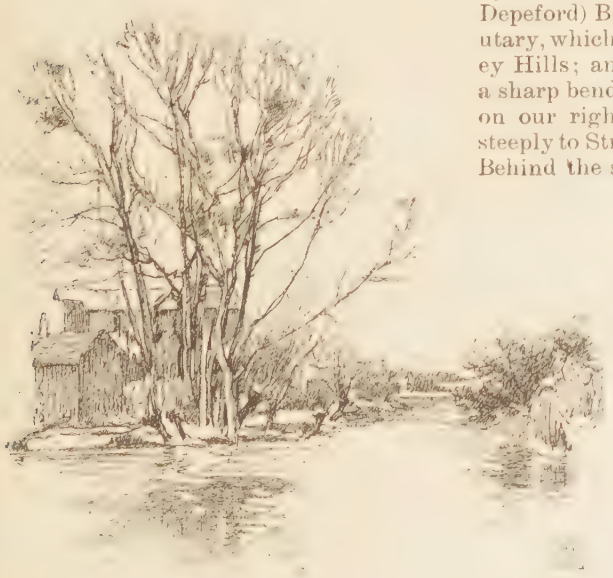
grooves or notches ran across it. They were marks worn in the stone by the tow-ropes of departed barges.

Those notches spoke to us, as nothing had spoken yet, of the true secret of Avon. Kings and their armies have trampled its banks from Naseby to Tewkesbury, performing great feats of war; castles and monasteries have risen over its waters; yet none of them has left a record so durable as are these grooves where the bargemen shifted their ropes in passing the bridge. The fighting reddened the river for a day; the building was reflected there for a century or two; but the slow toil of man has outlasted them both. And looking westward over the homely landscape, we realized the truth that Nature too is most in earnest when least dramatic; that her most terrible power is seen neither in the whirlwind, nor in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the catkins budding on the hazel, the still, small voice that proves she is not dead, but sleeping lightly, and already dreaming of the spring.

TITHE BARN, BREDON.

"Sed neque Medorum silvæ, ditissima terra"—the note of Virgil's praise of Italy was ours for a while, and his pride to inherit a land of immemorial cities, made fertile by tillage, and watered by "rivers stealing under hoary walls."

A little below the bridge, Avon is joined by the Defford (or, as it was once called, Depeford) Brook, its last considerable tributary, which rises on the west of the Lickey Hills; and a little farther on we turn a sharp bend where, above the old willows on our right, a field of rank grass rises steeply to Strensham church and vicarage. Behind the stumpy tower lies Strensham village, not to be seen from the river. Here, in 1612, Samuel Butler was born, the author of "Hudibras," and a monument stands to his memory within the church, beside other fine ones belonging to the Russell family. He was born in obscurity and died a pauper—a poet (to use the words which Dennis wrote for his other monument in Westminster Abbey) who "was a whole species of poets in one; admirable in a manner in which no one else



STRENSHAM MILL.

TWINING FERRY.

has been tolerable—a manner in which he knew no guide, and has found no follower." Very few can read that epitaph without recalling the more famous epigram upon it:

"The poet's fate is here in emblem shown;
He asked for bread, and he received a stone."

Below Strensham we pass a lock—the last before reaching Tewkesbury—and two mills, the first and larger and more modern one deserted. Mr. Sandys's task was here not difficult, for the Avon Valley is so level that only two locks are required in the fifteen miles from Pershore. We have scarcely left the lock when the sharp steeple of Bredon at the western extremity of Bredon Hill points out the direction of the river. To this village, during the civil war, Bishop Prideaux, of Worcester, retired on a stipend of four shillings and sixpence a week. "This reverse of fortune," says Ireland, "he bore with much cheerfulness, although obliged to sell his books and furniture to procure subsistence. One day, being asked by a neighbor, as he passed through the village with something under his gown, what had he got there?—he replied he was become an ostrich, and forced to live upon iron—showing some old iron which he was going to sell at the blacksmith's to enable him to purchase a dinner." The living of Bredon was in more peaceful times one of the fattest in the bishop's diocese, as is hinted by a huge tithe barn on the slope above us, with a chamber over its doorway, doubtless for the accountant.

From Bredon we came to Twining ferry, three miles below Strensham, and the flat meadows beyond it, over which the tower of Tewkesbury Abbey and the tall chimneys of its mills now began to loom through a rainy sky upon which night was fast closing. It is just before the town is reached that the Avon parts to join the Severn in four streams—one over a weir, another through a lock, the remaining two after working mills. Being by this both wet and hungry, we disembarked at the boat-yard beside Mythe bridge, and walked up to our inn beneath the dark, irregular gables of High Street, resolved to explore the town next day.

Tewkesbury lies along the southern bank of Mill Avon, the longest branch of our divided river, which, flowing under Mythe bridge, washes on its left the slums and back gardens of the town before it passes down to work the Abbey Mill. One of these gardens—that of the Bell and Bowling-Green Inn—will be recognized by all readers of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, and the view from the yew-hedged bowling-green itself shall be painted in Mrs. Craik's own words: "At the end of the arbor the wall which enclosed us on the riverward side was cut down—my father had done it at my asking—so as to make a seat, something after the fashion of Queen Mary's seat at Stirling, of which I had read. Thence one could see a good-

ARROW-HEADS, NEAR TEWKESBURY.

ly sweep of country. First, close below, flowed the Avon—Shakespeare's Avon—here a narrow sluggish stream, but capable, as we sometimes knew to our cost, of being roused into fierceness and foam. Now it slipped on quietly enough, contenting itself with turning a flour-mill hard by, the lazy whir of which made a sleepy, incessant monotone which I was fond of hearing. From the opposite bank

stretched a wide green level called the Ham, dotted with pasturing cattle of all sorts. Beyond it was a second river, forming an arc of a circle round the verdant flat. But the stream itself lay so low as to be invisible from where we sat; you could only trace the line of its course by the small white sails that glided in and out, oddly enough, from behind clumps of trees and across meadow-lands."

This second stream is, of course, the Severn, sweeping broadly by the base of Mythe Hill. An advertisement that we saw posted in Tewkesbury streets gave us the size of the intervening meadow; it announced that the after or latter math of the Severn Ham was to be sold by order of the trustees—172 acres, 2 roods, 28 perches of grass in all. The Ham is let by auction, and the money divided among the inhabitants of certain streets.

We lingered to observe the yew hedge, "fifteen feet high and as many thick,"

MYTHE BRIDGE, TEWKESBURY.

and talk to a waiter who now appeared at the back door of the inn. He seemed to feel his black suit and white front incongruous with their surroundings, and explained the cause of their presence. The Tewkesbury Bowling Club had held its annual dinner there the night before. He showed us the empty bottles.

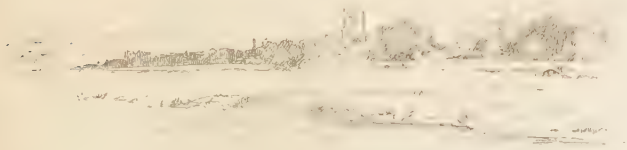
"Evidently a very large club," we said.

"No, sirs, not large, but very thirsty."

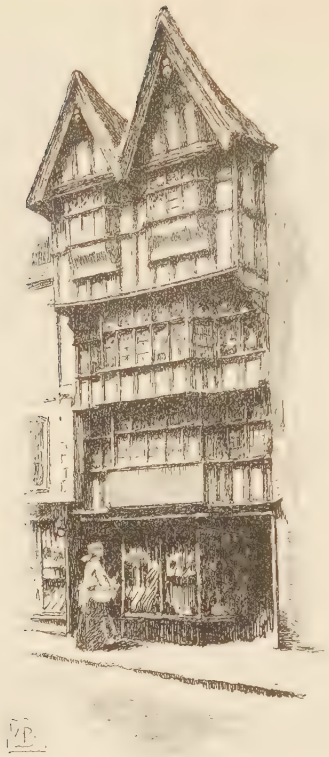
The Abbey Mill, which droned so pleasantly in Phineas Fletcher's ears, stands close by, under the shadow of the Abbey Church, its hours of work and rest marked by the clock and peal of eight sweet-toned bells in the Abbey Tower.

MILL STREET, TEWKESBURY.

It is well that this tower should stand where it does. If to one who follows the windings of Avon the recurrent suggestion of its scenery be that of permanence, here fitly, at his journey's end, he finds that permanence embodied monumentally in stone. No building that I know in England—not Westminster Abbey, with all its sleeping generations—conveys the impression of durability in the same degree as does this Norman tower, which, for eight centuries, has stood foursquare to the storms of heaven and the frenzy of men. Though it rises 132 feet from the ground to the coping of its battlements, and though its upper stages contain much exquisite carving, there is no lightness on its scarred indomitable face, but only strength. The same strength is repeated within the church by the fourteen huge cylindrical columns from which the arches spring to bear the heavy roof of the nave. In spite of the groining and elaborate traceries above, the rich eastern windows, the luxuriant decoration of the chantry chapels and their monu



Tewkesbury from the Severn.



OLD HOUSE, TEWKESBURY.

ments, these fourteen columns give the note of the edifice. To them we return, and standing beside them are able to ignore the mutilations of years, and see the old church as it was on a certain spring day in 1471, when its painted windows colored the white faces, and its ceilings echoed the cries, of the beaten Lancastrians that clung to its altar for sanctuary.

For "in the field by Tewkesbury," a little to the south, beside the highway that runs to Gloucester and Cheltenham, the crown of England has been won and lost. There, on the 4th of May, 1471, the troops of Queen Margaret and the young Prince Edward, led by the Duke of Somerset from Exeter to join another army that the Earl of Pembroke was raising in Wales, were overtaken by Edward IV., who had hurried out from Windsor to intercept them. Footsore and bedraggled they had reached Tewkesbury on the 3d, and "pight their field in a close euen hard at the towne's end, hauing the towne and abbeie at their backes; and directlie before them, and upon each side of them, they were defended with cumbersome lanes, deepe ditches, and manie hedges, besides hils and dales, so as the place seemed as noisome as might be to approach unto." From this secure position they were drawn by a ruse of the Crookback's, and slaughtered like sheep. Many, we know, fled to the abbey, were seized there and executed by dozens at Tewkesbury Cross, where High Street and Burton Street divide. Others were chased into the river by the Abbey Mill and drowned. A house in Church Street is pointed out as the place where Edward, Prince of Wales, was slain, and some stains in the floor boards of one of the upper rooms are still held to be his blood marks. Tradition has marked his burial-place in the Abbey Church, and written above it, "Eheu, hominum furor: matris tu sola lux es, et gregis ultima spes." The dust of his enemy Clarence—"false, fleeting, perjured Clarence"—lies but a little way off, behind the altar screen.

There is a narrow field, one of the last that Avon washes, down the centre of which runs a narrow withy-bordered watercourse. It is called the "Bloody Meadow," after the carnage of that day, when, as the story goes, blood enough lay at its foot to float a boat; and just beyond, our river is gathered into the greater Severn.

THE END.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

IN 1817 Bryant's "Thanatopsis" was published in the *North American Review*. Richard Henry Dana, the elder, who was then one of the editors, said that it could not be an American poem, for there was no American who could have written it. But it does not seem to have produced a remarkable impression upon the public mind. The planet rose silently and unobserved. Ten years afterward, in 1827, Dana's own "Buccaneer" was published, and Christopher North, in *Blackwood*, saluted it as "by far the most original and powerful of American poetical compositions." But it produced in this country no general effect which is remembered. Nine years later, in 1836, Holmes's "Metrical Essay" was delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard College, and was as distinct an event in literary circles as Edward Everett's oration before the same society in 1824, or Ralph Waldo Emerson's in 1837, or Horace Bushnell's in 1848, or Wendell Phillips's in 1881. Holmes was then twenty-seven years old, and had just returned from his professional studies in Europe, where, as in his college days at Cambridge, where he was born, he had toyed with many Muses, yet still, with native Yankee prudence, held fast the hand of Æsculapius. His poem, like the address of Emerson in the next year, showed how completely the modern spirit of refined and exquisite literary cultivation and of free and undaunted thought had superseded the uncouth literary form and stern and rigid Calvinism of the Mathers and early Boston.

The melody and grace of Goldsmith's line, but with a fresh local spirit, have not been more perfectly reproduced, nor with a more distinct revelation of a new spirit, than in this poem. It is retrospective and contemplative, but it is also full of the buoyancy of youth, of the consciousness of poetic skill, and of blithe anticipation. Its tender reminiscence and occasional fond elegiac strain are but clouds of the morning. Its literary form is exquisite, and its general impression is that of bright, elastic, confident power. It was by no means, however, a first work, nor was the poet unknown in his own home. But the "Metrical Essay" introduced him to a larger public, while the fugitive pieces already known were the assurance that the more important poem was not a happy chance, but the development of a quality already proved. Seven years before, in 1829, the year he graduated at Harvard, Holmes began to contribute to *The Collegian*, a college magazine. Two years later, in 1831, appeared the *New England Magazine*, in which the young writer, as he might himself say, took the road with his double team of verse and prose, holding the ribbons with unsurpassed lightness and grace and skill, now for two generations guiding those fleet and well-groomed coursers, which still show their heels to panting rivals, the prancing team behind which we have all driven and are still driving with constant and undiminished delight.

Mr. F. B. Sanborn, whose tribute to Holmes on his eightieth birthday shows how thorough was his research for that labor of love, tells us that his first contribution to the *New England Magazine* was published in the third or September number of the first year, 1831. It was a copy of verses of an unpromising title—"To an Insect." But that particular insect, seemingly the creature of a day, proved to be immortal, for it was the katydid, whose voice is perennial:

> "Thou sayest an undisputed thing
> In such a solemn way."

In the contributions of the young graduate the high spirits of a frolicsome fancy effervesce and sparkle. But their quality of a new literary tone and spirit is very evident. The ease and fun of these bright prolusions, without impudence or coarseness, the poetic touch and refinement, were as unmistakable as the brisk pungency of the gibe. The stately and scholarly Boston of Channing, Dana, Everett, and Ticknor might indeed have looked askance at the literary claims of such lines as these "Thoughts in Dejection" of a poet wondering if the path to Parnassus lay over Charlestown or Chelsea bridge:

> "What is a poet's fame?
> Sad hints about his reason,
> And sadder praise from gazetteers,
> To be returned in season.

"For him the future holds
No civic wreath above him;
Nor slated roof nor varnished chair,
Nor wife nor child to love him.

"Maid of the village inn,
Who workest woe on satin,
The grass in black, the graves in green,
The epitaph in Latin,

"Trust not to them who say
In stanzas they adore thee;
Oh rather sleep in church-yard clay,
With maudlin cherubs o'er thee!"

The lines to the katydid, with "L'Inconnue,"

"Is thy name Mary, maiden fair?"

published in the magazine at about the same time, disclose Holmes's natural melody and his fine instinct for literary form. But his lyrical fervor finds its most jubilant expression at this time in "Old Ironsides," written at the turning-point in the poet's life, when he had renounced the study of the law, and was deciding upon medicine as his profession. The proposal to destroy the frigate *Constitution*, fondly and familiarly known as "Old Ironsides," kindled a patriotic frenzy in the sensitive Boston boy, which burst forth into the noble lyric,

"Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!"

There had been no American poetry with a truer lilt of song than these early verses, and there has been none since. Two years later, in 1833, Holmes went to complete his medical studies in Paris, and the lines to a grisette,

"Ah, Clemence, when I saw thee last
Trip down the Rue de Seine!"

published upon his return in his first volume of verse, are a charming illustration of his lyrical genius. His limpid line never flowed more clearly than in this poem. It has the pensive tone of all his best poems of the kind, but it is the half-happy sadness of youth.

All these early verses have an assured literary form. The scope and strain were new, but their most significant quality was not melody nor pensive grace, but humor. This was ingrained and genuine. Sometimes it was rollicking, as in "The Height of the Ridiculous" and "The September Gale." Sometimes it was drolly meditative, as in "Evening, by a Tailor." Sometimes it was a tearful smile of the deepest feeling, as in the most charming and perfect of these poems, "The Last Leaf," in which delicate and searching pathos is exquisitely fused with tender gayety. The haunting music and meaning of the lines,

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb,"

lingered always in the memory of Lincoln, whose simple sincerity and native melancholy would instinctively have rejected any false note. It is in such melody as that of the "Last Leaf" that we feel how truly the grim old Puritan strength has become sweetness.

To this poetic grace and humor and music, which at that time were unrivalled, although the early notes of a tuneful choir of awakening songsters were already heard, the young Holmes added the brisk and crisp and sparkling charm of his prose. From the beginning his coursers were paired, and with equal pace they have constantly held the road. In the *New England Magazine* for November in the same year, 1831, a short paper was published called the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." The tone of placid dogmatism and infallible finality with which the bulls of the domestic pope are delivered is delightfully familiar. This earliest one has perhaps more of the cardinal's preliminary scarlet than of the mature papal white, but in its first note the voice of the Autocrat is unmistakable:

Somebody was rigmarolling the other day about the artificial distinctions of society.

"Madam," said I, "society is the same in all large places. I divide it thus:

"1. People of cultivation who live in large houses.

"2. People of cultivation who live in small houses.

"3. People without cultivation who live in large houses.

"4. People without cultivation who live in small houses.

"5. Scrubs."

An individual at the upper end of the table turned pale and left the room as I finished with the monosyllable.

"'Tis sixty years since," but that drop is of the same characteristic transparency and sparkle as in the latest Tea-Cup.

The time in which the *New England Magazine* was published, and these first-lings of Holmes's muse appeared, was one of prophetic literary stir in New England.

There were other signs than those in letters of the breaking up of the long Puritan winter. A more striking and extreme reaction from the New England tradition could not well be imagined than that which was offered by Nathaniel Parker Willis, of whom Holmes himself says "that he was at the time something between a remembrance of Count D'Orsay and an anticipation of Oscar Wilde." Willis was a kindly saunterer, the first Boston dandy, who began his literary career with grotesque propriety as a sentimentalizer of Bible stories, a performance which Lowell gayly called inspiration and water. In what now seems a languid, Byronic way, he figured as a Yankee Pelham or Vivian Grey. Yet in his prose and verse there was a tacit protest against the old order, and that it was felt is shown by the bitterness of ridicule and taunt and insult with which, both publicly and privately, this most amiable youth was attacked, who, at that time, had never said an ill-natured word of anybody, and who was always most generous in his treatment of his fellow-authors.

The epoch of Willis and the *New England Magazine* is very notable in the history of American literature. The traditions of that literature were grave and even sombre. Irving, indeed, in his Knickerbocker and Rip Van Winkle and Ichabod Crane, and in the general gayety of his literary touch, had emancipated it from strict allegiance to the solemnity of its precedents, and had lighted it with a smile. He supplied a quality of grace and cheerfulness which it had lacked, and without unduly magnifying his charming genius, it had a natural, fresh, and smiling spirit, which, amid the funereal, theologic gloom, suggests the sweetness and brightness of morning. In its effect it is a breath of Chaucer. When Knickerbocker was published, Joel Barlow's "Hasty-Pudding" was the chief achievement of American literary humor. Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner were not yet "the wits of Hartford." Those who bore that name held it by brevet. Indeed, the humor of our early literature is pathetic. In no State was the ecclesiastical dominance more absolute than in Connecticut, and nothing shows more truly how absolute and grim it was than the fact that the performances of the "wits" in that State were regarded — gravely, it must have been—as humor.

For a long time there was no vital response in New England to the chord touched by Irving. Yet Boston was then unquestionably the chief seat of American letters. Dennie had established his *Portfolio* in Philadelphia in 1801, but in 1805 the *Monthly Anthology*, which was subsequently reproduced in the *North American Review*, appeared in Boston, and was the organ or illustration of the most important literary and intellectual life of the country at that time. The opening of the century saw the revolt against the supremacy of the old Puritan Church of New England—a revolt within its own pale. This clerical protest against the austere dogmas of Calvinism in its ancient seat was coincident with the overthrow in the national government of Federalism and the political triumph of Jefferson and his party. Simultaneously also with the religious and political disturbance was felt the new intellectual and literary impulse of which the *Anthology* was the organ. But the religious and literary movements were not in sympathy with the political revolution, although they were all indications of emancipation from the dominance of old traditions, the mental restlessness of a people coming gradually to national consciousness.

Mr. Henry Adams, in remarking upon this situation in his history of Madison's administration, points out that leaders of the religious protest which is known as the Unitarian Secession in New England were also leaders in the intellectual and literary awakening of the time, but had no sympathy with Jefferson or admiration of France. Bryant's father was a Federalist; the club that conducted the *Anthology* and the *North American Review* was composed of Federalists; and the youth whose "Thanatopsis" is the chief distinction of the beginning of that *Review*, and the morning star of American poetry, was, as a boy of thirteen, the author of the "Embargo," a performance in which the valiant Jack gave the giant Jefferson no quarter. The religious secession took its definite form in Dr. Channing's sermon at the ordination of Jared Sparks in Baltimore in 1819, which powerfully arraigned the dominant theology of the time. This was the year in which Irving's *Sketch-Book* was published. Bryant's first volume followed a year or two later, and our distinctive literary epoch opened.

Ten years afterward, when Bryant had

left New England, Dr. Channing was its most dignified and characteristic name in literature. But he was distinctively a preacher, and his serene and sweet genius never unbent into a frolicsome mood. As early as 1820 a volume of Robert Burns's poems fell into Whittier's hands like a spark into tinder, and the flame that has so long illuminated and cheered began to blaze. It was, however, a softened ray, not yet the tongue of lyric fire which it afterward became. But none of the poets smiled as they sang. The Muse of New England was staid and stately—or was she, after all, not a true daughter of Jove, but a tenth Muse, an Anne Bradstreet? The rollicking laugh of Knickerbocker was a solitary sound in the American air until the blithe carol of Holmes returned a kindred echo.

Willis was the sign of the breaking spell. But his light touch could not avail. The Puritan spell could be broken only by Puritan force, and it is the lineal descendants of Puritanism, often the sons of clergymen—Emerson and Holmes and Lowell and Longfellow and Hawthorne and Whittier—who emancipated our literature from its Puritan subjection. In 1829 Willis, as editor of *Peter Parley's Token* and the *American Monthly Magazine*, was aided by Longfellow and Hawthorne and Motley and Hildreth and Mrs. Child and Mrs. Sigourney, and the elder Bishop Doane, Park Benjamin and George B. Cheever, Albert Pike and Rufus Dawes, as contributors. Willis himself was a copious writer, and in the *American Monthly* first appeared the titles of "Inkling of Adventure" and "Pencillings by the Way," which he afterward reproduced for some of his best literary work. The *Monthly* failed, and in 1831, the year that the *New England Magazine* began, it was merged in the New York *Mirror*, of which Willis became associate editor, leaving his native city forever, and never forgiving its injustice toward him. In the heyday of his happy social career in England he wrote to his mother, "the mines of Golconda would not tempt me to return and live in Boston."

This was the literary situation when Holmes was preluding in the magazine. The acknowledged poets in Boston were Dana, Sprague, and Pierpont. Are these names familiar to the readers of this Magazine? How much of their poetry can those readers repeat? No one knows more surely than he who writes of a living author how hard it is to forecast fame, and how dangerous is prophecy. When Edward Everett saluted Percival's early volume as the harbinger of literary triumphs, and Emerson greeted Walt Whitman at "the opening of a great career," they generalized a strong personal impression. They identified their own preference with the public taste. On the other hand, Hawthorne says truly of himself that he was long the most obscure man of letters in America. Yet he had already published the *Twice Told Tales* and the *Mosses from an Old Manse*, the two series of stories in which the character and quality of his genius are fully disclosed. But although Longfellow hailed the publication of the first collection as the rising of a new star, the tone of his comment is not that of the discoverer of a planet shining for all, but of an individual poetic pleasure. The prescience of fame is very infrequent. The village gazes in wonder at the return of the famous man who was born on the farm under the hill, and whose latent greatness nobody suspected; while the youth who printed verses in the corner of the county paper, and drew the fascinated glances of palpitating maidens in the meeting-house, and seemed to the farmers to have associated himself at once with Shakespeare and Tupper and the great literary or "littery folks," never emerges from the poet's department in the paper in which unconsciously and forever he has been cornered. It would be a grim Puritan jest if that department had been named from the corner of the famous dead in Westminster Abbey.

If the Boston of sixty years ago had ventured to prophesy for itself literary renown, it is easy to see upon what reputations of the time it would have rested its claims. But if the most familiar names of that time are familiar no longer, if Ketell and poems from the *United States Gazette* seem to be cemeteries of departed reputations, the fate of the singers need not be deplored as if Fame had forgotten them. Fame never knew them. Fame does not retain the name of every minstrel who passes singing. But to say that Fame does not know them is not dispraise. They sang for the hearers of their day, as the players played. Is it nothing to please those who listen, because those who are out of hearing do not stop and ap-

plaud? If we recall the names most eminent in our literature, whether they were destined for a longer or shorter date, we shall see that they are undeniably illustrations of the survival of the fittest. Turning over the noble volumes of Stedman and Miss Hutchinson, in which, as on a vast plain, the whole line of American literature is drawn up for inspection and review, and marches past like the ghostly midnight columns of Napoleon's grand army, we cannot quarrel with the verdict of time, nor feel that injustice has been done to Thamis or to Cawdor. There are singers of a day, but not less singers because they are of a day. The insect that flashes in the sunbeam does not survive like the elephant. The splendor of the most gorgeous butterfly does not endure with the faint hue of the hills that gives Athens its Pindaric name. And there are singers who do not sing. What says Holmes, with eager sympathy and pity, in one of his most familiar and most beautiful lyrics?

"We count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet waiting singers slumber,
But o'er their silent sister's breast
The wild flowers who will stoop to number?
A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy fame is proud to win them;
Alas, for those that never sing,
And die with all their music in them!"

But as he says also that the capacities of listeners at lectures differ widely, some holding a gallon, others a quart, and others only a pint or a gill, so of the singers who are not voiceless, their voices differ in volume. Some are organs that fill the air with glorious and continuous music; some are trumpets blowing a ringing peal, then sinking into silence; some are harps of melancholy but faint vibration; still others are flutes and pipes, whose sweet or shrill note has a dying fall. Some are heard as the wind or sea is heard; some like the rustle of leaves; some like the chirp of birds. Some are heard long and far away; others across the field; others hardly across the street. Fame is perhaps but the term of a longer or shorter fight with oblivion; but it is the warrior who "drinks delight of battle with his peers," and holds his own in the fray, who finally commands the eye and the heart. There were poets pleasantly singing to our grandfathers whose songs we do not hear, but the unheeded voice of the youngest songster of that time is a voice we heed to-day. Holmes wrote but two "Autocrat" papers in the *New England Magazine*, one in November, 1831, and the other in February, 1832. The year after the publication of the second paper he went to Paris, where for three years he studied medicine, not as a poet, but as a physician, and he returned in 1836 an admirably trained and highly accomplished professional man. But the Phi Beta Kappa poem of that year, like the tender lyric to Clemence upon leaving Paris, shows not only that the poet was not dead, but that he did not even sleep. The "Metrical Essay" was the serious announcement that the poet was not lost in the man of science, an announcement which was followed by the publication in the same year (1836) of his first volume of poems. This was three years before the publication of Longfellow's first volume of verses, *The Voices of the Night*.

Holmes's devotion to the two Muses of science and letters was uniform and untiring, as it was also to the two literary forms of verse and prose. But although a man of letters, like the other eminent men of letters in New England, he had no trace of the Bohemian. Willis was the only noted literary figure that ever mistook Boston for a seaport in Bohemia, and he early discovered his error. The fraternity which has given to Boston its literary primacy has been always distinguished not only for propriety of life and respectability in its true sense of worthiness and respect, but for the possession of the virtues of fidelity, industry, and good sense, which have carried so far both the influence and the renown of New England. Nowhere has the Bohemian tradition been more happily and completely shattered than in the circle to which Holmes returned from his European studies to take his place. American citizenship in its most attractive aspect has been signally illustrated in that circle, and it is not without reason that the government has so often selected from it our chief American representatives in other countries.

Dr. Holmes, as he was now called, and has continued to be called, practised his profession in Boston; but whether because of some lurking popular doubt of a poet's probable skill as a physician, or from some lack of taste on his part for the details of professional practice, like his kinsman, Wendell Phillips, and innumerable oth-

er young beginners, he sometimes awaited a professional call longer than was agreeable. But he wrote medical papers, and was summoned to lecture to the medical school at Dartmouth College in New Hampshire, and later at Pittsfield in Massachusetts, while his unfailing charm as an occasional poet gave him a distinctive name. Holmes's felicity in occasional poems is extraordinary. The "Metrical Essay" was the first and chief of the long series of such verses, among which the songs of '29, the poems addressed year after year to his college classmates of that year, have a delightful and endless grace, tenderness, wit, and point. Pegasus draws well in harness the triumphant chariot of '29, in which the lucky classmates of the poet move to a unique and happy renown.

As a reader, Holmes was the permanent challenge of Mrs. Browning's sighing regret that poets never read their own verses to their worth. Park Benjamin, who heard the Phi Beta Kappa poem, said of its delivery: "A brilliant, airy, and *spirituelle* manner varied with striking flexibility to the changing sentiment of the poem, now deeply impassioned, now gayly joyous and nonchalant, and anon springing up into almost an actual flight of rhapsody, rendered the delivery of this poem a rich, nearly a dramatic entertainment." This was no less true in later years when he read some of his poems in New York at Bishop Potter's, then rector of Grace Church, or of the reading of the poem at the doctors' dinner given to him by the physicians of New York a little later.

Holmes's readings were like improvisations. The poems were expressed and interpreted by the whole personality of the poet. The most subtle touch of thought, the melody of fond regret, the brilliant passage of description, the culmination of latent fun exploding in a keen and resistless jest, all these were vivified in the sensitive play of manner and modulation of tone of the reader, so that a poem by Holmes at the Harvard Commencement dinner was one of the anticipated delights which never failed. This temperament implied an oratorical power which naturally drew the poet into the lecture lyceum when it was in its prime, in the decade between 1850 and 1860. During that time the popular lecture was a distinct and effective public force, and not the least of its services was its part in instructing and training the public conscience for the great contest of the civil war.

The year 1831, in which Holmes's literary activity began, was also the year on whose first day the first number of Garrison's *Liberator* appeared, and the final period of the slavery controversy opened. But neither this storm of agitation nor the transcendental mist that a few years later overhung intellectual New England greatly affected the poet.

In the first number of the "Autocrat" there is a passage upon puns which, crackling with fun, shows his sensitive scepticism. The "Autocrat" says: "In a case lately decided before Miller, J., Doe presented Roe a subscription paper, and urged the claims of suffering humanity. Roe replied by asking when charity was like a top. It was in evidence that Doe preserved a dignified silence. Roe then said, 'When it begins to hum.'" There are temperaments of a refined suspiciousness to which, when the plea of reform is urged, the claims of suffering humanity at once begin to hum. The very word reform irritates a peculiar kind of sensibility, as a red flag stirs the fury of a bull. A noted party leader said, with inexpressible scorn, 'When Dr. Johnson defined the word patriotism as the last refuge of a scoundrel, he had not learned the infinite possibilities of the word ref-a-a-r-m.'"

The acridity of this jest is wholly unknown to the Autocrat, who has moved always with reform, if not always with reformers, and whose protest against bigotry is as searching as it is sparkling. Not only has his ear been quick to detect the hum of Mr. Honeythunder's loud appeal, but his eye to catch the often ludicrous aspect of honest whimsey. During all the early years of his literary career he flew his flashing darts at all the "isms," and he fell under the doubt and censure of those earnest children of the time whom the gay and clever sceptics derided as apostles of the newness. When Holmes appeared upon the lecture platform it was to discourse of literature or science, or to treat some text of social manners or morals with a crisp Poor Richard sense and mother wit, and a brilliancy of illustration, epigram, and humor that fascinated the most obdurate "come-outer." Holmes's lectures on the English poets at the Lowell Institute were among the most noted of that distinguished platform, and everywhere the poet was one of the most pop-

ular of "attractions." There were not wanting those who maintained that his use of the platform was the correct one, and that the orators who, often by happy but incisive indirection, fought the good fight of the hour abused their opportunity.

It was while Holmes was still a professor, but still also touching the lyre and writing scientific essays and charming the great audiences of the lecture lyceum, that in the first number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, in November, 1857, the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" remarked, "I was just going to say, when I was interrupted," and resumed the colloquies of the *New England Magazine*. He had been interrupted twenty-two years before. But as he began again it was plain that it was the same voice, yet fuller, stronger, richer, and that we were listening to one of the wisest of wits and sharpest of observers. Emerson warns us that superlatives are to be avoided. But it will not be denied that the "Autocrat" belongs in the highest rank of modern magazine or periodical literature, of which the essays of "Elia" are the type. The form of the "Autocrat"—a semi-dramatic, conversational, descriptive monologue—is not peculiar to Holmes's work, but the treatment of it is absolutely original. The manner is as individual and unmistakable as that of Elia himself. It would be everywhere recognized as the Autocrat's. During the intermission of the papers the more noted Macaulay flowers of literature, as the Autocrat calls them, had bloomed; Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* and reviews, Christopher North's *Noctes* (now fallen into ancient night), Thackeray's *Roundabout Papers*, Lowell's "Hosea Biglow"—a whole library of magazine and periodical literature of the first importance had appeared. But the Autocrat began again, after a quarter of a century, musical with so rich a chorus, and his voice was clear, penetrating, masterful, and distinctively his own.

The cadet branch of English literature—the familiar colloquial periodical essay, a comment upon men and manners and life—is a delightful branch of the family, and traces itself back to Dick Steele and Addison. Hazlitt, who belonged to it, said that he preferred the *Tatler* to the *Spectator;* and Thackeray, who consorted with it proudly, although he was of the elder branch, restored Sir Richard, whose habits had cost him a great deal of his reputation, to general favor. The familiar essay is susceptible, as the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries show, of great variety and charm of treatment. What would the Christian Hero, writing to his Prue that he would be with her in a pint of wine's time, have said to "Blakesmoor" and "Oxford in the Vacation"? Yet Lamb and Steele are both consummate masters of the essay, and Holmes, in the "Autocrat," has given it a new charm. The little realm of the Autocrat, his lieges of the table, the persons of the drama, are at once as definitely outlined as Sir Roger's club. Unconsciously and resistlessly we are drawn within the circle; we are admitted *ad eundem*, and become the targets of the wit, the irony, the shrewd and sharp epigram, the airy whim, the sparkling fancy, the curious and recondite thought, the happy allusion, the felicitous analogy, of the sovereign master of the feast.

The index of the *Autocrat* is in itself a unique work. It reveals the whimsical discursiveness of the book; the restless hovering of that brilliant talk over every topic, fancy, feeling, fact; a hummingbird sipping the one honeyed drop from every flower; or a huma, to use its own droll and capital symbol of the lyceum lecturer, the bird that never lights. There are few books that leave more distinctly the impression of a mind teeming with riches of many kinds. It is, in the Yankee phrase, thoroughly wideawake. There is no languor, and it permits none in the reader, who must move along the page warily, lest in the gay profusion of the grove, unwittingly defrauding himself of delight, he miss some flower half hidden, some gem chance-dropped, some darting bird. Howells's *Letters* was called a chamber-window book, a book supplying in solitude the charm of the best society. We could all name a few such in our own literature. Would any of them, or many, take precedence of the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*?

It is in this book that the value of the scientific training to the man of letters is illustrated, not only in furnishing noble and strong analogies, but in precision of observation and accuracy of statement. In Holmes's style, the definiteness of form and the clearness of expression are graces and virtues which are due to his exact scientific study, as well as to the daylight quality of his mind.

The delicate apprehension of the finer and tenderer feelings which is disclosed in the little passages of narrative in the record of the Autocrat and of his legitimate brothers, the Professor and the Poet, at the Breakfast Table, gives a grace and a sweetness to the work which naturally flow into the music of the poems with which the diary of a conversation often ends. These traits in the Autocrat suggested that he would yet tell a distinct story, which indeed came while the trilogy of the Breakfast Table was yet proceeding. *Elsie Venner* and the *Guardian Angel*, the two novels of Holmes's, are full of the same briskness and acuteness of observation, the same effusiveness of humor and characteristic Americanism, as the *Autocrat*. Certain aspects of New England life and character are treated in these stories with incomparable vivacity and insight. Holmes's picture is of a later New England than Hawthorne's, but it is its lineal descendant. It is another facet of the Puritan diamond which flashes with different light in the genius of Hawthorne, Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, Longfellow, Holmes, and Judd in *Margaret*. For, with all his lyrical instinct and rollicking humor, Holmes is essentially a New-Englander, and one of the most faithful and shrewd interpreters of New England.

The colloquial habit of the Autocrat is not lost in the stories, and it is so marked generally in Holmes's writings as to be called distinctive. It is a fascinating gift, when it is so restrained by taste and instinctive refinement as not to become what is known as bumptiousness. Thackeray, even in his novels, is apt to drop into this vein, to talk about the persons of his drama with his reader, instead of leaving them to play out their part alone. This trait offends some of Thackeray's audience, to whom it seems like the manager's hand thrust into the box to help out the play of the puppets. They resent not "the damnable faces" of the actors, but the damnable sermonizing of the author, and exhort him to permit the play to begin. Thackeray frankly acknowledged his tendency to preach, as he called it. But it was part of the man. Without the private personal touch of the essayist in his stories they would not be his. This colloquial habit is very winning when governed by a natural delicacy and an exquisite literary instinct. It is the quality of all the authors who are distinctly beloved as persons by their readers, and it is to this class that Holmes especially belongs.

It is not a quality which is easily analyzed, but it blends a power of sympathetic observation and appreciation both of the thing observed and the reader to whom the observation is addressed. The Autocrat, as he converses, brightens with his own clear thought, with the happy quip, the airy fancy. He is sure of your delight, not only in the thought, but in its deft expression. He in turn is delighted with your delight. He warms to the responsive mind and heart, and feels the mutual joy. The personal relation is established, and the Autocrat's audience become his friends, to whom he describes with infinite glee the effect of his remarks upon his lieges at table. No other author takes the reader into his personal confidence more closely than Holmes, and none reveals his personal temperament more clearly. This confidential relation becomes even more simple and intimate as time chastens the eagerness of youth and matures the keen brilliancy of the blossom into the softer bloom of the fruit. The colloquies of the Autocrat under the characteristic title of "Over the Tea-Cups" are full of the same shrewd sense and wise comment and tender thought. The kindly mentor takes the reader by the button or lays his hand upon his shoulder, not with the rude familiarity of the bully or the boor, but with the courtesy of Montaigne, the friendliness of John Aubrey, or the wise cheer of Selden. The reader glows with the pleasure of an individual greeting, and a wide diocese of those whom the Autocrat never saw plume themselves proudly upon his personal acquaintance.

In this discursive talk about one of the American authors who have vindicated the position of American letters in the literature of the language we have not mentioned all his works. It is the quality rather than the quantity with which we are concerned, the upright, honorable, pure quality of the poet, the wit, the scholar, for whom the most devoted reader is called to make no plea, no apology. The versatility of his power is obvious, but scarcely less so the uniformity of his work. It is a power which was early mature. For many a year he has dwelt upon a high table-land where the air is equable and inspiring, yet, as we have hinted, ever softer and sweeter. The lyr-

ic of to-day glows with the same ardor as the fervent apostrophe to "Old Ironsides" or the tripping salutation to the remembered and regretted Clemence; it is only less eager. The young Autocrat who remarked that the word "scrub" dismissed from table a fellow-boarder who turned pale, now with the same smiling acuteness remarks the imprudent politeness which tries to assure him that it is no matter if he is a little older. Did anybody say so? The easy agility with which he cleared "the seven-barred gate" has carried him over the eight bars, and we are all in hot pursuit. For just sixty years since his first gay and tender note was heard, Holmes has been fulfilling the promise of his matin song. He has become a patriarch of our literature, and all his countrymen are his lovers.

"DAD'S GRAVE."

BY J. ELWIN SMITH.

IT was that between-time of spring and summer when the sunshine is full of a peculiar soft radiance, and vegetation has something of the child's look of wonder clinging about it, a fleeting transient expression, exquisitely pure and delicate, the first freshness of the new life, unsullied as yet by heat or dust. Nowhere did the light seem to rest so tenderly, or with such revelation of the mystic rising again of nature from hidden germ and embryo, as in the green little cemetery shut in from the street, with its mission of guardianship. Every form seemed to tingle and thrill with life; the birds pouring it out again in quick, short, or long trilling notes; the fresh young leaves with their evanescent purity of tint; the bushes that looked as if some one had shaken them suddenly into pink, yellow, and white blossoming; the hosts of little black ants running to and fro on the sandy paths. The very slenderest blade of grass thrusting itself up from the sod was a tiny being with the right to its moment of existence in the bright sunshine; and there was the sense of the gladness of living that touches one so strangely often where the dead are resting. It is as if Life loved to creep up close to Death, and lay her warm pulsating hand over his silence and coldness. Over by the fence, to the right of the little stone cemetery chapel, were the numbered graves. They lay in long rows, divided by the narrowest of footpaths, and at the head of every mound was its number, sometimes dangling from a slender iron prop, sometimes marked simply on an oblong piece of wood driven deep into the ground. The foot-soldiers, the rank and file of the dead, seemed these graves; the many who had won no distinction, who bore no decoration of grief or love, of worldly respect or wealth. If man or woman, young or old, slept here, there was nothing to tell; no epitome of their virtues, none of the clinging sorrow that so often breathes to us from a memorial inscription. Side by side, shoulder to shoulder, in mute unconscious fellowship they lay, resting as profoundly as, and not one whit less invested with death's mystery and dignity than their neighbors the occupants of the enclosures at a little distance, whose head-stones gleamed white and red through the living grace of the trees and bushes.

On the broad gravel-walk running past these graves stood three children, for the eldest was scarcely more than a child, though she held the other two protectingly by the hand. The latter were in the dress of city Homes, always subtly pathetic when seen on children, while the elder girl wore a scanty black frock and shabby mourning hat, into which a little bit of rusty-looking crape was twisted for sole trimming. Her eyes were full of tears. Every now and then they brimmed over, and the big drops would roll down, though she was evidently much too responsible a little person to cry out loud.

"Hollo! What's the matter?" said a voice, suddenly. "Anybody belongin' to you buried here?"

The girl turned round with a start. A boy had come up close to them, rather a queer-looking boy, with a tangle of light colored hair falling over his forehead, big, protruding, pale-blue eyes, in which there was a wandering speculativeness, and a very thin face. His arms and legs were also thin, and he gave the impression of never being too warm, even in summer-time. There was a raggedness about his clothes more suggestive of neglect than absolute poverty. The elbows innocent of patches; the trousers cut short at the knee, and a

world too wide for the spindly legs that, encased in loose black stockings, moved half apologetically underneath; the shoes several sizes too large—all combined to produce a certain forlornness of aspect which seemed to cling to the boy, together with a curious old-mannish independence. Perhaps it was this forlorn independence common to both children that drew them instinctively to one another, and prompted the ready confidence of the girl's answer:

"It's dad. But I can't find him. He's got mixed up with somebody else."

"How's that?" said the boy, seating himself on the extreme edge of a neighboring grave. "Didn't you 'tend his funeral?"

The girl shook her head. "Dad had fever awful bad, and I got it too, and we was both took to the hospittle. When I got better, they told me dad was dead and buried, and giv' me this number," holding out a slip of paper.

The boy nodded affirmatively. "And ain't it right?"

"No. When I showed it to the man at the gate, he said there wasn't no such person here; that there must ha' ben a mistake, and dad got buried under the wrong name. And I didn't like to bother him much."

"That's queer;" said the boy, walking thoughtfully along one of the narrow foot-paths dividing the graves. "What kind of a man was your dad, tall or short?"

"Tall," answered the girl; "taller than him," pointing to a man passing at a little distance; "thin too, kind a lathy like;" and her eyes hung on the boy's movements with a sort of unreasoning hope.

Very critically, and with a judicial compression of the lips, he eyed the mounds on either hand, as if measuring the dimensions of the hidden occupant. Then, with a shake of the head at once profound and discouraging, he returned to his former position.

"I guess you won't find him. Is your mother dead too?"

The girl nodded.

"So's mine. That's why I come here so much. She's buried just over there, number 2864."

"Did she die of fever?" asked his companion, for the boy had paused, and was looking at her, evidently expectant of a remark.

"No; 'sumption. Dad says, when he's drunk, that I'm goin' off just like her, and the sooner the better. I guess I am too. My cough's awful bad at times."

"Ain't you scared?" said the girl, watching him with wide, curious eyes.

"Not much. I guess it ain't any worse than livin' down here. Dad knocks one round a good deal when he's drunk. I wonder, though, if they make any diff'rence up there between the people that buys their own graves and them that's buried by the parish."

"Why?"

"'Cause dad bought mother's grave, and I guess if I was to die right off now, he'd buy mine too. But he's drinkin' so that if I'm long about it he won't have no money left, and the parish 'll have to bury me. I wonder if it makes any diff'rence?"

There was genuine anxiety in the boy's tone, and his big blue eyes rested on the girl with almost a pleading look. The latter did not answer for a moment. She felt, dumbly but strongly, that it must make a very great difference indeed, and that a person leaving this world rightful proprietor of his own grave, so to speak, could not fail to be more thought of anywhere else than the recipient of charity. But she lacked words to express herself in, and her mind was full of another idea.

"Perhaps you won't know your mother again," she said. "She'll be an angel now, won't she?"

The boy shook his head decisively. "I guess they didn't make an angel of mother. Her hands was all thin and hard, and her face too, and she hadn't any good clothes. It's the fine folks they make the angels out of, I guess; the people with tumstones and fam'ly vaults. Did you ever see the vaults?"

"No."

"It's queer." The thin eager look on the boy's face seemed to intensify, and he drew up his emaciated knees, hugging them with his arms. "You go along a road, and you come to a door in the side of the hill, and often it's open so's you can peep in, and there's a coffin up on a shelf, sometimes two, and there's doors all along the hill. It's queer. It's like walkin' along a street where the people's all dead."

The girl stood looking at him silently. He was very strange, this boy. Perhaps it was because he was going to die so soon.

Just then one of the children who had strayed away came back, and pulling at

her sister's dress, said, "Ain't you comin' to find dad, Susy?"

"I can't, Polly dear. Dad's got lost." And again the steady gray eyes filled up, while the lip quivered.

The boy looked on sympathetically. "I tell you what you'd better do," he said at last; "you'd better 'dopt a grave."

"What?" asked Susy, astonished, and doubtful if she could have heard aright.

"'Dopt one, like people does children out of Homes. Choose one that 'ain't got a number, call it your dad's, and take care of it fur him."

"But s'posin' it ain't him?" said the girl, dubiously.

Adoption to her mind meant the taking care of very little children, and the thought of appropriating a long grave, with probably a full-grown man or woman inside, rather startled her. Besides, there was something not altogether respectable in being adopted. It was as much as saying that a person or grave had no natural belongings. The buried somebody mightn't like it if he knew.

"Perhaps whoever it is 'll tell your dad you meant it fur him. Perhaps he knows ev'rything now."

There was an odd jumble of speculativeness and other-world reasoning in the boy. Constantly in the cemetery, influenced daily by the sombreness of its happenings, quaint, curious fancies had grown up in him about the never-ebbing, continually increasing population around him. His child inquisitiveness, instead of being lavished on outward things, had busied itself with the waking up of all these silent people in a world created for them by his imagination on the foundation of a vague belief. To many of the nameless ones he had given titles, fashioning histories for them too, both past and future. There were enclosures full of graves over which he brooded with a sort of quiet content, as if assisting at a peaceful family reunion, while a solitary mound shut in by a railing troubled him until another came to bear it company. But it was always the occupants of the handsomest lots, those over whom rose the stateliest head-stones, who filled the proudest positions in that other world of his imagination. The poor had their place too—a place corresponding in a measure to their rank in the cemetery—but his feeling of fitness would have been shocked by the very suggestion that there could be waiting for them a like consideration with the rich, whom living he passed sometimes on the paths of the cemetery, never without a shrinking consciousness of his own raggedness and general inferiority, and who, when dead, came in slow-moving hearses and silver-plated coffins, and were buried with flowers and much ceremonial, and above whom glittered in gilt lettering their names and dates of birth and death, and generally a text out of the Bible besides, which, to his mind, was a sort of armorial distinction of the wealthy, a prerogative which it would have been presumption in a poor grave to boast.

"Here's one without any number," he said; "long too, a six-footer, I guess."

Susy went over to him. The grave they were looking at lay apart from the others, not far from the high board fence that separated this portion of the cemetery from the narrow poor streets running up to it. The grass, less carefully cut just here, screened it so effectually that at a little distance the mound was invisible. The children could hardly have chosen a better subject for adoption. In its solitariness and isolation it might very well have been the last resting-place of a life that, conscious of failure, had crept away from human companionship, with a mute acceptance of indifference and neglect.

"I tell you what"—the boy's eyes were wandering over the grass around, as if searching for something—"I'll see if I can't pick up a bit of wood like there is at the head of those other graves, and drive it in here, and you can mark your number on it. How soon can you come again?"

"Not afore next Sunday. I'm in a place, and I get out Sundays and take the children fur a walk."

"I come a'most ev'ry day," said the boy, with a sense of superior advantages. "Nobody bothers you here, and the fun'rals is wonderful sometimes. There was a beauty yesterday—twenty carriages, and two lodges walkin' besides, with aperns in front, and the coffin just heaped up with flowers." Then, regretfully, "Ain't it a pity people couldn't take just a peep out of the end of the hearse, and see all that's follerin' after them? Don't you think they'd like it?"

Susy shook her head. "Not if they knowed they was goin' to be buried. I wouldn't."

"I would. Perhaps they didn't know all their lives how much people thought

of them. It's queer, dyin', ain't it?" he continued, gazing meditatively at the more frequented part of the cemetery, where the moving figures of the people, the swift alternations of sunshine and shadow under the passage of clouds, and the foliage full of the light motion of the summer wind, threw into strange solemn contrast the immobility of the dead beneath, who, encased in the rigid narrowness of these innumerable mounds, seemed to be waiting with dumb infinite patience the revelation of the meaning of death. "Don't it make you feel funny sometimes, thinkin' about it?"

Susy felt embarrassed and uncomfortable. In her little experience, chiefly confined to taking care of dad and the children, she had never come across such speculations. They wakened in her the sudden shyness that seizes most children when any unusual demand is made on their apprehension or sympathies. What did this boy, otherwise so nice and kind, say such things for? She felt vaguely that this propensity of his was connected in some way with the oddness of his appearance, and that if he hadn't such very thin legs and large eyes he would probably be much more sensible. She gave a short little uneasy laugh, and then suddenly remembering the children, turned, with a sense of escape, to look for them. They were playing a little distance off in a heap of sand thrown up close to the fence by the side of a partially dug grave, and screened from view by an enormous syringa-bush.

"What ever are you doin', children?" said Susy as she drew near.

Tommy lifted his round face, flushed with heat and exertion. "We're playin' fun'ral, Susy. Polly's dead, and I'm diggin' a grave to bury her in."

Polly, who was lying decorously stretched out, with her feet close together and her hands folded demurely across her breast, but whose dark eyes, in spite of Tommy's admonitions, would open occasionally for a surreptitious peep at outside matters, turned her fat little neck toward her sister with an expression of pleased importance.

"Get up direckly, Polly," said Susy, shocked at such irreverent make-believe, and uncomfortably conscious that the wrong-doing of the children was partly attributable to her own unusual neglect of them; "and if you don't leave the sand alone, Tommy, the man 'll come and put you out, and never let you in here no more. Come over, like good children, and see what we're doin' to dad's grave."

Tommy threw down his impromptu spade, while Polly rose with a sense of crushed dignity and mortified feeling of public disapproval, and the two trailed unwillingly after their sister as she went back to the adopted grave. Meanwhile the boy had been active. Somewhere about in the grass he had discovered a piece of board of convenient size and shape, and clearing a space with his hands, he was thrusting it into the ground at the head of the grave with all his strength. It stood up at length, but in a feeble, uncertain way. He eyed it suspiciously a second or two, as if expecting to see it flatten out suddenly on the grass.

"I guess it's all right fur to-day," he said at last. "I'll fix it steady as a rock afore next Sunday. Would you like me to mark the number fur you? I've got chalk."

Susy handed him the paper without speaking, and from a ragged side pocket, which seemed to have far reaches into the lining, and to be exceedingly difficult of exploration, he produced an attenuated piece of chalk. He read the number first, 3040, and then began tracing it laboriously on the wood, regarded almost reverently by Tommy and Polly as a person who, though a little ragged, had been clever enough to discover dad's grave amongst so many others of exactly the same kind.

"Figgers is jiggy things to make when you 'ain't got a smooth board," he remarked when, with painfully crooked fingers and slightly opened mouth, he had rounded the intricacies of the final 0; "but I guess you can read it plain enough."

He got up from his knees and retreated backward, step by step, as if trying to discover at what range the chalk marks became invisible. Susy, a sort of motherly content shining in her face, sat down beside the grave and rested her hand on it gently, as if in a new experience and amongst strange surroundings she felt herself still "takin' care of dad," while Tommy rolled over on the sod at her feet, and lay blinking up with a kind of little animal enjoyment of the big warm sunshine, and Polly, stretched half over the mound, began plucking out the longest blades of grass and making them into a posy.

LONDON—SAXON AND NORMAN.

BY WALTER BESANT.

THE citizens of new London—Augusta having thus perished—were from the outset a people of mixed race. But the Saxons, and especially the East Saxons, prevailed. Strangely, it is Essex which has always prevailed in London. The modern cockney dialect, which says "laidy" and "baiby" for lady and baby, and "whoy" and "hoigh" for why and high, is pure Essex: you can hear it spoken all over the country districts of that little-visited county: it is a dialect so strong that it destroys all other fashions of speech, even the burr of Cumberland and the broad drawl of Devonshire. Saxon London was mainly East Saxon.

It was indeed a complete revolution for the East Saxon when he exchanged his village community for a walled town. Consider: at first he lived retired in the country, banded with other families for safety; he kept up the customs of his father-land; he carried on no trade; he suffered the old towns to fall into ruin; his kinglet had no capital, but roamed about from place to place in the royal wagon; he had a ferocious and bloodthirsty religion, suiting his savage disposition; he knew few arts; he could till the ground, grind his corn, brew beer and mead, work a little in metals; his women could spin; he knew no letters; he looked for nothing better than continual war; to die on a battle-field was an enviable lot, because it carried him away to everlasting happiness. Look at the same man four hundred years later. He is now a Christian; he is, in a way, a scholar; he is an architect, a scribe, an artist, an illuminator, a musician, a law-maker, a diplomatist, an artificer, a caster of bells, a worker in gold and silver; he carries on fisheries; he is a merchant; he builds ships; he founds trade guilds; he is as far removed from the fierce warrior who leaped ashore at Thanet as the Romano-Briton whom he conquered was removed from the naked savage who opposed the arms of Cæsar.

The difference is chiefly due to his conversion. This has brought him under the influence of Rome Ecclesiastic. It has educated him, turned him into a townsman, and made growth possible for him. No growth was possible for a race until it had accepted the creed of civilization.

London was converted in A.D. 604. The citizens relapsed, it is true, but they were again converted, and then, in sober earnest, put away their old gods, keeping only a few of the more favorite superstitions. Some of these remain still with us. They were so thoroughly converted that the city of London became a veritable mother of saints. There was the venerable Erkenwald—saint and bishop—he who built Bishopsgate on the site of the old Roman gate: there was St. Ethelburga, the wife of Sebert, the first Christian King—her church still stands, close beside the site of the old gate: there was St. Osyth—queen and martyr—the mother of King Offa—her name also survives in Size, or St. Osyth's, Lane, but the church of St. Osyth was rededicated to St. Ben'et Sherehog — Benedict Skin-the-Pig — you may see the little old church-yard still, black and grimy, surrounded on three sides by tall houses. English piety loved to dedicate churches to English saints — more likely, these, than Italian or French, to look after the national interests. Thus there were in London churches dedicated to St. Dunstan, St. Swithin, St. Botolph (whose affection for the citizens was so well known that it was recognized by four churches), St. Edmund the Martyr, and later on, when the Danes got their turn, churches to St. Olaf and St. Magnus.

The Englishman, thus converted, was received into the company of civilized nations. Scholars came across the Channel to teach him Latin: monks came to teach him the life of self-sacrifice, obedience, submission, and abstinence. The monastery reared its humble walls everywhere — the first foundation of the first Bishop of London was a monastery. In time of war the monasteries were spared. Therefore the people settled around them and enjoyed their protection. The monastery towns grew rapidly and prospered. New arts were introduced and taught by the monks; new ideas sprang up among the people; new wants were created. Moreover, intercourse began with other nations: the ecclesiastic who journeyed to Rome took with him a goodly troop of priests, monks, and laymen: they saw strange lands and observed strange customs.

The history of London between 600 A.D. and the Norman Conquest is the history of England. How the city fell into the hands of the Danes; how it was finally secured by Alfred; how the Danes again obtained the city without fighting; and how the Norman was received in peace—belong to history. All this time London was steadily growing. Whatever king sat on the throne, her trade increased, and her wealth.

The buildings, till long after the Norman Conquest, were small and mean: the better houses were timber frames with shutters or lattices, but no glass for the windows; the poorer houses were of wattle and daub. The churches were numerous and small. Some of them were still of wood, though a few were built of stone, with the simple circular arch. The first church of St. Paul's was destroyed by fire, a fate which awaited the second and the third. By the time of Edward the Confessor the second church was completed; but of this church we have no record whatever. The Saxon period, in fact, as concerns London, is the darkest of any. You may see at the Guildhall nearly everything that remains of Roman London. But there is nothing, absolutely not one single stone, to illustrate Saxon London. The city which grew up over the deserted Augusta, and flourished for four hundred years, has entirely disappeared. Nothing is left of it at all. The chief destroyer of Saxon London was the Great Fire of 1135, which swept London from end to end, as effectively as that of 1666. Had it not been for these two fires we should very likely have still standing one or two of the sturdy little Saxon churches of which the country yet affords a few examples. Yet London is not alone in having no monuments of this period. If we take any other town, what remains in it of the years 600–1000 A.D.? What is left in Rome to mark the reigns of the eighty popes who fill that period? What in Paris to illustrate the rule of the Carlovingians? Fire and the piety of successive generations have destroyed all the buildings.

For outside show the city of Edward the Confessor and that of the second Henry were very nearly the same, and so may be treated together. The churches burned down in 1135 were rebuilt in stone, but the houses presented much the same appearance. Now everybody who speaks of Norman London must needs speak of William Fitz Stephen. He is our only authority: all that we can do is to make commentaries and guesses based on the text of Fitz Stephen.

He was a clerk in the service of Thomas à Becket; he was present at the Archbishop's murder; he wrote a life of the saint, to which he prefixed—by happy inspiration—a brief eulogy of the city of London. It is far too brief, but it contains facts of the most priceless importance. London, we learn, possessed, besides its great cathedral, thirteen large conventual churches and one hundred and twenty-six parish churches. The White Tower was already built on the east side; the walls of the city, kept in good repair, encircled it on all sides except the river; here the wall which had formerly defended the river-front had been taken down to make way for warehouses and quays; the Royal Palace stood without the city, but connected with it by a populous suburb. Those who lived "in the suburbs"—that is, about Chancery Lane and Holborn—had spacious and beautiful gardens; there were also on this side pasture and meadow lands, with streams and water mills; beyond the pastures was a great forest filled with wild creatures; many springs of water rose on the north side.

There were three principal schools, but sometimes other schools were opened "by favor and permission." We are not told what schools these were, but there was always a school of some kind attached to every monastery and nunnery. The boys were taught Latin verse, grammar, and rhetoric: they disputed with each other in the churches on feast-days, especially about the "principles of grammar and the rules of the past and future tenses"—an agreeable pastime.

The different trades of the city were allotted their own places of work and sale. Fitz Stephen does not name the various quarters, but they can be easily ascertained from Stow, though the place assigned to each was sometimes changed. Thus the chief market and trading place of the city was always Cheap, a broad open place with booths and open sheds for the exposure of wares on the north and south. The names of the streets leading out of Cheap indicate the trades that were carried on in them. The streets called Wood, Milk, Iron, Honey, Poultry, mark the sites

of certain markets on the north. Those named after bread, candles, soap, fish, money changing, are shown on the south. Along the river were breweries—of which one remains to this day; artificers of various kinds were gathered together in their own streets about the town. The custom of congregation was useful in more ways than one; it gave dignity to the craft and inspired self-respect in the craftsmen; it kept up the standard of good work; it made craftsmen regard each other as brethren, not as enemies; it gave them guilds, of which our trades-unions, which think of nothing but wages, are the degenerate successors; and it brought each trade under the salutary rule of the Church.

There was then—there has always been—a great plenty of food in the city of London: on the river-bank among the vintners there were eating-houses where at all times of the day and every day there were cooked and sold meat and fish and every kind of food. Once a week, on Friday, there was a horse-fair in Smithfield without the walls; at this fair there were races every week.

The young men of the city were greatly addicted to sports of all kinds: they skated in winter; they tilted on the water and on land; they fought, wrestled, practised archery, danced, and sang. They were a turbulent, courageous, free, and independent youth, proud of their city and its wealth; proud of their power and their freedom; proud of the trade which came to their quays from every part of the world.

"The city," Fitz Stephen says, "like Rome, is divided into wards, has annual sheriffs for its consuls, has senatorial and lower magistrates, sewers and aqueducts in its streets, its proper places and separate courts for cases of each kind, deliberative, demonstrative, judicial, and has assemblies on appointed days. I do not think there is a city with more commendable customs of church attendance, honor to God's ordinances, keeping sacred festivals, alms-giving, hospitality, confirming betrothals, contracting marriages, celebration of nuptials, preparing feasts, cheering the guests, and also in care for funerals and the interment of the dead. The only pests of London are the immoderate drinking of fools, and the frequency of fires. To this may be added that nearly all the bishops, abbots, and magnates of England are, as it were, citizens and freemen of London, having there their own splendid houses to which they resort, where they spend largely when summoned to great councils by the King or by their Metropolitan, or drawn thither by their own private affairs." A noble picture of a noble city!

Let us consider the monuments of the city. There remains, of Saxon London, nothing: of Norman London, the great White Tower; the crypt of Bow; the crypt of St. John's Priory; part of the church of Bartholomew the Great; part of St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate: there is nothing more.

The cathedral of St. Paul's, when Fitz Stephen wrote, was slowly rising from its ashes. It had been already twice destroyed by fire. First, the church founded by Mellitus and beautified by Bishop Cedd and King Sebbi was burned to the ground in the year 961. We know nothing at all of this building or of its successor, which was destroyed in the year 1086. Bishop Maurice began to rebuild the church in the following year, but it was two hundred years before it was completed. This cathedral therefore belongs to a later period. That which was destroyed in 1084 must have resembled in its round arches and thick pillars the cathedral of Durham.

The church and the various buildings which belonged to it in the reign of Henry I. were surrounded by a wall. This wall included the whole area now known as St. Paul's Church-yard, and as far as Paternoster Row on the north side. There were six gates to the wall: the sites of two are preserved in the streets named Paul's Alley and Paul's Chain. The bishop's palace was on the northwest corner: the chapter-house was on the south side of the church: on the north was a charnel-house and a chapel over it: close beside this was a small enclosure called Pardon Church-yard, where was a chapel founded by Gilbert à Becket, the saint's father. This enclosure was afterward converted into a beautiful cloister painted with a dance of death called the Dance of St. Paul's. Close beside Pardon Church-yard was the Chapel of Jesus, serving for the parish church of St. Faith, until the chapel was destroyed, when the parish obtained the crypt for its church. St. Faith's is now coupled with St. Augustine's.

Of the thirteen large conventual churches mentioned by Fitz Stephen, we may

draw up a tolerably complete list. St. Martin's le Grand, St. Katherine's by the Tower, St. Mary Overies, Holy Trinity Priory, St. Bartholomew's Priory, St. Giles's Hospital, St. Mary of Bethlehem, the Priory of St. John of Jerusalem, the nunnery afterward turned into Elsynge Spital, the nunnery of St. John Baptist, Holywell, the nunnery of Clerkenwell, the new Temple in Fleet Street, and the old Temple in Holborn perhaps make up the thirteen. I cannot believe that Fitz Stephen included either Barking Abbey or Merton Abbey in his list.

The most ancient monastic foundation, next to that of St. Paul's, was St. Martin's House or College. Why St. Martin was so popular in this country which had so many saints of her own is not easily intelligible. Perhaps the story of the partition of the cloak at the gate of Amiens, while the saint was still a soldier, struck the imagination of the people. Certainly the saint's austerities at Ligujé would not attract the world. In London alone there were the church of St. Martin's, Ludgate Hill—said to have been founded in very early Saxon times—that of St. Martin's, Outwich, of St. Martin Orgar, St. Martin Pomary, and St. Martin Vintry — five churches to attest his sanctity and his popularity.

St. Martin's le Grand, sanctuary and collegiate church, was a "liberty" to itself. Here criminals found safety and could not be arrested, a privilege which lasted long after the dissolution of the religious houses. Among the deans of St. Martin's was William of Wykeham.

One church only of the whole thirteen still stands. Part of the present church of St. Bartholomew the Great is that actually built by Rahere, the first founder, in the beginning of the twelfth century.

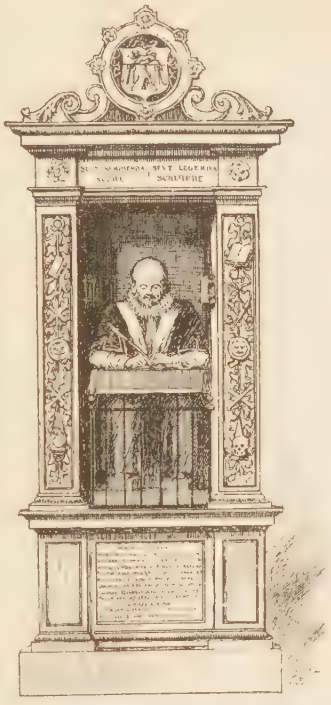
The story of Rahere is interesting but incomplete, and involved in many difficulties. He is variously said to have been the King's minstrel, the King's jester, and a man of low origin who haunted great men's tables and made them laugh—nothing less than the comic person of the period—entirely given over to the pleasures of the world—in short, the customary profligate, who saw the error of his ways and was converted. The last event is quite possible, because, as is well known, there was at this time a considerable revival of religion. The story goes on to say that, being penitent, Rahere went on a pilgrimage. Nothing more likely. At this time going on pilgrimage offered attractions irresistible to many men. It was a most agreeable way of proving one's repentance, showing a contrite heart, and procuring absolution. It also enabled the penitent to see the world and to get a beneficial change of air, food, and friends. There were dangers on the way — they lent excitement to the journey: robbers waylaid those of the pilgrims who had any money: fevers struck them low: if they marched through the lands of the infidel they were often attacked and stripped, if not slain—Asia Minor was white with the bones of those cut off on their way to the Holy Land. But think of the joy, to one of an inquiring and curious mind, who had never before been beyond sight of the gray old London walls, to be travelling in a country where everything was new—the speech, the food, the wine, the customs, the dress—with a goodly company, the length of the road beguiled by pleasant talk! Everybody pilgrimized who could, even the poorest and the lowest. The pilgrim wanted no money: he would start upon his tramp with an empty scrip: such a one had naught to lose and feared no robbers: he received bed and supper every night at some monastery, and was despatched in the morning after a solid breakfast. When he at length arrived at the shrine, he repeated the prayers ordered, performed the necessary crawlings, and heard the prescribed masses: he then returned home, his soul purified, his sins forgiven, his salvation assured, and his memory charged with good stories for the rest of his life. The English pilgrim fared sometimes to Walsingham, sometimes to Canterbury, sometimes farther afield. He journeyed on foot through France and Italy to Rome: he even tramped all across Europe and Asia Minor, if he could be received in some great company guarded by the Knights of St. John, to the Holy Land. The roads in the eleventh and twelfth centuries were covered with pilgrims: the Mediterranean was black with ships going from Marseilles, from Genoa, from Naples, to the port of St. Jean d'Acre. Even the rustic, discovering that he too, simple and unlettered as he was, had a soul to be saved, and that it would be better not to trust altogether to the last offices of the parish priest, threw down his spade, deserted his work, his wife and his chil-

dren, and went off on pilgrimage. At last the bishops interfered and enjoined that no one should be considered and received as a pilgrim who could not produce an episcopal license. It was no longer enough for a man to get repentance in order to have the run of the road and of his teeth—and, since the episcopal license was not granted to everybody, the rustics had to fall back on what the parish church afforded, and have ever since been contented with her advice and authority.

Rahere, therefore, among the rest, pilgrimized to Rome. Now it happened that on the way, either going or returning, he fell grievously sick and like to die. As medical science in those days commanded but small confidence, men naturally turned to the saints, and besieged them with petitions for renewed health. Rahere betook himself to St. Bartholomew, to whom he promised a hospital for poor men should he recover. Most fortunately for London, St. Bartholomew graciously accepted the proposal, and cured the pilgrim. Rahere therefore returned. He chose the site and was about to build the hospital when the saint appeared to him and ordered him to found, as well, a church. Rahere promised. He even went beyond his promise: he founded his Hospital of St. Bartholomew, which still exists—a perennial fountain of life and health—and, besides this, a Priory for Canons Regular, and a church for the priory. The church still stands, one of the noblest monuments in London. One Alfune, who had founded the Church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, became the first Hospitaller, going every day to the shambles to beg for meat for the sick poor. Rahere became the first Prior of his own foundation, and now lies buried in his church, within a splendid tomb called after his name, but of fifteenth-century work.

The mysterious part of the story is how Rahere, a simple gentleman, if not a jester, was able to raise this splendid structure and to found so noble a hospital. For, even supposing the hospital and priory to have been at first small and insignificant, the church itself remains—a monument of lavish and pious beneficence. The story, in order to account for the building of so great a church, goes off into a drivelling account of how Rahere feigned to be a simple idiot.

Some of the other foundations enumerated were only recently founded when Fitz Stephen wrote, and rightly belong to Plantagenet London. But the noble foundation of the Holy Trinity, Aldgate, was due to Matilda, Queen of Henry I., who also founded St. Giles's Hospital, beside St. Giles in the Fields. And the Priory of St. John of Jerusalem, the chief seat in England of the Knights Hospitallers, was founded in the year 1100, by Jordan Briset and Muriel his wife.



STOWE'S MONUMENT, IN NORTH AISLE OF ST. ANDREW UNDERSHAFT.

St. Katherine's by the Tower was first founded by Matilda, wife of King Stephen. This, the most interesting of all the city foundations, has survived to the present day. Its appearance when it was pulled down, sixty years ago, and as it is figured on page 298, was very much unlike the original foundation by Queen Matilda. Yet the life of this old place had been continuous. And for seven hundred years it remained on the spot where it was first established. Matilda first founded St. Katherine's, as a *hospitale pauperum*, for the repose of the souls of her two children who died and were buried in the Holy Trinity Priory. It was to consist of thir-

teen members—"Brothers and Sisters." It was endowed with certain estates which the society, after this long lapse of time, still enjoys: the Sisters had the right of voting at Chapter meetings—a right which they still retain. The hospital was placed in the charge or custody of the Prior of Holy Trinity. A hundred years later there was a dispute as to the meaning of the right of custody, which the priory maintained to be ownership. In the end, Queen Eleanor obtained possession of the place, and greatly increased its wealth and dignity. Under her it consisted of a Master, three Brothers in orders, three Sisters, and ten Bedeswomen. They all lived in their college round the Church of St. Katherine. Queen Philippa, another benefactor, further endowed the hospital, adding two chaplains and six poor scholars. Philippa's new charter, with the building of a splendid church, raised the hospital to a position far above the small foundation of poor men and women designed by Matilda. It now stood within its precinct of eleven acres, possessed of its own courts, spiritual and temporal, its own law officers, and even its own prison. Its good fortune in being considered the private property of the Queen Consort caused it to escape the general suppression of the religious houses. It lived on—albeit a sleepy life—a centre of religion and education to the poor people among whom it was placed. It should have lived there till this day: it should have become the Westminster Abbey of East London: but greed of gain destroyed it. Its venerable buildings—its chapel, college, cloisters, and courts were all destroyed sixty years ago in order to construct on their site the docks called St. Katherine's, which were not wanted for the trade of the city. In order to construct docks, in rivalry with other docks already established, this most precious monument of the past—the Abbey Church of East London—was ruthlessly destroyed. The dust and ashes of the nameless dead which filled its burying-yard were carried away and used to fill up certain old reservoirs, on the site of which was built Eccleston Square: and in Regent's Park they stuck up a new chapel with half a dozen neat houses round it, and called that St. Katherine's by the Tower. Some day this foundation, with its income of over £10,000 a year, must be sent back to East London, to which it belongs. Poor East London! It had one—only one—ancient and venerable founda-

CRYPT IN BOW CHURCH, FROM THE NORTH SIDE, NEAR THE EAST END OF NAVE.

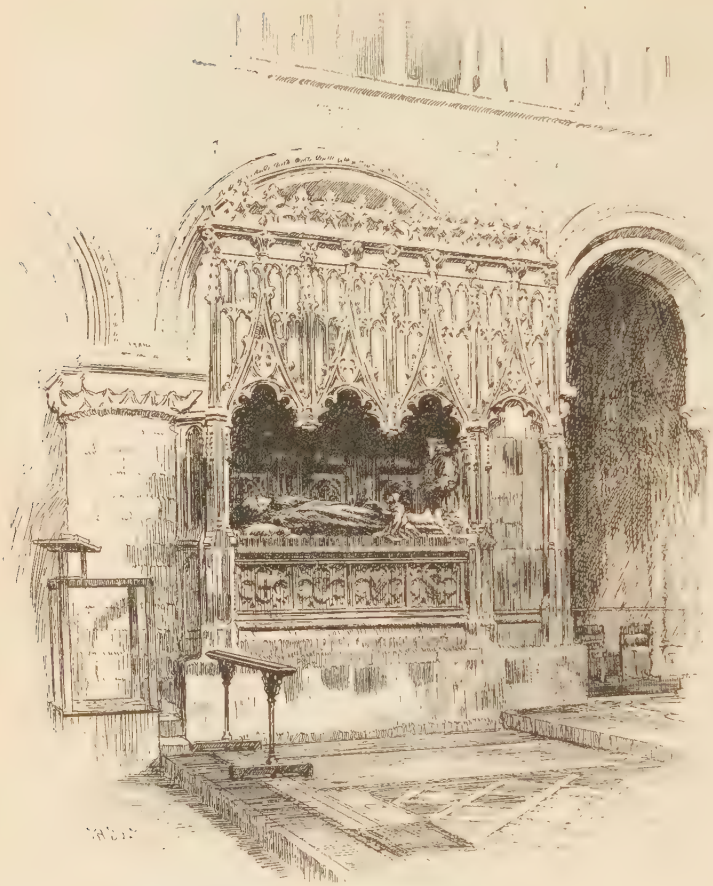
SOUTH AMBULATORY, CHURCH OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW, FOUNDED 1123.

tion, and they wantonly and uselessly destroyed it.

Everybody who visits London goes to see the Temple Church and the courts formerly trodden by the Templars, now echoing the hurried feet of lawyers and their clerks. Their beautiful church, however, is that of the new Temple. There was an older Temple than this. It stood at the northeast corner of Chancery Lane. It was certainly some kind of quadrangular college, with its chapel, its hall, its courts, and its gardens. When the Templars moved to their new quarters, it passed into other hands, and ceased to be a monastic place. Some of its buildings survived until the sixteenth century.

Is the legend of St. Mary Overies too well known a story to be retold? Perhaps there are some readers who have not read the *Chronicles of London Bridge*, where it is narrated.

Long years ago, before there was any London Bridge at all, a ferry plied across the river between what is now Dowgate Dock and that now called St Saviour's Dock—both of which exist untouched, save that the buildings round them are



THE FOUNDER'S TOMB, ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE GREAT, E. C., FOUNDED 1123.

changed. At one time the ferry-master—he appears to have sat at home and taken the money while his servants tugged at the oar—was one Awdrey. There was no competition in the ferry trade of the time, so that this worthy employer of labor grew rich. As he became old, however, he fell into the vice common to rich men who are also old—that is to say, he became avaricious, covetous, and miserly; he suffered acutely from this failing, insomuch that he grudged his servants their very food. This miser had a daughter, a lovely damsel named Mary, of whom many young knights became amorous. To one of these she lost her heart; and, as too commonly happens, to the poorest, a thing which her father could not countenance. The knight, therefore, not being able to get the consent of Awdrey père, removed to another place, guarding still the memory of his Mary, and still beloved by her. As there was no post in those days, and neither could write, they exchanged no letters, but they preserved their constancy and fidelity.

Now behold what may happen as a punishment for avarice. The old man one day, devising a way to save a few meals—for at a time when death is in the house who can think upon eating and drinking?—pretended that he was dead, and laid himself out with a white sheet over him. Alas! he was cruelly mistaken. His servants, learning what had happened, loudly and openly rejoiced, stripped the larder of all that it contained, set the casks flowing, opened the bottles, and began to feast and to sing. It was more than the old man could endure. He sprang from his bed and rushed among them: they fled shrieking, because they thought it was his ghost: one, bolder than the rest, stood his ground to face the ghost, and banged the apparition over the head with the butt end of a broken oar, so that the unlucky ghost fell down dead in real earnest. What happened when they came to bury him may be read in the book above referred to.

The miser's fortune thereupon devolved upon his daughter. She immediately sent for her lover, who hastened to obey his mistress. Alas! on his way the unlucky knight was thrown from his horse and was killed. The girl, distracted by this misfortune, founded a convent of Sisters at the south end of the ferry, and, taking

BUILDINGS OF KNIGHTS HOSPITALLERS.

refuge in her own foundation, retired from the world. Here in course of time she died. Later on, another pious lady changed the convent of Sisters into a college of priests, and very early in the twelfth century two Norman knights, named Pont de l'Arche and D'Ansey, founded here a great priory, of which the present Church of St. Saviour was then the chapel. The effigy of Pont de l'Arche (or perhaps it is that of his friend D'Ansey) is still to be seen, with no inscription upon it, in the church. The chancel, the two transepts, and the Lady Chapel now remain of the old church, and at this moment they are rebuilding the nave in the former style.

"There were in London," Fitz Stephen says, "a hundred and twenty-six parish churches besides the cathedral and conventual churches." Whatever the population may have been, the city has never in her most crowded days, when nearly half a million lived within her walls, wanted more churches. A list of them may be found in Strype and Stow. Some of them—twenty-five, I think—were never rebuilt after the Great Fire. Many of them, in these days, have been wantonly and wickedly destroyed. Most of the churches were doubtless small and mean buildings. Fortunately we are able to show by the survival of one monument what some of these little parish churches of London were like. There remains in a little town of Wiltshire a church still complete, save for its south porch, built by St. Aldhelm in the eighth century. The plan and elevation of this church are given on pages 299 and 304. The plan gives the arrangement of nave, chancel, and north porch: it had a south porch, but that is gone. The walls are of thick stone. The nave is 25 feet 2 inches long and 13 feet 2 inches broad: the chancel is 13 feet 2 inches long and 10 feet broad. The height of the nave to the wall plates is 25 feet 3 inches: of the chancel is 18 feet. The chancel opens out from the nave not with a broad arch, but with a narrow door only 2 feet 4 inches broad—a very curious arrangement. The doors of the south and north porches are of the same breadth. The church must have been very dark, but then windows in a cold climate if you had no glass were of necessity as small in size and as few in number as possible. This church was lit by a small window in the eastern wall of the north porch, no doubt by another in the south porch, by a small window in the south wall of the nave near the chancel, and by a fourth small window in the south wall of the chancel, so placed that the light, and sometimes the sun, should fall upon the altar during celebration of mass. The church was thus imperfectly lit by four small windows, each with its round arch. The people knelt on the stones: there were no chairs or benches for them: the bareness of the church at the present day is just what it was at first. There is no tower. Over the chancel arch are sculptured two angels. Outside the church, at the height of about ten feet, runs a course of round arcades, the only ornament, unless the remains of some engaged pilasters on the inner door of the north porch be counted as ornament. A little new masonry has been added within, and two new windows have been cut in the western wall for the purpose of giving more light. But with these exceptions the church is exactly as it was when

Aldhelm reared it and dedicated it to St. Laurence. I do not say that this little church represents all the parish churches of London, but we may be sure that it represents some, and we know that many of them, even after they had been rebuilt in the twelfth century and after mediæval piety had beautified and decorated them, buloe belong to that earlier period. But this church of St. Laurence, in the pretty old town of Bradford-on-Avon, is, according to Professor E. A. Freeman, the one surviving old English church in the land.

Besides the churches, all the monuments the city had then to show were its

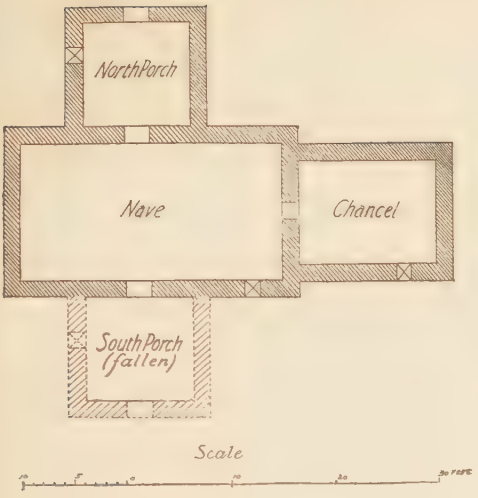
ST. KATHERINE'S BY THE TOWER.

remained mean and small. There are many other Saxon and so-called Saxon remains scattered about England. There is the most curious church of Greenstead, in Essex, whose walls are trunks of oak-trees. Perhaps some of the London churches may have been built in the same way, but it is more probable that the piety of the parishioners made them of stone.* In the matter of Saxon churches we have perhaps fewer existing specimens than we have of the earlier British churches. The church of St. Mary, Dover, built of Roman bricks and cement, part of St. Martin's, Canterbury, and the little Cornish church of Perranza-

* Loftie calls attention to the name of the church of St. Mary Staining, *i. e.*, built of stone, as if it were an exception.

wall, its Great Tower, one or two smaller towers, and its bridge.

The original building of the bridge cannot be discovered. As long as we know anything of London the bridge was there. For a long time it was a bridge of timber, provided with a fortified gate—one of the gates of the city. In the year 1091, the chronicler relates that on the feast of St. Edmund the Archbishop, at the hour of six, a dreadful whirlwind from the southeast, coming from Africa—thus do authors in all ages seize upon the opportunity of parading their knowledge—"from Africa!" all that way!—blew upon the city, and overthrew upward of 600 houses and several churches, greatly damaged the Tower, and tore away the roof and part of the wall of St. Mary le Bow,



PLAN OF SAXON CHURCH, BRADFORD-ON-AVON.

in Cheapside. During the same storm the water in the Thames rose with such rapidity and increased so violently that London Bridge was entirely swept away.

The bridge was rebuilt. Two years afterward it narrowly escaped destruction when a great part of the city was destroyed by fire. Forty years later it did meet this fate in the still greater fire of 1135. It was immediately rebuilt, but I suppose hurriedly, because thirty years later it had to be constructed anew.

Among the clergy of London was then living one Peter, chaplain of a small church in the Poultry—where Thomas à Becket was baptized—called Colechurch. This man was above all others skilled in the craft and mystery of bridge-building. He was perhaps a member of the fraternity called the Pontific (or bridge-building) Brothers, who about this time built the famous bridges at Avignon, Pont St. Esprit, Cahors, Saintes, and La Rochelle. He proposed to build a stone bridge over the river. In order to raise money for this great enterprise, offerings were asked and contributed by King, citizens, and even the country at large. The list of contributors was written out on a table for posterity, and preserved in the Bridge Chapel.

This bridge, which was to last for six hundred and fifty years, took as long to build as King Solomon's Temple, namely, three-and-thirty years. Before it was finished the architect lay in his grave.

When it was completed the bridge was 926 feet long and 40 feet wide—Stow says 30 feet: it stood 60 feet above high-water: it contained a drawbridge and 19 pointed arches, with massive piers varying from 25 to 34 feet in solidity, raised upon strong elm piles covered with thick planks. The bridge was curiously irregular: there was no uniformity in the breadth of the arches: they varied from 10 feet to 32 feet. Over the tenth and longest pier was erected a chapel dedicated to the youngest saint in the calendar, St. Thomas of Canterbury. The erection of a chapel on a bridge was by no means uncommon. Everybody, for instance, who has been in the south of France remembers the chapel on the broken bridge at Avignon. Again, a chapel was built on the bridge at Droitwich, in Cheshire, and one on the bridge at Wakefield, in Yorkshire. Like the chapel at Avignon, that of London Bridge contained an upper and a lower chapel; the latter was built in the pier with stairs, making it accessible from the river. The bridge gate at the southern

DOWGATE DOCK.

end was fortified by a double tower, and there was also a tower at the northern end. The wall or parapet of the bridge followed the line of the piers, so as to give at every pier additional room. The same arrangement used to be seen on the old bridge at Putney.

The citizens have always regarded London Bridge with peculiar pride and affection. There was no other bridge like it in the whole country, nor any which could compare with it for strength or for size. I think, indeed, that there was not in the whole of Europe any bridge that could compare with it; for it was built not only over a broad river, but a tidal river, in which the flood rose and ebbed with great vehemence twice a day. Later on they built houses on either side, but at the first the way was clear. The bridge was endowed with broad lands; certain monks, called Brethren of St. Thomas on the Bridge, were charged with the services in the chapel, and with administering the revenues for the maintenance of the fabric.

The children made songs about it. One of their songs, to which they danced, taking hands, has been preserved. It is modernized, and one knows not how old it is. The author of *Chronicles of London Bridge* gives it at full length, with the music. Here are two or three verses:

London Bridge is broken down,
Dance over my Lady Lee;
London Bridge is broken down,
With a gay ladee.

How shall we build it up again?
Dance over my Lady Lee;
How shall we build it up again?
With a gay ladee.

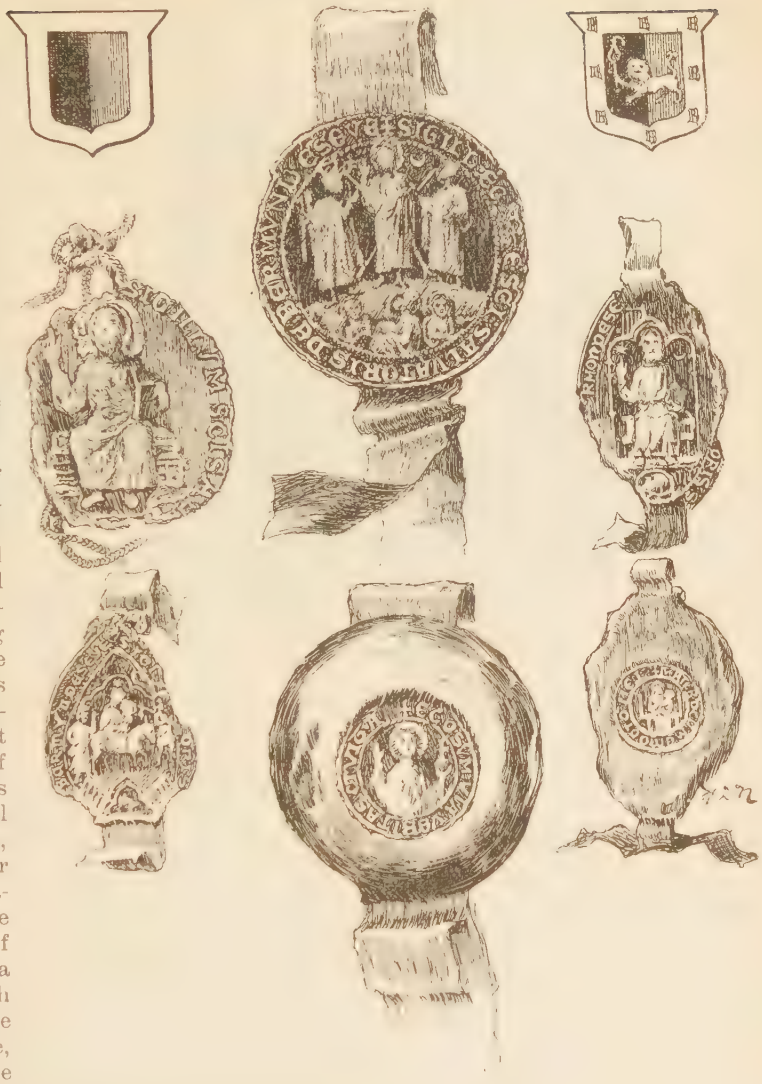
Build it up with stone so strong,
Dance over my Lady Lee;
Huzza! 'twill last for ages long,
With a gay ladee.

ST. SAVIOUR'S DOCK.

The city wall, repaired by Alfred, was not allowed to fall into decay again for the next seven hundred years. A recent discovery proves that the ditch was more ancient than had been thought. But by the time of King John it was much decayed and stopped up; in his reign a grand restoration of the ditch was made by the citizens. Many fragments of the wall have been discovered dotted along its course, which is now accurately known, and can be traced. One of the city churches has a piece of the wall itself under its north wall. In the church-yard of St. Alphege there remains a fragment; in the church-yard of St. Giles there is a bastion. To repair the wall, they seem to have used any materials that offered. Witness the collection of capitals and pilasters found in a piece of the city wall and preserved in the Guildhall. Witness also the story of King John, who, when he

wanted stones, for repairing the gates, broke down the stone houses of the Jews, robbed their coffers, and used the stones for his repairs. When Lud Gate was pulled down, some of these stones, with Hebrew inscriptions, were found, but, I believe, were all thrown into the Thames at London Bridge.

The Tower of London, until William Longchamp, A.D. 1190, enclosed it with a wall and a deep ditch, consisted of nothing but the great White Tower, with its halls and its chapel of St. John. At the western end of the wall, where is now Ludgate Hill Railway Station, stood a smaller tower, called Montfichet. On the opposite bank of the Fleet stood a stronghold which afterward became Bridewell Palace, and covered the whole site of the broad street which now forms the approach to Blackfriars Bridge. The site of Tower Royal is preserved in the street of that name. King Stephen lodged there. It was afterward given to the Crown, and called the Queen's Wardrobe. And there was another tower in Bucklersbury called Sernes Tower, of which no trace remains.



THE ARMS AND SEALS OF THE PRIOR AND CONVENT OF ST. SAVIOUR AT BERMONDSEY.

Of great houses there were as yet but few —Blackwell Hall, if it then stood, would be called Bassing Hall; Aldermanbury, the predecessor of Guildhall, was built by this time; and we hear of certain great men having houses in the city—Earl Ferrars, in Lombard Street next to Alhallows; and Pont de l'Arche, in Elbow Lane, Dowgate Ward, what time Henry the First was king.

The water supply of the city until the later years of the thirteenth century was furnished by the Walbrook, the Wells or Fleet rivers, and the springs or fountains outside the walls, of which Stow enumerates a great many. I suppose that the two streams very early became choked and fouled and unfit for drinking. But the conduits and "Bosses" of

NORTHEAST VIEW OF ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH.

water were not commenced till nearly the end of the thirteenth century. Water-carts carried round fresh water, bringing it into the town from the springs and wells on the north. One does not find, however, any period in the history of London when the citizens desired plain cold water as a beverage. Beer was always the national drink—they drank small ale for breakfast, dinner, and supper; when they could get it they drank strong ale. Of water for washing there was not at this period so great a demand as at present. At the same time it is not true to say, as was said a few years ago in the House of Commons, that for eight hundred years our people did not wash themselves. All through the Middle Ages the use of the hot bath was not only common but frequent, and in the case of the better classes was almost a necessity of life.

The population of this busy city is tolerably easy to calculate. The astonishing statement of the good Fitz Stephen that London could turn out an army of twenty thousand horse and sixty thousand foot must, of course, be dismissed without argument. Some minds are wholly incapable of understanding numbers. Perhaps Fitz Stephen had such a mind. Perhaps in writing the numerals the numbers got multiplied by ten—Roman numerals are hard to manage. If we assume an average of four hundred for each parish church, which, considering that the church was used daily by the people, is not too little, we get a population of about 50,000. In the time of Richard's poll-tax, three hundred years later, the population was about 40,000. But then the city had been ravaged by a succession of plagues.

The house, either in Saxon or Norman time, presented no kind of resemblance to the Roman villa. It had no cloisters, no hypocaust, no suite or sequence of rooms. This unlikeness is another proof, if any were wanting, that continuity of tenure was wholly broken. If the Saxons went into London, as has been suggested, peaceably, and left the people to carry on their old life and their trade in their own way, the Roman and British architecture, no new thing, but a style grown up in course of years and found fitted to the climate, would certainly have remained. That, however, was not the case. The Englishman developed his house from the patri-

archal idea. First there was the common hall: in this the household lived, fed, transacted business, and made their cheer in the evenings. It was built of timber, and to keep out the cold draughts it was lined with tapestry; at first simple cloths, which in great houses were embroidered and painted: *perches* of various kinds were affixed to the walls, whereon the weapons, the musical instruments, the cloaks, etc., were hung. The Lord and Lady sat in a high seat: not, I am inclined to think, on a dais at the end of the hall, which would have been cold for them, but on a great chair near the fire, which was burning in the middle of the hall. I have myself seen a college hall warmed by a fire in a brazier burning under the lantern of the hall. The furniture consisted of benches: the table was laid on trestles, spread with a white cloth, and removed after dinner. The hall was open to all who came, on condition that the guest left his weapons at the door. The floor was covered with reeds, which made a clean, soft, and warm carpet, on which the company could, if they pleased, lie round the fire. They had carpets or rugs also, but reeds were commonly used. The traveller who chanced to find himself at the ancient town of Kingston-on-Hull, which very few English people, and still fewer Americans, have the curiosity to explore, should visit the Trinity House. There, among many interesting things, he will find a hall where reeds are still spread, but no longer so thickly as to form a complete carpet. I believe this to be the last survival of the reed carpet. The times of meals were the breakfast at about nine; the "noon meat," or dinner, at twelve; and the "even meat," or supper, probably at a movable time depending on the length of the day. When lighting was costly and candles were scarce, the hours of sleep would be naturally longer in winter than in the summer. In their manner of living the Saxons were fond of vegetables, especially of the leek, onion, and garlic. Beans they also had (these were introduced probably at the time when they commenced intercourse with the outer world), pease, radishes, turnips, parsley, mint, sage, cress, rue, and other herbs. They had nearly all our modern fruits, though many show

INTERIOR OF PORCH OF THE PARISH CHURCH OF ST. ALPHEGE, LONDON WALL, FORMERLY THE CHAPEL OF THE PRIORY OF ELSYNGE SPITAL.

by their names, which are Latin or Norman, a later introduction. They made use of butter, honey, and cheese. They drank ale and mead. The latter is still made, but in small quantities, in Somersetshire. The Norman brought over the custom of drinking wine.

In the earliest times the whole family slept in the common hall. The first improvement was the erection of the solar or upper chamber. This was above the hall or a portion of it, or over the kitchen and buttery attached to the hall. The arrangement may be still observed in many of the old colleges of Oxford or Cambridge. The solar was first the sleeping-room of the Lord and Lady: next it served not only this purpose, but also for an antechamber to the dormitory of the daughters and the maid servants. The men of the household still slept in the hall below. Later on, bed recesses were contrived in the wall, as one may find in Northumberland at the present day. The bed was commonly, but not for the ladies of the house, merely a big bag stuffed with straw. A sheet wrapped round the body formed the only night dress. But there were also pillows, blankets, and coverlets. The early English bed was

quite as luxurious as any that followed after until the invention of the spring mattress gave a new and hitherto unsuspected joy to the hours of night.

The second step in advance was the ladies' bower, a room or suite of rooms set apart for the ladies of the house and their women. For the first time, as soon as this room was added, the women could follow their own avocations of embroidery, spinning, and needle-work of all kinds apart from the rough and noisy talk of the men.

The main features, therefore, of every great house, whether in town or country, from the seventh to the twelfth century, were the hall, the solar built over the kitchen and buttery, and the ladies' bower.

North Porch and Church.

Sculptured Angel.

The in-door amusements of the time were very much like our own. We have a little music in the evening; so did our forefathers: we sometimes have a little dancing; so did they, but the dancing was done for them: we go to the theatres to see the mime; in their days the mime made his theatre in the great man's hall. He played the fiddle and the harp: he sang songs: he brought his daughter, who walked on her hands and executed astonishing capers: the gleeman, minstrel, or *jongleur* was already as disreputable as when we find him later on with his *ribauderie*. Again, we play chess; so did our ancestors: we gamble with dice; so did they: we feast and drink together; so did they: we pass the time in talk; so did they. In a word, as Alphonse Karr put it, the more we change, the more we remain the same.

View of Interior, showing very remarkable Chancel Arch and Entrance.

SAXON CHURCH, SEVENTH OR EIGHTH CENTURY, BRADFORD-ON-AVON.

Out-of-doors, as Fitz Stephen shows, the young men skated, wrestled, played ball, practised archery, held water tournaments, baited bull and bear, fought cocks, and rode races. They were also mustered sometimes for service in the field, and went forth cheerfully, being specially upheld by the consciousness that London was always on the winning side.

The growth of the city government belongs to the history of London. Suffice it here to say that the people in all times enjoyed a freedom far above that possessed by any other city of Europe. The history of municipal London is a history of continual struggle to maintain this freedom against all attacks, and to extend it and to make it

FIRST STONE LONDON BRIDGE, BEGUN A.D. 1176.

impregnable. Already the people are proud, turbulent, and confident in their strength. They refuse to own any overlord but the King: there is no Earl of London. They freely hold their meetings—their folkmote—in the open space outside the northwest corner of St. Paul's Churchyard. That they lived roughly, enduring cold, sleeping in small houses in narrow courts; that they suffered much from the long darkness of winter; that they were always in danger of fevers, agues, "putrid" throats, plagues, fires by night, and civil wars; that they were ignorant of letters—three schools only for the whole of London: all this may very well be understood. But these things do not make men and women wretched. They were not always suffering from preventable disease: they were not always haling their goods out of the flames: they were not always fighting. The first and most simple elements of human happiness are three, to wit, that a man should be in bodily health; that he should be free; that he should enjoy the produce of his own labor. All these things the Londoner possessed under the Norman kings nearly as much as in these days they can be possessed. His city has always been one of the healthiest in the world. Whatever freedom could be attained he enjoyed, and in that rich trading town all men who worked lived in plenty.

The households, the way of living, the occupations of the women, can be clearly made out in every detail from the Anglo-Saxon literature. The women in the country made the garments, carded the wool, sheared the sheep, washed the things, beat the flax, ground the corn, sat at the spinning-wheel, and prepared the food. In towns they had no shearing to do, but all the rest of these duties fell to their province. The English women excelled in embroidery. "English" work meant the best kind of work. They worked church vestments with gold and pearls and precious stones. "Orfrey," or embroidery in gold, was a special art. Of course they are accused by the ecclesiastics of an overweening desire to wear finery: they certainly curled their hair, and, one is sorry to read, they painted and thereby spoiled their pretty cheeks. If the man was the hlaf-ord—the owner or winner of the loaf—the wife was the hlaf-dig—its distributor; the servants and the retainers were hlaf-oetas, or eaters of it. When nunneries began to be founded the Saxon ladies in great numbers forsook the world for the cloister. And here they began to learn Latin, and became able at least to carry on correspondence—specimens of which still exist—in that lan-

WEST FRONT OF CHAPEL ON LONDON BRIDGE.

CRYPT OR LOWER CHAPEL OF ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, LONDON BRIDGE.

guage. Every nunnery possessed a school for girls. They were taught to read and to write their own language and Latin, perhaps also rhetoric and embroidery. As the pious Sisters were fond of putting on violet chemises, tunics, and vests of delicate tissue, embroidered with silver and gold, and scarlet shoes, there was probably not much mortification of the flesh in the nunneries of the later Saxon times.

This for the better class. We cannot suppose that the daughters of the craftsmen became scholars of the nunnery. Theirs were the lower walks—to spin the linen and to make the bread and to carry on the house-work.

He who looks and listens for the voice of the people in these ancient times hears no more than a confused murmur: one sees a swarm working like ants: a bell rings: they knock off work: another bell: they run together: they shout: they wave their hats: the listener, however, hears no words. It is difficult in any age—even in the present day—to learn or understand what the *bas peuple* think and what they desire. They want few things, indeed, in every generation: only, as I said above, the three elements of freedom, health, and just pay. Give them these three and they will grumble no longer. When a poet puts one of them on his stage and makes him act and makes him speak, we learn the multitude from the type. Later on, after Chaucer and Piers Plowman have spoken, we know the people better: as yet we guess at them, we do not even know them in part. Observe, however, one thing about London—a thing of great significance. When there is a Jacquerie—when the people, who have hitherto been as silent as the patient ox, rise with a wild roar of rage—*it is not in London.* Here, men have learned—however imperfectly—the lesson that only by combination of all for the general welfare is the common weal advanced. I think, also, that London men, even those on the lowest levels, have always known very well that their humility of station is due to their own lack of purpose and self-restraint. The air of London has always been charged with the traditions and histories of those who have raised themselves: there never has been a city more generous to her children, more ready to hold out a helping hand: this we shall see illustrated later on: at present all is

PART OF LONDON WALL IN THE CHURCH-YARD OF ST. GILES, CRIPPLEGATE.

beginning. The elementary three conditions are felt, but not yet put into words.

We are at present in the boyhood of a city which after a thousand years is still in its strong and vigorous manhood; showing no sign, not the least sign, of senility or decay. Rather does it appear like a city in its first spring of eager youth. But the real work for Saxon and Norman London lies before. It is all to come. It is a work which is to be the making of Great Britain and of America, Australia and the Isles. It is the work of building up, defending, and consolidating the liberties of the Anglo-Saxon race.

They were not wretched at all, these early London citizens; but, on the contrary, joyous and happy and hopeful. And not only for the reasons already stated, but for the great fact—the greatest fact of the time—of their blind and unreasoning faith. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of unreasoning faith as a factor in human happiness. The life of the meanest man was filled with dignity and with splendor, because of the great inheritance assured to him by the Church. We must never for one moment leave out the Church in speaking of the past. We must never forget that all people, save here and there a doubting Rufus or a questioning Prince of Anjou, believed without the shadow of any doubt. Knowledge brought the power of questioning. As yet there was no knowledge. Therefore every man's life, however miserable, was, to his happy ignorance, the certain anteroom of heaven. We are fond of dwelling on the mediæval hell, the stupidity and the brutality of its endless torture, and the selfishness of buying salvation with masses. Hell, my friends, was always meant for the other man. He who saw the devils painted on the church wall, rending, tearing, frying, cutting, scouring the poor souls in hell, knew these souls for those of his enemies. Like Dante, he saw among them all his public and his private foes. He looked upward for his hope. There he beheld loving angels bearing aloft in their soft arms the soul redeemed to the abode of perfect bliss. In that soul he recognized himself; he saw the portraiture, exact and lifelike, of his own forgiven and sanctified features.

RIVER TILTING IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

LONDON STONE, CANNON STREET, AS IT APPEARED IN 1800.

When the ambassadors of the Caliph Haroun al Raschid brought gifts to the great King Karl, the finest thing he had to show them was the splendid service of the Church.

This story is told literally. It might be told as an allegory. In London, Saxon and Norman—as also for many centuries to follow—the finest thing they had to show was the Church, with its music that moved the heart to tears; its promises, which steeled the soul to endurance; its glories, which carried the beholder far away from the wattle and clay of his hut and his grimy leathern doublet; its power, which stood between him and the tyrannous over-lord, and saved his home from starvation and his womankind from dishonor. Fortunate indeed it was for the people that they had the Church to show to those ambassadors of the Moslem.

BATTLE BETWEEN TWO ARMED KNIGHTS.

HE: "Look! Here comes young Brummell Washington, with his bride. I wonder what on earth induced him to marry her!"
SHE: "Oh—probably somebody bet him he wouldn't!"

—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE opening of the new music hall in New York took place as Theodore Thomas left the city to reside in Chicago. The coincidence was suggestive, because Thomas is identified with the development of the musical taste to which the erection of the hall is due. The question is instinctive—why, then, does he go?

The warmth of the public feeling toward the conductor who has now left us was demonstrated at the last Philharmonic concert before his departure. The Metropolitan Opera-house was filled by a brilliant assembly, and when Thomas appeared moving through the orchestra to his stand the applause was prodigious and prolonged. He bowed quietly and stepped to his place, then raising his baton the performance began. His complete control and the inspiration of his leadership were never more evident, and the whole concert, ending with the "Eroica," was worthy of the leader. Miss Aus der Ohe played the great concerto of Schumann with more power and passion than the Easy Chair has ever remarked in her playing, and the recall, which would not be satisfied otherwise, she answered with the spinning song from the Flying Dutchman, played with remarkable smoothness and brilliancy.

At the end of the concert the audience rose and applauded and waited as if a famous prima donna were about to depart. Such scenes have been often witnessed in New York. Perhaps Thomas recalled an evening long ago at Castle Garden, when Jenny Lind sang farewell, and parting was such sweet sorrow that no one wished it ended. So the audience recalled Thomas again and again, and baskets of flowers were handed to him, and he bowed quietly as usual, and the profound regret, we hope, was mutual that he was to lose such an audience, and the audience such a conductor. But whatever the feeling, nothing was said. The lingering and still renewed farewell might be interpreted in many ways, but all would convey the same impression, not only sorrow that it was farewell, but that farewell was permitted.

The Metropolitan Opera-house is not an old building, but such halls are rapidly enriched with delightful associations. Already traditions begin to cluster about that spacious auditorium, and among them none are pleasanter than those of the Thomas concerts. The house, indeed, is the scene of the Wagner opera, of the Wagner triumph. But the imperial conductor who is retiring yonder under the wistful gaze of a vast and grateful multitude has chiefly trained the public taste for Wagner, and made the triumph possible.

A few evenings later, at Delmonico's, at a public dinner, Mr. Thomas mentioned some incidents in his musical career in New York, and paid a kind tribute to some of his older associates. Of the members of the old quintet in Dodworth's saloon, *Planco consule*, one at least, Mr. William Mason, was present, and another, Mr. Joseph Mosenthal, on the evening before, had conducted triumphantly at Chickering Hall the concert of the Mendelssohn Glee Club, celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary. Mr. Thomas spoke with deep feeling and admiration of his predecessor in the Philharmonic Society, Carl Bergmann. He insisted earnestly upon his service in the good cause in New York, and said forcibly that Bergmann "went to pieces" here not because of the want of musical taste in the city, but because of its indifference. It was a pathetic plea. For who shall chide a multitude that loves music for not cherishing a particular artist? Who shall expound or enforce the canons of public conduct in support of any art? No one would deny the great musical service which Thomas himself has rendered to New York, and who doubts that New-Yorkers would gladly have pledged an ample guarantee fund to retain him? But when his orchestra was disbanded, and the reasons were frankly stated, no such fund was raised; and when Chicago said "Come!" and the artist goes where the conditions of serving art are offered to him, New York, whose indifference costs it dearly, good-naturedly laments, and cries, "Auf wiedersehen!"

The community cannot be arraigned, for the answer is ready for the indictment. If the censor who most severely chides New York for letting Thomas go had but taken timely care to provide the conditions, Thomas had remained. In his eloquent and felicitous speech at the dinner, Mr. Parke Godwin, paying noble homage

to music as the great modern art, said that when he thought of Thomas's departure, he felt the war dogs tugging within him at the leash, and longing to break out in a roar of angry remonstrance. "But," he added, "I have been warned that it is a feast of harmony, and therefore those dogs shall not be heard." But *cui bono?* Their roar would have been but baying the moon.

> "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
> But in ourselves."

It is those who regret most, who might have spared themselves regret.

Bishop Potter, in a letter which was read to the delight of the company, in a tone of gayety that was yet full of earnest feeling, expressed the obligation of those in whom the conductor had implanted the musical taste and appreciation which so greatly cheer and refine and console human life; and the Reverend Arthur Brooks insisted, with humor and happy eloquence, that the true tone of the occasion was that of the pæan, not of the dirge. Mr. Carnegie, the founder of the new music hall, warmly acknowledged the æsthetic debt of the community to the artist; and Mr. William Steinway crowned the praises of the artist with those of the man. "You praise him properly," he said, "as the artist; let me, who know him best, praise the man." Then, in a few words, he illustrated the manly honor of the guest in a way which made every friend of the artist prouder of the man.

So the farewell was said, and after a few "summer-night concerts," which he returns from Chicago to direct, New York loses its most familiar musical figure. But the bridge of Mirza's vision is always crowded, and the throng does not miss the form that disappears. "The world will little note nor long remember what we say here," said the melancholy Lincoln at Gettysburg, and the gossip prattling of yesterday is silenced, unremarked, by the murmur of to-day. The new music hall is opened, and the appreciation which awaits the best performance within it is largely due to Theodore Thomas.

THE social Mrs. Grundy is well known to us, and we are all very mindful of her and very loyal to her. The French have a daring proverb that "they say" is a liar. But, whether a liar or not, we know that "they say" is a tyrant. The commands of the moral law are not more imperative than the edicts of Mrs. Grundy, and what she will say of our conduct, our manners, our dress, our conversation, our houses and dinners and furniture generally, concerns us much more than what the minister will say of our life. Those who hold the views of Father Ignatius upon church-going, when Easter Sunday arrives and the new bonnet has not been sent home, have been known to suffer with such a headache that they could not go to church. One such sufferer, upon being pressed by a sceptical friend, confessed that perhaps it was not so much the headache that detained her as the dire apprehension of what Mrs. Grundy would say to an old bonnet.

The realm of this ruler is wider than that of Semiramis or Catherine of Russia, and her sway is a hundredfold more absolute. But the political Mrs. Grundy is as absolute as the social. You cannot mention a public man who is not in bondage to Mrs. Grundy. It is both painful and ludicrous to observe him. If he has a speech to deliver, or a letter to write, or if he is accosted by the interviewer, or falls into chance conversation, he is evidently in mortal terror of the female tyrant. He fears to say something, or to imply or insinuate something, that Mrs. Grundy will not like. A young man who has enjoyed the freedom of political independence, who has spoken his mind plainly, and felt that a man of honor is no more ashamed of his opinions than of his countenance, and no more anxious to conceal them, decides to enter public life. He is told that he must begin by correcting this practice, and that no man who says frankly what he thinks of public measures and public men, or who does not show respect to what people generally respect, whether he thinks it respectable or not, can hope to succeed in public life. He must always ask himself, what will Mrs. Grundy say?

The political Mrs. Grundy is equally invisible with the other. But when you see a generous, high-hearted youth, full of fine impulses and noble purposes, brought suddenly into this obsequious obedience to an unseen authority—a kind of Grand Lama—you say, naturally, as when you hear that he is in love and betrothed, that you hope it is to a woman worthy of him, some peerless Una, and not a Circe. The quest of this supreme

woman, the Mrs. Grundy who rules so inflexibly in public and in private life, is quite as interesting an exploration as that of Stanley for Emin, or that of the noble army of arctic heroes for the Northwest passage; and despite the invisibility in which she hides, it is not doubted that she is known, even if not surreptitiously seen.

Newport is supposed to be the spot most favorable to the effort to discover the social Mrs. Grundy. Yet if you ask whether she is the incarnation of good sense, experience, intelligence, and human feeling, whether she rules by any right divine, by any essential charm of sympathy or goodness or fine perception, you lose the trail altogether. But if you wonder whether she is the mere embodiment of venomous tattle and envy and slander of a coterie of gossips and coxcombs, you seem, as they say in playing a game of blind-man's-buff, to burn. If, then, you ask whether what Mrs. Grundy says is a word that a sensible maid or youth ought to heed, whether it is better worth attention than the comments of Yellowplush and Abigail, you will burn even to scorching. Indeed, all these charming people, who dine and dance and stroll by the sea in the bright summer hours, are always trimming their conduct and dress and life not to suit their own comfort or taste or means, but to win the approval of a censor who does not exist, or whose opinion is of no importance.

The political Mrs. Grundy is a phantom conjured by the apprehension of a politician of what he supposes to be the opinion of the people or of a party. The inevitable result of the apprehension is to regard that general opinion as mean and unintelligent, so that the politician is often trying to conform to a standard that he despises. Instead of asking what does the public advantage require and what ought to be done, he wonders what he can do that will alienate the least votes. Statesmanship, he says, consists in doing what you can, not what you would. But the fault of that apothegm is its vagueness. You know what you would, but no man until he tries knows what he can. It is certain that you can do safely what is generally approved. But the vital condition of progress is that somebody shall go first. The forward step is not generally approved until it is taken, and in arguing that it ought not to be taken until it is generally approved, you forget that taking it is the way to secure approval.

The important point is not what Mrs. Grundy says, but what she ought to say.

A FEW days after the simple ceremony of beginning the Grant memorial, it was announced that the sum originally desired for the erection of the Washington Arch had been collected, but that about a fifth more than the original sum contemplated was necessary for the completion of the work. Two years ago, when the centenary of the inauguration of Washington was celebrated with great pomp in New York, it was agreed that the most striking decoration of the occasion was a temporary arch, designed by Mr. Stanford White, which was erected at the foot of Fifth Avenue, opposite Washington Square. The enthusiasm of the moment saw in it a suggestion of a permanent memorial of the formal beginning of the national constitutional government, and it was proposed to perpetuate in marble the commemorative arch. A committee was organized, and subscriptions were invited. But the project languished, and the fund, by great exertions, was only slowly raised; until, on May-day of this year, the happy announcement of success was made.

In this instance, although the work was not spontaneous, the story is more satisfactory than that of the Bunker Hill Monument. In that undertaking the delay seemed to be interminable. "Let it rise," said Webster in 1825, when the corner-stone was laid, "till it meets the sun in his coming." But the sun came daily nearly seven thousand times before it met the completed monument. Every device was exhausted to stimulate subscriptions. But the long delay did not argue flagging patriotism nor indifference to the great event. It signified only indifference to a monument. If a statue of General Warren had been proposed, there would have been no delay. Beecher dies, and the money for his statue is instantly ready. Sherman dies, and the subscription for his statue does not linger for a day. Had a statue of Grant been proposed, the completed work would have been already familiar to the city. But a great monument, requiring a large sum of money, can be only very slowly erected, and the delay does not mean forgetfulness nor indifference.

These monuments are all illustrations of the public homage to great patriots, and they are universally approved. But the statue of a public benefactor of another kind was recently erected in Milwaukee. The Wisconsin Humane Society has presented to that city a statue of Henry Bergh, and to no truer benefactor could a memorial be raised. The figure is of bronze, standing upon a high granite pedestal in the centre of a large double fountain. The encircling basin is filled with rocks and flowering plants. The outer basin is a drinking-trough for animals, and there are small and lower basins on the outside for dogs. The figure is supported by a cane in the right hand, while the left strokes the head of a crippled dog, toward which Mr. Bergh's face is kindly turned.

The statue is a fitting tribute to a man who deserves the warmest gratitude of his countrymen, and who has probably relieved more brute suffering than any man who ever lived. His work does not die with him. He has quickened the observation and the sympathy of a whole people for the dumb victims of heedlessness and cruelty. He has stimulated general care for our faithful servitors, and no man who wreaks his cruelty upon his beast knows but that the man or woman who sees his act may be the lawful minister of justice. Mr. Merwin, in his paper in the *Atlantic* upon the "Ethics of Horse-keeping," quotes an old remark which shows the wide diffusion of the spirit which found at last an apostle in Henry Bergh—"Man deserves a hell, were it only for his treatment of horses."

It is a true plea that the wanton and wasteful destruction of the seals in Behring Sea is an offence *contra bonos mores* —against good morals. The paper of Mr. Phelps in our April number which has aroused so wide an interest was in nothing more valuable than for its emphasis upon what is called common humanity as the international law of the sea. "If the law of humanity," said Mr. Phelps, "does not terminate with humanity, and can be said to extend to those lower orders of creation that minister in their humble way to human enjoyment, surely such a practice as this can find no excuse or palliation. The repression of it ought not to be the subject of a moment's debate between Christian nations, if it requires their mutual action."

This is the expression of a sound sentiment which should be an axiom of what is called international law, and it is a public sentiment which the labors of Mr. Bergh have greatly fostered. In his statue Milwaukee has a suggestive ornament with which New York should have been the first city to adorn herself. But wherever it stands it is a happy sign of the continued and enlarging beneficence of his public service, and upon some tablet about the fountain it would have been well to carve the lines from the charming poem of Mrs. Elizabeth Akers:

"Sweet be his rest, now all his work is done!
May every loving mother bid her son
Learn mercy from this kindliest of teachers,
This hero, who until his lifetime's end
Labored to shield, to comfort, and befriend
All dumb and helpless creatures."

ANNIVERSARY week in New York is long since gone; New-Year's Day now is but a mockery of the former holiday; the Fourth of July is a mere pop and explosion of gunpowder; April-fool's day is forgotten; St. Valentine's is vanishing. But there is one day which survives unshorn of any characteristic, one event which is more multitudinous than ever. The day is May-day, and the event is moving.

Probably no spectacle stirs more deeply the commiseration of the humane and orderly observer than that of the huge and gaudy van before a neighbor's door, or even the door of any householder, so all-embracing is human sympathy. There was formerly a complicated and comparative statement in the form of a ratio of the relative horrors of house-cleaning, moving, and fire which expressed the utter discomfort of those incidents. But, uncomfortable as they are under all circumstances, the practice of simultaneous moving makes moving still more uncomfortable. It takes no account of illness, of weather, of convenience. It is a grim fate.

A family is going, perhaps, from the rural suburbs to the city. The morning is fair—deceitfully fair—and for greater convenience the house is emptied upon the lawn, and every precious piece of furniture, cushions, bric-à-brac, pictures, and what Saltator called the countless *on dits* of a comfortable family, awaiting the arrival of the van, which is, of course, dilatory and hopelessly pressed. Then comes the

sudden shower—merely a sparkling sun-shower. But rain is rain, however prettily you may describe it. It is water very pure and very simple, but water still; and on this occasion it is pure and simple water on stuffed sofas and cushions and precious objects, and it is also vexation and wrath to long-suffering house-keepers. Flora herself weeps with the light clouds of May-day, and is all uncomforted even by the smile of the sunshine chasing the sudden shower when it falls upon her glistening *fauteuil*.

There is no ordeal which tries the homely every-day virtues, as they are called—good-nature, patience, self-control, in fact the whole combination and constellation of graces known as amiability—like May-day moving. There are various standards by which young women are exhorted to test the manly candidates for their choice. There seems to be ample occasion for the exhortation, because it is certainly difficult for Flora in the opera box, or at the table of a crimson or pink dinner, or in the perfumed and glittering circle of the dance, to foresee just how Reginald, who is all courtly deference and gay banter and charming grace under those circumstances, will hereafter conduct himself in the sudden shower upon the household effects strewn about the lawn.

"Well," said the Sennaar ambassador as he drove along the ocean road at Newport, and observed the elaborate enjoyment of that delightful resort, "after all this pleasant association in the drive and the game and the dance and the stroll and the flirtation, how much does Flora know Reginald, or Reginald Flora? The Princess Felina is very soft and very smooth, and she meets perfectly *comme il faut* men and women, and all the events of our little round of summer life, with a graceful nonchalance which is most attractive. But do none of these young fellows ever wish to see what would happen if a mouse should cross her path?"

Perhaps so; but the conditions of the game do not permit it. The future is wisely hidden. There are as yet, for instance, no household effects in common. How, then, can Flora know how a sudden shower upon them in the very act of May-day moving would affect the well-bred Reginald? Perhaps the mature ambassador thinks that she might infer from what she observes. But does he think that Flora, who does not dare to whisper to herself what she hopes, will draw inferences to the discredit of Reginald? Besides, if she could foresee the May-day moving and the sudden shower, and behold his smiling equanimity while the rain falls upon his household effects, although she might rejoice in that happy good-nature, how would it throw any light upon other problems of conduct? A man may be very good-natured, and yet very shiftless and extravagant, as he may be very truthful and yet unpunctual. We decline the debate whether it is not disloyalty to truth to engage to meet a man at a certain hour and not keep your word. Likewise we do not care to discriminate whether it be petit larceny or grand larceny to steal a man's time by not keeping an appointment. These are wrongs to our fellow-creatures which we prefer simply to suggest, and to leave to the individual conscience.

Nature has evidently done wisely in hiding to-morrow behind an impenetrable night. What a dismal plight it would be for Flora to foresee Reginald's angry impatience and possible profanity in the sudden May-day shower, and so for an incident which has not yet occurred to feel that she must give him the mitten! We can hear the poor girl sobbing, "Reginald, I love thee, but never more be suitor of mine." But why, in the summer moonlight, as they loiter by the sea and breathe the lovers' vow, should they listen for the laugh of fate? Why, because of that unfallen shower of May upon furniture yet unstuffed, should they lose the hour which, whatever betides, will be theirs forever? Why should Flora know Reginald except as time gradually reveals him?

Would you have her see to-day the thin white hair on the shining dome that shall to-morrow replace this brown luxuriance of curls? Would you have her aghast untimely at that ponderous form which shall hereafter supersede this slight and elastic figure? Would it be better for her or for him if she could hear the sharp, impatient word that from those tender lips she never yet has heard?

Who knows? Perhaps that she has never suspected the possibility of that sharp word may make it impossible. Who knows? Perhaps when May-day moving comes there may be no sudden shower.

Editor's Study.

I.

WE suppose it would be rather damaging to Professor William James with other scientists to show that in his volumes on *The Principles of Psychology* he writes with a poetic sense of his facts, and with an artistic pleasure in their presentation. We must content ourselves with a far less positive recognition of the charming spirit, the delightful manner, and the flavorous and characteristic style of the work. There are moments when he brings to the intellectual strain of the subject the relief of a humorous touch; when he gives the overtaxed faculties a little vacation, and invites the sympathies of the reader to a share in the inquiry. It has so long been the custom to call a certain friendly and consciously fallible attitude "human" that we are reluctant to proclaim his relation to his theme as distinctly "human," yet the epithet comes unbidden to the pen in attempting to label his performance. After all, it is perhaps as well to use it; perhaps it is as well to admit frankly that the treatise has often those graces and attractions which we have hinted at. There are many other times when it has none of them, and when the author's attitude is so severely scientific, so pitilessly exigent of the reader's co-operation, so remorselessly indifferent to his mental repose, as to be distinctly inhuman. But it must be said of Professor James that he has not only not tried to deny his theme the æsthetic and ethical interest it inherently has for every one having a mind, or thinking he has one, but has been willing to heighten it. In this way it must be admitted that he has come dangerously near writing a "popular" book. It is not exactly "summer reading"; the two vast volumes, aggregating some fourteen hundred octavo pages, would not go easily into the pocket or the hand-bag; they will probably not be found in competition with the fiction of the news stands; we could not imagine their being "lapped out" by the train-boy. But there is no doubt that several of the chapters, such as those on Habit, The Consciousness of Self, Memory, Imagination, Instinct, Will, and Hypnotism, can appeal successfully to people of average culture; and that throughout the work there are passages which may be read aloud to the tenderest female, so lightly and agreeably are some of the most difficult problems of the soul handled in them. We say soul, but we really mean mind, for although psychology took its name from being the "science of the human soul," it has now decided that the question of the soul is really no part of its business: the mind only—its attributes, conditions, phenomena—is dealt with; the soul is left out of the account.

Not that as to the existence or the destiny of such a constituent of human nature this science denies anything. On the contrary, in Professor James's work there is a perceptible sympathy and regard for the theories of it; but the inquiry is not with them. The field is vast enough, and the way obscure enough without them; and one impression that remains to the unscientific reader of Professor James's work is that it has not yet been explored, or mapped except at a few points. With one's self always at hand, with one's fellow-creatures swarming upon one, with all human history behind one, a collection of "infinitely repellent particles" of fact is the sum of psychological industry. The talk is not only about, but round about, the human mind, which it penetrates here and there and wins a glimpse of unsayable things. The fascination of the quest forever remains, and it is this fascination which Professor James permits his reader to share. It could not be said that he has a philosophical system to establish; his philosophical system is his method of collating and presenting discoveries made, and suggesting conclusions from them, and he is always so frank, so tolerant, that you feel he would willingly consider a different inference, if you made it, and would be gladly interested in it. Nothing could be more winning than the informality of his discourse; it captivates the average human being to find that the study of his mind is not necessarily allied to a frigid decorum. Those who know the rich and cordial properties of the philosophical writings of Henry James the elder, will find a kindred heartiness in the speculations of his son, and will be directly at home with him. The ground, of course, is absolutely different; nothing seems further from psychology than theology.

The book is so full of proofs of what we have been trying to say that it seems

absurd to cast in the line at one place rather than another, but perhaps the chapter on Will is more abundantly illustrative than some others, though we do not know that such a passage as the following is one of the most illustrative in it: "Men do not differ so much in their mere feelings and conceptions. Their notions of possibility and their ideals are not as far apart as might be argued from their different fates. No class of them have better sentiments or feel more constantly the difference between the higher and the lower path in life than the hopeless failures, the sentimentalists, the drunkards, the schemers, the 'dead-beats,' whose life is one long contradiction between knowledge and action, and who, with full command of theory, never get to holding their limp characters upright. No one eats of the fruit of the tree of knowledge as they do; as far as moral insight goes, in comparison with them, the orderly and prosperous Philistines whom they scandalize are suckling babes. And yet their moral knowledge, always there, grumbling and rumbling in the background—discerning, commenting, protesting, longing, half resolving—never wholly resolves, never gets its voice out of the minor into the major key, or its speech out of the subjunctive into the imperative mood, never breaks the spell, never takes the helm into its own hands. In such characters as Restif and Rousseau, it would seem as if the lower motives had all the impulsive efficacy in their hands. The more ideal motives exist alongside of them in profusion; and the consciousness of inward hollowness that accrues from habitually seeing the better only to do the worse, is one of the saddest feelings one can bear with him through this vale of tears."

It will have been perceived from this how much the moral aspect of the facts ascertained interests the writer, who feels their value not only as a moralist but as an artist; he cannot help stating his mind about them picturesquely. This must commend him to the general reader, who, although he may, and probably will, forget about the dark underlying premises of the luminous conclusions that delight him, cannot fail to be greatly stimulated and strengthened by the whole philosophy of the book. It would be hard for us, at least, to find a more important piece of writing in its way than the chapter on Habit; it is something for the young to read with fear and hope, the old with self-pity or self-gratulation, and every one with recognition of the fact that in most things that tell for good or ill, and much or little in life, we are creatures of our own making. It would be well for the reader to review this chapter in the light of that on the Will, where the notion of free-will is more fully dealt with. In fact the will of the weak man is *not* free; but the will of the strong man, the man who has *got the habit* of preferring sense to nonsense and "virtue" to "vice," is a *freed* will, which one might very well spend all one's energies in achieving. It is this preference which at last becomes the man, and remains permanent throughout those astounding changes which every one finds in himself from time to time. "Every thought we have of a given fact," Mr. James says, "is, strictly speaking, unique, and only bears a resemblance of kind with our other thoughts of the same fact. When the identical fact recurs, we *must* think of it in a fresh manner, see it under a somewhat different angle, apprehend it in different relations from those in which it last appeared. And the thought by which we cognize it is the thought of it-in-these-relations, a thought suffused with the consciousness of all that dim content. Often we are ourselves struck at the strange differences in our successive views of the same thing. We wonder how we ever could have opined as we did last month about a certain matter. We have outgrown the possibility of that state of mind, we know not how. From one year to another we see things in new lights. What was unreal has grown real, and what was exciting is insipid. The friends we used to care the world for are shrunken to shadows; the women, once so divine, the stars, the woods, and the waters, how now so dull and common; the young girls that brought an aura of infinity, at present hardly distinguishable existences; the pictures so empty; and as for the books, what *was* there to find so mysteriously significant in Goethe, or in John Mill so full of weight? Instead of all this, more zestful than ever is the work, the work; and fuller and deeper the import of common duties and of common goods."

We can safely leave to the reader the implications of this admirable thought. If

Psychology in this work is treated philosophically rather than scientifically, there can be no question but it is treated profoundly and subtly, and with a never-failing, absolute devotion to the truth. This fidelity is as signal in it as the generosity of the feeling, the elevation of the thought, the sweetness of the humanity which characterize it. If the book does not establish a theory, if it confesses the tentative, adolescent quality of a science which is as old as the race, and as young as the latest human consciousness, it is all the same a rare contribution to knowledge, and a treasury of suggestion which any cultivated intelligence can profit by. It is necessarily inconclusive in many ways, and very likely Psychology can never be a science as some other sciences are, but must always remain a philosophy. If this is so, it can change its mind with less confusion to the unlearned than they feel when they are told that all they have been taught by the highest scientific authorities is mistaken. It can so continue the possession of all who love wisdom, however far off, however wanting in the self-knowledge where all wisdom centres.

II.

What a work like Mr. James's (if there is another like it) does for the unscienced reader is to give him the habit of looking at his mental qualities and ingredients as materials of personality with which his conscience can the more hopefully deal, the more distinctly they are ascertained. It comes to an ethical effect, to suggestion for the ideal social life, with only rather more direct instruction than astronomy has. Kant felt the moral law within him one in meaning with the starry heavens above him; and in a book of sonnets, by a poet new to us, which we have lately been reading with singular pleasure, there is a like recognition of the unity of things which we can perpetually know better, but never wholly know.

The book is a series of poems by Mrs. A. M. Richards, called "Letter and Spirit," which all appeal with a serious and delicate beauty of their own. They are a fragment, the author tells us, of a design "giving expression to each of the manifold aspects of an unchanging and unchangeable truth," and they lead the thought on and on with a charm distinctly their own. We should not know just how to impart a sense of it in words of ours, and we are tempted to quote one of the poems, warning the reader at the same time that this sonnet, which hints the charm, does not suggest the range and scope of the others.

"I who am young, let me not crave too much
The burden of content, not too much strain
The shining mirage of Desire to touch;
Fruition's rest is full of nameless pain.
And yet, O End! O Rest! if there be such
In all the world, come in the mighty reign
Of autumn on this silent inland plain;
Come to a spirit toiling overmuch.
I, who am old, let not my heart annul
With futile hope the gain of suffering years,
Nor make the fine gold of their wisdom dull
With youth's sweet passion of unfruitful tears.
And yet, in this fair spring, with nature's tongue
I cry aloud: Would God I too were young!"

III.

Possibly there is something in the momentary mood of the world, the set of the wind from that particular quarter where it now is, that draws music of like spiritual quality from Æolian harps "of divers tones," and carries the same strain of feeling from poet to poet. There is no break in it between the sonnets we have been speaking of and most of the poems in Dr. Weir Mitchell's last volume of verse, though of course in externals there is any imaginable difference you like. In "A Psalm of Deaths" and the accompanying poems there is the same reverence, the same patience, the same resignation and abeyance in the presence of those large questions that seem to tempt only to baffle us, as we find in Mrs. Richards's beautiful sonnets. The feeling is audible in the solemn strains "Of Those Remembered," "Of One Dead," "Pained unto Death," "A Canticle of Time," "How the Poet for an Hour was King," and most musically of all in "A Psalm of the Waters." It is as old as the first man who asked himself "What for?" but we do not remember to have found it anywhere more sweetly or fully expressed, or with a more winning pensiveness:—

"Is it I who interpret
The cry of the masterful northwind,
The hum of the rain in the hemlocks,
As chorals of joy or of sadness,
To match the mere moods of my being?
Alas for the doubt and the wonder!
Alas for the strange incompleteness
That limits with boundaries solemn
The questioning soul! Yet forever
I know that these choristers ancient
Have touch of my heart; and also, too,
That never was love in its fulness

Told all the great sum of its loving!
I know, too, the years, that remorseless
Have hurt me with sorrow, bring ever
More near for my help the quick healing,
The infinite comfort of nature;
For surely the childhood that enters
This heaven of wood and of water
Is won with grayhairs in the nearing
That home ever open to childhood.
And you, you my brothers, who suffer
In serfdom of labor and sorrow,
What gain have your wounds, that forever
Man bridges with semblance of knowledge
The depths he can never illumine?
Or binds for his service the lightning,
Or prisons Neptune of the waters?
What help has it brought to the weeper?
How lessened the toil of the weary?
Alas! since at evening, deserted,
Job sat in his desolate anguish,
The world has grown wise, but the mourner
Still weeps and will weep; and what helping
He hath from his God or his fellows
Eludes the grave sentinel reason,
Steals in at the heart's lowly portal,
And helps, but will never be questioned."

IV.

We think that in his novel *The Mammon of Unrighteousness* Mr. H. H. Boyesen has kept all the promises and fulfilled all the hopes of his early fiction; but we doubt if those who first make the acquaintance of the author in its pages will feel all its greatness. Here is a novel that in breadth and depth has few equals as a study of American life, of American life psychically, socially, politically, in types drawn from a wide range of our conditions in city and country. Yet it is the work of a man born strange to our life, and coming to it with the disability of another language and another tradition. He was indeed in the perfect plasticity of his youth when he confronted it, and he had that love for its freedom and largeness, as well as that humorous sense of its grotesqueness, which fitted him to receive a keener impression of it than he perhaps knew at the time; but when Mr. Boyesen published his story of *Gunnar*, some twenty years ago, he was so intensely Norse that it did not seem as if he could ever be anything else. That lovely idyl of Norwegian peasant life was an outgrowth of the tremendous literary upheaval in Norway that shattered all the old literary ideals, and sent the poets and novelists of that little, mighty land back to the people to study their language at its source on their lips, and to purify and strengthen their diction for the expression of those conceptions in ethics and æsthetics which the names of Björnson and Ibsen now stand for. But the author of *Gunnar* began at once to take the stamp of his American environment, and to reproduce it in tales of more or less imperfect effect, but always of definite intention, until now he has given us a fiction which has few equals for truth and fulness among American novels.

Of course he has not got America all in. America will never all be got in till the great American novel is conceived in an encyclopedical form, with a force of novelists apportioned upon the basis of our Congressional representation, and working under one editorial direction. In the mean time, *The Mammon of Unrighteousness* may stand for an American novel of the first rank; and it is just to both sides of the national character, which so deep and sharp a line of cleavage divides that, looking at one, you are always inclined to deny that there is any other. No people ever presented as we do the beauty of the ideal and the ugliness of the material; but there are very few observers who see us in both. We are founded, cast, shaped in the ideal, yet most of our uses are frankly and brutally material. We are cynically selfish, we are magnanimously generous; the antagonism felt in each is expressed on a continually widening scale from the citizen up through the town meeting to the government of the whole republic. These facts of our civilization Mr. Boyesen does not represent in a single personality, however, but in two brothers, one of whom says, "I mean to be true to myself," and the other, "I mean to succeed." The allegory ends with their declarations, and the drama begins. These types are also characters, and it is with their fortunes as living men that the novel mainly concerns itself. It is from the outset boldly realistic; and it is at the same time poetical, as realism alone can be, since realism alone has the courage to look life squarely in the face and try to report the expression of its divinely imagined lineaments. If it cannot do this perfectly, that is because all art is imperfect; but the rudest endeavor at verity is better than the most finished pretence that there is something better than verity. To give what you think you ought to have seen in life rather than what you did see is a preposterous immodesty of which realism, with all its faults, has not been guilty; and Mr. Boye-

sen's errors are certainly not in this offensive direction. He will be blamed by those who cannot bear the real look of life; or who are so used to having the negative "touched," that a human face, as any mirror reflects it, is shocking to them. We can fancy such people troubled at this and dismayed at that in his story; not because it passes the limits of that strait decorum which Anglo-Saxon fiction has, we think rightly enough, set itself; but because within these limits it is faithful to every one's experience of one's fellow men and women. To such people the Rev. Mr. Robbins, with his simple-hearted love of smoking, and his perhaps culpable tolerance of very old Madeira, will seem a minister who ought not to appear in fiction, not because self-indulgent ministers are not known to them, but because they ought not to be known, because they ought somehow to be hushed up, and the defects of their virtues concealed. Kate Van Schaak, who makes the self-seeking Horace Larkin break his engagement with the minister's daughter, her cousin, and who matches her "family" with his "success" in the end, will be as little to their liking, not because she is untrue, but because she is true to the well-ancestored, rich, dull respectability from which she springs. For a like reason, her New York environment will have an effect of caricature for such readers, not because if they are in New York society they have not seen it, but because they have not seen it so depicted in literature. The society of the college town where the scene is laid is the society of a college town, but not of a college town as it should be in a novel professing to give an impression of it. "Let them paint them nude," says the Philistine in the Salon, "but let them put clothes on them." That is all that some people require of the novelist, and they rather prefer that he should put old clothes on them.

It must be confessed that the persons of Mr. Boyesen's book cannot respond satisfactorily to this demand, neither Horace Larkin whose egoistic fortunes are followed on one hand, nor Aleck Larkin whose adventures in the endeavor to be true to his convictions occupy the other half of the story. Evil is a tendency and good is a tendency, but in each there are eddies and counter-currents which such fiction as Mr. Boyesen's takes account of; but in most human beings neither tendency is so powerful as to be dramatically traceable. Vast groups of us remain stationary, and to the artist's eye are as bodies of still water, lessening from quiet ponds down to mere moral puddles. These reflect the sky and the surrounding objects, and give a light, a gleam here and there, to his picture, which would be less true without them; but they are hardly drawn into the course of events, and Mr. Boyesen's story loiters among them at times, though there is a tide of interest in it that finally leaves them far behind.

We confess that there are passages of it that we care less for than others. The complications of Obed Larkin's marriages seem to us an adventitious element of the composition, and though they are skilfully handled, affect us as an importation from an elder era of fiction than the rest of the book belongs to. They involve the presentation of some admirable figures, and they effect the union of the good hero and good heroine, with some delightful and some sorrowful episodes of their semi-Bohemian life in New York, but they leave us wishing and believing that all this could have happened without them. On the whole, what we may call the Aleck Larkin side of the book is less important and less life-like than the Horace Larkin side; and if we were to choose something representative from it we should choose some passage of the egoist's career. When it comes to the choice, however, there is so much that is so good, that is subtle and penetrating in suggestion, that is fine and close and strong in execution, that we are embarrassed. Horace in politics, in law, in New York society, in the presence of the killing sorrow that he has brought upon the poor girl he has jilted, in his miserable success, is always himself, not with that mechanical singleness which a weaker art conceives, but with that mixture of motive yielding to the prevalent tendency of his character which it is the expression and the proof of mastery in an artist to render. In this novel, which we may truly call a great novel, Mr. Boyesen has given many such proofs. Hardly any figure that he touches is wanting in them, and those which he has devoted himself more especially to studying have a relief, a vitality, an existence which we recall like that of people we have met in the world.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 14th of May.—John H. Reagan, of Texas, resigned his seat in the United States Senate April 25th, and Horace Chilton was appointed by the Governor of that State to succeed him.

It was announced on the 28th of April that the Chinese government had refused to receive Henry W. Blair as minister from the United States.

A new phase was given to the gubernatorial contest in Nebraska by a decision of the Supreme Court of that State, rendered May 5th, ousting Governor Boyd because he was not at the time of his election a citizen of the United States.

Aside from some unimportant correspondence on the subject, no progress was made toward the settlement of the controversy between Italy and the United States respecting the lynching of Italians at New Orleans on the 14th of March. On the 5th of May the Grand Jury of New Orleans made a very elaborate report of the circumstances which led to that affair, but failed to find indictments against any of those who were engaged in it. Some ill feeling was manifested in Italy. On the 6th an American citizen and his daughter were pelted with stones in the streets of Florence.

There was no settlement of the difficulties between the striking miners and their employers in the Pennsylvania coke regions. Since the riot at Connellsville several conflicts occurred between officers and strikers, and one or two Hungarians were killed.

In Rome, Florence, and Lyons, and at Fourmies, France, on the 1st of May, there were serious encounters between discontented working-men and the police, and some lives were lost. Much dissatisfaction prevailed in the mining regions of Belgium, more than 30,000 miners having gone on strike.

The situation in Newfoundland remained practically unchanged. At Fortune Bay six hundred fishermen combined to load schooners with herring and carry the cargoes to St. Pierre. The blockading cruiser *Fiona*, having interfered with their plans, was attacked by them, but without serious results.

In Honduras, May 6th, a revolutionary movement was inaugurated against President Luiz Bogran. In a conflict at Amapala one of the chief instigators of the rebellion was killed, and the movement was soon afterward suppressed.

The civil war in Chili continued with but little change, no decided advantage being gained by either party. A provisional government for the eight provinces under their control was organized by the insurgents.—On the 6th of May the Chilian steamer *Itata*, which was being loaded in the harbor of San Diego, California, with supplies for the insurgents, was seized by a United States marshal acting under instructions from the government at Washington. On the following day she put to sea with the deputy marshal on board. The war ships *Charleston*, *Baltimore*, and *San Francisco* were despatched in pursuit of her.

Definite information was received concerning the rebellion of the natives in Manipur, India, mention of which was made in our Record for June. The eight British officers who were treacherously captured at the beginning of the outbreak were barbarously put to death by the Manipuris. Several engagements afterward occurred between the tribesmen and the British troops, resulting invariably in the defeat of the former. Twelve villages were burned, and the refuge in the hills, whither the rebellious Manipuris had fled for protection, was bombarded.

Early in April the natives of Portuguese Guinea, West Africa, revolted and raised the French flag. Two battles were fought, in both of which the Portuguese soldiers were defeated with serious loss. The Portuguese fort on the island of Bissão was captured by the rebels, and, according to latest reports, the entire garrison was massacred.

News was received April 23d from the west coast of Africa announcing that the King of Gambia had mutilated a British envoy sent to warn him against continuing depredations upon English colonists.

On the 20th of April the British steamer *Agnes*, conveying an expedition under Colonel Willoughby to Mashonaland, South Africa, was fired upon by the Portuguese at Beira, on the Pungwe River. Upon receiving news of the affair the British government despatched three gun-boats to the mouth of the river.

A report from Madagascar, April 20th, stated that the Sakalavas of Marrombo had massacred the Governor of Tubear and fifty-seven Hova soldiers after the King of Sakalava had promised the Governor an audience.

News was received April 28th of the death of Tamasese, ex-King of Samoa.

DISASTERS.

April 23d.—An accidental explosion of shrapnel-shell capsules in a fort near Rome caused much alarm in the city. Seven persons were killed, and much property, including some valuable works of art, was damaged.

May 11th.—Eight men were killed and twenty-five injured by an explosion in the British tank steamer *Tancarville*, in dry-dock at Newport, England.

OBITUARY.

April 19th.—In Washington, D. C., Rear-Admiral Alfred Taylor, aged eighty-one years.

April 20th.—At Grand Rapids, Michigan, Melbourne H. Ford, member of Congress from Michigan, aged forty-two years.—At Clinton, New York, the Rev. Henry Darling, D.D., LL.D., President of Hamilton College, aged sixty-eight years.

April 24th.—In Berlin, Prussia, Count Carl Bernhardt Helmuth von Moltke, Field-Marshal of Germany, aged ninety years.

April 25th.—In St. Petersburg, Russia, the Grand Duke Nicholas, uncle of the Czar, and formerly Field-Marshal of the Russian army, aged sixty years.

April 29th.—At Charlottesville, Virginia, General Armistead Lindsay Long, Confederate officer, aged sixty-four years.

April 30th.—In New York city, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Jefferson Conant, aged eighty-nine years.

May 5th.—In York, England, the Most Rev. William Connor Magee, Archbishop of York and Primate of England, aged sixty-nine years.

May 9th.—News from London announced the death of Madame Helena Petrovna Blavatzky, founder of the "Theosophical Society," aged sixty years.

Editor's Drawer.

THE world is tolerably well mapped out as to diseases. The colored charts show us where we may most probably dwell with malaria, with consumption, or with general debility. We study also the adaptability of plants to different climatic conditions. But our knowledge of the relation of man to climate is still far from scientific—that is to say, of the influence of climate upon character and conduct. To come to a detail, what, for instance, do we know of the effect of climate upon veracity? There are portions of the earth's surface where the inhabitants regard truth as a luxury seldom to be indulged in; in others the mind seems rather inclined to truthfulness. Whether the difference is owing to race or climate our observations do not yet enable us to determine. There is a popular notion that the habit of prevarication goes along with warmth, or with a debilitating atmosphere, and that cold is a tonic, a sort of stimulant for truthfulness. We indeed have in the phrase "the cold truth" a recognition of this. We say that the northern latitudes nurse the rugged virtue of veracity. It never occurs to us to expect veracity in Egypt, nor in any part of Africa. We should never think of saying that an inhabitant of Malta was untruthful; we should simply say that he was a Maltese. The name Levantine carries with it the same idea. The Levantine, the African, the Oriental habit of indirection is sometimes explained by the amiability of the people, their desire to say that which will be agreeable. Whereas the Englishman prides himself on his blunt honesty, and on speaking the truth, especially if it is disagreeable. But plant the Englishman, or any man whose moral fibre is hardened by a frigid climate, in Egypt, and how long will he continue to speak the truth? How is it about the northern travellers in Africa, who never agree with each other about anything, and habitually accuse each other of misrepresentation? Is this due to climate, or to the contagion of a bad moral example in an atmosphere of duplicity?

What is this moral malaria of Africa? The traveller who tries to get any information in Egypt falls into absolute confusion of mind over the contradictory statements. The English, he admits, are endeavoring to introduce a habit of rectitude. But the mixture of veracity and lying increases the embarrassment, and the result is hazy uncertainty. What, for instance, are the intentions of England in Egypt? The evidence on the spot is all one way, but it seems impossible for any one to mention Egypt outside without catching the African spirit. When the government is interpellated in the House of Commons, it denies that it has any intention of reoccupying the Soudan, and says that it is only temporarily staying in Egypt, and will withdraw when order is restored. What is the use of such statements? England cannot abandon Egypt. It must hold the Suez Canal. It has begun a series of reforms in all departments which needs many years to carry out. Its gigantic project for irrigation cannot be completed in a few years, and must be maintained with a strong hand for a generation at least. This great system cannot be utilized and controlled without command of the sources of the Nile, or successfully operated without constant telegraphic communication as far south at least as Gondokoro. The occupation of the Soudan is therefore an economic as well as a military necessity. The English troops are edging toward Berber from Suakin in order to open the way on the Nile to Khartoom. The railway is being pushed from Assiout to Keneh, where it will cross the river and reach the Red Sea at Kosseir. The English engineers are surveying the First Cataract with reference to a second barrage there, a bridge and dam a hundred feet high, for the purpose of storing the water of the high Nile for use in the summer both in upper and lower Egypt. This dam would flood the lovely island of Philæ. They also have been looking into a project, proposed by Mr. Cope Whitehouse, of New York, for making a great storage reservoir of the Wady Ryan in the Fayoom. In all departments England is taking firm possession of Egypt, and is no more likely to give it up than it is likely to surrender India. These are the visible facts, but the talk all takes the Oriental tinge, and the world is amused with the pretence of temporary occupation.

The truth will gradually dawn upon the Egyptians that they are an English dependency, and that this annexation is greatly to their material advantage. But will Egypt in turn morally conquer the English, as she subdued the Greeks, the Romans, the Arabs, and every other nation that has occupied her demoralizing territory? Will the English retain there their virile veracity? The event will enable the scientist to use another fact in his study of the moral influence of climate. But the subject will still have its difficulties. Not the least of these is the determination of the climate itself. Egypt was supposed to be rainless, cloudless, dry, warm, in winter. In the past winter the Delta was rainy, cloudy, windy, damp, cool. Upper Egypt was the prey of cold winds. As for the Mediterranean, that was a teapot of tempests, and all its shore, north and south, was covered with snow. A warm, genial winter climate anywhere in Europe is a delusion; even Sicily and Algeria were this year inclement. This year was exceptionally bad, but it is only a question of degree. The traveller must seek the Western world for a comfortable winter —southern California, Mexico, or Florida. One would like to know how Italy got the reputation of being an agreeable winter residence: who started the idea? The reader sees the perplexity. If the climate is cold, why is veracity wanting? And if veracity is generally wanting in Italy about its climate, why should not the country be warm and physically agreeable? The dilemma is complete.

These are only illustrations indicating a line of inquiry into a vast subject. We are accustomed to say that the Americans are generally a truthful people. Is it owing to our climate? That has great extremes. The mean is fair, and produces national veracity. Whence comes, then, the habit of playful exaggeration, usually harmless, and perfectly understood as humorous? Is it the result of the extremes of heat and cold, especially of heat? Observation ought to tell us whether we are more truthful in the winter than in the summer, and whether the national habit of using ice-water for a beverage is an attempt to counteract the veracity-destroying power of a high temperature. There is no doubt that we unbend in summer; moral reforms relax; the city churches are closed; society falls into a flirtatious way, and only rounds up into seriousness of intention with the advent of the bracing autumn. Apparently it is the first frost that tones us up into veracity. It is a humiliating dependence.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

A SAD SIGHT.

His hat doth bear a mourning-band;
His form is bent with woe;
A jet-black glove is on his hand;
His step is solemn, slow;

Great tears are falling in his track
For George the Third and North;
For he's an Anglomaniac;
To-day's July the Fourth.

HENRY HERBERT HARKNESS.

A BREAK SOMEWHERE.

"POOR Blank!" said a well-known *litterateur*, in speaking of certain recent efforts of a famous poet. "I'm afraid his lute is broken."

"It's worse than that," returned his *vis-à-vis*. "It goes further back than that. I have reason to believe that his Pegasus was badly broken at the start."

LABOUCHERE'S VERACITY.

MR. HENRY LABOUCHERE, the Radical leader in the British House of Commons, although in turn a diplomat, a journalist, and a politician, has, notwithstanding the blighting influences of these professions, retained a characteristically Anglo-Saxon predilection for the truth—so much so, indeed, that he has felt himself impelled to select it as the name of his weekly newspaper of London club gossip. An illustration of his conscientious veracity will be found in the following incident: Having been appointed secretary to the embassy at Constantinople, he received instructions from Lord Hammond, the permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to proceed forthwith to his new post. This, however, did not meet with the views of Mr. Labouchere, and ten days later Lord Hammond was disagreeably surprised to catch sight of him coolly strolling down Piccadilly toward the park. The wrath of the imperious Under-Secretary was boundless, and a few hours afterward Mr. Labouchere, while at dinner at the St. James's Club, received from the Foreign Office an angry-looking letter, bearing Lord Hammond's familiar signature in the left-hand corner of the envelope. Labouchere gazed at it for a moment, and then placed it unopened in his breast pocket. Two minutes afterward a sudden thought appeared to strike him, and he ostentatiously transferred the missive from the breast pocket to his coat-tail pocket. On the following morning he left London. But instead of travelling to Constantinople direct, he made his way to Baden-Baden, where he remained a fortnight. One evening, after having exhausted almost all his spare cash at the gaming tables, he was strolling through the gardens, when he suddenly bethought himself of Lord Hammond's letter. On opening it he found that it contained, as he had expected, a furious scolding for having dared to remain in London in defiance of the instructions which he had received to join his post with all speed, and peremptory orders to proceed to the Bosporus without further delay. "There," remarked Labouchere to the friend who had accompanied him from England—"there, you see the advantage of my having transferred old Hammond's letter from my breast pocket to my coat-tail pocket. For I can now, without any departure from the truth, date my note acknowledging its receipt from Baden, and commence it as follows: 'My lord, your letter of the 20th ult. has *followed* me on here.'"

ENCOURAGING.

I'd penned the finest effort of my life—
A poem 'twas, about the vasty deep.
I took it then and read it to my wife,
And when I'd done, behold, she was asleep!

A MINER'S POLITENESS.

"MR. WEBSTER didn't know it all," remarked a Florida "cracker" when reproached by his educated daughter for saying "wrack" when he meant "wreck." It is certainly true that the eminent lexicographer had no idea of a hundred and one meanings which are attached to words by people who scorn the authority of colleges and purists.

"Politeness," said old Jack Heverin, an aged store-keeper in a small Pennsylvania town, "always pays, no matter where you be. It don't do to be polite off and on, so to speak, but you must have it with you at all times."

The small crowd of loungers he was entertaining nodded assent, and Jack continued: "When I was in California in '52, there was a young man in our camp who was so polite that it passed into a by-word. No one ever saw him lose his temper, and his face always wore a smile, rain or shine. He had a placer claim that didn't pan out as well as it might have done, but he worked away cheerfully, and by dint of saving what he made, and sticking at it like a good fellow, young Champney managed to roll up quite a respectable pile.

"Well, one day, when the young fellow was cleaning up the week's dirt, a big ruffianly chap appeared on the bank, with a cocked revolver as long as your arm, and levelling it at Champney's head, said,

"'Git!'

"'Joke?' said Champney, with an inquiring smile.

"'No,' said the man, gruffly. 'Git!'

"'Can I take my tools?'

"'No. Git!'

"'All right,' said Champney, just as polite as ever; and climbing up on the bank, he went off, whistling cheerfully, and never once looked back until he entered a clump of trees a hundred yards away.

"All the time, mind you, he knew that the rascal was going to pillage his tent, and take every grain of his hard-earned dust, if he could find it in the tent under the hearth-stone. But Champney never lost his politeness. He kept right on, whistling softly to himself, and pretty soon he made a circuit of about half a mile, until he came unawares upon the robber, who was on his knees rummaging through a bundle of blankets.

"Then Champney whipped out his revolver, and taking very careful aim, shot the robber plumb in the back of the head, *just as polite as you please*—which shows, as I said before, that it always pays."

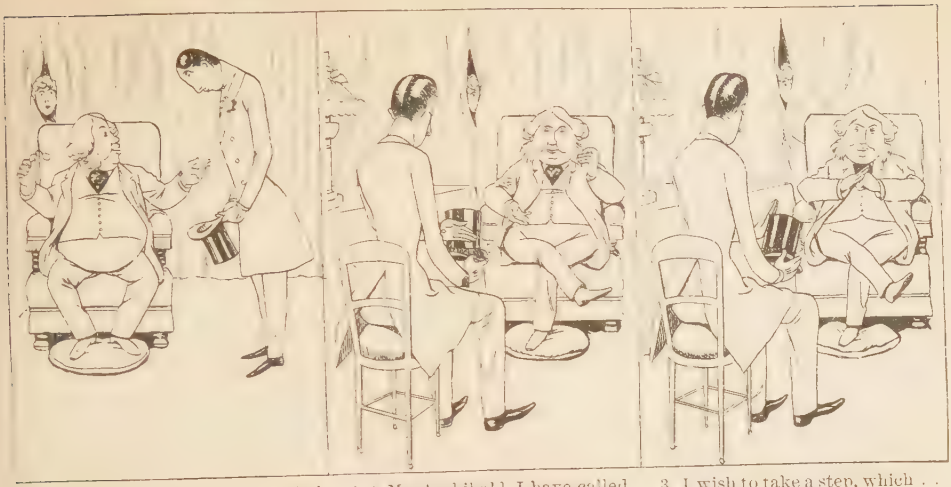
VERY WEARISOME.

A WELL-KNOWN figure in Washington is that of old J——, who for many years held one of the most desirable sinecures in the government list. Recently he resigned, and when asked the reason, he replied that the hours were too onerous.

"Hours onerous!" said his friend. "Why, what were they?"

"From twelve-thirty to a quarter of one every other Wednesday," he said.

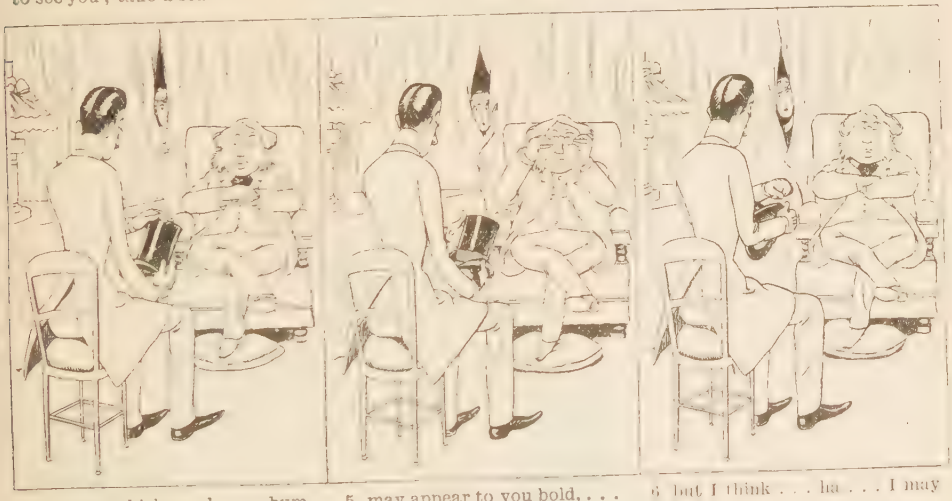
"MISUNDERSTOOD."—Drawn for Harper's Magazine by Caran d'Ache.



1. "Arthur, my dear fellow, glad to see you; take a seat."

2. "Mr. Archibald, I have called . . . a-a-a . . . I should like . . .

3. I wish to take a step, which . . a-a-a . . . hum . . . ha, . . .



4. a step which . . . ha . . . hum, hum . . . which certainly . . .

5. may appear to you bold, . . .

6. but I think . . . ha . . . I may hope . . .

7. that, . . . strange as it may seem to you, . . ."

8. "Do not apologize, my dear Arthur. I understand.

9. You want a hat-brush."

THE TRANSFERRED MALADY.

(IN AN OCULIST'S OFFICE.)

How sweet the girl! I saw her pass
  The waiting group, with dumb surprise;
A golden-haired, trim, willowy lass,
  With heaven's soft azure in her eyes.
What could there be in them to mend?
  Nothing, I stoutly should insist;
But still she asked to see my friend
  The bachelor—and oculist.

I saw her take the patient's chair
  (Venus and Science matched amain),
And though his search found little there,
  He asked the girl to come again.
But while with his ophthalmoscope
  He sought the source of her distress,
In the next room, with rhyme and trope,
  I tried my rapture to express.

"Neuritis of mild type it is,"
  He said (whatever that may be);
"Here is a wash I use for this,
  But come each day and visit me."
I knew the doctor's ready skill;
  Yet while he battled with the case,
His eyes received from hers a thrill;
  A crimson flush suffused her face.

Daily, as she was bid, she came;
  Daily the doctor scanned her eyes.
A cardiac spasm I need not name
  At length he struggled to disguise;
For gazing in those orbs of blue
  So close transferred an aching smart.
No "wash" he ever gave or knew
  For ailing eyes could help his heart.

The girl was cured, the patient lost.
  What now avails his utmost fees
Or rapid skill, to be so tossed
  About by Cupid's sharp caprice?
Those blue eyes, had *I* had the case,
  Should not have been for years dismissed.
To keep them always face to face,
  I'd die—a baffled oculist.

JOEL BENTON.

A BIT OF DREAM VERSE.

A SUBURBAN reader of the Drawer claims to have waked up one morning recently declaiming these words to his awe-struck wife:

I must get up and go my way
  Amid life's rush and splutter,
And put in all my time to-day
  At earning bread and butter.

ANOTHER ACCOMPLISHMENT ALTOGETHER.

AN officer who was going ashore from the United States steam-ship *Albatross* against a high wind, noticing that the gig made little progress, turned to his colored servant and asked him if he could row. The boy replied that he could not.

"What!" exclaimed his master; "you have been on board ship a year and can't row?"

"'Deed, sah, I's nevah ro'ed in my life."

"Then it's time you learned! Pick up those oars and try to row, at least."

A light broke over the darky's face, and as he scrambled over the seats to his place he chuckled: "Ef dis is what yo' mean, ob co'se I kin row. I was reckonin' as yo' meant fo' me to ro' like a lion."

G. A. LYON, JUN.

AFTER THE DINNER.

HE. "Fanny, didn't they serve the game out of the regular order? Wonder why they did it?"
SHE. "Oh, they probably thought it wouldn't keep till the next course."

OTIRA GORGE, WEST COAST ROAD, NEW ZEALAND.

HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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NEW ZEALAND.

BY G. M GRANT.

I RECENTLY made the circuit of the self-governing colonies of Great Britain. Beginning with those in Africa, where still, as of old, something new is always being found, I went on to Tasmania, New Zealand, and the Australias, and from there by Hong-Kong—the new Liverpool of the East—to Vancouver, and across Canada to Atlantic tide-water. Each colony and group of colonies visited had about it something noteworthy, but none presented so many points of interest in small compass as New Zealand. It has the raw material out of which can be made something fairer and better than the mother country. Business enterprises are not laid out on the continental lines already traceable in Sydney and Melbourne. The two islands are scarcely as large as Great Britain and Ireland. But they have an existence of their own. They stand on their own feet, or "hang by their own head." They are no part of Australia, geographically or geologically, in their fauna or flora. They have no immediate intention of becoming one politically with their big neighbor, but hope to occupy as important a relation to it as Britain did and does to Europe, and they are satisfied that their connection with the Empire gives them the necessary conditions for free development.

Through what perversity was this land of mountain and flood, of forest and fiords, of glittering glaciers and bright sunshine, of geysers and pools of exquisitely tinted water fit for naiads to bathe in, called after foggy, swampy Zealand? Probably only the perversity of ignorance. Though Abel Janssen Tasman discovered it in 1642, he did not land, the wild natives frightening him off from their shores. But the Dutch cartographers saw that it adjoined New Holland. The thousand miles of wild waters intervening amounted to no more under the Southern Cross than the distance between old Holland and old Zealand. On a small map the distance is a trifle, and the incongruity is no greater than the names of Rome, Syracuse, Utica, and Ithaca—plundered from a classical dictionary—sown broadcast over northern New York.

Americans have little idea of the actual and prospective importance of New Zealand. They touch at Auckland on their way to Sydney, and, if they can spare two or three weeks, run out to where the pink and white terraces were. Having thus done full justice to the country, they take the next steamer for Australia. Mr. Froude wrote authoritatively concerning it on the strength of having seen that much, and why should an American, who has half a continent of his own, be more particular? New Zealand is not a world like the United States. But neither is it one locality, not even in the sense in which the great colonies of New South Wales and Victoria are local. There you find the whole life of the country in the capital of each, whereas New Zealand has at least four distinct centres, each the capital of a province, and each certain to remain an important centre of business and of characteristic life. The man who has not visited the four does not know New Zealand. Yet the population of the four put together is not as great relatively to that of the colony as the population of Melbourne is to that of Victoria. The mass of the people are to be found in the country or in small towns and villages.

It was the variety of New Zealand that struck me most. So far as scenery is con-

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AUCKLAND HARBOR AND MOUNT RANGITOTO.

cerned, we get an approach to it only by combining Switzerland, southern France, Norway, and the Yellowstone Park — I might throw in the Tyrol and North Italy —into one not very big country. As Switzerland is the point to which tens of thousands of tired men and women converge every summer, so shall it be before long with New Zealand. What a godsend the sight of it must be to people who have lived on the waterless plains of Australia, who have beheld with straining eyes every blade of grass burnt down to the roots, and their vast flocks withering away along the line of march from one dried-up water-hole to another! Instead of low-lying shores, the noble line of the Southern Alps, snowy ranges, and lofty peaks curtained with glaciers, rising into the clear air from eight to twelve thousand feet. Instead of a "bush" without trees, or melancholy eucalypts, girdled, ghostly, stretching out skeleton branches, dense green forests! What a play-ground for the squatter!

A brief itinerary will show how great is the variety of scenery. Take a steamer from Melbourne for the sounds at the southwestern extremity of the South Island. There are thirteen of them along a hundred and twenty miles of coast, the nearest being Milford, Bligh, and George sounds. Beyond the long wash of Australasian seas and noisy breakers on an iron shore, you pass into still and serene channels two or three hundred fathoms deep, precipitous mountains a mile high rising sheer from the water's edge, clothed with richest forest, tier above tier, to the line of snow or glacier. At every turn new beauties are revealed; water-falls, embowered in trees, leaping out from the sides of mountains, or concealing the faces of cliffs with spray-like bridal veils. From the sounds the steamer runs through the Foveaux Strait, separating Stewart from the South Island, and lands you at the Bluff. Stewart Island is sometimes counted as a third in the New Zealand group, and then the South is called the Middle Island—an enumeration that reminds one of the parish minister of the Cumbraes, who regularly prayed for "the muckle and the lesser Cumbraes, and the adjawcent islands of Great Britain and Ireland." From the Bluff you run up by rail to Invercargill, a singularly clean, pretty town, as Scotch as it can be, with all its streets named after Scottish rivers, and from there find your way to the lake and mountain region. Lake Wakatipu is sixty miles long, and, being well provided

with steamers, makes the best base for expeditions. Tourists who are in a hurry stop at Queenstown, or strike off to visit the gold fields that brought the town into existence. But to see Wakatipu it is necessary to go on to Glenorchy or Kinloch, on the upper branch of the lake. The water has all the charm of coloring reflected from surrounding heights that characterizes Como, Lugano, and Maggiore, and the mountains are as interesting as those of the Tyrol. The glaciers on Mounts Aspiring and Earnslaw, formidable as they look, are only the feeble representatives of the old Anakim that scooped out these beautiful lakes as deep as the sounds on the opposite coast, not many miles away. After a short holiday in this district, cross the Southland plains to Dunedin, and thence to Timaru, to follow the trail that Mr. Green, with Emil Boss and Ulric Kaufmann, made to the summit, or rather the *arête*, of Mount Cook, the great Aorangi or sky-piercer of the Maori. Better not attack this monarch of the mountain world of the southern hemisphere without Swiss guides, though it is easy enough to travel to the highest ridge of the Downs, and see him towering over parallel ranges of grand Alpine heights. There is no great risk in going even so far as the southern ridge, to get the view described with the glow of anticipated triumph by the surefooted Irish clergyman, his only conqueror: "Ranges upon ranges of peaks in all directions and of every form, from the ice-capped dome to the splintered aiguille, standing up out of the purple haze." Only a member of the Alpine Club can fully sympathize with the reflection that follows: "And then to think that not one had yet been climbed! Here was work not for a short holiday ramble merely, not to be accomplished even in a lifetime, but work for a whole company of climbers, which would occupy them for half a century of summers, and still there would remain many a new route to be tried." We must hurry away from Aorangi, and leave on one side the marvellously beautiful west coast road, running from Christchurch over a high pass of the Southern Alps to Hokitika, and omit, too, the rich Alpine valleys of the provinces of Nelson and Marlborough, if we are to see anything of the North Island. At Lyttelton (the port of Christchurch), where we get on board the steamer for Wellington, great graceful-looking ocean

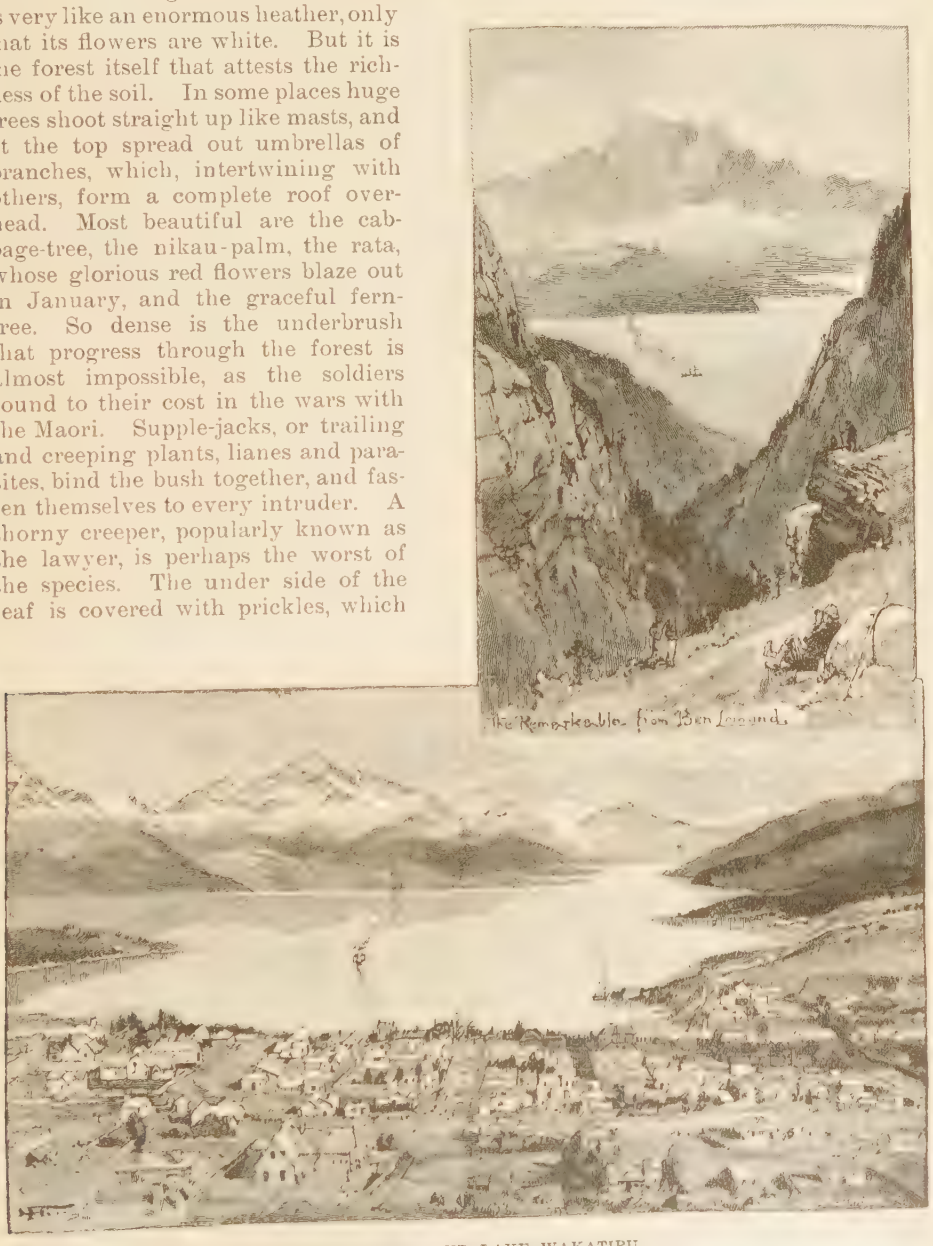
MILFORD SOUND.

steamers, equal to Atlantic liners, show how important the trade of New Zealand is. Each of them carries as one item of its cargo 30,000 carcasses of frozen sheep to feed hungry London. Embarking at night, we see the lofty Kaikoura Range in the morning, and soon after get the swell from Cook Strait, and before noon run into the landlocked harbor of the capital. It is a far cry of four hundred miles from it to Auckland. If we go by the railway that skirts the northwesterly coast as far as the Manawatu River, we there

MAP OF NEW ZEALAND.

take coach and drive through a gorge, that cleaves the mountains down to the roots, right into the interior of the island. This Manawatu gorge, terrible or magnificent, according to the weather, is the pass of Killiecrankie on a large scale. If we go by the Masterton line over the Rimutacca Range, grades are encountered worse than on the Canadian Pacific Railway down the Kicking-horse and over the Selkirks. These are overcome not by the powerful engines of the C. P. R., but by a third rail elevated between the two ordinary rails, and a special engine with extra wheels fixed horizontally to grip the elevated rail on each side. This works us slowly up and down the mountain range. At points on the line barriers are erected to save the train from being hurled into the abyss by the storms that sweep down gorges denuded of their forests. It does blow, be it remarked, both in the North and South islands. All the way to Auckland we get what is generally considered the characteristic scenery of New Zealand: open and park-like plains alternating with the richest forest, active volcanoes, like smoking Tongariro, and extinct snow-clad Ruapehu, the sacred Lake Taupo, and the full-fed Waikato flowing from it, striking water-falls, hot springs, baths blessed with healing virtue, fumaroles, geysers, sinter terraces that recall the glory of Rotomahana, so recent-

ly destroyed (1886)—in a word, two hundred miles of wonder-land, whose varied beauty it is impossible to overrate, and parts of which have been described by hundreds of tourists. Not the least remarkable feature—seen to good advantage when travelling by coach—is the forest. Even the scrub, which consists usually of the ti-tree or manuka-bush, shows the luxuriance of vegetation. The ti-tree is very like an enormous heather, only that its flowers are white. But it is the forest itself that attests the richness of the soil. In some places huge trees shoot straight up like masts, and at the top spread out umbrellas of branches, which, intertwining with others, form a complete roof overhead. Most beautiful are the cabbage-tree, the nikau-palm, the rata, whose glorious red flowers blaze out in January, and the graceful fern-tree. So dense is the underbrush that progress through the forest is almost impossible, as the soldiers found to their cost in the wars with the Maori. Supple-jacks, or trailing and creeping plants, lianes and parasites, bind the bush together, and fasten themselves to every intruder. A thorny creeper, popularly known as the lawyer, is perhaps the worst of the species. The under side of the leaf is covered with prickles, which tear clothes and flesh on the slightest provocation. Among the tussock-grass on the plains, the needle-pointed green bayonets of the Spaniards and a sturdy bramble called the wild-Irishman are just as much dreaded by horse and man. The commercial value of the New Zealand forest is very great. The Kauri pine gives the best wood in the world,



QUEENSTOWN AND LAKE WAKATIPU.

large, durable, easily worked, and without knots. The Totara ranks next to the Kauri in utility. Black, red, and white pines, the broad-leaf, iron-wood, and mapou, are everywhere. In the settlements blue-gums imported from Australia, with other useful and ornamental trees of every description, are being extensively planted.

This run from the southwest coast through the two islands, made in one or two summer months, between December and March, will show any one that no other country of the size of New Zealand enjoys so great a variety of extraordinary natural beauty. But it is a total misconception of the country to fancy that this is its chief claim to the love of its people and the consideration of its neighbors. It has claims infinitely more substantial. Men cannot live upon scenery, nor even, like the wild pigs of New Zealand, upon the parsnip-like roots of Spaniards. Emigrants have gone there for the last half-century because they were told that they could make a living by farming or keeping sheep, by cottage husbandry, coal or gold mining, or other forms of labor. They have not been disappointed. The resources of the colony are as varied as its scenery, and partly for the same reason. It extends for twelve hundred miles from the cold south bordering on antarctic seas to the warm north, and thus has every kind of pleasant climate, through all the ranges of temperate and sub-tropical. When the native of another country sees its unequalled capabilities for tillage and pasturage, his instinctive patriotism makes him almost thankful that it is not any bigger, like the French marshal, whose comment on the British infantry, "the best in the world, sire, but luckily few in number," is so often repeated in England.

If New Zealand were as large as Australia it would supply the English market, and Canada and the United States could hardly be expected to be grateful. Its average yield of wheat is twenty-six bushels to the acre. It is better adapted for raising the best kinds of wool and mutton than even New South Wales, which truthfully boasts of having more sheep per capita than any other country under the sun; but then its runs and paddocks are not so vast, or so capable of indefinite expansion. The amount of business done by its handful of people—less than two-thirds of a million—is astonishing. For the last few years the exports averaged sixty dollars per head, and for the year ending June 30, 1889, they had increased about eight millions over the previous year. The imports are nearly as large. No wonder that its ports are crowded with shipping! The great bulk of its business is done with the mother country and with the Australian colonies, though it sends almost its entire production of some articles to America, such as Kauri gum, an amber-like fossil resin, which is used as a base, instead of gum-mastic, for fine varnishes. Kauri-gum-digging is one of the industries peculiar to New Zealand. In former ages vast forests of the Kauri pine must have been burnt in the north part of the North Island, and the resin melted down into the ground and became deposited in lumps. These lumps vary in size from a thimble to an anchor, and can be dug up by any one able to handle a spade. Gum land is considered worthless for any other purpose, but as it yields to the value of nearly two millions a year for export, and the supply seems inexhaustible, it has an unquestioned worth of its own. As no apprenticeship is needed to make a gum-digger, and no capital but a shovel, the unemployed take to it when they have nothing better to do; waifs and strays also, because of the element of uncertainty in it that appeals to the gambling instinct. The regular army of labor looks down on the work, and classes the workers with the "sundowners," or "swaggers," who roam over the country in search of employment, terribly afraid lest they may find it. To run as little risk as possible, they take care not to appear at farmsteading or station till a little before sundown, sauntering then into the yard, swag or red blanket rolled into a pack on their back, requesting, in humble or insolent tones as may be, food and a night's lodging. The request is always granted, as the farmer or squatter has no wish to quarrel with men whose friends may drop accidentally a lighted match near his ricks on a dark night. They may be told to chop a little wood or do some chores in the morning, in exchange for their supper; but as a rule they feel that this implies a reflection on the hospitality of their entertainers, and before the household is astir, they have folded their swag and silently stolen

MOUNT COOK.

GLACIER, MOUNT COOK

away. It is only fair to add that I have heard of this class of the population not at first hand. The "swagger" has probably a different story to tell from the squatter. So, doubtless, has the Kauri-gum-digger; but neither had I the good fortune to fall in with any member of that interesting profession. It is difficult to understand why in a country like New Zealand there should be so many tramps, but it is unnecessary to enter on social questions at present.

The great industry of the land is sheep-grazing, for the sake of the wool, and latterly for the sake of the mutton as well. When Captain Cook visited it in the year 1769 and the years succeeding, the only mammal worth mentioning was a rat that contributed to the food of the natives on feast-days. It has been killed off by our brown rat, a fate that is considered by the Maoris to prophesy their own, according to the saying: "As the English grass kills the Maori grass, and the English rat kills the Maori rat, so must the Maori himself be swept from the fern home of his fathers by the Pakeha." He deserves, and I anticipate for him, a better fate. There is no race antipathy between him and the "Pakeha," and the number of half-breeds is steadily increasing. What better fortune could be desired than absorption into a common New Zealand stock, the most vigorous in the Southern seas? The great sailor to whom I have referred, who may be called the discoverer as well as the first colonizer

of the country, equally great as a navigator, an observer, and a man, introduced on the islands pigs, poultry, and potatoes. These have thriven amazingly. Indeed, every animal and vegetable, almost every bird, insect, and fish, that has been introduced since has thriven, some well and others too well, sheep taking the lead, and rabbits closely following. The value of the wool exported is now about twenty millions annually. Up to 1881 the sheep-masters did not know what on earth to do with their mutton, but the discovery was then made that it could be sent in a frozen state to Britain. Great was the alarm among the classes, from dukes to butchers, who controlled the British meat market. Strong prejudices were stirred up against frozen meat, and as at first some of the mutton was discolored, there was ground for prejudice. But the New-Zealanders got hold of the scientific truth that intense cold can be produced in a chamber with walls impervious to heat through the simple process of compressing air by steam-power and then letting it into the chamber, where it expands to its natural bulk. They gradually perfected their machinery and plant, established freezing-works near the ports of shipment, and sent the frozen carcasses, nicely encased in clean bags, to the freezing-chamber of the steamer. There they keep hard as marble and perfectly sweet for months, and, for aught I know to the contrary, could be kept for years. I sailed from Plymouth in the *Aorangi*, and from Cape Town in the *Ionic*, both of them magnificent steamers, belonging to different lines, and on board both the mutton brought to the table had made the voyage round the Horn, and then been in the Thames for weeks, yet better mutton I never ate. New Zealand now sends a million carcasses annually to the London market. It not only spares easily, and to the actual advantage of the flocks, that number annually from its total of seventeen millions of sheep, but believes that every year the number can be increased. Firms in Britain are establishing houses in all the great cities, where the carcasses can be stored and kept frozen till needed. Competition has brought down the cost of freight from three to two pence, and now, I believe, to one penny, or two cents, a pound. Great is the boon that has been conferred on two communities on opposite sides of the globe—meat-producers and meat-eaters—by practical application of the familiar scientific truth at the basis of the trade. The gains from this one industry would pay for all the physical laboratories in the Empire, just as Germany makes more from the discovery of aniline dyes than it spends on its universities.

The sheep-masters, or squatters, are the aristocracy of New Zealand. But notwithstanding the success of the frozen-meat trade, they are not always happy. To hear members of the class in the clubs at Dunedin, Christchurch, or Wellington discussing their losses and crosses and the best ways of meeting their enemies, convinces us that life, even to the owners of runs in bright New Zealand, is a stern conflict, and that no business is exempt from hazards. There are no all-destroying droughts, as in Australia, but there are snow-storms, imprisoning the flock far back among the hills. The snow-storm of 1867, followed by pitiless rain, driven by a furious freezing southwester, killed half a million sheep, and the marvel was that any out of the flocks overtaken by it survived. Wild pigs descended from Captain Cook's domestic animals, great boars cased in hides and gristle that would turn a musket ball, were frozen stiff, while, hard by, thin-skinned creatures with only a few months' growth of merino wool on their backs stood the stress of the storm without injury. Such a calamity, however, as that of 1867 is not what vexes the squatter most. That comes direct from the Almighty, he thinks, and why should a living man complain? He frets more over the loss of a few score annually from the rascally kea, or the lessening of the carrying capacity of his run by the innocent rabbit. All the resources of civilization have to be invoked to meet these dread enemies, especially the latter of the two. The kea, or mountain-parrot, a greenish-brown bird, formerly as harmless as others of his class, has developed a carnivorous habit as fastidious as that of epicures. It used to feed on the berries that grew luxuriantly on the hills, but it has changed that simple diet since the multiplication of sheep; perhaps fires, too, made that natural food scarce. It now takes a terrible revenge on its unconscious enemy. Fastening itself on the back of a poor sheep, perhaps stuck in a snow-drift, and savagely tearing away wool, skin, and

HOT SPRINGS, WHAKAREWAREWA.

SHEEP ATTACKED BY KEAS.

flesh, it plunges its powerful beak into the kidney fat, which it devours, and then, leaving one victim to die in agony, goes off in search of another. Though it is as difficult to feel individual affection for sheep where they are slaughtered by millions as it would be to care for hogs in Chicago, the most unsentimental shepherd cannot refrain from pitying one of his own flock that he finds in such a condition, and from invoking maledictions on the whole race of keas. How they found out that kidney fat was such a delicacy can only be conjectured—perhaps in the same indirect manner in which Charles Lamb's Chinaman discovered that young roast pig was good: a kea saw a sheep devouring his regular supply of food, and defending his property with what beak and claws he had, his tongue came in contact accidentally with kidney fat. From that moment the satisfaction of appetite and the gratification of vendetta were united.

But compared to the rabbit, the kea is an enemy scarce worth mentioning. Numbers overwhelm. A single locust or a single rat can do little, but a cloud of locusts is terrible to the farmers of the Northwest, and a swarm of rats devoured Bishop Hatto. What vexes the run-holders of New Zealand and Australia most is that members of their own class introduced the plague—hares for coursing, rabbits for pets, food, or auld lang-syne. Great was the joy when the first shipment arrived safely in Invercargill. At a dinner that night Bunny's health was enthusiastically drank, and soon afterward spe-

cial legislation was passed to protect him. A few pairs were turned out to make a warren, and all went well. Every one was satisfied.

"How do you like tiger-hunting?" was the question put to a returned Anglo-Indian.

"No sport better, so long as it stays that way," was the answer; "but when the tiger hunts you, it is a different matter altogether."

The legislator needs protection now, and not Bunny, as in the old Joe Miller concerning catching a Tartar:

"Why don't you let him go?" "Because he has caught me."

The run-holder has been caught. His sheep are being eaten out of their rich pastures, and he feels as helpless as he would against invasions of mice, mosquitoes, or microbes. Graphically did a member of the Dunedin Club describe to me the resistless advance of the timid creatures as beheld by him in the gray of a sharp morning, when the first snowfall drove them from the mountains to the lower slopes, where he had hoped to feed his fat sheep through the winter. Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane was nothing to it. For miles and miles the hills and downs below the snow-line were living gray. The multitudinous gray mass was moving on, burrowing, nibbling, as it advanced. Poor man! He may have been humbugging me; but if so, he did it well. His cheek actually lost a portion of its deep ruddy hue as he recalled the scene and began to compute in pounds sterling what the rabbit had cost his beloved New Zealand.

MAORI CARVING.

All sorts of remedies, from cats, weasels, stoats, and iguanas, to snakes, gunpowder, phosphorus, and cholera microbes, have been tried, and not wholly in vain. Bounties for rabbit-destruction at so much per thousand have called into existence professional trappers; but these are now found to contribute to the perpetuation of the pest. No profession, it would seem, can be

MAORI WHARRÉ.

unitedly and honestly willing to abrogate or annihilate that on which it lives. The "rabbiters" therefore take care to keep up the supply, by now and then waging war on the stoats and cats, professedly, of course, when taxed with the fact, in the interest of the housewife, whose yard and hen-roosts have suffered more from one stoat than from all rabbitdom, and whose anger is so kindled against such bloodthirsty brutes that she actually pities poor Bunny. I journeyed over the Rimutaccas with a squatter—like all the rest of his class whom I met, a singularly intelligent, well-educated man—and learned from him that he had found out nature's own remedy for the plague. In proof of his assertion, he said that he had cleared his own and his neighbors' runs. He had applied for the $125,000 prize that New South Wales had offered, and considered that he was much better entitled to it than Pasteur, whose microbe remedy might in the end be worse than the disease. Nature's checks and counterchecks could always be depended on. In this case the remedy was the tapeworm of the dog, fox, wolf, cat, or other enemies of the rabbit. When, in spite of one or all of these, the rabbit multiplied excessively, his natural enemies, from feeding on him exclusively, got the tapeworm illness, and infected with it the grass. In that way the rabbits next got the disease, and it swept them out of existence. My squatter acquaintance made his discovery accidentally. Observing that his dogs, who had lived on rabbits, were becoming mangy, he physicked them, and a few weeks after he declared that the rabbits, which had previously held their own against trapping, shooting, poisoning, and suffocating in their warrens, had disappeared, with the exception of one or two of the hardiest, who proved their fitness to survive anything.

MAORI DOORWAY, THAMES.

It ought to be mentioned here that in some districts even rabbits are turned to good account. They are shot or trapped by the thousand for food. The meat is tinned, and a profitable demand is rising in England for canned rabbit. The skins sell for the lining of coats and for felt hats.

New Zealand has all the elements of a great mining and manufacturing as well as of an agricultural and pastoral country. In mines, gold and coal take the first place, and are likely to hold it for some time. The story of the discovery of gold, and the influence it has had on settlement, is too interesting to be summarized. Coal-mining is growing more rapidly than any other industry except the frozen-meat business; and instead of being localized in one grim "Black Country," the deposits—in all stages of lignite, brown, and bitumi-

WELLINGTON.

nous—are distributed over both islands, and the miners live like human beings.

Among the peculiar productions of New Zealand is the well-known flax *Phormium tenax*. This is a gigantic lily, with leaves nine or ten feet long, growing on hill-sides and in every swamp, and now finding a deserved place in gardens and pleasure-grounds. It was as useful to the Maori as the palm to the Arab, the cocoanut-tree to the Hindoo, or shaganappi to the Northwest half-breed or Hudson Bay trader. A sweet drink was extracted from its flowers, and an edible gum from the roots of the leaves. It was used for building and thatching their huts or wharrés, for nets, thread, ropes, sails, sandals, mats, baskets, bags, cables, clothing, and every conceivable textile purpose. So wonderfully fine and strong is the fibre that no one need be at a loss for thread or stout rope in any part of New Zealand. He has only to cut a leaf from a flax plant, and slit it into broad or narrow ribbons. There is an increasing demand for the fibre in commerce, especially when a partial failure of Manila hemp or Mexican sisal is threatened. Besides all that have been mentioned, New Zealand has other strings to its bow. The production of cereals and root crops, of butter and cheese, of sub-tropical fruits and flowers—in a word, of everything raised in temperate climates or in the favored lands along the shores of the Mediterranean—is steadily increasing. And better than richness and variety of soil is climate. There is no climate better suited to the Anglo-Saxon race, and no colony has been settled so exclusively from the British Islands and from the best classes of British people. I saw fewer alterations from the original stock than in Australia, the southern coast from Gippsland to Adelaide excepted, and any changes in physique were not for the worse. The climate, too, is far more pleasant than that of Britain, simply because there is far more sunshine. One is tempted to ask, for what other spot on earth has the Almighty done so much?

Yet, strange to say, these Fortunate Islands went a-begging from Captain Cook's time down to 1840, and the South Island was within an ace of being picked up by France. In that case it would have been probably used as a home for *récidivistes*, for in default of it New Caledonia was selected and is still used for that purpose. Captain Stanley, of the *Spitfire*, arrived three days before the vessels of the French Company, and had hoisted the union-jack. The Frenchman laughed good-naturedly, landed his emigrants, and sailed away for New Caledonia. Before long United Australia will politely ask France to consume her own smoke, or, at any rate, not to puff it offensively into a quiet neighbor's face. The way in which

New Zealand became British in spite of the Colonial Office is an illustration of how the Empire has grown. Fifty years ago Great Britain thought herself "the wearied Titan." Statesmen fancied that the occupation of fresh fields by her overcrowded children at home meant an additional load to be carried, instead of a lessening of burdens or the opening of new safety-valves. Filled with the paternal idea, they did not understand that such a people carried with them the principle

TAWHAIO, MAORI KING.

and power of self-government. The last of that race of statesmen—let us hope—was Lord Derby, who snubbed Sir Thomas McIlwraith, of Queensland, for annexing New Guinea, with the result that the great island which overlooks the northern shores of Australia is now partitioned among different European powers. Individual Englishmen, however, have a way of acting for themselves, regardless of the Colonial Office, and fortunately there were men of that stamp in England in 1839. Edward Gibbon Wakefield and Lord Durham formed a company, and sent out twelve hundred settlers, who founded Wellington. The statesmen had been laboriously seeking to build up a card castle called a Native State; this step was manifestly of the nature of treason; but as it could not be undone, it forced the creation of New Zealand into a separate colony. In 1840, by the treaty of Waitangi, the chiefs of the North Island ceded the sovereignty to the Queen, and that of the South Island was assumed on the ground of discovery. The Maoris and the settlers soon quarrelled, and wars followed from 1843 to 1869. These could have only one ending, notwithstanding the pluck of the Maoris, backed by their dense bush and supple-jacks. The flat meree of greenstone or whale blade-bone and tomahawk were no match for the bayonet, nor muskets bought from whalers for rockets and shells. The wars are over, and have left no bad blood behind. The Maoris form an integral portion of the community, with recognized place and rights. It is not considered at all improper for a white man to marry a Maori girl, especially if she is heiress to a tract of good land. They are a middle-sized, stuggy race, and though some say that they are dying out, better authorities maintain that they are holding and will continue to hold their own. They have representatives in both Houses of Parliament, and any of these, if unable to speak English, is allowed an interpreter, who stands up beside him and translates his speech sentence by sentence. This double-barrelled membership looks odd, but it works well. I heard Taipua, one of the four in the House of Representatives, make a speech after this manner on a proposed native lands bill. As a parliamentary utterance it was a miracle of condensation, perhaps because he had time to think over what he was going to say next, while the interpreter explained in English what he had said. "You have

SUPREME COURT AND VICTORIA BRIDGE, CHRISTCHURCH.

CATHEDRAL, CHRISTCHURCH.

passed twenty acts about our lands in as many years, and they have all been bad. This is the worst. You propose to tax our land. Had you not better leave the matter to ourselves? Or, as there are now a number of our leading men in Wellington to give evidence on a disputed will case involving land titles, I advise you to take counsel with them. They can give you light, if light is what you want. At any rate, keep lawyers away from us." Thus spake Taipua, and, amid the cheers and laughter of the House, took his seat, leaving the ministry in no doubt as to the side on which he intended to vote.

Some of the Maoris still keep up the old hideous practice of tattooing, the men puncturing the whole face to increase their importance, and the women their lips, chins, and eyelids to increase their personal attractions. A friend of mine told a married woman in Japan that he wondered at her disfiguring herself by blackening her teeth. "What do you mean?" was the indignant answer. "Any dog has white teeth." Probably the Maori damsel thinks along the same line, but after looking at her slaty-blue lips I thought her mistaken.

All New Zealand was in the blues in 1888. The cause was the public-works policy on which the government embarked in 1870, which landed the country in a quagmire of debt, threatening its credit for a time. It had given work at extravagant wages to every one as long as the borrowing went on, and there had to be a pause. There can be no doubt that the pace was too rapid, but the notion of the Cassandras, male and female, that the debt is simply a huge horse-leech draining away their life-blood

PRINCESS STREET, DUNEDIN.

for the benefit of the English bondholders, seems to me a delusion. Heavy as the burden is, amounting to somewhere about two hundred millions, it is a bagatelle compared to the resources of the country. The value of one product, the gold that has been entered for export, is larger, and there is still gold on government land, probably more than enough, to pay the whole debt; besides, there is money's worth to show for the money borrowed. For instance, the colony owns all the railways and the telegraph lines, and could sell these any day for what they cost, and so reduce the public indebtedness by nearly a half. Roads, harbors, piers, light-houses, and other public improvements the colony constructed in too great a hurry, and with all the waste incidental to democratic government, but not one of them would it be willing to do without.

Colonization proceeded from so many centres, distinct in climate, soil, population, and history, and still unconnected by rail, except in the cases of Dunedin and Christchurch, that it was extremely difficult to carry out a comprehensive policy. Very naturally, too, each of the four principal cities continues to look upon itself as the real present, or, at any rate, the assured future, capital of New Zealand. Each points to its increasing commerce and special industries, and declares that the climate is the best in the world. Auckland, the old capital, bears itself with the dignity of a discrowned monarch, calmly convinced that the king must have his own again. There is room, certainly, for an immense surrounding population, alike in the great peninsula stretching from it far to the North Cape, and south to the King country, and its position as the port of call for steamers from America gives it special commercial importance But the people of Wellington calmly point to the map, and show you that their central position and command of Cook Strait settle the question. Their chief drawback is the limited area available for business or residence on account of abrupt hill-sides; but hills can be cut away, and there is a great deal of room at the

two wings of the city. Additional ground was formed by the earthquake of 1848, which raised the town site from three to six feet, and turned a swamp, reserved for a dock, into a capital field for recreation. No wonder that earthquakes, though dreaded elsewhere, are rather regarded with pride by Wellingtonians as one of the features of their city!

I think Wellington is likely to hold its own, especially as possession is nine points of the law. Its position, its excellent and well-defended harbor, and the two railways extending from it into the heart of the island are in its favor as the national capital and a distributing centre, although its growth was slow at first, owing to the steep hills crowding down to the water's edge, and the mountain ranges that cut it off from the back country.

To the Church of England was assigned the settlement of the province of Canterbury, and to the Free Church of Scotland the settlement of Otago. Hence Christchurch, the capital of the one, is essentially English in type, and Dunedin, the capital of the other, essentially Scottish. Port Lyttelton was intended as the capital of Canterbury, but the high, rugged, volcanic rocks enclosing the harbor left no room for a city, and the settlers began to stream across the ridge to the great plains beyond. There they found Scotchmen who had rented or bought large sections of choice land from the natives, and conquered the first difficulties that beset pioneers. Some of the Anglicans were disgusted that there should be intrusive Presbyterian Scots where they had resolved to plant a copy of England, with church and schools modelled on a type that is rather out of date even in the Old World. It was almost enough to warrant the declaration that when the north pole is discovered a Scotchman will be found sitting astride of it. However, all has turned out for the best. "The City of the Plains" is Anglican in tone, and all its streets are named after the sees of the Anglican Church; but education is public, unsectarian, and, it may be added, costly to the revenue, as in the rest of New Zealand. All kinds of churches, from a Free-thought temple to a Salvation Army barrack, have a fair field. The toilsome journeys to and from the harbor over the lofty volcanic spur still linger in the memories of the oldest inhabitants; but in 1861 the infant colony girded itself up to the work of boring a tunnel through the eight thousand feet of rock, and succeeded grandly. The pioneers came in 1850, and already the city has the equipment of a European capital—magnificent public buildings, college, museum, high schools, normal schools, cathedral, botanic gardens, park, hansoms, club with gorgeous red-waistcoated waiters, and fifty thousand people, all satisfied that the capital must come to Christchurch. Dunedin, they say, is too cold, Auckland too far north, and Wellington too windy, and so exposed to seismic disturbances that the public buildings have to be of wood. Their cathedral is on a splendid model. The nave only is sufficiently completed for worship, but it makes a serviceable church. The font at the entrance is the gift of the late Dean Stanley, in memory of his brother, who was so lucky as to anticipate the French. Christchurch is the real monument both of him and of the pioneers who came after him, "Alteram ut Angliam matre non indignam condant," as the parchment under the cathedral's foundation-stone reads.

The public gardens and Hagley Park are wonderful for size and possibilities. A pretty little stream—the Avon—meanders through them; not Shakespeare's Avon, but so named by the Scottish settlers after a stream that flows into the Clyde in their native Lanarkshire. The museum is simply astonishing. It owes its unique excellence to one great man, Sir Julius von Haast. The moa room alone, with its peerless collection of moa skeletons, the great wingless bird of prehistoric New Zealand, is well worth a long visit. The living representative of the moa, the kiwi, is a humble-looking bird, apparently as much related to its mighty ancestor as a wingless partridge to an ostrich or emu. The *Dinornis maximus* stands nearly thirteen feet high, and in life must have towered over its hunters like a giraffe.

When Dunedin is reached, its handsome buildings of Port Chalmers and Oamaru stone, the curbed and asphalted pavements and well-paved streets, make the traveller think that he has at last come to the capital. His impressions are strengthened as he sees ivy-clad Presbyterian churches like cathedrals, and extensive suburbs, not visible even from the surrounding hill-tops. The city climbs

up and round steep green acclivities, and thus in great part is hidden away in nooks and glens. One might well be content to live in Dunedin. Its people are sure that there is no place like it, and they have good reason for their pride. Few communities are more hospitable or self-reliant. Indeed, their vigor seems hardly tempered with Scottish caution when you find them unsatisfied with Port Chalmers, eight miles off, as a harbor, and spending fabulous sums dredging out the connecting shallow arm of the sea, with the determination that the ocean liners shall come right up to the Dunedin wharves.

The threatened cold of Dunedin was not of the kind to frighten a Canadian. As I sat at dinner in the home-like club on the first day of my arrival, and looked out through the windows, it was difficult to realize that it was midwinter. The lawn was green as the Oxford quads in May. Beds of flowers gave color to the grounds—snowdrops, pansies, wallflowers, violets, stocks, chrysanthemums. Roses were about over, and camellias budding. Different species of veronica, fuchsias, laurestines, and the British and native holly with bright red berries backed the lawn. Beyond the shrubs towered graceful evergreens, the broadleaf, mapou, the cabbage-tree, bluegums, the macrocarpa, the *Pinus insignis*, and native pines. A cold rain fell steadily, much more unpleasant than a snow-storm, but there was no arrest of vegetation.

Next day a railway ride to Mossgiel and a drive through the valley of the Taieri showed the advantages for mixed farming that Otago possesses. No ice or snow; no dead leaves, for there are no deciduous trees except a few imported oaks and elms; no need of hay. The grass in the fields was green, and the cattle and sheep were pasturing. The gorse hedges were rich with golden blossoms, except where they were kept sternly clipped. The cozy-looking manses were surrounded with shrubbery, and covered with ivy or trailing vines. The people are a different race from the weedy Cornstalks of New South Wales or the Banana Boys of Queensland. For ruddy faces and strong frames one may back Barracoutas, even though taken from the factory of Mossgiel, against any part of the world. I saw a Dunedin crowd of ten or twelve thousand on my second visit. They had gathered on the wharves to see the *Rotamahana* start for Melbourne, as it was a Sunday afternoon. Such a crowd of well-fed, well-clad, sturdy, red-cheeked men and women, business depression notwithstanding, surely no other city of the size could produce. Not one looked sick or even seedy. "Ah!" said one of the Dunedin pioneers, whom I was congratulating on the abounding evidences of order, comfort, and thrift that I had witnessed throughout the province, "few of them think now what it cost to lay the foundations." Thereupon he sketched vivid pictures of the difficulties and privations of the emigrants of 1848, and told with subdued enthusiasm how they triumphed over all, sustained by the native vigor of the race and faith in the God of their fathers. The immigrant to a new country has a hard time of it. He is smarting from the sundering of old ties, and new ones have not yet formed. In New Zealand the very seasons were turned upside down. But these men have their reward. They see their children growing up with a love for the land equal to that which brings tears to their own eyes as they think of the old home. Gradually their patriotic fervor becomes transferred to New Zealand, till to their astonishment they find themselves vehemently telling new-comers how much better it is than the old country.

"O fortunati nimium!" I am tempted to exclaim as I think of these old-timers. For nowhere is there a fairer land. Nowhere is labor more sweet, or recreation more shared in by all classes. Every township has its park, race-course, and play-ground; the cities have these and everything else that can be imagined. Picnics are universal. The long summers and bracing winters make open-air amusements delightful. Sports are taken up eagerly, from coursing matches over rough ground and pig-stalking, to cricket, foot-ball, and volunteering. From the beginning generous provision was made for schools and colleges, the people—in the South Island especially—having the spirit of the men who colonized New England. No one with eyes in his head can fail to see that the New-Zealander of to-day is laying the foundations of a mighty state, though he may not be able to believe that one of his descendants is likely to sit on a broken arch of London Bridge and sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.

ZAN ZOO.

BY GEORGE HEATH.

THERE was a soft burring sound. You would have noticed it if you had been there, and you would very much have wondered what it was. Again, again, and again—so soft, so gentle, so entreating. Now you would surely know it came from behind the hedge of cacti, and if you walked around to the other side you would see little Zan Zoo lying on her stomach, her feet conveniently resting on her back. Zan Zoo is talking to the turtle-doves. She has tied a string to a tiny foot on each dove to make sure they will not get beyond conversational distance. Zan Zoo is thinking "what very little feet the doves have" as they walk about with their funny short steps. Then she remembers with satisfaction her own wonderful feet. She carefully ties the strings to her thumb, sits upright, and crosses her feet into her lap. There is nothing in the world, Zan thinks, so beautiful as her feet. Doesn't every one speak of them? Don't all the boys say, "Let's see your feet, Zan," when they catch her sitting on them? Zan's feet are not small; they are not white; they are not well shaped. Why does she look at them with that wide grin of perfect satisfaction? She fairly chuckles over them. Now she counts her toes—one, two, three, four, five, six. It is quite true—six on each foot.

The doves come close to her. There is the pretty liquid note once more. "What do you say to the doves?" I ask. "They know," is the brief answer; and indeed they seem to, for in a moment they are on her shoulders, daintily arranging their iridescent finery, and the look of intelligence in Zan's eyes tells that it is in response to her request.

She stands up, the birds still on her shoulders. It is all strange and curious to me — the handsome little Caffre girl making the doves obey her so prettily; the long narrow garden, with its cactus hedge, its clump of bamboos, the fig-trees here and there, and farther on the grove of bananas, and over all the deep blue sky, bluer than anything I had ever dreamed of before; and the high huts on every side, with strange lights and shadows now brightening, now darkening them. "How beautiful!" I exclaim. Zan looks at her feet, and says "Yes."

When I returned to the farm-house I made inquiries concerning my new acquaintance. It seems that she belonged on the farm, and had been deserted by both father and mother. I was told that she was extremely proud of her numerous toes, that she assumed great airs on account of them, and considered herself wholly exempt from the ordinary duties that fell to the colored children about the place. Her mistress informed me also that the child was a terrible nuisance, adding, expressively: "I intend to break her in soon. The young baboon will find there are other things to do than crooning over doves and taming dirty toads."

I had gone beyond the tropics for my health, but until now I had been travelling so constantly that I had obtained little benefit from the climate. The luxurious spot into which I at length settled for a period of several months was all that my body and soul most desired. This was "the Beers' farm," where I encountered Zan Zoo on the day of my arrival. For the first week I did nothing but eat my meals, crawl into the garden, loll in my steamer chair, and bask in the sun.

I thought of Zan occasionally, and wondered that I had not seen her again. One morning, when I had become strong enough, I went to the river for my bath. As I came near the Ron I heard a scream, followed by a wail of despair. In an instant I came upon Zan Zoo, hands clinched and face fiery. It seems that for several months a large yellow-bellied toad, well adorned with warts, had taken up his nightly habitation in Zan Zoo's apartment, not finding it too regal for his plebeian taste. Now Zan had a very tender heart for all living creatures, men and women excepted. These she looked upon as a race of cruel giants expressly created to multiply the grievances of innocent folk like herself and the doves. She therefore met the friendly approaches of the toad in the warmest manner.

She called him familiarly "Hopper" when they were alone, but in the presence of others invariably prefixed the proper title—Mr. The day previous had witnessed one of Zan's fasts. She awoke in the morning cross in proportion to the empti-

ness of her stomach. Jacob, a colored boy whom she detested, came along while she was sitting in the doorway talking to Hopper. Jacob was enough Hottentot to compel a growth of hair in tufts interspersed with bare patches over his head. Zan never saw Jacob without a desire arising within her to "sass him."

"Ja-cob, Ja-cob," she sung out with aggravating inflection, making the first syllable abnormally long, and cutting the latter short with a click which she knew to be particularly annoying — "Ja-cob, why don't you sow seed in your patches?"

Jacob made no reply, but sauntered a little nearer, picking up a stick as he came.

This move was received with a contemptuous snort from Zan Zoo. "Ach, you turnip-head! You think I am afraid of you?" and she displayed her choicest reserves in a series of diabolical faces intended to strike terror to the cowardly heart of Jacob.

The stick made a twirl, but it did not fall on Zan. 'Twas aimed at poor Hopper, who sat there with blinking eyes and palpitating throat, watching the altercation. One dexterous turn following the blow landed the unfortunate Hopper some yards distant. Then came the scream I had heard. Zan made a rush to the rescue. Her anger was swallowed up in her fears for the injury done to her pet.

"It's Hopper! it's Hopper!" she cried. "Don't touch him—please don't!" and she cowered over the half-dead reptile.

It was too delightful to Jacob to find his tormentor so completely and unexpectedly in his power. He flourished his stick threateningly. She was crying piteously now, and begging.

"He never hurt you. He couldn't hurt you—Hopper couldn't. He liked me; he liked me so, he always came. I won't ever make faces at you again—truly I won't."

The stick came down, but it fell on Zan's hands, held protectingly over the gasping Hopper.

"You wicked boy! you're a coward—a coward! You wouldn't dare touch him only he can't do anything. The snakes will bite you now." And she blazed her great eyes wrathfully upon him as though she had a legion of serpents ready to do her bidding. I came upon them in time to send Jacob skulking about his work, and to save Hopper from his death agonies for the time being.

Though I never had been aware of any ardent personal attachment myself for toads previous to this event, my heart went out at once toward Mr. H. and his brave little defender. I comforted her as well as I might—suggesting that Mr. H. was not of an overly sensitive organization, and that if we put him in the ground for a season to mend himself he would come out all right. But she sternly refused to have him "buried alive," as she called it. She wrapped him up in a bit of her ragged dress and bore him off. I never learned the exact course of treatment he underwent; doubtless it was to his own satisfaction, for I observed him blinking away by Zan's steps not more than a week later, apparently in his normal condition. I found afterward that this incident had advanced me considerably in Zan's good graces. She turned up somewhere in my wandering nearly every day, till at length the hours became few when she was not by my side or dogging my footsteps or bounding before me over the veld. She took me to all of her favorite haunts — the mount, the water-fall, the cave, and most of all to the field below the garden. Zan and they are curiously interwoven in my memory. There is a rush of vivid coloring before my eyes—intense impressions, like those made by a flash of lightning —then there emerges out of the scene brought before me the dark childish face of Zan, with intent big eyes turning from me to her darling resorts and back to me again, as if to see whether she had desecrated the spot by bringing me there. I have not even to close my eyes to see the most trifling objects that surrounded us. At every step there is a little change; the change becomes greater, till at last— But I am thinking now of the time she first took me up the mount. Our way lies through the dusty oak-shaded street, close bordered by the stoops of the low thatched houses. People are coming out to enjoy the cool breeze which springs up at the close of a long hot day. A beautiful Malay in purple gown and yellow turban passes us, carrying a basket on her head. She is proud of her beauty, of her full stiff skirts, and of the way she carries her head. A little farther, and we meet a line of bullocks. There are twenty of them. They are drawing a little wagon loaded with wood. A very small Caffre boy runs before the cattle, and attends

their steps. A white man sits on the load, and flourishes a long whip. Sometimes it hits the cattle and sometimes the boy. The air is drowsy still, in spite of the freshening breeze. It seems to lull your consciousness as an individual, and you exist only as a part of a picture. It is made up of the narrow red street, the dusty oaks, the wide stoops, the thatched houses, the big-horned cattle, the smart Malay. We turn from the street and go up the western slope. We restrain all desire to look back, till we have climbed a fourth of the steep ascent. It is now that we wholly lose sight of our old-time companion self. He heaves one sigh and departs. A new self takes his place. His vision is clearer, his hearing finer, than his who has left. But that is not all; he possesses a sixth sense, which perceives that subtle something in nature speaking plainer than words to those who have ears to hear.

At first, as we look, there is a blank moment of receptivity. Then we gradually grasp the details here and there in the wide sweep of earth lying before us. We see that the huts to the south are very distant, so that their outlines are softly traced in the sky. We notice the town and river away beneath us.

We feel the fresh strong breeze coming in from the sea. We realize that the blue has gone from the air. The mountains are quivering with strange lights and colors —purple, amethyst, ruby. They take curious shapes against the sky. Range upon range appears delicately outlined, one behind another, one springing out of another—a wilderness of varying curves. Zan feels my interest, and does not speak for a long time; then she asks,

"Is it not good to be here?"

I tell her that it is "very good," and she continues,

"You don't know much about it, do you—what made it, and all that?"

I meekly respond, "I supposed I did," not knowing whether she purposed testing my knowledge of the Bible or zoology.

She looked at me a moment with a challenging expression before beginning her examination: "Do you know about that big giant over there lying on his back? Do you know who killed him, and why he was turned to stone? Do you know why those three big elephants on the top of Klipperstein can't move? Ach! I think you could say if you did." And she considered my countenance with the air of having discovered a base pretender.

I hastily acknowledged my utter ignorance, and begged enlightenment with such humility that she not only was mollified, but regaled me with tales on our homeward walk which, it was easy to see, increased in marvel on every delivery.

One day I came into the garden, and found the mountains near and far transformed. They simply outlined an expanse of purest blue, varying from the deepest dye of those close at hand to the blue-white of those in the distance. The sky, as usual, was an unbroken expanse of blue, paling toward the horizon—blue, blue, everything seemed heaven-bound with it. Suddenly my eye was attracted to a patch of liveliest green a few feet from me. Pretty, I thought, and looked again toward the mountains. But somehow that green intruded once more. This time I noticed 'twas a setting for a host of diamonds daintily suspended before the gaze of the admiring sun. They trembled and sparkled and turned themselves as though impelled by a feminine vanity. Again I turned away; but now my mind was so filled with green that it could not take in blue. I lay back in my chair, and gave myself up to the charm of the little patch before me. I found that some of the diamonds were rainbow-encircled, others burned with a steady flame like a candle, and others were veritable twinkling stars. More than this, I learned that all loved the fair green blades that held them, and many more secrets which I will not reveal. Zan was standing by my side.

"Isn't it blue?" she asks.

"Yes; but then there is the green," I say.

"But the green is always, and the blue isn't," she replies, and adds: "I like the green to lie on and the blue to look into. How close it comes to-day, the blue! One has to look so far mostly."

"I have been learning secrets, Zan. I don't think you can find them out," I suggest, teasingly. Zan doesn't hear me.

"It is most time," she says, presently.

"Time for what?" I ask.

"I thought you knew," she says. "If you keep still, you will see."

In a few minutes one little hand was pulling my trousers, and the other was pointing to a bit of dirt, a miniature vol-

cano, only in place of the fire and smoke came a mole's snout, then the rest of Mr. Mole; just an instant, and he was under his volcano again. Zan hopped about like mad.

"Did you not see?" she says. "Ach, it was grand! Did you see him take it? Now I will tell you. I have found out to know when he will come out, and I make a nice dinner of things that he likes. Ach! isn't it fine that he takes?"

By this time Zan and I were fast friends, and it was with regret that I left the odd little African when I took my leave of the Beers to make a trip up country, and to visit many English friends whose hospitality I had not felt equal to accepting when I arrived at the colony. My trip was a pleasant one, and all my invitations had been gratefully acknowledged in person except one from a young English doctor. This I had reserved till the last, as it was only a few miles from the Beers' farm, and was a convenient point at which to end my South African sojourn; but before going there I intended spending a few days with the Beers again, partly out of courtesy to them, and partly, I must acknowledge, from a lingering inclination to take another walk with my dark little protégée.

Several months had passed since I was at the Beers', and as I approached I noted the changes of season about the place, let my eyes follow the familiar line of the cactus hedge, saw a dove or two wheeling in the air, and thought with a smile of Zan.

The day I arrived I did not see Zan, and for some reason I could not bring myself to ask after her. Things did not seem the same as when I left. 'Twas not easy to talk. They all appeared to be thinking of something in which I had no part. Mrs. Beer was particularly silent, and when I proposed going the next day, she made no objection. When I took my leave, Mr. Beer muttered some unintelligible words, from which I gathered the idea that they were in trouble. I learned all about it afterward from my English friend the doctor, and later still from Zan herself.

It all came out of the difficulty of getting Zan "broken in." It seems that when the day came on which she was to begin work in the house, she was found to be missing. Jacob was sent to hunt her up. He made a pleasant morning of it sitting by the river-bank, or occasionally skirmishing among the fruit trees; but toward noon he presented himself at the kitchen door with a dolorous countenance, and the information that Zan must "hev tuk to the mountings, for there wasn't hide nor hair of her in the valley."

In the mean time she had been enjoying life even more than Jacob. A blue, blue sky; a field of tasselled mealies; a bright green sugar-bird with two long tail feathers; a dirty, dirty Caffre girl in a dirty, dirty apron—and you see Zan and all her surroundings. At first she was angry and defiant, and squatted down among the mealie stalks with a big scowl and wrathful eyes. "Go into the kitchen and work?" Indeed she would not. They might give her something out-doors to do. They just wanted to plague her, she knew. She could see quite plain. But that sort of thing couldn't last long. There was no one there to be angry with. Before long she had forgotten that she was wanted in the house, and was lying flat on her back looking up into the blue. Then came the green sugar-bird, flying among the yellow stalks.

She lay still, very still. Perhaps he would come to her this time; he had been so near it once. She wanted to say "Sss-weet-je" to him, but she knew that vexed him, and she feared he might fly away if she did. So she never moved or made a sound, not the least bit. "Sweetje" was right over her head now, and Zan's great black eyes were wide open with hope and expectation. He balanced himself for an instant on a stalk, gracefully drooped his long feathers, raised his wings, and sailed away.

But, love and laughter! what happiness! "Sss-weet-je, heartje-sweetje," called the little Caffre girl. For did he not make a superb sweep downward, and didn't those long drooping feathers brush her very face?

Even he—the grand, the gloriously beautiful one, so proud, so dainty, so bewitching—he stoops and caresses her. She feels it all, and she is brimful of joy. She rollicks around in high glee for a long time. If Jacob had been very diligent in his search, 'twould have been easy to find her then; but Jacob is in the plantain-bush, with his teeth in the middle of a banana, and all other sights and sounds were shut out in the delight of his own

eating. Zan makes a charming plan in her wise little head. She knows where the sugar flowers grow that sweetje likes so well to run his bill in and get the syrup from. They are a long way off; Zan never thinks of that. When night comes, Zan is just crawling home, with her arms full of sugar-bush flowers.

The next morning she is up and away before any one has time to call her. She takes the flowers along with her. One could have seen about sunrise a thin bit of blue smoke coming up from a corner of the mealie field. 'Twas where Zan was roasting the ears of corn for her breakfast. A few hours later she was lying in the same place as yesterday. She was nearly covered with the dewy sugar blossoms. There were anxious eyes and a palpitating heart under those branches.

"Will he come, and will he stay?" she is thinking. One hour, two hours, three hours, go by. The patient little waiter is just beginning to be a little bit discouraged, is beginning to fear the flowers will wilt, when whir, whir, and settling himself in the midst of them is Mr. Greencoat, as gay and cavalier as yesterday. He runs his slender beak daintily into the flower that lies in Zan's very hand. Now he is on her head, now her breast. Her heart is full. It is the happiest moment of her life. A quick report cuts the still air. It is from a whip that falls on child and flowers. It sends the pretty bird away in a long flight of terror. Zan springs to her feet without a sound. Her eyes are blazing. The little lithe figure quivers. Before her stands the loutish form of Duro.

"Ach, you Caffre cur! I've tracked you at last," he says, in his thick tones.

Zan looks down, and plainly sees the print of her six-toed feet in the dew-wet earth.

Poor Zan's short-lived rapture had to be paid for sadly enough. She was made to work, and the making was a sorry process for both child and mistress. Zan nursed her wrath, sulked, and usually contrived to occasion more trouble during the day than she rendered assistance. The mistress grew more determined. No black girl should defy her. Whippings became frequent, and at every whipping Zan grew sulkier and the mistress angrier.

The child was kept in the house from the first stirring in the morning till the evening work was over; not so much because her services were useful as to "break her in." And the angry little girl, sore and tired, would lie awake and cry to think of her neglected doves, of Hopper, of the sugar-bird whose love was so nearly within her reach. It seemed so dreadful that they should be thinking she did not care for them any more. Once the thought came to her, "Perhaps they are forgetting me"; then the little hands clasped over the quivering mouth to keep back the sobs.

A day came when she could endure the suspense no longer. She slipped off her perch in the kitchen (where she was paring fruit) the first moment she was left alone, and scurried down behind the cactus hedge. She squatted there, silently listening for a few minutes, then scooted for the grove of firs. Oh, how nice it was! What should she visit first? She would like a look at "Spring-bokie," but she was sure the boys would feed him, and be good to him too; he was such a darling, they could not help it. And the doves? Yes, she must see the doves. But Hopper? Nobody liked Hopper. She would see to him first. He did get so lonely. He never would have come to her in the night—always in the night, when nobody was about—if he had not been very lonely. There he sits behind the row, catching flies in the most composed and natural manner. Zan's face is bright with delight. Hopper must appreciate it, for he stops in his fascinating pastime, gives two or three fine hops, does a good deal of swallowing and palpitating, and in all ways responds as well as a toad can do to Zan's demonstrations. She is quite satisfied with her welcome. She picks him up and nestles him awhile, lays down a nice pile of crumbs out of the store she has been saving for the doves, pulls a few soft grasses and arranges a bed for him in a comfortable spot, then shakes hands with him and tears herself away. "Ooo-ooh, oo-ooh!" softly, musically, she calls. "Ooo-ooh, oo-ooh!" in the grove of firs. "Ooo-ooh, oo-ooh!" among the vines. "Ooo-ooh!" under the bamboos. And now there is a gentle flutter of wings, a downward motion, and half a dozen doves are lighted on Zan Zoo—on her outstretched arms, on her shoulders, on her head. There is a deal of smiling, and talking, and cooing, and love-making, and some vanity and display, to show Zan how glad they are to see her, and how ex-

tremely nice they are looking. She reproves one here and there whose manners she thinks a little forward, but shows no great partiality to any one. Each gets a good word in turn.

Now comes the distribution of crumbs. She has a big supply. The excitement is great. Zan is very happy. Her friends have not forgotten her. She thinks she will be good now. Perhaps if she is very good, they won't mind her running away for a little bit every day. She leaves the doves eating, and goes back to her work. Everything is as she left it. No one seems to have noticed her absence. How glad she is that she went! She quite makes up her mind to try it again. She is respectful and well-behaved all the afternoon.

Jacob says, "What you s'pose ails Zan that she don't prank it?" He winks knowingly to the cook, as if he alone could divine the hidden meaning of such unlooked-for virtue. Jacob is sent to pick figs for the supper table. He comes back with a long face and says, "No figs, missus, 'cept dese," and displays three imperfect ones. He looks at Zan, with a malicious gleam in his eyes, adding, "P'rhaps Zan thought she'd pick 'em."

Mistress Beer was not slow to follow up the idea. She had spent the afternoon in concocting a suitable plan for punishing Zan's absence from the kitchen. Now it appeared all unworthy of the enormities suggested by Jacob's intimation.

"Go inside," she said to Zan, in a tone that had a forbidding quaver to it. Then, to Jacob, "How do you know Zan took?"

"If missus 'll come with, I'll show," he answered, with alacrity.

Madame Beer returned, strong circumstantial evidence added to her previous conviction. There were certainly traces of the superfluous toe in the indistinct footprints about the fig-trees. She went in to Zan. In the scene which followed, she must have been unconscious of the lengths to which she went. Her temper had mastered her. The child's wee bit of covering was removed; lash after lash fell on the tender quivering flesh. Once, Zan's clear voice rang out, "I didn't touch them figs"; but the denial seemed only to infuriate the outraged mistress. At last, when her strength was spent and her passion had ebbed, she saw Zan lying unconscious on the floor. The flesh on her back was in ridges; here and there the blood had come to the surface. In spite of the pallor in Zan's face, Mrs. Beer convinced herself that the child was pretending. She thought fit, however, to cover the child's back with the bit of apron again before she called Mr. Beer to get her out of the way. Zan was laid in the room of one of the house-servants, who was told that she could sleep somewhere else, as Zan was shut in there for a punishment. Mrs. Beer's subsequent conduct was the occasion of much hot discussion amongst her friends and enemies for some months. The doctor would hear to nothing but the worst possible construction of the case. I cannot pretend to account for the apparently premeditated cruelty in that which follows, but I judge Mrs. B. as leniently as possible. Zan did not come to her senses. Now whether Mrs. Beer was fearful that she might not revive by ordinary means, or whether she desired to obliterate the marks of her own self-forgetfulness on the child, or whether, as the doctor declared, she did it in wanton cruelty, to make the flesh more susceptible to another whipping, I do not know (I cannot believe it was the last); but whatever her motive, the course she pursued was wholly unfortunate for the credit due to humanity. She covered the girl's back with mustard poultices. Zan revived; but the irritant had accomplished its work so effectively that 'twas to an agony of torment. The room was hot, close, and filthy. She begged to go out-doors. "The bed makes my back burn," she said. She thought if she could lie on the cool earth and get a whiff of the cool air she would be quite well.

Mrs. Beer moved the whip slightly that she held in her hand whenever she entered the door, and said, "Stay where you are."

Zan remained there the whole day. When night came, she could not sleep. She went to the window and looked out. 'Twas clear and bright. The stars looked so friendly; the air was cool and enticing. She knew where there was a delicious spot to lie on. It wouldn't be very hard to get out of the window, and she could get back again before daylight. How lame the lithe active limbs were! She could hardly crawl through, and usually she would have done it with a bound. Once out, she forgot her pain in the delight of being free again. She managed

to get to her favorite spot. There she lay looking up at the tender luminous stars looking down so kindly upon her. She smiled, and drew a long breath of satisfaction. She could hear a hop, hop, close by. A cool, such a cool, little body touched her. It must be Hopper. He kept close to her. How nicely the breeze cooled her burns! "The frogs are having a grand time," she thought, as their mad croaking came to her from a neighboring sloot. "How long it's been since I was by them! I hope the boys don't throw them with stones any more." Then she heard the frogs no longer. The breeze seemed to be closing her eyelids. Earth's loving arms nestled the forlorn little creature while she slept.

Dr. Clare, my English friend, told me that on one hot morning, on his way to a farm-house near the foot of the mountain, he saw a pretty Caffre child lying apparently unconscious by the road-side. On picking her up, he found that her bit of clothing stuck to her back as if glued. The flesh proved to be terribly lacerated. He took the little creature home and doctored her. When she began to recover, he learned from her that she was called Zan Zoo, and belonged to the Beers' farm. He took the matter to the law courts. There he carried everything before him with a high hand. The Beers were forced to pay a fine of $2500 or see Mrs. Beer lodged in jail. The fine was paid. The doctor gave the money into my charge, to be used for the education of little Zan. Somehow it was generally understood by us all that Zan was my protégée, and would accompany me home.

Zan turned toward me in a sweetly dependent way. The wild little thing had never depended on any one before, but now the heart seemed to be gone out of life for her. She seemed to be very glad to go away with me, yet I could not arouse much interest in her over the new life we were to enter. The Northern lands, where the great world lived, the vast snow fields, the green fields, the big ocean—these were all blank leaves to her. She looked at me with an expression that told of other thoughts—were they of her own dear dull veld, of the spring-bokie, of the doves, and Mr. Hopper?—but still she always said, "Yes, I want to go with."

The day before we set sail was Sunday. Zan spent it in the garden down by the river.

The air was pure and fresh; it turned the leaves of the tall powdered poplars this way and that, making a shimmer of silver and green; it fanned the cheek softly; it was cold and murmurous; it had blown over the distant firs, and came laden with the echoes of their slumberous melodies.

"Ah!" she thought, as she looked through the green oaks and pale poplars to the clear blue sky beyond, "if it will only speak to me; if it will only tell me something—something that I can always keep!"

There was a colony of finches that had hung their odd township of round nests gracefully and warily over the running stream on overhanging branches, making it practically inaccessible to enemies, and the bright yellow creatures, in happy delight at their security, were twittering about with the prettiest ease and freedom. Besides, there was the coo of a pair of turtle-doves not far away, and now and then the laughing sweetness of what would have been a thrush in a Northern clime; the river itself, declining over its stony bed, completed the harmony. No wonder that, with her senses assailed by this witching melody of birds, brook, and wind, and the vision of varying, charming colors of the opening spring-time against the white-barred blue, there was intensified in her a longing for a glimpse of what was above and beyond and yet within it all. Her eyes were full of tears that had not force to fall. She quivered in trembling anxiety.

Zan remained curled up there on the bench till daylight was wholly gone. She came reluctantly when I went out to fetch her. I think she would have much preferred remaining there all night. When she came down the next morning, she was in perfect readiness for our journey. I was not in the least satisfied with the respectability of her appearance. She looked extremely proper in the dark blue gown and little round hat. The long braid of straight black hair was all that it should be. The doctor was ecstatic, declaring she was as neat as wax, and as pretty as a picture.

"Neat and pretty!" Yes, one could hardly deny that; but Zan Zoo, the wild Caffre girl who had guided me to the water-fall, who whistled to the birds and talked with the mountains, she was not there. A wide-eyed, wondering, docile creature

stood in her place, and looked timidly around the great prison of civilization she had entered. She seemed to me to be looking back with hungry longing to the wild freedom she had known.

It could not be helped. The great procession had swept her onward. The step backward could never be taken. But what would I not have given to have kept her as she was when I first knew her? Was she never again to have the sweet fellowship of her darling earth? Would the birds and the bees and the flowers disown her? Should I come to see her think of her clothes, and shrink from the earth that had loved her?

On shipboard Zan's great delight was to be taken to the forecastle, and there to stand for hours on the very point of the prow, one arm round the flag-staff, looking, with glowing eyes and brightening face, over the wide waste of waters. Her eyes would blaze when the prow dipped deep; and the old ringing laugh would come back to me above the roar, as we rose up again to the top of the wave. But her highest glee was when a big sea drenched us. After that she would be happy for a whole day. At first I was in terror lest she should fall from the precarious position she took with such assurance, and I would hold her clothing with a nervous grasp.

"Why do you hold?" she asked me one day, as we were making our way back to the deck.

"But if you should fall?" I said.

"I shouldn't mind; 'twouldn't be so bad." Then, tipping her head a little for reflection, "It must be nice down under the sea, and the roar is so good," with a gleaming smile.

"But do you think I would want to lose you?" I asked.

She did not answer except by an odd little stare that spoke of an incredulity still as to the possibility of any human being really caring for her. Mr. Hopper and the doves, she understood that well enough, that they would not want to lose her. But man or woman? It was hardly to be believed.

Another thing that she enjoyed was sitting in the stern of the ship, behind the wheel. There she would remain, with her head on the bulwarks, watching the long white path we left behind us, never knowing what was going on around her. And in the evening, when the fiery phosphorescence played along the wake, she would grow excited, and I could see that bright fancies were teeming through her brain, as in the days when we watched the colors on the mountains together. There were other things, too, that she enjoyed. The captain had a great liking for her, and gave her the full run of the ship. The boatswains would set the sailors singing, when they hoisted the sails, to please the child. Everybody had a pleasant word for Zan, and Zan soon came to have a dear little bit of a smile for everybody; farther than that she would not commit herself except in moments of great excitement, as when we sighted land, or a shoal of porpoises appeared, or a flying-fish was washed on deck.

As week after week went by I fancied Zan was pining. Her eyes looked bigger, and she did not seem to be ready and lithe as she used. By the time I had her home with me in New England the change was quite apparent. She liked to keep close by me, was quiet and drooping. There was little of the eager, questioning, imaginative Zan left. I laid it to the change of climate, to the bare dreary autumn to which she was unused. I hoped that when winter was over and spring came, it would open a new life within her.

I was unpacking pictures put away in boxes previous to my travels. Zan was helping me with more animation about her than she had shown since our arrival. The great dark eyes in the wan face had such a pathetic look it gave me a guilty feeling to encounter them. The neat gown and smooth hair, to which she was now quite accustomed, only heightened the pathos. I longed to see the blazing eyes, the wicked little smile over the white teeth, the frowzy hair, the bare figure with its scant drapery of battered print. I would have given half my life, as I met that startled, hungry glance, to have heard again the liquid note with which she called her doves about her, or the wild "ss-weet-je" with which she teased the sugar-birds. I yearned to take her in my arms and lay her again on the wide-spreading veld, where she made friends with the hare, the mole, and the locust, or looked away and away into the wonderful blue while pretty, untaught fancies possessed her being. Poor, sweet, wild Zan! The world had caught her in its great iron cage, and she could only cower at my side till she was set free again.

I put the different pictures against the chairs and tables as I took them out. Zan had a question or remark for each. One of Millet's, with a flock of sheep and two figures in the foreground, she commended positively.

"That is very good. It is Cours and Matilda. They went way round Black Cap for the sheep. That one big sheep I called 'Baas.' He got caught on the mimosa-bush the one day, and I got him off. He liked me, Baas did."

There was an exquisite copy in sepia of the "Upward Madonna," a Guido Reni. As I placed it on an easel, I felt Zan's little hand on mine.

"Is she Caffre?" she asked, very softly.

Earth's motherless little African! Did she feel a glow of hope and joy at the sight of those rich brown tints in the glorious heavenly face? I felt a big lump in my throat as I drew the drooping form of the once irrepressible Zan close to me and said:

"It is 'The Mother'—the mother of the whole world, yours and mine too. Your own true mother, Zan."

Did she believe it literally, and in a different sense from what I meant? She asked no questions, but looked at it with a peculiar softness of expression.

"Yes," she said, after a little, in a tone of having come to a decision. Then, "There are none so beautiful?" in the old colloquial questioning way of our first acquaintance.

And I responded, "No, not one."

The child's eyes, which had not once turned from the Mother's face, slowly filled with tears. She drew away from me, and stood with folded hands directly before the picture. I watched her with intense interest. Had the Virgin's beauty aroused her strange bright fancy? Had it carried her back to her shadowy, ever-changing mountains, to her deep blue sky, to her sweeping veld, to her wild weird kloofs? Did all that was brightest and freest come back to her then? The time when she lay so close to the kindly earth and could understand every whisper, when her friends were many and loving, the cricket chirping her welcome, and the turtle-doves cooing her theirs, when the beautiful face of her own Caffre mother bent o'er her with one of its rare loving looks? Or was it not just the impalpable spirit within that picture drawing one, bearing one upward, in such waves of passionate longing as I had felt looking upon it? Whatever, it had conquered the child, the divine upturned face in the glow of its warm brown tints. I could see the rising sob by the tremor of the little form. I quietly went away, and left the caged Caffre bird with "The Mother."

Day after day the snow had been falling slowly but steadily, and during that time Zan had scarcely left the window. She had been waiting very impatiently for it, had conjured up weird pictures of it in her imagination, this snow she had never seen, but was told made the North so different from her beautiful South.

She had watched the earth grow hard and cold, had fallen once and bruised herself on a ragged bit of frozen ground, and I saw a hurt look in her eyes, and noticed that she held the hand behind her as she came toward me.

"Did you hurt yourself?" I asked. "The ground is so hard now, you must be careful."

Then I knew it was not the pain of her hand that gave her the look, but a deeper sense of injury that she would not confess, for she answered,

"I guess 'twas just a stone."

The child had grown so near to me that I could interpret her feelings frequently, half by intuition, and half by little signs that I had learned to know the hidden meanings of. I wonder if it seems a trifle to others, this little incident that has so much pathos in it to me? Cannot you put yourself in this ignorant Caffre child's place? Your first conscious touch is not the warm flesh of a mother, but the warm mother earth. You grasp it, play with it, fashion it into wonders. Your tears fall on it; your tired baby head rests on it. It makes you lovely flowers; the animals, your darling friends, burrow in it, love it. And would you not love it, this mother to whom you carried your griefs, who rested you, cared for you, made you happy, and would you not love its touch, love to lie upon it, breathe upon it, caress it?

It always yields to your touch, responds in some way to your love. Through babyhood, childhood, it remains always the same; 'tis now a part of your being to love and be loved by the earth. You know no human love, no other touch of affection; suddenly one day you find it turned hard and cold—it has hurt you. If one you loved, who had always been

kind and true, should one day strike you, would it be easy to say at once to another, "Yes, he struck me; he has become unkind"? or would you not excuse or evade it, as Zan did in her sweet equivocation, "I guess 'twas just a stone"? I was more real to her than any human being had ever been, but I was not half as real, half as vital, to her as her earth. I was not so good to her, nor did I love her as well. I could never have hurt her by any act of mine as that bit of frozen ground had been able to do. Her world was changing so fast now; nothing was left that she cared for, the last twig was bare, the last rivulet frozen, the last insect hidden, the whole earth was bitterly repellent. And now there was falling this strange white snow, slowly but certainly burying the world.

Her imagination had been fired over the fancy of what it would be, but this long realization, this unvarying weird monotony of whiteness, numbed her with an unspeakable fear.

It had snowed for three days, but the next morning was bright and clear. When I came down, Zan was at her place by the window again; the expression of interest that was on her face during the snowfall was gone, and a strangely solemn look in its place.

"Well, Zan?" I greeted her.

She started to speak, but the words would not come. I saw she was sadly unhappy, and tried to divert her. If I had known then what I learned afterward—that the brave little heart, which had never feared a living thing, was stricken with terror at the sight of the whole world dead, and the thought that she should never feel again the soft earth under her, or hear the birds sing, or see the bushes' blossoms—I might have cheered the child, might have taken her away from the dreary expanse of whiteness and coldness. What was life to her now? Would she not a hundred times rather have been beaten by Mrs. Beer among her dear living surroundings, and would she not have been the happier, too?

Day after day she must have watched through those long winter months to see if the earth would come to life again, and perhaps hoped a little as she watched. But at last the little ray of hope must have gone, for each day seemed colder and the wind bleaker than ever before.

I remember one morning, when Zan's shadowy bit of a figure stood at the door, there were two little snow-sparrows lying lifeless outside.

"Poor birdies," I said. "It was such a cold night for them. We can't even bury them, can we?"

She looked pale and frightened, but I did not divine the reason. I prided myself on knowing what the little thing felt. Yet how stupid I was never to have suspected that she was picturing us as soon lying frozen like the dead sparrows on the snow! that her heart was saying, "Everything is dying"! I cannot help blaming myself that I never talked to her of our spring and summer; that I was the great selfish bachelor I was instead of a creature that could have felt and seen more of what was in a life so near him.

She still grew thinner and weaker day after day, till at last she just lay in her bed and watched the dead world from there.

It must have been to her a terrible never-ending funeral. The first I came to know of this feeling that possessed her was only a few days before she died. The doctor had not been in for some days, as there was nothing he could do for her. The child had no disease whatever, yet we had given up all hope of keeping her much longer. She seldom spoke now. I watched her eyes as they kept wandering toward the window—it was snowing—a sign of late for her to grow worse more rapidly. She turned her eyes from the window to me, and asked, in her soft weak voice,

"Are they all dead but you?" I thought she was wandering, but she kept those great solemn eyes on me and continued: "You'll be dead soon, won't you? It's gettin' colder, and the snow's gettin' deeper. It's long off since the ground died, and then the birds, and the doctor is dead. Molly said the hens had frozen. Molly's froze now, ain't she?" The light touch of the wee, wee hand that weakly crept into mine thrills me. "I hope you won't freeze yet, not till after—"

What could I say then? I know that I tried to talk of birds, of flowers, of sunshine and summer, but I know my voice choked me. I sent out for dogs, cats, birds, children. I kept my horse standing in front of her window. I sent to the city for flowers. I cursed myself that I had

not been born a woman, or with a woman's sense. To have let her die by inches without a vestige of life or brightness about her, all the time complacently flattering myself that I, her savior, her rescuer, embodied all earthly happiness for her! But my enlightenment came all too late. The wee spark of life could not be fanned into a flame. A few mornings later little Zan Zoo became as still as the sparrows. Just a closing forever of those big dark eyes and the faint bit of breath stopped.

Call it what you like. A foolish sentiment? Perhaps. But I shall never regret the long journey I took to lay the little Caffre girl on the veld she loved so dearly. I could not find the spot again where I laid her. I wanted no curious eyes to stare at her resting-place. The sugar-birds and the toads and the doves will find her, and the spring-bok will stop in his flight as he nears her; the warm earth will guard her. No hope lies nearer my heart than that now, somehow, somewhere, Zan Zoo is happy.

WHAT IS INHERITANCE?

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E.

PROBABLY one of the most interesting, if also one of the most complex, of biological topics is that which deals with the problem how and why in the world of life like should, as a rule, beget like. The general belief in heredity or inheritance is summed up in the familiar statement of every-day life just quoted. That amount of observation on which common existence is accustomed to found rough but not necessarily incorrect judgments of things, declares emphatically in favor of the expectation that the offspring will resemble the parent stock. The perpetuation of likeness from one generation to another is really seen to be our only guarantee that the characters of animal and plant species shall be of stable kind. But for the operation of this law of likeness no fixity of form would be possible in living nature; and so a popular and profound belief in the direct operation of laws of inheritance has come to the front among the ordinary and commonplace conceptions of our lives.

But if plain be the mere fact of the hereditary transmission of parental characters, traits, and powers to the offspring, equally great is the mystery of inheritance. The "why" of heredity may be readily recognized. It is natural that the young should resemble their parents, and no one questions the duty, so to speak, of the members of a given race to conform to the type of their species. The "how" of inheritance, on the other hand, is a widely different matter. We have to account for the transmission to the young form of parental structures and qualities under circumstances, be it remarked, of highly curious nature. It is not as if the young animal or plant were first outlined as to its form and general structure, and then had indoctrinated or inoculated into it the traits which are recognizable as those of the parents. Contrariwise, it is certain that these traits have been present in the embryo from the first moment when it could call its existence its own. The process of development is one which leads us to note certain important facts which may properly be first detailed by way of suitable introduction to all that is to follow in the course of our brief study of inheritance and its ways.

If we select, for convenience' sake, the genesis of a higher animal, under which designation man himself may be included, we discover the beginnings of its career in the production of a "germ" or "egg," derived from and produced by the parental body. For the due fertilization of this germ, that is, for its satisfactory start on the developmental journey, a double parentage is, of course, necessary. Thus set in "the way of its becoming," the germ passes in each case through a very definite series of changes. To begin with, it is a mere microscopic speck of living matter (or protoplasm) which the mother parent has developed; yet within its minute compass there is undoubtedly included all the powers, instincts, tendencies—call them what we will—through and by which a new living being, reproducing the parental form and features, will be evolved. The egg or germ of any animal or plant is essentially a single cell. It resembles in its characters the cells or units of which the adult tissues are largely composed. At the same time the egg is a cell set apart for a peculiar and special

purpose, that of the reproduction of the race, and it is therefore imbued with powers of multiplication and development such as belong to no other living particles. Out of the one cell we call the egg, all the cells of the future body have to arise; and, in truth, the process of development of an animal body might not inaptly be summarized by saying that it represented the conversion of one cell into many, or rather that out of the one original cell many different cells were duly evolved. The body is built up of such evolved cells, and all that pertains to its structure is therefore the outcome of a relatively simple process of cell division and cell multiplication.

Such are the plain details of the process whereby the young being grows into the likeness of its race. Now, clearly enough, we may note that all its powers of developing its like must be imprinted upon it in its germ condition. As has already been remarked, there is and can be no after-inoculation with the tendencies of its kind. So that we return to a primary fact and mystery of inheritance when, as a starting-point for the thought of philosophy, we allege that the microscopic germ includes within its infinitesimal limits everything that makes up the sum total of its race resemblance—in a word, the power of developing into the likeness of the stock whence it sprang.

Long ago in natural-history science this fact excited the attention of thoughtful minds. Facing the problem of inheritance, proposed on the lines I have just indicated, it became clear that an effort must be made to explain matters by aid of speculation and theory. One may pause for a moment to make the suggestion that a theory of heredity, like any other legitimate speculation, could not, and may not, pretend to be a finite expression of truth, but rather should appear as an attempt to summarize the probabilities of the question, and to indicate the direction in which the search for further knowledge should be pursued. Certain facts are presented to our view, and the theory is merely the cord on which we endeavor to string the facts in an order and arrangement which shall make their otherwise dubious meaning and their relations to one another clear to our understanding. Matter-of-fact minds which scorn the mere idea of "theory," and which profess a striking and oft-asserted partiality for "facts," soon discover, in science at least, that the despised hypothesis often appears as their best friend. In the matter of heredity it was Mr. Darwin who undertook thus early to arrange the facts and to present to the world an adequate explanation of them. This explanation appeared under the title of the theory of Pangenesis, and its author, with his accustomed carefulness and unbiassed mode of thought, was careful to label it a provisional or tentative speculation only.

It is not difficult to understand Mr. Darwin's explanation of the mystery of inheritance. Starting with the fact that an animal's body is essentially built up of multitudes of living cells aggregated to form its tissues and organs, he assumed that from these cells at large, minute particles, called "gemmules," were perpetually being given off. The gemmules, like their parent cells, were capable of self reproduction and development; but the special fate which, according to the theory before us, awaits these particles is their collection and aggregation in the reproductive organs of the form to which they belong. Each gemmule was assumed to be a representative of the cell or cells which gave it origin; so that in the egg-producing organs in which the gemmules were at last collected there was really contained a kind of bodily microcosm. From this thought to another, which held that the egg or germ was therefore to be regarded as composed of gemmules derived from every part of the parent body, was an easy step. When this egg developed into a new being, it was not surprising that the young animal should reproduce the likeness, traits, and tendencies of the parents, seeing that the egg was merely a replica in miniature of every part of the parental system. Supposing, further, that in each egg or collocation of gemmules some failed to develop or to take any active part in producing the young animal, then, said Mr. Darwin, such latent gemmules, transmitted with the rest and waking up at a future period, would reproduce the features of the special parent stock whence they were derived. If it happened that meanwhile any variation of the race had occurred, these latent particles would develop differently from their neighbors. Hence would arise the "throw backs" or "reversions" to a former type, which are common enough in most animals and plants. On this supposition, if

a pigeon bearing the features of the Blue Rock should occur among the progeny of any fancy breed, the reversion would be explained on the idea that latent gemmules derived from a far-back rock-pigeon breed had at last woke up into developmental vitality.

This epitome of Mr. Darwin's theory may serve to render clear his main teachings on the subject of inheritance. The foundation of his opinions, it will be observed, rests on the assumption that from all parts of the living body living gemmules are being thrown off, while it is the ultimate collection of these representative particles to form the egg or germ which suffices to explain why and how "like begets like." However much of late days the theory of pangenesis has passed into the background of scientific thought, there can be no question, I think, that it was capable of being supported by not a few facts culled from the stores of biological learning. First of all, we find evidence in many plants and in not a few lower animals that the power of reproducing their like is not limited to the egg-producing organs, but is, so to speak, possessed by all or nearly all the bodily tissues. The well-known begonias can give origin from their leaves to new plants, and a species of *Bryophyllum* produces buds which give origin to young plants on the margins of its leaves. There are also cases familiar to botanists in which cells of well-nigh every part of a moss may produce new individuals; and for that matter, when a gardener slices a potato tuber or stem in halves, and plants it in the expectation that a new plant will arise from each "eye," or bud, he is reducing to practical demonstration the main fact on which Darwin's theory is founded.

The animal world is prolific in similar illustrations of the power which is occasionally diffused through the tissues of living beings to reproduce new individuals. The little fresh-water Hydra, which exists as a tubular animal attached to water-weeds, will bear a very large amount of artificial division of its body, as Trembley long ago proved, each portion growing in due time into a perfect hydra. More familiar ground may be touched upon if we cite the case of the sea-anemones, which may be variously divided, almost to the verge of extinction, and yet triumphantly survive the operation by the production of fresh individuals. What we name budding or gemmation in animals, well seen in the beautiful colonies of zoophytes which grow on oyster shells, is only another and more natural phase of this tendency in lower life to multiply parts or individuals without the intervention of eggs at all. A fresh-water worm may be seen to develop two or more heads at intervals among the ordinary joints of its individual body. Soon these heads acquire full development, and the original worm body breaks into as many new forms as there are heads. All these examples appear to be explicable only on the ground that scattered through the body of the animals and plants in question there are cells, gemmules, or other elements which are capable of giving origin to new beings independently of the ordinary processes of reproduction; and if so much be admitted, Mr. Darwin's theory may claim that its primary assumption is so far proved and verified. If we add the fact that, in the lowest animals, the bodies of which consist each of a speck of protoplasm, the mere division or breaking of the body into two portions suffices to develop two new individuals, the case for the foundation of pangenesis is by so much the more made strong. It would appear to be a rule or law of lower life that all parts of the body discharge all functions—one and the same particle of protoplasm eats, digests, moves, and reproduces the species—and it is not to be regarded as wonderful either that this power should have survived in higher ranks of life, or that in the highest grades it should have given place to another method of reproduction, that by means of eggs. If we suppose that the germ, as Darwin presumes, was formed of and by the gemmules gathered from all parts of the body, we can see that the cells formerly able to reproduce in lower life new individuals directly have simply handed over this power in higher life to their common representative, the egg. Life's advance and progress have concentrated a power once common (as in the animalcules of to-day) to the whole body, into special cells of that body, which we name eggs or germs.

A point of interest obtrudes itself upon our notice here to the effect whether all the gemmules required to perpetuate the animal frame are capable of being contained within the compass of the minute body which constitutes the egg or germ.

Naturally this is a question of molecular physics; but from all we know, or at least may legitimately assume, regarding the size of the molecules or atoms of which living beings are composed, it should not be difficult to answer any objections which may be urged on the score of the egg's minute dimensions. Darwin himself evidently both felt this difficulty and answered it. He said that a cube of water, the sides of which might be estimated at one ten-thousandth of an inch in length, would contain a number of molecules or *atoms* ranging in number between sixteen and a hundred and thirty-one billions. Such an estimate, which Sir W. Thomson's views regarding the size of molecules fully confirms, gives more than enough scope for any theory which asserts, what must be matter of fact, that all the tendencies of heredity, in so far as their physical side is concerned, may very well be included within the egg or germ. One might indeed experience the same difficulty in the study of the brain. There the nerve-cells are known to be the prime factors in all the acts of our mental life; and the question of brain powers comes to be one of the adequacy of brain-cells, as regards numbers, to accomplish all the work which a human life entails upon them. Millions of such cells exist in the gray matter of the brain; so that, as in the case of the gemmules that go to make up the egg on Mr. Darwin's theory, we need not be dismayed when very large demands are made upon the numerical strength of the living elements involved in our speculations.

Of very recent days the investigation into the mystery of heredity has been pursued along speculative lines with renewed vigor. This renewal of interest in the topic has been largely due to the publication in an English dress of the essays of Professor Weismann, who has paid special attention to those details which the student of inheritance must consider. But, prior to the publication of Weismann's views, it is interesting to observe that Mr. Francis Galton had included among his well-known anthropological studies a theory of heredity. Somewhere about 1876 Mr. Galton gave vent to the opinion that the sum total of the germs or gemmules which might be regarded as composing the egg might conveniently be named a *stirp*, or *root*. Furthermore, this stirp, said Mr. Galton, might be regarded as consisting of two distinct elements. One of these elements is charged with reproducing the body of the future animal; while the other, remaining latent in that body, and taking no part in building it, might be regarded as giving rise to the elements from which the eggs, and through them new generations, would be produced. This view clearly presented an advance on Mr. Darwin's theory; for it involved our making a distinction between what we may call "body-cells" and "germ-cells." The former multiplied to develop the individual body, while the latter multiplied later on to develop the species. So, also, Mr. Galton laid down the law to the effect that the two sets of cells were essentially independent of each other. The body-cells of the "stirp" he held had little or no effect on the germ-cells. The latter were privileged particles, set aside and specialized for an important duty, that of producing new individuals. They conveyed from generation to generation the features of the species, because they were directly derived from preceding individuals. Bound up in this opinion was another, which, as we shall see, forms a point of present-day controversy. This view declared that as the body-cells could not influence the germ-cells, impressions and alterations made on an individual body were not likely to be transmitted to or inherited by the offspring.

Such being the preliminary stages of the inquiry into inheritance, we are now able to discuss the present-day phases of the question with greater convenience. The starting-point of the question faces us once again in the shape of the inquiry, how one particular cell derived from the body of an individual animal may include all the likenesses, physical and mental, which distinguish not only its parent but its race? This is the *crux* of the matter; and every question and detail which may be drawn into the field of controversy must centre around this vital point.

The theory of Dr. Weismann presents no difficulties in the way of ready appreciation. In an essay showing great originality of thought he refers to the case already noted, where low forms of life, represented each by a minute mass of protoplasm, divide into two or more portions, each part becoming without

further change a new animal. It is evident, he urges, that if this subdivision of substance continues, there is no actual destruction of the dividing material. On the contrary, it is handed on in its actual substance for evermore, and animal immortality, as regards its substance at least, is to be regarded as fully proven in the ways and works of lower existence. One might, it is true, enter an objection to this sweeping opinion by reminding one's self that all living substance breaks down chemically as well as physically in the mere acts of living and being. It is at least safe to say that the living matter of a single cell or animalcule has to be renewed and repaired by the act of food-taking and digestion in the same fashion in which a human body as a whole wears and tears and repairs itself day by day. How far, therefore, Dr. Weismann's view that the same and identical matter is handed on eternally in the dividing animalcules is to be regarded as correct will depend on the construction one places on the effect of the changes to which that matter is assuredly subject. If living matter is perpetually renewed, as we know it to be, can we hold that it is physically the same at every stage of its career? Personally I can see a grave objection to Dr. Weismann's views in such a consideration as that just suggested. But passing from matters of criticism to matters of theory, Dr. Weismann is next found stating that in higher animals the same handing on of germ material takes place.

He agrees with Mr. Galton that in the living germ there are two distinct kinds of gemmules. We may call them conveniently, as before, "body-cells" and "germ-cells." It is the latter which are charged with the work of reproducing the race, and it is these germ-cells which have inherited the immortality of lower life. The body-cells, as before, build up the new individual, while the germ-cells form a kind of reserve fund, as it were, which hands on the characters of the race to future generations. The body-cells are not continuous things. On the contrary, they are developed anew for the construction of each individual body. But the germ-cells are continuous elements; they are perpetually handed on from one generation to another. The mystery of inheritance on this basis becomes solved by the consideration that in the germ-cells, containing actually and potentially all the qualities and tendencies of the individual, we find the means whereby what is seen in living beings to-day repeats itself in the to-morrows of life.

Following the example of that distinguished anatomist Sir William Turner, I may quote what he properly calls a graphic method of representing the gist of Dr. Weismann's views. Let us select, say, four capital letters, thus:

A	B	C	D
a	*a b*	*a b c*	*a b c d*

Beneath these we place letters in ordinary italic characters. Now let the capitals represent four generations of animals, starting, of course, with A, which indicates the accumulated body-cells of the individual, while *a* represents its germ-cells. A in due course gives origin to B through its germ-cells *a*. In turn, B, which has inherited the germ-cells (*a*) of A, transmits its features through its own germ-cells and those of A (*a b*) to C. There is thus direct continuity of A and B. Coming now to C, which is the descendant of B, we find it including in its germ-cells those of A and B, so that C, as regards heredity, is continuous with A and B, as indicated by the letters *a b c*. The case of D is similar, because its germ elements are not its own special belonging. As including those of A, B, and C, the germ elements of D must be represented by the letters *a b c d*.

When Dr. Weismann called his theory that of "the continuity of the germ-plasm" (or germ-cells), it is plain he had selected the salient feature of that hypothesis by way of indicating its nature. He lays stress on the distinct nature of the two kinds of cells. The germ-cells are handed on in an unbroken descent from one generation to another. With Darwin, he concludes that the germ-plasm contains all the gemmules, or elements which are necessary to insure the reappearance in each successive generation of the features of the preceding generation. If, however, this theory makes plain to us the possibilities of heredity, it is equally clear it does not in any sense diminish the wondrous nature of the process whereby we have handed down to us from our forefathers not only our general build and constitution of body, but even the tricks and phantasies which make up so many of life's characteristics. In spite of the

explanation which science has so far afforded, we are still entitled to exclaim with the ancient, "Magnum hereditatis mysterium!"

One of the most popular beliefs in all ages has been that which asserted the power of the parent to influence directly the welfare of the offspring. Such influence, presumed to be exerted by the mother over the unborn child, is part and parcel of every-day belief. Nor is such an opinion in any sense unnatural. It would, on common grounds of probability, seem to be a strange and untoward thing if such influences as those just noted were to be regarded as of non-effect. The folk-lore of every country contains numerous examples of cases in which maternal impressions are believed to account for the deformities which appear in the offspring; and this remark holds true not of man alone, but also of the animals which are most closely associated with him in his daily life. According to the theory of Dr. Weismann, all such recitals are either the products of superstition, or are founded on mistaken observation, or represent an unwarranted interpretation of facts. His view is that the germ-cells are not affected by whatever happens to the body-cells, and consequently there can be no transmission to the offspring of acquired or accidental characters impressed upon the parent form. Heredity, in other words, acts by propagating the natural features of the race. It does not suffice for the perpetuation of the chance accidents or emergencies to which the individual, as such, is liable. So that the theory of Dr. Weismann, it must be admitted, strikes a powerful blow at popular notions of what inheritance is supposed to include, and of what heredity is believed to be capable of producing as between one generation and its successor.

Those who are even cursorily acquainted with the outlines of that universally accepted idea of the natural order of things to which the name of evolution is applied, know that the foundation of that theory of the origin of the living worlds depends on the idea that *variation* is assumed to be the paramount factor in inducing changes in the constitution of animals and plants. New species are believed to arise through the variation and modification of the old. Darwinism, in its most typical phases, is a theory or explanation of the order of nature which rests, like all other views of evolution, on the variability of nature. Now, having regard to Dr. Weismann's ideas of the conservatism of the germ-cells, and their freedom from all effects which may be brought to bear upon the individual animal, it may be asked, how does the latest view of inheritance square with the theory of evolution? The Weismann theory, at first sight, suggests permanence and stability rather than variation. How, then, can we conceive of inheritance, as a matter of the handing down of stable and unaltering germ-cells, being squared with that alteration and modification to which, on the evolution theory, all nature is subject?

A common observation serves to make the pressing nature of this question plain and clear. It is matter of certainty that animals and plants do vary from the parental type. No two animals and no two plants are precisely alike. While "like begets like," it is not absolute likeness that is transmitted; and once giving or allowing a margin for variation, it may be and is difficult to say where the idea or actual process of variability may be said to end. Perhaps, if we anticipate matters somewhat, we may best express the truth by saying that while inheritance serves the purpose of "like begetting like," variability is the process which modifies inheritance, and tends to produce departures from the fixed plan or type of the race. The points which remain for discussion, therefore, are two in number. We have, first of all, to see whether Dr. Weismann's views of the unaltering character of the germ-cells are supported by fact; and in the second place to ascertain how, knowing that variations do occur, these departures are to be reconciled with the general view that "like begets like."

A large number of facts may be cited with the view, I think, of showing that when Dr. Weismann holds acquired conditions in a parent to be incapable of transmission, he lays himself open to a certain amount of biological contradiction. To begin with, it is matter of certainty that certain classes of parental malformations (which are certainly "acquired" states) can be handed down to offspring. Defects in finger formation have been known to be reproduced through several generations, a result incompatible with the view that inheritance is a matter of germ-cells alone, and one with which

the body-cells have no concern. The oft-quoted case of Gratio Kelleia may be appealed to on this latter head. Kelleia himself, a Maltese man, was born of parents who possessed the ordinary number of fingers and toes. He had six fingers on each hand and six toes on each foot. His wife possessed the ordinary number of digits. Four children were born to this couple. Salvator, the eldest boy, had the six-fingered condition of his father represented in full. George and André resembled the mother, but the hands and feet of the former were slightly deformed. Marie, the daughter, had also five fingers and five toes on each hand and foot, but her thumbs were developed somewhat out of proportion. As regards the second generation — all the children having married partners with natural hands and feet—of Salvator's four children, three showed the six-fingered condition. George had two girls with six fingers and toes, and a third girl with six fingers on each hand and six toes on the right foot, but only five toes on the left, and finally a boy with the natural number of digits. André had many children, but all had normal hands and feet; and of Marie's family a boy had six toes, while her other three children showed no departure from the natural type. This case is typical of many more in which traits appearing in the parents are seen to have been handed on to the offspring. We are reminded that color-blindness is a condition which is certainly capable of transmission to the progeny. In one family the males alone were affected through seven generations. Deaf-mutism is likewise handed down from parent to child, while it has been clearly ascertained that the chances of the children being deaf is almost seven times greater when both parents are affected than when only one exhibits the ailment. More curious still, perhaps, are those cases in which we find what has been called the hemorrhagic (or bleeding) habit transmitted for generations. Here, owing probably to some structural weakness in the blood-vessels, bleeding, even of a slight character, is with difficulty arrested. As regards the appearance of this condition in the offspring, it may be added that in one case which was thoroughly investigated three out of four males exhibited this condition in one generation, thirteen out of fourteen males showed this constitution in the next, while only one out of nine males was affected in the third. Doubtless the tendency to bleeding was dying out in the third generation, but that fact does not in the least invalidate the conclusions to be drawn from the actual transmission of the malady in the preceding generations.

Such cases as these I have cited from the history of medicine force us to reconsider anew any theory of inheritance which alleges the impossibility of conditions appearing in the parent being handed down to the progeny. For, assuming still with Dr. Weismann that it is the germ-plasm or germ-cells which are the seats of inherited characters, we must assume that so far from being unaffected by the conditions of individual life, that material had actually been modified so as to bring about the repetition of the disease or abnormal states I have described. That the six-fingered condition of the Kelleias, which increased in intensity as time progressed, was duly transmitted to the offspring by the operation of a law as natural as that which produced their normal features, is a proposition it were hard or impossible to refute. The aphorism "like begets like" is not invalidated by the fact that it explains the genesis of unnatural or unusual structures. The one question at issue is how the starting-point of such a variation is inaugurated; but this matter certainly is at present beyond our ken. On any theory of inheritance, if our hypothesis is to discharge its duty of explaining the facts as they stand, we must hold that the germ-plasm was so far affected by one circumstance or another as to be capable of handing on directly the peculiarity of one generation to the next. Any other mode of explanation must necessarily lie outside the limits of the theory we are discussing, and necessitate in point of fact the construction of a new and probably a much less reasonable explanation.

Assuming with not only Darwin and Galton, but with Dr. Weismann himself, that there is every probability of the correctness of the view that inheritance is a matter of the transmission by the germ-cells of the cumulative structures and functions, powers and qualities, of the individual to its descendants, as it previously inherited the accumulated traits of all its predecessors, we note the necessity of making at least one reservation in favor of an individual's power of directly influ-

encing its own germ material, and of thus handing down its own and special peculiarities to its immediate descendants. If, according to the proverb, truth is found in the middle way rather than in the extremes of the course, we may possibly arrive at the truth about inheritance from the stand-point just described. The history of science teaches us that as far back as Lamarck, the view that an individual could readily enough transmit its variations to its progeny was accepted as an article of the faith that was then current in biological circles. With Lamarck, as with ourselves to-day, a crying question was the origin and extent of the variations from which an animal or plant might map out for itself new ways of life and new departures from the specific type. Supposing the case of a bird species, for instance, Lamarck's view was that if an individual of the species was born with an increased size of wing, or other peculiarity of body, such increase would naturally be transmitted to its progeny. If the increase continued to be handed on and further strengthened, a complete departure would in time, it was held, be made from the original type, and the beginning of a new species inaugurated. The effects of habit and of the use and disuse of organs and parts were accorded by Lamarck a notable share in the evolution of living beings. The familiar case of the giraffe's neck, which, it was held, had become elongated by the persistent efforts of its ancestors to browse on the higher branches of trees, serves to illustrate the earlier doctrine of evolution.

In contradistinction to Lamarck, we find Mr. Darwin teaching that while use and disuse of parts have their influence on the changes to which living forms are subject, the true way of evolution is effected by means of minute fortuitous variations occurring in the germ-cells of individuals. Such variations are termed "congenital," in contradistinction to those which, arising in the individual body *per se*, are named "acquired." Darwinism, briefly defined in this light, is a theory in which natural selection, or "the survival of the fittest," operates in preserving all such inherited variations as are favorable to the race. If a bird is seen to develop a slight increase of wing, not as an accidental or personal matter, but as result of innumerable past tendencies all working through its ancestors in this direction, such a variation, being a "congenital" one, will be preserved—that is, assuming it is of service to the race. Inheritance, it is held, will naturally perpetuate what inheritance has brought to pass; and so Darwinism in this main feature is seen to be perfectly at one, or at least to present no features irreconcilable with Dr. Weismann's views on heredity. As a writer has put it, natural selection is like a watchful guardian, ever on the alert to select such variations of the germ-cells as will favor the animal in the struggle for existence; and it also blots out all those conditions which are not adapted to preserve the race, and to favor its progress and advance.

There is no agreement in the biological camp regarding these matters. Probably Lamarck has been rather hardly dealt with in respect of the complete rejection of his views by many naturalists, although there are not wanting those who see in modern evolution factors and powers which are only explicable on the Lamarckian theory, or on the lines of thought that theory suggests. Mr. Spencer himself is not averse to Lamarck's ideas in certain respects, and indeed gives a very full assent to the doctrine that inheritance and its results in inducing variations are as much a matter of the individual as of the race; in other words, that the body-cells of an animal may directly affect its germ-cells, and thus induce modification of its kind by transmission of the alterations to its offspring. In the endeavor to attain that middle way where the probability of truth being found is greatest, we may possibly be not far removed from safe travelling if, while admitting the general truth of Dr. Weismann's views, we also accept to a certain extent those of the Lamarckian schools. There is really no conflict between these opposing schools of thought. If we believe that the seat of inheritance is the germ-cell, we must surely recognize that, as resident among the body-cells, it cannot escape being influenced by its surroundings. Assuming that variation is a theory of the germ-plasm, as Weismann and others teach us, it seems apparent that the germ-cells are not independent structurally of the body-cells, and that as the individual body itself is modified by its surroundings, so the germ-cells may be and are liable to like influences. In a word, unless we are to regard the cell

which gives origin to the young animal as independent of the body in which it lives to an extent assuredly undreamed-of in any other department of the vital constitution, we must conclude that variations in that body itself must influence the germ-cells which are part and parcel of the body. Nature, in truth, would seem to have overlooked a very powerful means of inducing variability, if, trusting to spontaneous, inexplicable, and fortuitous variations in the germ-cells alone, she had neglected to avail herself of the marked influences which external conditions possess and exert on the bodies of animals and plants at large.

An appeal once again to facts may serve to strengthen the conclusion to which we have thus been led, that inheritance is a double affair, after all; that it is primarily a matter of transmitted qualities possessed, treasured up, and handed on by the germ-cells, but altered and transformed to a greater or less degree by the body-cells, which have to bear the brunt of life's warfare with all its modifying influences. A pure-bred Arab mare, belonging to Lord Morton while Governor-General of India, bore a foal of which a quagga (a near relation of the zebra) was the father. The foal, as was to be expected, exhibited the stripes of its sire. Later on the same dam bore foals to an Arab horse. Of these, the first showed the head of the quagga and had the black stripes of that animal, while the others showed traces of quagga markings but to a decreased extent. Now this interesting case might be paralleled by other instances, in which acquired impressions or influences were evidently directly transmitted to progency which had no claim or title to develop the characters in question. The germ-cells of the mother, in such a case, it is evident, had been duly impressed to an extent which affected subsequent developments of the young; and in face of such facts it seems difficult to argue that the germ-plasm of an animal or plant is in all cases incapable of being modified to some extent by the body-cells.

Summing up our inquiries, then, we learn that the body of an individual animal or plant is to be regarded, from the point of view of heredity, as consisting of two distinct elements. These are germ-cells and body-cells, the former devoted to the important work of reproducing the race, the latter constituting the actual bodily material, and discharging all the ordinary functions through which the individual life is maintained. Inheritance is a matter of the continuity of the germ-plasm or germ-cells, which are handed down from one generation to another in cumulative ratio, carrying with them in each case not the features and qualities of the one predecessor and parent, but of all preceding generations. Assuming that the germ-plasm is liable to exhibit variations, we can see how and why such variations can be transmitted to new generations; but we have also to take into account the influence on the germ-cells of the body to which they belong. While, then, inheritance preserves through the continuity of the germ-cells the stability of the race, it gives the rein to variation, and by the combined influences of environment acting on the body of the individual peoples the world with new and ever-varying forms of life.

ANSWERED.

BY NANNIE MAYO FITZHUGH.

I TOOK my sorrow where the swelling fields
Lay circled by the low, caressing sky.
The soft enchantment that the morning yields
Held all the murmurous air, and only I
Marred the rejoicing day, and drew apart.
When joy came flooding till my pulse leaped high,
I told my gladness to the woods' deep heart,
And all the forest answered with a sigh.
She heeds—sweet Nature—nay, she is not dumb!
When from my prisoned soul the bars shall fall,
There waits an answer to my every cry.
Though yet her speech I may not know, in some
Glad times my soul, bond-sundered, shall recall
In thousandfold the sure and blest reply.

SOME AMERICAN RIDERS.

BY COLONEL THEODORE AYRAULT DODGE, U. S. A.

Fourth Paper.

TO return to the States, and to follow out the text on which we have been so far preaching. It will be accepted as a truism that the man or people that does any given thing the most constantly will be apt to excel in that one thing. Apply this to the riding of the Southerners. Now the climate and soil, the thicker population, and more industrious habits of the Eastern and Middle States produced excellent roads at a much earlier period than in the South. In fact, there are few places in the South to-day where the roads can be called tolerable. Good roads are wont to be followed by wheeled transportation; poor roads force people to cling to the saddle. When the Northern farmer goes to the nearest town he drives, because the roads are good, and he can carry his stuff to better advantage; the Southerner rides, because the roads for a great part of the year are impassable to wheels. This breeds the universal habit of horseback work. The same thing applies to women. To visit their neighbors, go to church or shopping in the nearest village, the women must make use of the saddle. This necessity of the country, where the roads are bad, becomes habit of the city, where the roads are better. The Southerner has been in the saddle constantly for many generations, and to-day boys and girls alike ride the colts in pasture, with only a stick to guide them. In the North these conditions and habits ceased long ago. Riding is a mere fashion of very recent origin, though it has acquired such an impetus that it may have come to stay.

It is noticeable that we Eastern riders are touchy on the subject of equestrianism, like most people not to the manner born. We are fain to believe, perhaps not that the Southerner knows nothing about riding, but that what he knows is not worth our learning. It must be confessed that for the short dozen years we have been at it we have done wonders, and our riding to hounds, though the poor benighted pack may be wheedled into chasing aniseseed, has, so far as concerns pluck and enthusiasm, grown to be almost beyond criticism. This and polo are the things in which we have made marked progress. We have done well to take our model from our British cousins, for in these sports they are masters. But in road-riding the English can teach us nothing. They are so permeated with the hunting idea that they are constantly riding to cover in the park.

Now it is incontestable that the Southerner, though he too shows points of criticism, is a better model for road-riding than any other person; and it is also true that he breeds and trains far better saddle-horses than England has ever seen. We are too new and narrow in our recently acquired sport to be able to see this fact, though it is under our very eyes. Fox-hunting, though on a cruder plan than in the old country, has been a constant practice in the South for two hundred years. Still the English model for this is indisputably better. But in road-riding the Southern gentleman is far ahead as to his gaits and seat and style. A man who hunts regularly rides on the road a half-dozen times to once he follows the hounds; one who hunts occasionally does so a hundred times as often. And yet each, as well as the man who never hunts, patterns his seat for the road on this model, which was intended for as different a purpose from mere road-riding as the cowboy's. And each persists in riding a constant, never-varied trot. The nice balance and quick response of the accomplished saddle-beast are overlooked. A horse is nowadays not even permitted to guide by the neck, while as for suppling his croup, or giving him a light forehand, no one ever dreams of it. All this is, to say the least, a distinct loss. Some deem such education superfluous; some cross-countrymen brush such things aside as trivial, unnecessary. The world could doubtless have wagged along without many of the good things it has—Homer, Michael Angelo, Beethoven. But by how much is it better for having them! The opposition to the horse's education among

hunting men is the mediæval outcry of class prejudice. The more liberal the world, the less there is of it.

Our imitation of the English comes of a sincere desire to flatter; and imitation is what oils the wheels of progress. When we have not what is worthy imitation at home, let us by all means go abroad; but when we have the very best in our midst, it is little to our credit to go searching elsewhere.

The first duty of the cross-country rider is to save his horse, because the service required of him on each occasion of use is exceptionally great. The road-rider need not do this, because he covers but a tithe of the distance at any one time. Hence the rule of the road is that the horse shall, first of all, subserve his rider's comfort. The most comfort resides primarily in ease; next in variety of gaits. And no one who has learned the Southern gaits can deny their superior ease. The proof lies in the fact that they enable a man to ride without undue exertion in hot as well as cold weather. Nothing can be more inspiriting than a fine open trot; but a horse which can go Southern gaits can trot besides, and if the rider is as clever as he, without injury to his other paces.

The Southern seat is practically the same as the true military seat; and except that the bridle hand is wont to be held a trifle too high, which is a habit caught from the high pommel or roll of blankets or other baggage in front of the soldier, this seat, when not exaggerated, is, all things considered, the best for road-riding, and perhaps would enable a man to do a greater number of things in the saddle than any other one style. And though the English pigskin is perhaps a neater and more available rig, the Southerner is, in gaits and style and knowledge of road work, by far the best model for us to copy, as his saddle-beast is the best for us to buy.

The Central Park rider has his good points, and he has his bad ones. When he is new to his work, and over-imitates the English style, he is at his worst; when he is used to the saddle, he throws aside blind imitation, and rides well. He steers clear of the showy tendencies of the Gaul, the military flavor of the Teuton, and the extreme hunting type of the Briton. There is no better horseman than the Englishman, no better rider. Few are as good. At his own sports, hunting and polo and racing, he is unequalled. But from these premises one must not conclude that he is master of everything else. Too many hard-riding English cross-country men have found out on our Plains that they could not hold a candle to the average cowboy to make such an assumption safe. And the color which fox-hunting lends to road-riding seriously limits his skill in the park. Still the best rider of England is well worthy of imitation. The trouble with our young men whose few months in the saddle make them feel as if they had nothing more to learn, is that they imitate the English groom—and the poor one at that—and not the English gentleman. As well study art from prize-package chromos.

Putting aside the peculiar uses of the English seat, let us suppose an Englishman and a Southerner passing under the eye of an unprejudiced Arab, a man riding in the style of neither, and yet a born horseman. The former trots by on his rangy thorough-bred, with stirrups short, leaning over his horse's withers, both hands busy with his reins, but showing entire familiarity with and control of his splendid mount, and his legs perhaps swinging to and fro with the motion. The latter comes along on an equally well-bred horse, with longer leathers, upright in the saddle, one hand with a single curb lightly reining his quickly moving single-footer. Though the Arab is used to both the shorter stirrups and the leaning seat, think you he would hesitate on pronouncing the Southron the more graceful and expert? It is not that the Englishman is not a good pattern, but that for road-riding we have a better one at home. Assertions such as these are wont to provoke a sneer from the Anglomaniac. But a sneer is not argument; it is the resort of ignorance. Answer there is none, unless a man will in the same breath maintain that education is unfitted for a horse, as some assert that it is lost on women. Despite our slight veneer of Anglomania, however, we are sound American within, and shall not long neglect what can be taught us by our own countrymen, who have been in the saddle as many generations as the English, and been compelled to a much greater degree to use horses for daily work as well as pleasure. One may see it coming now.

The Kentucky horse is by no means so often despoiled of his accomplishments when he reaches a New York owner as he used to be. To judge by the horse's gait, our artist recognizes this fact.

I have often seen in England a man who prided himself on the speed of his park hack's walk. He called it a "walk"; so would a Southerner; but it was a "running walk," not a flat-footed one, which, as horses sometimes will, his nag had inherited from some distant ancestor, or picked up of his own accord. No horse, except those specially trained, walks flat-footed more than four miles an hour. The running walk will add a mile or a mile and a half to this speed. The Englishman saw no difference, even if it was an amble or a rack his horse fell into; he still called it a walk, because it was neither trot nor canter. But the flat-footed walk, the running walk, the amble, and the rack are all as distinct as trot and canter.

These so-called artificial paces are not such in fact. Every horse under the excitement of the whip or of fright will fall into one or other of them. Every people which habitually rides at a walk trains the horse, by simple urging, into these paces. Even the donkeys in Italy running-walk. I have seen more than one racker of true Norman blood. But the Southerner has caught the idea, and developed it into an art, and has trained his saddle-beasts to perfect paces. These are no more artificial than the trot, which indeed is by some of the best English authorities pronounced an artificial gait. The marvellous Cossack pony Seri, which Sotnik Dmitri Peshkof rode last winter across Siberia from the Pacific to St. Petersburg, 5500 miles, in 193 days—over 28 miles a day, including detentions, or 37 miles per travelling day—mostly over roads covered with snow-drifts, was a running-walker, and did the bulk of the distance at this gait. This is far and away the best record of endurance on the books.

My daughters ride a noble little thorough-bred Kentucky saddle-horse, handsome as a picture and easy as a cradle, which can flat-footed walk four miles and a half in sixty minutes, can running-walk five and a half, rack seven, single-foot up to twelve, and trot a 'forty gait as square as any track horse ever shod. This does not count his canter or gallop, manners, or divers other accomplishments. Each gait is so distinct that you can call it out by a word or a turn of the bridle wrist, and tell it from the others with your eyes shut. Is Pea Vine not a better park hack than if he was confined to walk, trot, and canter? And yet most of our Eastern fashionables would answer nay; and on general principles our above-cited Briton would sneer at the idea of riding "artificial gaits," when he has been felicitating himself on such a gait without knowing it.

The day of practical horsemanship has come, and well it is. No one doubts the superiority for average uses of a hack well trained *à l'Anglaise*, to the nervous, fidgety, watch-springy creature of the high school. But is there not a middle point between ignorance and over-training?

When we reach the cross-country rider of our Eastern States, as typified in such hunts as the Genesee Valley, the Meadow Brook, the Radnor, or the Myopia, we lift our hats with honest admiration, and wonder at the genuine Yankee grit and intelligence which have so soon popularized this sport among us. Not that we can have genuine hunting in our severe Northern climate, or under conditions which substitute a drag for Reynard's nimble legs and cunning twists and turns. Still it is rare that a fox in our Eastern States will give you as good a run as a drag. The country is such that you cannot ride over it in every direction at will, as you can in England, and a fox has so many covers near at hand that you can never be sure of even a short run. But the boldness, skill, and enthusiasm of our hunting men are beyond praise. And there is plucky riding and good among them.

I have often thought that as fine an exhibition of horsemanship as can be found is that of the middle-aged English country gentleman, who has ridden to hounds since boyhood, has outgrown the dare-devil, and lost somewhat of the muscle and elasticity of his youth, but who still, by his fine sense of the capacity of his horse, his light hands and perfect judgment, is able to keep in the next field to the hounds throughout a long run over a stiff country. As there is perhaps no animal equal to the best hunter in his all-round qualities, so perhaps there is no more perfect thing in equitation than this

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intelligent riding. It soars above the breakneck performance as a line of Milton above the epic of Commencement. We do not often see this kind of thing here. The daredevil still predominates. But none the less, hail to the youth and strength and manliness which have sought an outlet in this splendid sport! A generation ago the same spirit thronged the tented field, and marched up to the Bloody Angle with teeth set and heart aglow with heroic passion. And it is this true Anglo-Saxon mettle which can always be relied on to come to the fore in our times of need.

In a few sections of country fox-hunting is older—in fact, has become not only a hereditary sport, but one in which the farmers take an equal part and interest. This is as it should be. Hunting can never thrive when only the rich can indulge in it. Where a country is so stiff that none but exceptional horses can get over it, and a hunt is limited to a field of a dozen men on nags averaging a couple of thousand dollars each, it is hard to see a future in the sport. Were it not for some organizations which have run through a generation or two, one would fear its extinction when fashion shall have brought some other form of athletics into prominence. But it is probable that hunting has taken firm root; and though the climate cannot be coaxed nor foxes quickly bred, there is small danger that the riding part of the sport will soon be lost.

This sport has shown us what excellent material we have in this country for hunters. Our American horses have done better across our country than the expensive imported English and Irish ones. The difficulty of acclimation has something to do with this; but few things have shown the adaptability of our stock to any work better than the number of horses of trotting blood that have turned out fast gallopers, big timber-jumpers, and stayers besides.

There seems to be a growing tendency to breed for size. May not this be a mistake? It is doubtful if the hunter over sixteen hands averages as well, all things considered, as the one which is somewhat under this measure, though big thoroughbreds are needed for some men. Certainly for plain saddle-work fifteen two is a better size, commanding vastly more activity, if less stride. Moreover, big horses are not always weight-carriers, any more than they are weight-pullers. The work of the world is done by the smaller specimens. But to-day's fashion is set for either a polo pony or a sixteen and a half hands thorough-bred. The ten inches between the two are skipped, though the best performances have all but invariably been between these limits.

We have during the past dozen years drawn from our tap of Anglomania a mug brimful of good. How easy it is to blow away the froth which rests on the excellent draught below! One of the most exhilarating of our imported sports is polo, and as it happens that our Plains furnish so excellent a mount, and our increasing out-of-door habits so many players, the game may well become a national one. The motto of the day in English sports is speed. Fox-hunting of the last generation was a modest performance at a hand-gallop; Sir Roger de Coverley rode to hounds at a canter. But within twoscore years the cross-country pace has been run up to racing speed. More and more thorough blood has been called for in both pack and field, and the old-fashioned hunter of our sires could not live through the shortest burst to day. The same thing applies to polo—the faster and more able the pony, the better the performance of his rider. You can get enormous weight-carrying capacity in an under-bred pony, as well as remarkable endurance, but not at speed. When you call on a fourteen-hands pony to carry a hundred and sixty pounds and upward at speed, you must have blood. Even the veriest weed of an undersized thoroughbred will do wonders in this way. The sudden bursts of racing pace called out at polo have made the English breed for small thorough-breds. Capital polo ponies have been raised from the hardy little Exmoor pony with blooded sires. More barrel comes of this cross, together with a certain hardiness; but the little knife-blade thorough-bred will often carry as big a man, and *endurance at speed* is the inheritance only of his race. These words, in fact, sum up that peculiar quality which has not yet been reached in any other animal, except, perhaps, the greyhound.

So much for the English pony. When we come to riders, it will be many years before we can boast the skill of our trans-Atlantic cousins, or either of us that of

A HUNTING MAN.

GENTLEMAN RIDER IN CENTRAL PARK.

the Japanese, with their light cup-wands for mallets, and feather-weight balls. The American polo fields by no means exhibit the play you see in England. Many a man here indulges in recklessness which would warn him off the ground at Hurlingham. It takes years at the game to produce the atmosphere which breeds perfection, and in the twenty it has been played in England it has wellnigh reached this point. But it is well to persevere. We are making marked progress in all our sports, and polo may yet become as much of a national game as base-ball—though let us hope without its commercial aspect.

The American polo pony is no other than our little bronco friend. Many come from Texas, Wyoming, Montana. The clever cow-pony is ready trained for the polo ground. He will catch the idea of the game as quickly as he caught the trick of cow-punching, and he has already learned to stop and turn and twist as only he can do. It must not be forgotten that he has precisely the same blood in his veins which has placed the English thorough-bred so far above all other horses. He has increased his stock of endurance and hardiness by his struggle for existence on the Plains, and for this game he is perhaps the equal of any pony, whatever his breeding, and within the limits of the polo field his speed is as great—some good judges say greater.

When he is taken off the cars on arrival here from his familiar haunts on the cattle ranges, he is the sorriest, gauntest, most miserable equine specimen one can find in a day's tramp. He doesn't look worth a peck of oats. But he will reward your care. In a month or two you would never guess your plump, handsome, able little pony to be the same individual. You cannot kill a bronco. No other animal will recover from such *Strapazen*, as the Germans phrase it. And when he has undergone the torture of docking, and is finally invested with the pigskin, nothing but the brand remains of the ragged little hero of the Plains.

The pony is used to a single gag-bit.

POLO PLAYERS.

But he is tractable, and not a few will learn to work perfectly in a snaffle. So many of our polo-players require the bridle as "a means of support" that the loose rein of the cowboy will in no wise do. The perfect polo-rider has not yet made his appearance. Under him the bronco would more quickly become the perfect polo pony. It would take but a few months' training to teach him to guide by the legs alone, if need be. Indeed, his Indian master made him do just this. He learns to follow the ball in a few days. There is no sport in which training would be better rewarded than in polo; and though it would be useless to aim at the delicacy of the *haute école*—for the sharp runs and stops of polo make this as practically impossible as it is in hunting—still, given a rider with perfect seat, without a suspicion of riding the bridle, and a pony which is taught to guide by leg-pressure alone, and it would seem that they should, other things being equal, be the best players in the game.

The polo-player's seat varies very little from the natural, and the best of them are consummate horsemen. Few things call out good riding more than polo; nothing trains a man quicker or better. While hunting can never reach more than an imitative standing in our rigorous climate, polo may become domesticated, and, except that it must be played on ponies, is as good an education in horsemanship.

If there is any one kind of riding between the worst of which and the best there is a great gulf fixed, it is the jockey's. Unless that demolisher of pet traditions and shams, instantaneous photography, had shown us the extremity to which bad jockeyship could be carried, we should scarcely credit the mechanical possibility of some of the positions the track-rider can assume. The average jockey has no more to do with winning a race than the time-keeper; in a neck-and-neck race, by no means so much. You will see him suspended, as it were, in fourfold straps, his stirrups and the bridle—one quadruped bestriding another, and not the more intelligent atop. He relies as much on the reins as he does on the leathers, and has no control over his horse, no power to save or coax him whatsoever. Considering who the jockeys are, what their training is, and what the average race is like, this is no great wonder. But Fordham and Cannon and Archer did not ride this way, not to mention older celebrities. Nor do our own better jockeys. It is a thousand pities that we have no photographs of Archer stealing one of his celebrated races. The ability to ride a puller in a snaffle bridle, or to win with a slack rein without whip or spur, is as unusual as the art of coaxing a horse and of making the most of his courage or nervousness or obstinacy. How many modern jockeys study their horses, or can cut and whip a race out of a slug, or wheedle it out of a sulky jade? They use steel and whalebone on the willing and unwilling alike. Delicate mouth-touching is the rarest of the jockey's arts; almost every jockey here "rides twice as quick as his horse is going."

Waiting races are not run in America. Running is made from start to finish in the majority of cases. But where a race is run between a few good jockeys, this rule is not always followed. There has as yet been no phenomenal jockey produced in America. But it may fairly be claimed that our best jockeys come well up in the second rank. That the common jockey here is less good than in England is simply due to the fact that there he serves at least a species of apprenticeship, while here he springs full-armed from his own brain.

It is not to be wondered at that we should seek our models in the Old Country. It is the English who have taught us nearly all our sports. Anglomania in its proper sense is as excellent as in its forced sense it is absurd. If to learn from the Briton how to race or hunt or play polo be Anglomania, let us all be inoculated for the disease and speedily. If to swear by everything English, from togs to manners, just because it is English, be Anglomania, the sooner we are rid of it the better. The word must be advisedly used. In its better sense we are all Anglomaniacs who are not sick with Anglophobia—a much worse type of disease. But give Americanism a chance, especially in horsemanship. We have no cause to be ashamed of what we have in horses, nor of what we can do in the saddle. And a judicious choice in the field and on the road of what is best at home and abroad ought to put us in equestrianism, if not where we stand in yachting, at least on a level high enough to satisfy the most critical.

PETER IBBETSON.*

BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Part Third.

I HAD no friends but the Lintots and their friends: "Les amis de nos amis sont nos amis!"

My cousin Alfred had gone into the army, like his father before him. My cousin Charlie had gone into the Church, and we had drifted completely apart. My grandmother was dead. My aunt Plunket, a great invalid, lived in Florence. Her daughter, Madge, was in India, happily married to a young soldier, who is now a most distinguished general.

The Lintots held their heads high as representatives of a liberal profession, and an old Pentonville family. People were generally exclusive in those days—an exclusiveness that was chiefly kept up by the ladies. There were charmed circles even in Pentonville.

Among the most exclusive were the Lintots. Let us hope, in common justice, that those they excluded were at least able to exclude others!

I have eaten their bread and salt, and it would ill become me to deny that their circle was charming as well as charmed. But I had no gift for making friends, although I was often attracted by people the very opposite of myself; especially by little, clever, quick, but not too familiar men; but even if they were disposed to make advances, a miserable shyness and stiffness of manner on my part, that I could not help, would raise a barrier of ice between us.

They were most hospitable people, these good Lintots, and had many friends, and gave many parties, which my miserable shyness prevented me from enjoying to the full. They were both too stiff and too free.

In the drawing-room Mrs. Lintot and one or two other ladies, severely dressed, would play the severest music in a manner that did not mitigate its severity. They were merciless! It was nearly always Bach, or Hummel, or Scarlatti, each of whom, they would say, could write both like an artist and a gentleman—a very rare but indispensable combination, it seemed.

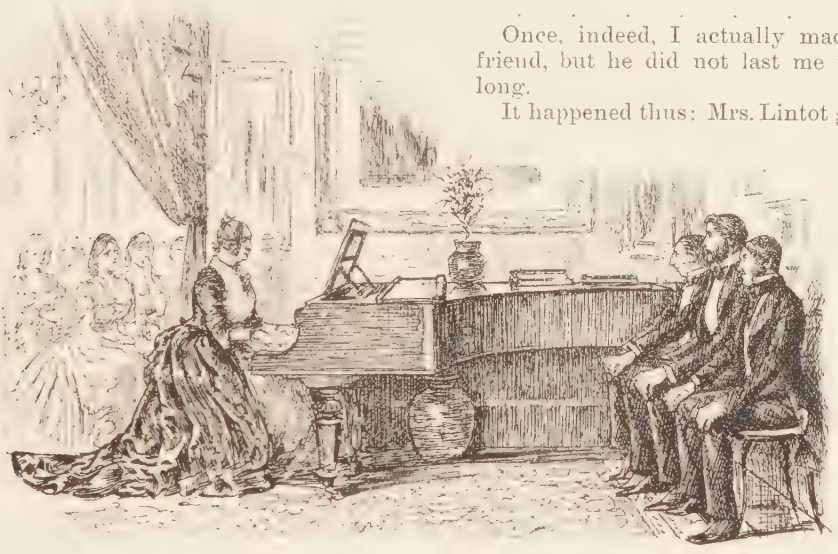
Other ladies, young and middle-aged, and a few dumb-struck youths like myself, would be suffered to listen, but never to retaliate—never to play or sing back again.

If one ventured to ask for a song without words by Mendelssohn—or a song with words, even by Schubert, even with German words—one was rebuked and made to blush for the crime of musical frivolity.

Meanwhile, in Lintot's office (built by himself in the back garden), grave men and true, pending the supper hour, would smoke and sip spirits-and-water, and talk shop; formally at first, and with much politeness. But gradually, feeling their way, as it were, they would relax into social unbuttonment, and drop the "Mister" before each others' names (to be resumed next morning), and indulge in lively professional chaff, which would soon become personal and free and boisterous—a good-humored kind of warfare in which I did not shine, for lack of quickness and repartee. For instance, they would ask one whether one would rather be a bigger fool than one looked, or look a bigger fool than one was; and whichever way one answered the question, the retort would be that "that was impossible!" amid roars of laughter from all but one.

* Begun in June number, 1891.—*The right of translation is reserved.*

So that I would take a middle course, and spend most of the evening on the stairs and in the hall, and study (with an absorbing interest much too well feigned to look natural) the photographs of famous cathedrals and public buildings till supper came; when, by assiduously attending on the ladies, I would cause my miserable existence to be remembered, and forgiven, and soon forgotten again, I fear.



LA BELLA CAPRICCIOSA, BY HUMMEL.

I hope I shall not be considered an overweening coxcomb for saying that, on the whole, I found more favor with the ladies than with the gentlemen; especially at supper-time.

After supper there would be a change—for the better, some thought. Lintot, emboldened by good cheer and good fellowship, would become unduly, immensely, uproariously funny, in spite of his wife. He had a genuine gift of buffoonery. His friends would whisper to each other that Lintot was "on," and encourage him. Bach and Hummel and Scarlatti were put on the shelf, and the young people would have a good time. There were comic songs and negro melodies, with a chorus all round. Lintot would sing "Vilikins and his Dinah," in the manner of Mr. Robson, so well that even Mrs. Lintot's stern mask would relax into indulgent smiles. It was irresistible. And when the party broke up, we could all (thanks to our host) honestly thank our hostess "for a very pleasant evening," and cheerfully, yet almost regretfully, wish her good-night.

It is good to laugh sometimes—wisely, if one can; if not, *quocumque modo!* There are seasons when even "the crackling of thorns under a pot" has its uses. It seems to warm the pot—all the pots—and all the emptiness thereof, if they be empty.

. . . . . .

Once, indeed, I actually made a friend, but he did not last me very long.

It happened thus: Mrs. Lintot gave a grander party than usual. One of the invited was Mr. Moses Lyon, the great picture-dealer—a client of Lintot's; and he brought with him young Raphael Merridew, the already famous painter, the most attractive youth I had ever seen. Small and slight, but beautifully made, and dressed in the extreme of fashion, with a handsome face, bright and polite manners, and an irresistible voice, he became his laurels well; he would have been sufficiently dazzling without them. Never had those hospitable doors in Middleton Square been opened to so brilliant a guest.

I was introduced to him, and he discovered that the bridge of my nose was just suited for the face of the sun-god in his picture of "The Sun-god and the Dawn-maiden," and begged I would favor him with a sitting or two.

Proud indeed was I to accede to such a request, and I gave him many sittings. I

PORTHOS AND HIS ATTENDANT SQUIRE.

used to rise at dawn to sit, before my work at Lintot's began; and to sit again as soon as I could be spared.

It seems I not only had the nose and brow of a sun-god (who is not supposed to be a very intellectual person), but also his arms and his torso; and sat for these, too. I have been vain of myself ever since.

During these sittings, which he made delightful, I grew to love him as David loved Jonathan.

We settled that we would go to the Derby together in a hansom. I engaged the smartest hansom in London, days beforehand. On the great Wednesday morning I was punctual with it at his door in Charlotte Street. There was another hansom there already—a smarter hansom still than mine, for it was a private one—and he came down and told me he had altered his mind, and was going with Lyon, who had asked him the evening before.

"One of the first picture-dealers in London, my dear fellow. Hang it all, you know, I couldn't refuse—awfully sorry!"

So I drove to the Derby in solitary splendor; but the bright weather, the humors of the road, all the gay scenes were thrown away upon me, such was the bitterness of my heart.

In the early afternoon I saw Merridew lunching on the top of a drag, amongst some men of smart and aristocratic appearance. He seemed to be the life of the party, and gave me a good-humored nod as I passed. I soon found Lyon sitting disconsolate in his hansom, scowling and solitary; he invited me to lunch with him, and disembosomed himself of a load of bitterness as intense as mine (which I kept to myself). The shrewd Hebrew tradesman was sunk in the warm-hearted, injured friend. Merridew had left Lyon for the Earl of Chiselhurst, just as he had left me for Lyon.

That was a dull Derby for us both!

A few days later I met Merridew, radiant as ever. All he said was:

"Awful shame of me to drop old Lyon for Chiselhurst, eh! But an earl, my dear fellow! Hang it all, you know! Poor old Mo' had to get back in his hansom all by himself; but he's bought the 'Sun-god' all the same."

Merridew soon dropped me altogether, to my great sorrow, for I forgave him his Derby desertion as quickly as Lyon did, and would have forgiven him anything. He was one of those for whom allowances are always being made, and with a good grace.

He died before he was thirty, poor boy; but his fame will never die. The "Sun-god" (even with the bridge of that nose which had been so wofully put out of joint) is enough by itself to place him among the immortals. Lyon sold it to Lord Chiselhurst for three thousand pounds—it had cost him five hundred. It is now in the National Gallery.

Poetical justice was satisfied!

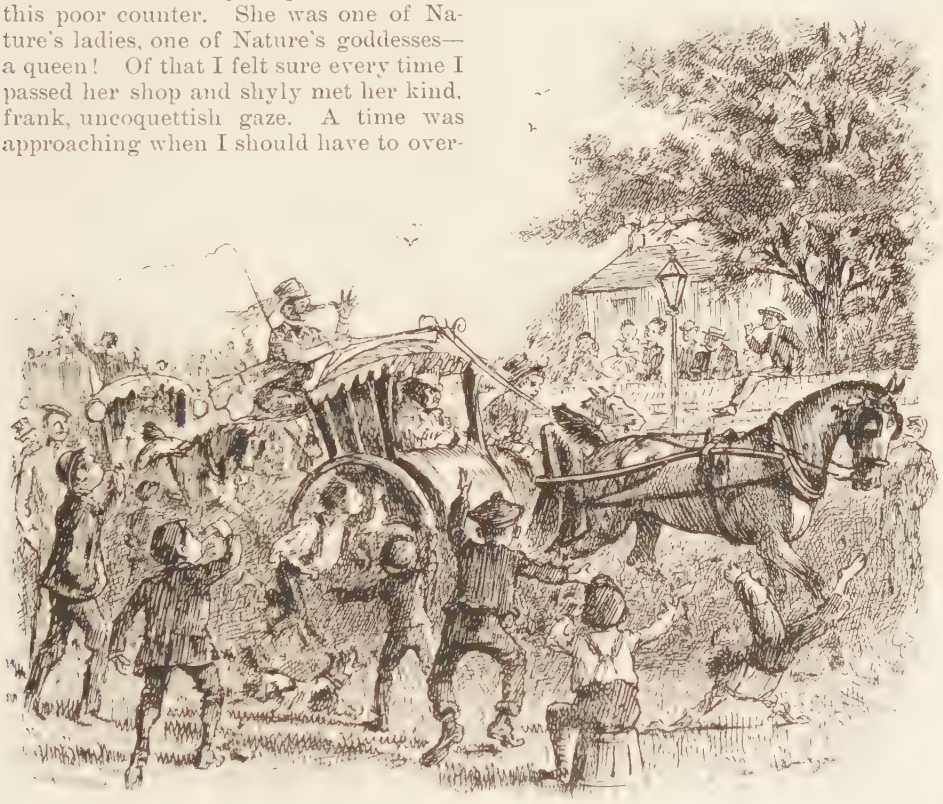
. . . . . .

Nor was I more fortunate in love than in friendship.

All the exclusiveness in the world cannot exclude good and beautiful maidens, and these were not lacking, even in Pentonville.

There is always one maiden much more

beautiful and good than all the others—like Esmeralda among the ladies of the Hôtel de Gondelaurier. There was such a maiden in Pentonville, or rather Clerkenwell, close by. But her station was so humble (like Esmeralda's) that even the least exclusive would have drawn the line at *her!* She was one of a large family, and they sold tripe and pigs' feet, and food for cats and dogs, in a very small shop opposite the western wall of the Middlesex House of Detention. She was the eldest, and the busy responsible one at this poor counter. She was one of Nature's ladies, one of Nature's goddesses—a queen! Of that I felt sure every time I passed her shop and shyly met her kind, frank, uncoquettish gaze. A time was approaching when I should have to overcome my shyness, and tell her that she of all women was the woman for me, and that it was indispensable, absolutely indispensable, that we two should be made one—immediately! at once! forever!



"A DULL DERBY FOR US BOTH."

But before I could bring myself to this she married somebody else, and we had never exchanged a single word!

If she is alive now she is an old woman—a good and beautiful old woman, I feel sure, wherever she is, and whatever her rank in life. If she should read this book, which is not very likely, may she accept this small tribute from an unknown admirer; for whom, so many years ago, she beautified and made poetical the hideous street that still bounds the Middlesex House of Detention on its western side; and may she try to think not the less of it because since then its writer has been on the wrong side of that long, blank wall, of that dreary portal where the agonized stone face looks down on the desolate slum:

"Per me si va tra la perduta gente...!"

. . . . . .

After this disappointment I got myself a big dog (like Byron, Bismarck, and Wagner), but not in the spirit of emulation. Indeed, I had never heard of either Bismarck or Wagner in those days, or their dogs, and I had lost my love for

"PER ME SI VA TRA LA PERDUTA GENTE!"

Byron and any wish to emulate him in any way; it was simply for the want of something to love, and that would be sure to love me back again.

He was not a big dog when I bought him, but just a little ball of orange-tawny fluff that I could carry with one arm. He cost me all the money I had saved up for a holiday trip to Passy. I had seen his father, a champion St. Bernard, at a dog-show, and felt that life would be well worth living with such a companion; but *his* price was five hundred guineas. When I saw the irresistible son, just six weeks old, and heard that he was only one-fiftieth part of his sire's value, I felt that Passy must wait, and became his possessor.

I gave him of the best that money could buy—real milk at fivepence a quart, three quarts a day. I combed his fluff every morning, and washed him three times a week, and killed all his fleas one by one—a labor of love. I weighed him every Saturday, and found he increased at the rate of from six to nine pounds weekly; and his power of affection increased as the square of his weight. I christened him Porthos, because he was so big and fat and jolly; but in his noble puppy face and his beautiful pathetic eyes I already foresaw for his middle age that distinguished and melancholy grandeur which characterized the sublime Athos, Comte de la Fère!

He was a joy. It was good to go to sleep at night and know he would be there in the morning. Whene'er we took our walks abroad, everybody turned round to look at him and admire, and to ask if he was good-tempered, and what his particular breed was, and what I fed him on. He became a monster in size, a beautiful, playful, gracefully galumphing, and most affectionate monster, and I, his happy Frankenstein, congratulated myself on the possession of a treasure that would last twelve years at least, or even fourteen, with the care I meant to take of him. But he died of distemper when he was nine months old.

I don't know if little dogs cause as large griefs when they die as big ones. But I settled there should be no more dogs—big or little—for me.

. . . . . .

After this I took to writing verses and sending them to magazines, where they never appeared. They were generally about my being reminded by a tune of things that had happened a long time ago.

Here are the last I made, thirty years

back. My only excuse for giving them is that they are so *singularly prophetic!*

The reminding tune (an old French chime which my father used to sing) is very simple and touching; and the old French words run thus:

"Orléans, Beaugency!
Notre Dame de Cléry!
Vendôme! Vendôme!
Quel chagrin, quel ennui
De compter toute la nuit
Les heures—les heures!"

That is all. They are supposed to be sung by a mediæval prisoner who can't sleep; and who, to beguile the tediousness of his insomnia, sets any words that come into his head to the tune of the chime which marks the hours from a neighboring belfry. I tried to fancy that his name was Pasquier de la Marière, and that he was my ancestor.

THE CHIME.

There is an old French air,
A little song of loneliness and grief—
Simple as nature, sweet beyond compare—
And sad—past all belief!

Nameless is he that wrote
The melody—but this much I opine:
Whoever made the words was some remote
French ancestor of mine.

I know the dungeon deep
Where long he lay—and why he lay therein;
And all his anguish, that he could not sleep
For conscience of a sin.

I see his cold hard bed;
I hear the chimes that jingled in his ears
As he pressed nightly, with that wakeful head,
A pillow wet with tears.

Oh, restless little chime!
It never changed—but rang its roundelay
For each dark hour of that unhappy time
That sighed itself away.

And ever, more and more,
Its burden grew of his lorn self a part—
And mingled with his memories, and wore
Its way into his heart.

And there it wove the name
Of many a town he loved, for one dear sake,
Into its web of music; thus he came
His little song to make.

Of all that ever heard
And loved it for its sweetness, none but I
Divined the clew that, as a hidden word,
The notes doth underlie.

That wail from lips long dead
Has found its echo in this breast alone!
Only to me, by blood-remembrance led,
Is that wild story known!

And though 'tis mine, by right
Of treasure-trove, to rifle and lay bare—
A heritage of sorrow and delight
The world would gladly share—

Yet must I not unfold
For evermore, nor whisper late or soon,
The secret that a few slight bars thus hold
Imprisoned in a tune.

For when that little song
Goes ringing in my head, I know that he,
My luckless lone forefather, dust so long,
Relives his life in me!

I sent them to ——'s *Magazine*, with the six French lines on which they were founded at the top. ——'s *Magazine* published only the six French lines—the only lines in my handwriting that ever got into print. And they date from the fifteenth century.

Thus was my little song lost to the world, and for a time to me. But long, long afterward I found it again, where Mr. Longfellow once found a song of *his:* "in the heart of a friend"—surely the sweetest bourne that can ever be for any song!

Little did I foresee that a day was not far off when real blood-remembrance would carry me—but that is to come.

. . . . . .

Poetry, friendship, and love having failed, I sought for consolation in art, and frequented the National Gallery, Marlborough House (where the Vernon collection was), the British Museum, the Royal Academy, and other exhibitions.

I prostrated myself before Titian, Rembrandt, Velasquez, Veronese, Da Vinci, Botticelli, Signorelli—the older the better; and tried my best to honestly feel the greatness I knew and know to be there; but for want of proper training I was unable to reach those heights, and, like most outsiders, admired them for the wrong things, for the very beauties they lack—such transcendent, ineffable beauties of feature, form, and expression as an outsider always looks for in an old master, and often persuades himself he finds there.

I was far more sincerely moved (although I didn't dare to say so) by some works of our own time—for instance, by the "Vale of Rest," the "Autumn Leaves," "The Huguenot," of young Mr. Millais—just as I found such poems as "Maud" and "In Memoriam," by Mr. Alfred Tennyson, infinitely more precious and dear to me than Milton's "Paradise Lost" and Spenser's "Faerie Queene."

Indeed, I was hopelessly modern in those days—quite an every-day young man; the names I held in the warmest and deepest regard were those of then living men and

women. Darwin, Browning, and George Eliot did not, it is true, exist for me as yet, but Tennyson, Thackeray, Dickens, Millais, John Leech, George Sand, Balzac, the old Dumas, Victor Hugo, and Alfred de Musset!

I have never beheld them in the flesh; but, like all the world, I know their outer aspect well, and could stand a pretty stiff examination in most they have ever written, drawn, or painted.

Other stars of magnitude have risen since, but of the old galaxy four at least still shine out of the past with their ancient lustre undimmed in my eyes—Thackeray; dear John Leech, who still has power to make me laugh as I like to laugh; and for the two others it is plain that the Queen, the world, and I are of a like mind as to their deserts, for one of them is now an ornament to the British peerage, the other a baronet and a millionaire; only I would have made dukes of them straight off, with precedence over the Archbishop of Canterbury, if they would care to have it so.

It is with a full but humble heart that I thus venture to record my long indebtedness, and pay this poor tribute, still fresh from the days of my unquestioning hero-worship. It will serve, at least, to show my reader (should I ever have one sufficiently interested to care) in what mental latitudes and longitudes I dwelt, who was destined to such singular experience—a kind of reference, so to speak—that he may be able to place me at a glance, according to the estimation in which he holds these famous and perhaps deathless names.

It will be admitted, at least, that my tastes were normal, and shared by a large majority—the tastes of an every-day young man at that particular period of the nineteenth century—one much given to athletics and light reading and cheap tobacco, and endowed with the usual discontent; the last person for whom or from whom or by whom to expect anything out of the common.

. . . . . .

But the splendor of the Elgin Marbles! I understood that at once—perhaps because there is not so much to understand. Mere physically beautiful people appeal to us all, whether they be in flesh or marble.

By some strange intuition, or natural instinct, I *knew* that people ought to be built like that, before I had ever seen a single statue in that wondrous room. I had divined them—so completely did they realize an æsthetic ideal I had always felt.

I had often, as I walked the London streets, peopled an imaginary world of my own with a few hundred of such beings, made flesh and blood, and pictured them as a kind of beneficent aristocracy seven feet high, with minds and manners to match their physique, and set above the rest of the world for its good; for I found it necessary (so that my dream should have a point) to provide them with a foil in the shape of millions of such people as we meet every day. I was egotistic and self-seeking enough, it is true, to include myself among the former, and had chosen for my particular use and wear just such a frame as that of the Theseus, with, of course, the nose and hands and feet (of which time has bereft him) restored, and all mutilations made good.

And for my mistress and companion I had duly selected no less a person than the Venus of Milo (no longer armless), of which Lintot possessed a plaster cast, and whose beauties I had foreseen before I ever beheld them with the bodily eye.

"Monsieur, n'est pas dégoûté!" as Ibbetson would have remarked.

. . . . . .

But most of all did I pant for the music which is divine.

Alas, that concerts and operas and oratorios should not be as free to the impecunious as the National Gallery and the British Museum!—a privilege which is not abused!

Impecunious as I was, I sometimes had pence enough to satisfy this craving, and discovered in time such realms of joy as I had never dreamed of; such monarchs as Mozart, Handel, and Beethoven, and others, of whom my father knew apparently so little; and yet they were more potent enchanters than Grétry, Hérold, and Boieldieu, whose music he sang so well.

I discovered, moreover, that they could do more than charm—they could drive my weary self out of my weary soul, and for a space fill that weary soul with courage, resignation, and hope. No Titian, no Shakespeare, no Phidias could ever accomplish that—not even Mr. Thackeray or Mr. Alfred Tennyson.

My sweetest recollections of this period of my life (indeed, the only sweet recollections) are of the music I heard, and the places where I heard it; it was an enchantment! With what vividness I can

recall it all! The eager anticipation for days; the careful selection, beforehand, from such an "embarras de richesses" as was duly advertised; then the long waiting in the street, at the doors reserved for those whose portion is to be the gallery. The hard-won seat aloft is reached at last, after a selfish but good-humored struggle up the long stone staircase (one is sorry for the weak, but a famished ear has no conscience). The gay and splendid house is crammed; the huge chandelier is a golden blaze; the delight of expectation is in the air, and also the scent of gas, and

"The cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

Then lo! the curtain rises, and straightway we are in Seville—Seville, after Pentonville! Count Almaviva, lordly, gal-

"MONSIEUR, N'EST PAS DÉGOÛTÉ!"

peppermint, and orange-peel, and music loving humanity, whom I have discovered to be of sweeter fragrance than the common herd.

The orchestra fills, one by one; instruments tune up—a familiar cacophony, sweet with seductive promise. The conductor takes his seat—applause—a hush—three taps—the baton waves once, twice, thrice—the eternal fountain of magic is let loose, and at the very first jet

lant, and gay beneath his disguise, twangs his guitar, and what sounds issue from it! For every instrument that was ever invented is in that guitar—the whole orchestra!

"Ecco ridente il cielo . . . ," so sings he (with the most beautiful male voice of his time) under Rosina's balcony; and soon Rosina's voice (the most beautiful female voice of hers) is heard behind her curtains—so girlish, so innocent, so young and

light-hearted, that the eyes fill with involuntary tears.

Thus encouraged, he warbles that his name is Lindoro, that he would fain espouse her; that he is not rich in the goods of this world, but gifted with an inexhaustible capacity for love (just like Peter Ibbetson); and vows that he will always warble to her, in this wise, from dawn till when daylight sinks behind the mountain. But what matter the words?

"Go on, my love, go on, *like this!*" warbles back Rosina—and no wonder—till the dull, despondent, commonplace heart of Peter Ibbetson has room for nothing else but sunny hope and love and joy! And yet it is all mere sound—impossible, unnatural, unreal nonsense!

Or else, in a square building, decent and well-lighted enough, but not otherwise remarkable—the very chapel of music—four business-like gentlemen, in modern attire and spectacles, take their places on an unpretentious platform amid refined applause; and soon the still air vibrates to the trembling of sixteen strings—only that and nothing more!

But in that is all Beethoven or Schubert or Schumann has got to say to us for the moment, and what a say it is! And with what consummate precision and perfection it is said—with what a mathematical certainty, and yet with what suavity, dignity, grace, and distinction!

They are the four greatest players in the world, perhaps; but they forget themselves, and we forget them (as it is their wish we should), in the master whose work they interpret so reverently, that we may yearn with his mighty desire and thrill with his rapture and triumph, or ache with his heavenly pain and submit with his divine resignation.

Not all the words in all the tongues that ever were—dovetail them, rhyme them, torture them as you will—can ever pierce to the uttermost depths of the soul of man, and let in a glimpse of the Infinite, as do the inarticulate tremblings of those sixteen strings.

Ah, songs without words are the best!

Then a gypsy-like little individual, wiry and unkempt, who looks as if he had spent his life listening to the voices of the night in heaven knows what Lithuanian forests, with wolves and wild-boars for his familiars, and the wind in the trees for his teacher, seats himself at the great brass-bound oaken Broadwood piano-forte. And under his phenomenal fingers, a haunting, tender world-sorrow, full of questionings—a dark mystery of moonless, star-lit nature—exhales itself in nocturnes, in impromptus, in preludes—in mere waltzes and mazourkas even! But waltzes and mazourkas such as the most frivolous would never dream of dancing to. A capricious, charming sorrow—not too deep for tears, if one be at all inclined to shed them—so delicate, so fresh, and yet so distinguished, so ethereally civilized and worldly and well-bred that it has crystallized itself into a drawing-room ecstasy, to last forever. It seems as though what was death (or rather euthanasia) to him who felt it, is play for us—surely an immortal sorrow whose recital will never, never pall—the sorrow of Chopin.

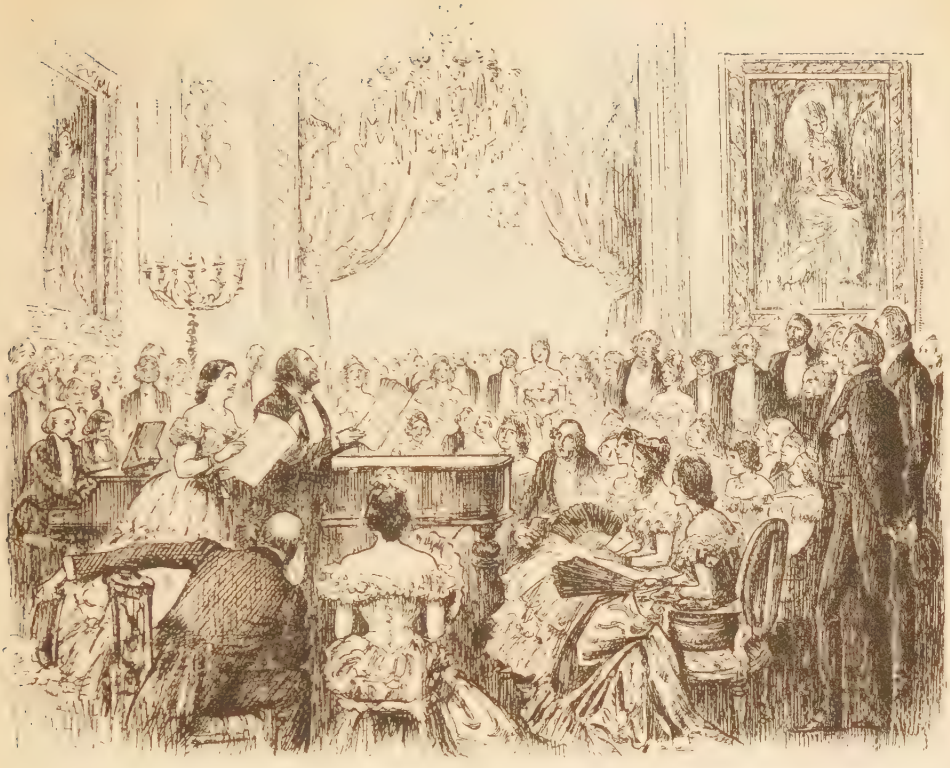
Though why Chopin should have been so sorry we cannot even guess: for mere sorrow's sake, perhaps; the very luxury of woe—the real sorrow which has no real cause (like mine in those days); and that is the best and cheapest kind of sorrow to make music of, after all!

And this great little gypsy pianist, who plays his Chopin so well, evidently he has not spent his life in Lithuanian forests, but hard at the key-board, night and day, and he has had a better master than the wind in the trees—namely, Chopin himself (for it is printed in the programme). It was his father and mother before him, and theirs, who heard the voices of the night; but he remembers it all, and puts it all into his master's music, and makes us remember it, too.

Or else behold the chorus, rising tier upon tier, and culminating in the giant organ. But their thunder is just hushed.

Some Lilliputian figure, male or female, as the case may be, rises on its little legs amid the great Lilliputian throng, and through the sacred stillness there peals forth a perfect voice (by no means Lilliputian). It bids us "Rest in the Lord," or else it tells us that "He was despised and rejected of men"; but, again, what matter the words? They are almost a hinderance, beautiful though they be.

The hardened soul melts at the tones of the singer, at the unspeakable pathos of the sounds that cannot lie; one almost believes—one believes at least in the belief of others. At last one understands, and is purged of intolerance and cynical contempt, and would kneel with the rest, in sheer human sympathy!



"PARIGI, O CARA . . . ."

Oh, wretched outsider that one is (if it all be true)—one whose heart, so hopelessly impervious to the written word, so helplessly callous to the spoken message, can be reached only by the organized vibrations of a trained larynx, a metal pipe, a reed, a fiddle-string—by invisible, impalpable, incomprehensible little air waves in mathematical combination, that beat against a tiny drum at the back of one's ear. And these mathematical combinations and the laws that govern them have existed forever, long before either a larynx or a tympanum had been evolved. They are absolute!

Oh, mystery of mysteries!

Euterpe, Muse of Muses, what a personage hast thou become since first thou sattest for thy likeness (with that ridiculous lyre in thy untaught hands) to some Greek who could carve so much better than thou couldst play!

Four strings; but not the fingerable strings of Stradivarius. Nay, I beg thy pardon—five; for thy scale was pentatonic, I believe. Orpheus himself had no better, it is true. It was with just such an instrument that he all but charmed his Eurydice out of Hades. But, alas, she went back, on second thoughts; she liked Hades best!

Couldst thou fire and madden and wring the heart, and then melt and console and charm it into the peace that passeth all understanding, with those poor five rudimentary notes, and naught between?

Couldst thou out of those five sounds of fixed unalterable pitch, make, not a sixth sound, but a star?

What were they, those five sounds? "Do, re, mi, fa, sol?" What must thy songs without words have been, if thou didst ever make any?

Thou wast in very deed a bread-and-butter miss in those days, Euterpe, for all that thy eight twin sisters were already grown up, and out; and now thou toppest them all by half a head, at least. "Tu leur mangerais des petits pâtés sur la tête—comme Madame Seraskier!"

And oh, how thou beatest them all for beauty! In *my* estimation, at least—like—like Madame Seraskier again!

And hast thou done growing at last?

Nay, indeed; thou art not even yet a bread-and-butter miss—thou art but a sweet baby, one year old, and seven feet high, tottering midway between some blessed heaven thou hast only just left and the dull home of us poor mortals.

The sweet one-year-old baby of our kin puts its hands upon our knees and looks up into our eyes with eyes full of unutterable meaning. It has so much to say! It can only say "ga-ga" and "ba-ba"; but with oh! how searching a voice, how touching a look—that is, if one is fond of babies! We are moved to the very core; we want to understand, for it concerns us all; we were once like that ourselves—the individual and the race—but for the life of us we cannot *remember*.

And what canst *thou* say to us yet, Euterpe, but thy "ga-ga" and thy "ba-ba," the inarticulate sweetness whereof we feel and cannot comprehend? But how beautiful it is—and what a look thou hast, and what a voice—that is, if one is fond of music!

"Je suis las des mots—je suis las d'entendre
Ce que peut mentir;
J'aime mieux les sons, qu'au lieu de comprendre
Je n'ai qu'à sentir."

. . . . . .

Next day I would buy or beg or borrow the music that had filled me with such emotion and delight, and take it home to my little square piano, and try to finger it all out for myself. But I had begun too late in life.

To sit, longing and helpless, before an instrument one cannot play, with a lovely score one cannot read! Even Tantalus was spared such an ordeal as that.

It seemed hard that my dear father and mother, so accomplished in music themselves, should not even have taught me the musical notes, at an age when it was so easy to learn them; and thus have made me free of that wonder-world of sound in which I took such an extraordinary delight, and might have achieved distinction—perhaps.

But no, my father had dedicated me to the Goddess of Science from before my very birth; that I might some day be better equipped than he for the pursuit, capture, and utilization of nature's sterner secrets. There must be no dallying with light Muses. Alas! I have fallen between two stools!

And thus, Euterpe absent, her enchantment would pass away; her handwriting was before me, but I had not learned how to decipher it, and my weary self would creep back into its old prison—my soul.

Self-sickness—"selbstschmerz," "le mal de soi!" What a disease! It is not to be found in any dictionary, medical or otherwise.

I ought to have been whipped for it, I know; but nobody was big enough, or kind enough, to whip me!

. . . . . .

At length there came a day when that weary, weak, and most ridiculous self of mine was driven out—and exorcised for good—by a still more potent enchanter than even Handel or Beethoven or Schubert!

There was a certain Lord Cray, for whom Lintot had built some laborers' cottages in Hertfordshire, and I sometimes went there to superintend the workmen. When the cottages were finished, Lord Cray and his wife (a very charming, middle-aged lady) came to see them, and were much pleased with all that had been done, and also seemed to be much interested in *me*, of all people in the world! and a few days later I received a card of invitation to their house in town for a concert.

At first I felt much too shy to go; but Mr. Lintot insisted that it was my duty to do so, as it might lead to business; so that when the night came, I screwed up my courage to the sticking-place, and went.

That evening was all enchantment, or would have been but for the somewhat painful feeling that I was such an outsider.

But I was always well content to be the least observed of all observers, and felt happy in the security that here I should at least be left alone; that no perfect stranger would attempt to put me at my ease by making me the butt of his friendly and familiar banter; that no gartered duke or belted earl (I've no doubt they were as plentiful there as blackberries, though they did not wear their insignia) would pat me on the back and ask me if I would sooner look a bigger fool than I was, or be a bigger fool than I looked. (I have not found a repartee for that insidious question yet; that's why it rankles so.)

I had always heard that the English

were a stiff people. There seemed to be no stiffness at Lady Cray's; nor was there any facetiousness; it put one at one's ease merely to look at them. They were mostly big, and strong, and healthy, and quiet, and good-humored, with soft and pleasantly modulated voices. The big, well-lighted rooms were neither hot nor cold; there were beautiful pictures on the walls, and an exquisite scent of flowers came from a large conservatory. I had never been to such a gathering before; all was new and a surprise, and very much to my taste, I confess. It was my first glimpse of "Society"; and last—but one!

There were crowds of people—but no crowd; everybody seemed to know everybody else quite intimately, and to resume conversations begun an hour ago somewhere else.

Presently these conversations were hushed, and Grisi and Mario sang! It was as much as I could do to restrain my enthusiasm and delight. I could have shouted out loud. I could almost have sung myself!

In the midst of the applause that followed that heavenly duet, a lady and gentleman came into the room, and at the sight of that lady a new interest came into my life; and all the old half-forgotten sensations of mute pain and rapture that the beauty of Madame Seraskier used to make me feel as a child were revived once more; but with a depth and intensity, in comparison, that were as a strong man's barytone to a small boy's treble.

It was the quick, sharp, cruel blow, the "coup de poignard," that beauty of the most obvious, yet subtle, consummate, and highly organized order can deal to a thoroughly prepared victim.

And what a thoroughly prepared victim was I! A poor, shy, over-susceptible, virginal savage—Uncas, the son of Chingachgook, astray for the first time in a fashionable London drawing-room.

A chaste mediæval knight, born out of his due time, ascetic both from reverence and disgust, to whom woman in the abstract was the one religion; in the concrete, the cause of fifty disenchantments a day!

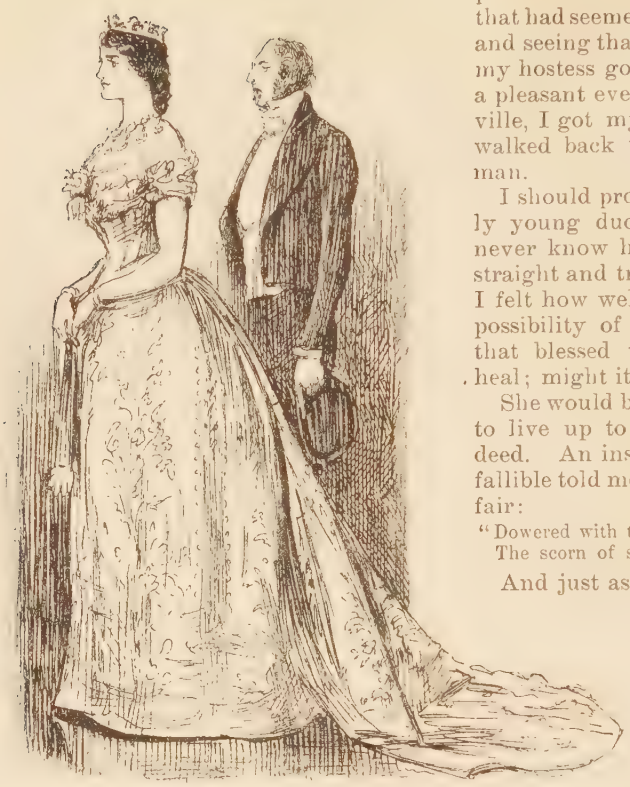
A lusty, love-famished, warm-blooded pagan, stranded in the middle of the nineteenth century; in whom some strange inherited instinct had planted a definite, complete, and elaborately finished conception of what the ever-beloved shape of woman should be—from the way the hair should grow on her brow and her temples and the nape of her neck, down to the very rhythm that should regulate the length and curve and position of every single individual toe! and who had found, to his pride and delight, that his preconceived ideal was as near to that of Phidias as if he had lived in the time of Pericles and Aspasia.

For such was this poor scribe, and such he had been from a child, until this beautiful lady first swam into his ken.

She was so tall that her eyes seemed almost on a level with mine, but she moved with the alert lightness and grace of a small person. Her thick, heavy hair was of a dark coppery brown; her complexion clear and pale, her eyebrows and eyelashes black, her eyes a light bluish gray. Her nose was short and sharp and rather tilted at the tip, and her red mouth large and very mobile; and here, deviating from my preconceived ideal, she showed me how tame a preconceived ideal can be. Her perfect head was small, and round her long thick throat two slight creases went parallel, to make what French sculptors call "le collier de Vénus"; the skin of her neck was like a white camellia, and slender and square-shouldered as she was, she did not show a bone. She was that beautiful type the French define as "la fausse maigre," which does not mean a "false, thin woman."

She seemed both thoughtful and mirthful at once, and genial as I had never seen any one genial before—a person to confide in, to tell all one's troubles to at once, without even an introduction! When she laughed, she showed both top and bottom teeth, which were perfect, and her eyes nearly closed, so that they could no longer be seen for the thick lashes that fringed both upper and under eyelids; at which time the expression of her face was so keenly, cruelly sweet that it went through one like a knife. And then the laugh would suddenly cease, her full lips would meet, and her eyes beam out again like two mild gray suns, benevolently humorous and kindly inquisitive, and full of interest in everything and everybody around her. But there—I cannot describe her any more than one can describe a beautiful tune.

Out of those magnificent orbs kindness, kindness, kindness was shed like a balm; and after a while, by chance, that balm was shed for a few moments on me, to



THE DUCHESS OF TOWERS.

my sweet but terrible confusion. Then I saw that she asked my hostess who I was, and received the answer; on which she shed her balm on me for a moment more, and dismissed me from her thoughts.

Madame Grisi sang again — Desdemona's song from *Othello* — and the beautiful lady thanked the divine singer, whom she seemed to know quite intimately; and I thought her thanks—Italian thanks—even diviner than the song—not that I could quite understand them or even hear them well—I was too far; but she thanked with eyes and hands and shoulders—slight, happy movements—as well as words; surely the sweetest and sincerest words ever spoken.

She was much surrounded and made up to—evidently a person of great importance; and I ventured to ask another shy man standing in my corner who she was, and he answered:

"The Duchess of Towers."

She did not stay long, and when she departed all turned dull and commonplace that had seemed so bright before she came; and seeing that it was not necessary to bid my hostess good-night and thank her for a pleasant evening, as we did in Pentonville, I got myself out of the house and walked back to my lodgings an altered man.

I should probably never meet that lovely young duchess again, and certainly never know her; but her shaft had gone straight and true into my very heart, and I felt how well barbed it was, beyond all possibility of its ever being torn out of that blessed wound; might this never heal; might it bleed on forever!

She would be an ideal in my lonely life, to live up to in thought and word and deed. An instinct which I felt to be infallible told me she was as good as she was fair:

"Dowered with the love of love, the hate of hate,
The scorn of scorn."

And just as Madame Seraskier's image was fading away, this new star had arisen to guide me by its light, though seen but for a moment; breaking once, through a parted cloud; I knew in which portion of the heavens it dwelt and shone apart, among the fairest constellations; and ever after turned my face that way. Nevermore in my life would I do or say or think a mean thing, or an impure, or an unkind one, if I could help it.

. . . . . .

Next day, as we walked to the Foundling Hospital for divine service, Mrs. Lintot severely deigned—under protest, as it were—to cross-examine me on the adventures of the evening.

I did not mention the Duchess of Towers, nor was I able to describe the different ladies' dresses; but I described everything else in a manner I thought calculated to interest her deeply—the flowers, the splendid pictures and curtains and cabinets, the beautiful music, the many lords and ladies gay.

She disapproved of them all.

Existence on such an opulent scale was unconducive to any qualities of real sterling value, either moral or intellectual. Give *her*, for one, plain living and high thinking!

"By-the-way," she asked, "what kind of supper did they give you? Something extremely *recherché*, I have no doubt. Ortolans, nightingales' tongues, pearls dissolved in wine?"

Candor obliged me to confess there had been no supper, or that if there had I had managed to miss it. I suggested that perhaps everybody had dined late; and all the pearls, I told her, were on the ladies' necks and in their hair; and not feeling hungry, I could not wish them anywhere else; and the nightingales' tongues were in their throats to sing heavenly Italian duets with.

"And they call that hospitality!" exclaimed Lintot, who loved his supper; and then, as he was fond of summing up and laying down the law when once his wife had given him the lead, he did so to the effect that though the great were all very well in their superficial way, and might possess many external charms for each other, and for all who were so deplorably weak as to fall within the sphere of their attraction, there was a gulf between the likes of them and the likes of us, which it would be better not to try and bridge if one wished to preserve one's independence and one's self-respect; unless, of course, it led to business; and this, he feared, it would never do with me.

"They take you up one day and they drop you like a 'ot potato the next; and, moreover, my dear Peter," he concluded, affectionately linking his arm in mine, as was often his way when we walked together (although he was twelve good inches shorter than myself), "inequality of social condition is a bar to any real intimacy. It is something like disparity of physical stature. One can walk arm in arm only with a man of about one's own size."

This summing up seemed so judicious, so incontrovertible, that feeling quite deplorably weak enough to fall within the sphere of Lady Cray's attraction if I saw much of her, and thereby losing my self-respect, I was deplorably weak enough not to leave a card on her after the happy evening I had spent at her house.

Snob that I was, I dropped her—"like a 'ot potato"—for fear of her dropping me.

Besides which I had on my conscience a guilty feeling that in merely external charms at least these fine people were more to my taste than the charmed circle of my kind old friends the Lintots, however inferior they might be to these (for all that I knew) in sterling qualities of the heart and head—just as I found the outer aspect of Park Lane and Piccadilly more attractive than that of Pentonville, though possibly the latter may have been the more wholesome for such as I to live in.

But people who can get Mario and Grisi to come and sing for them (and the Duchess of Towers to come and listen); people whose walls are covered with beautiful pictures; people for whom the smooth and harmonious ordering of all the little external things of social life has become a habit and a profession—such people are not to be dropped without a pang.

So with a pang I went back to my usual round as though nothing had happened; but night and day the face of the Duchess of Towers was ever present to me, like a fixed idea that dominates a life.

. . . . . .

On reading and rereading these past pages I find that I have been unpardonably egotistic, unconscionably prolix and diffuse; and with such small beer to chronicle!

And yet I feel that if I strike out this, I must also strike out that; which would lead to my striking out all, in sheer discouragement; and I have a tale to tell which is more than worth the telling!

Once having got into the way of it, I suppose, I must have found the temptation to talk about myself irresistible.

It is evidently a habit easy to acquire, even in old age—perhaps especially in old age, for it has never been my habit through life. I would sooner have talked to you about yourself, reader, or about you to somebody else—your friend, or even your enemy; or about them to you.

But, indeed, at present, and until I die, I am without a soul to talk to about anybody or anything worth speaking of, so that most of my talking is done in pen and ink—a one-sided conversation, O patient reader, with yourself. I am the most lonely old man in the world, although perhaps the happiest.

Still, it is not always amusing where I live, cheerfully awaiting my translation to another sphere.

There is the good chaplain, it is true, and the good priest; who talk to me about myself a little too much, methinks; and the doctor, who talks to me about the priest and the chaplain, which is better.

But that is only for a few minutes in the twenty-four hours.

And then my brother maniacs!

They are lamentably *comme tout le monde*, after all. They are only interesting when the mad fit seizes them. When free from their awful complaint they are for the most part very common mortals: conventional Philistines, dull dogs like myself, and dull dogs do not like each other.

Two of the most sensible (one a forger, the other a kleptomaniac on an important scale) are friends of mine. They are fairly well educated, respectable city men, clean, solemn, stodgy, punctilious, and resigned, but they are both unhappy; not because they are cursed with the double brand of madness and crime, and have forfeited their freedom in consequence; but because they find there are so few "ladies and gentlemen" in a criminal lunatic asylum, and they have always been used to "the society of ladies and gentlemen." Were it not for this, they would be well content to live here. And each is in the habit of confiding to me that he considers the other a very high-minded, trustworthy fellow, and all that, but not altogether "quite a gentleman." I don't know what they consider me; they probably confide that to each other.

Can anything be less odd, less eccentric or interesting?

Another, when quite sane, speaks English with a French accent and demonstrative French gestures, and laments the lost glories of the old French régime, and affects to forget the simplest English words. He doesn't know a word of French, however. But when his madness comes on, and he is put into a strait-waistcoat, all his English comes back, and very strong, fluent, idiomatic English it is, of the cockneyest kind, with all its "h's" duly transposed.

Another (the most unpleasant and ugliest person here) has chosen me for the confidant of his past amours; he gives me the names and dates and all. The less I listen the more he confides. He makes me sick. What can I do to prevent his believing that I believe him? I am tired of killing people for lying about women. If I call him a liar and a cad, it may wake in him heaven knows what dormant frenzy—for I am quite in the dark as to the nature of his mental infirmity.

Another, a weak but amiable and well-intentioned youth, tries to think that he is passionately fond of music; but he is so exclusive, if you please, that he can only endure Bach and Beethoven, and when he hears Mendelssohn or Chopin, is obliged to leave the room. If I want to please him I whistle "Le Bon Roi Dagobert," and tell him it is the "motif" of one of Bach's fugues; and to get rid of him I whistle it again and tell him it is one of Chopin's impromptus. What his madness is I can never be quite sure, for he is very close, but have heard that he is fond of roasting cats alive; and that the mere sight of a cat is enough to rouse his terrible propensity, and drive all wholesome, innocent, harmless, natural affectation out of his head.

There is a painter here who (like others one has met outside) believes himself the one living painter worthy of the name. Indeed, he has forgotten the names of all the others, and can only despise and abuse them in the lump. He triumphantly shows you his own work, which consists of just the kind of crude, half-clever, irresponsible, impressionist daubs you would expect from a man who talks in that way; and you wonder why on earth he should be in a lunatic asylum, of all places in the world. And (just as would happen outside, again) some of his fellow-sufferers take him at his own valuation and believe him a great genius; some of them want to kick him for an impudent impostor (but that he is so small); and the majority don't care.

His mania is arson, poor fellow! and when the terrible wish comes over him to set the place on fire, he forgets his artistic conceit, and his mean, weak, silly face becomes almost grand.

And with the female inmates it is just the same. There is a lady who has spent twenty years of her life here. Her father was a small country doctor, called Snogget; her husband an obscure, hard-working curate; and she is absolutely normal, commonplace, and even vulgar. For her hobby is to discourse of well-born and titled people and county families, with whom (and with no others) it has always been her hope and desire to mix; and is still, though her hair is nearly white, and she is still here. She thinks and talks and cares about nothing else but "smart people," and has conceived a very warm regard for me, on account of Lieutenant-Colonel Ibbetson, of Ibbetson Hall,

Hopshire; not because I killed him and was sentenced to be hanged for it, or because he was a greater criminal than I (all of which is interesting enough); but because he was my relative, and that through him I must be distantly connected, she thinks, with the Ibbetsons of Lechmere — whoever they may be, and whom neither she nor I have ever met (indeed, I had never heard of them), but whose family history she knows almost by heart. What can be tamer, duller, more prosaic, more sordidly humdrum, more hopelessly sane, more characteristic of common, underbred, provincial feminine cackle?

And yet this woman, in a fit of conjugal jealousy, murdered her own children; and her father went mad in consequence, and her husband cut his throat.

In fact, during their lucid intervals it would never enter one's mind that they were mad at all, they are so absolutely like the people one meets every day in the world—such narrow-minded idiots, such deadly bores! One might as well be back in Pentonville or Hopshire again, or live in Passionate Brompton (as I am told it is called); or even in Belgravia, for that matter!

For we have a young lord and a middle-aged baronet—a shocking pair, who should not be allowed to live; but for family influence they would be doing their twenty years' penal servitude in jail, instead of living comfortably sequestered here. Like Ouida's high-born heroes, they "stick to their order," and do not mingle with the rest of us. They ignore us so completely that we can't help looking up to them in spite of their vices—just as we should do outside.

And we, of the middle class, we stick to our order too, and do not mingle with the small shop-keepers—who do not mingle with the laborers, artisans, and mechanics —who (alas for them!) have nobody to look down upon but each other—but they don't; and are the best-bred people in the place.

Such are we! It is only when our madness is upon us that we cease to be commonplace, and wax tragical and great, or else original and grotesque and humorous, with that true deep humor that compels both our laughter and our tears, and leaves us older, sadder, and wiser than it found us.

"Sunt lacrimæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt."

(So much, if little more, can I recall of the benign Virgil.)

And now to my small beer again, which will have more of a head to it henceforward.

. . . . . .

Thus did I pursue my solitary way, like Bryant's Water-fowl, only with a less definite purpose before me—till at last there dawned for me an ever-memorable Saturday in June.

I had again saved up enough money to carry my long longed-for journey to Paris into execution. The *Seine's* boiler got up its steam, the *Seine's* white awning was put up for me as well as others; and on a beautiful cloudless English morning I stood by the man at the wheel, and saw St. Paul's and London Bridge and the Tower fade out of sight; with what hope and joy I cannot describe. I almost forgot that I was me!

And next morning (a beautiful French morning) how I exulted as I went up the Champs Élysées and passed under the familiar Arc de Triomphe on my way to the Rue de la Pompe, Passy, and heard all around the familiar tongue that I still knew so well, and rebreathed the long-lost and half-forgotten, but now keenly remembered, fragrance of the *genius loci;* that vague, light, indescribable, almost imperceptible scent of a place, that is so heavily laden with the past for those who have lived there long ago—the most subtly intoxicating ether that can be!

When I came to the meeting of the Rue de la Tour and the Rue de la Pompe, and, looking in at the grocer's shop at the corner, I recognized the handsome mustachioed groceress, Madame Liard (whose mustache twelve prosperous years had turned gray), I was almost faint with emotion. Had any youth been ever so moved by that face before?

There, behind the window (which was now of plate-glass), and amongst splendid Napoleonic wares of a later day, were the same old India-rubber balls in colored net-work; the same quivering lumps of fresh paste in brown paper, that looked so cold and tempting; the same three-sou boxes of water-colors (now marked seventy-five centimes), of which I had consumed so many in the service of Mimsey Seraskier! I went in and bought one, and resmelt with delight the smell of all my by-gone dealings there, and received her familiar-sounding:

"Merci, monsieur! faudrait-il autre chose?" as if it had been a blessing; but I was too shy to throw myself into her arms and tell her that I was the "lone, wandering, but not lost" Gogo Pasquier. She might have said:

"Eh bien, et après?"

The day had begun well.

Like an epicure, I deliberated whether I should walk to the old gate in the Rue de la Pompe, and up the avenue and back to our old garden, or make my way round to the gap in the park hedge that we had worn of old by our frequent passages in and out, to and from the Bois de Boulogne.

I chose the latter as, on the whole, the more promising in exquisite gradations of delight.

The gap in the park hedge, indeed! The park hedge had disappeared, the very park itself was gone, cut up, demolished, all parcelled out into small gardens with trim white villas, except where a railway ran through a deep cutting in the chalk. A train actually roared and panted by, and choked me with its filthy steam as I looked round in stupefaction on the ruins of my long-cherished hope.

If that train had run over me and I had survived it, it could not have given me a greater shock; it all seemed too cruel and brutal an outrage.

A winding carriage road had been pierced through the very heart of the wilderness; and on this, neatly paled little brand-new gardens abutted, and in these I would recognize, here and there, an old friend in the shape of some well-remembered tree that I had often climbed as a boy, and which had been left standing out of so many, but so changed by the loss of its old surroundings that it had a tame, transplanted look—almost apologetic, and as if ashamed of being found out at last!

Nothing else remained. Little hills and cliffs and valleys and chalk pits that had once seemed big had been levelled up, or away, and I lost my bearings altogether, and felt a strange, creeping chill of blankness and bereavement.

But how about the avenue and my old home? I hastened back to the Rue de la Pompe with the quick step of aroused anxiety. The avenue was gone—blocked

TO "THE ELYSIAN FIELDS" ONCE MORE!

within a dozen yards of the gate by a huge brick building covered with newly painted trellis-work! My old house was no more, but in its place a much larger and smarter edifice of sculptured stone. The old gate at least had not disappeared, nor the porter's lodge; and I feasted my sorrowful eyes on these poor remains, that looked snubbed and shabby and out of place in the midst of all this new splendor.

Presently a smart concierge, with a beautiful pink-ribboned cap, came out and stared at me for a while, and inquired if monsieur desired anything.

I could not speak.

"Est-ce que monsieur est indisposé? Cette chaleur! Monsieur ne parle pas le Français, peut-être?"

When I found my tongue I explained to her that I had once lived there in a modest house overlooking the street, but which had been replaced by this much more palatial abode.

"O, oui, monsieur—on a balayé tout çà!" she replied.

"Balayé!" What an expression for *me* to hear!

And she explained how the changes had taken place, and how valuable the property had become. She showed me a small plot of garden, a fragment of my old garden, that still remained, and where the old apple-tree might still have been, but that it had been sawed away. I saw the stump, that did duty for a rustic table.

Presently, looking over a new wall, I saw another small garden, and in it the ruins of the old shed where I had found the toy wheelbarrow—soon to disappear, as they were building there too.

I asked after all the people I could think of, beginning with those of least interest—the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker.

Some were dead; some had retired and had left their "commerce" to their children and children-in-law. Three different school-masters had kept the school since I had left. Thank Heaven, there was still the school—much altered, it is true. I had forgotten to look for it.

She had no remembrance of my name, or the Seraskiers'—I asked, with a beating heart. We had left no trace. Twelve short years had effaced all memory of us! But she told me that a gentleman, "décoré, mais tombé en enfance," lived at a maison de santé in the Chaussée de la Muette, close by, and that his name was le Major Duquesnois; and thither I went, after rewarding and warmly thanking her.

THE OLD APPLE-TREE.

I inquired for le Major Duquesnois, and was told he was out for a walk, and I soon found him, much aged and bent, and leaning on the arm of a Sister of Charity. I was so touched that I had to pass him two or three times before I could speak. He was so small—so pathetically small!

It was a long time before I could give him an idea of who I was—Gogo Pasquier!

Then after a while he seemed to recall the past a little.

"Ha, ha! Gogo—gentil petit Gogo!—oui—oui—l'exercice? Portez.... arrrmes! arrmes.... bras! Et Mimsé! bonne petite Mimsé! toujours mal à la tête!"

He could just remember Madame Seraskier; and repeated her name several times, and said, "Ah! elle était bien belle, Madame Seraskier!"

In the old days of fairy-tale telling, when he used to get tired and I still wanted him to go on, he had arranged that if, in the course of the story, he suddenly brought in the word "Cric," and I failed to immediately answer "Crac," the story would be put off till our next walk (to be continued in our next!), and he was so ingenious in the way he brought in the ter-

rible word that I often fell into the trap, and had to forego my delight for that afternoon.

I suddenly thought of saying "Cric!" and he immediately said "Crac!" and laughed in a touching, senile way—"Cric! —crac! c'est bien ça!" and then he became quite serious and said:

"Et la suite au prochain numéro!"

After this he began to cough, and the good Sister said:

"Je crains que monsieur ne le fatigue un peu!"

So I had to bid him good-by; and after I had squeezed and kissed his hand,

M. LE MAJOR.

he made me a most courtly bow, as though I had been a complete stranger.

I rushed away, tossing up my arms like a madman in my pity and sorrow for my dear old friend, and my general regret and disenchantment. I made for the Bois de Boulogne, there to find, instead of the old rabbit-and-roebuck-haunted thickets and ferneries and impenetrable undergrowth, a huge artificial lake, with rowboats and skiffs, and a rockery that would have held its own in Rosherville gardens. And on the way thither, near the iron gates in the fortifications, whom should I meet but one of my old friends the couriers, on his way from St. Cloud to the Tuileries? There he rode with his arms jogging up and down, and his low glazed hat, and his immense jack-boots, just the same as ever, never rising in his stirrups, as his horse trotted to the music of the sweet little chime round its neck.

Alas! his coat was no longer the innocent, unsophisticated blue and silver livery of the bourgeois king, but the hateful green and gold of another régime.

Farther on the Mare d'Auteuil itself had suffered change and become respectable—imperially respectable. No more frogs or newts or water-beetles, I felt sure; but gold and silver fish in vulgar Napoleonic profusion.

No words that I can find would give any idea of the sadness and longing that filled me as I trod once more that grassy brink at last—the goal of my fond ambition for twelve long years.

It was Sunday, and many people were about—many children, in their best Sunday clothes and on their best behavior, discreetly throwing crumbs to the fish.

A new generation, much quieter and better dressed than my cousins and I, who had once so filled the solitude with the splashing of our nets, and the excited din of our English voices.

As I sat down on a bench by the old willow (where the rat lived), and gazed and gazed, it almost surprised me that the very intensity of my desire did not of itself suffice to call up the old familiar faces and forms, and conjure away these modern intruders. The power to do this seemed almost within my reach; I willed and willed and willed with all my might, but in vain; I could not cheat my sight or hearing for a moment. There they remained, unconscious and undisturbed, those happy, well-mannered, well-appointed little French people, and fed the gold and silver fish; and there, with an aching heart, I left them.

Oh, surely, surely, I cried to myself, we ought to find some means of possessing the past more fully and completely than we do. Life is not worth living for many of us if a want so desperate and yet so

GREEN AND GOLD.

natural can never be satisfied. Memory is but a poor, rudimentary thing that we had better be without, if it can only lead us to the verge of consummation like this, and madden us with a desire it cannot slake. The touch of a vanished hand, the sound of a voice that is still, the tender grace of a day that is dead, should be ours forever, at our beck and call, by some exquisite and quite conceivable illusion of the senses.

Alas! alas! I have hardly the hope of ever meeting my beloved ones again in another life. Oh, to meet their too dimly remembered forms in *this*, just as they once were, by some trick of my own brain! To see them with the eye, and hear them with the ear, and tread with them the old obliterated ways as in a waking dream! It would be well worth going mad to become such a self-conjurer as that.

Thus musing sadly, I reached St. Cloud, and *that*, at least, and the Boulogne that led to it, had not been very perceptibly altered, and looked as if I had only left them a week ago.

The sweet aspect from the bridge, on either side and beyond, filled me with the old enchantment. There at least the glory had not departed.

I hastened through the gilded gates and up the broad walk to the grand cascade. There, among the lovely wreathed urns and jars of geranium, still sat or reclined or gesticulated the old unalterable gods; there squatted the grimly genial monsters in granite and marble and bronze, still spouting their endless gallons for the delectation of hot Parisian eyes. Unchanged, and to all appearance unchangeable (save that they were not nearly so big as I had imagined), their cold, smooth, ironical patience shamed and braced me into better cheer. Beautiful, hideous, whatever you please, they seemed to revel in the very sense of their insensibility, of their eternal stability—in their stony scorn of time and wind and weather, and the peevish, weak-kneed, short-lived discontent of man. It was good to fondly pat them on the back once more—when one could reach them—and cling to them for a little while, after all the dust and drift and ruin I had been faring through all day!

Indeed they woke in me a healthy craving for all but forgotten earthly joys—even for wretched meat and drink—so I went and ordered a sumptuous repast at the Tête Noire—a brand-new Tête Noire, alas! quite white, all in stone and stucco, and without a history!

It was a beautiful sunset. Waiting for my dinner, I gazed out of the first-floor window, and found balm for my disappointed and regretful spirit in all that democratic joyousness of French Sunday life. I had seen it over and over again just like that in the old days; *this*, at least, was like coming back home to something I had known and loved.

The cafés on the little "Place" between the bridge and the park were full to overflowing. People chatting over their "consommations" sat right out, almost into the middle of the square, so thickly packed that there was scarcely room for the busy, lively, white-aproned waiters to move between them. The air was full of the scent

SUMMER LIGHTNING.

of trodden grass and macaroons and French tobacco, blown from the park; of gay French laughter and the music of mirlitons; of a light dusty haze, shot with purple and gold by the setting sun. The river, alive with boats and canoes, repeated the glory of the sky, and the well-remembered wooden hill rose before me, culminating in the Lanterne de Diogène.

I could have threaded all that maze of trees blindfolded.

Two Roman pifferari came on to the Place and began to play an extraordinary and most exciting melody that almost drew me out of the window; it seemed to have no particular form, no beginning or middle or end; it went soaring higher and higher, like the song of a lark, with never a pause for breath, to the time of a maddening jig—a tarantella, perhaps—always on the strain and stress, always getting nearer and nearer to some shrill climax of ecstasy quite high up and away, beyond the scope of earthly music; while the persistent drone kept buzzing of the earth and the impossibility to escape. All so gay, so sad, there is no name for it!

Two little deformed and discarded-looking dwarfs, beggars, brother and sister, with large toothless gaps for mouths and no upper lip, began to dance; and the crowd laughed and applauded. Higher and higher, nearer and nearer to the impossible, rose the quick, piercing notes of the piffero. Heaven seemed almost within reach—the nirvana of music after its quick madness—the region of the ultra-treble that lies beyond the ken of ordinary human ears!

A carriage and four, with postilions and "guides," came clattering royally down the road from the palace, and dispersed the crowd as it bowled on its way to the bridge. In it were two ladies and two gentlemen. One of the ladies was the young Empress of the French; the other looked up at my window—for a moment, as in a soft flash of summer lightning, her face seemed ablaze with friendly recognition—with a sweet glance of kindness and interest and surprise—a glance that pierced me like a sudden shaft of light from heaven.

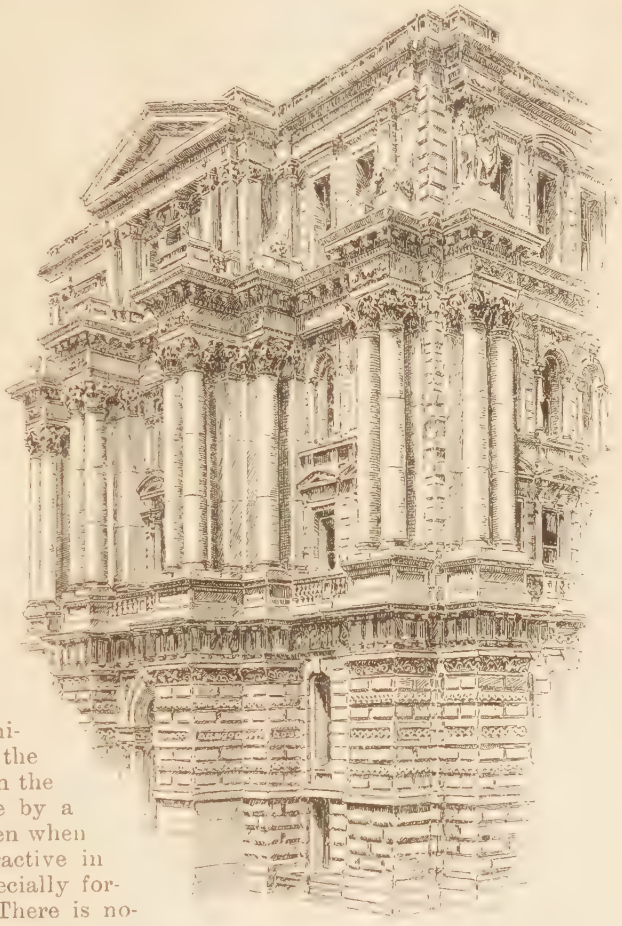
It was the Duchess of Towers!

by no means disappoint the stranger's expectations, but in number and extent they do, rather. For what one expects of Chicago before anything else is modernness. In most things one's expectations are fully realized. It is the most contemporaneous of capitals, and in the appearance of its people and their talk in the streets and in the clubs and in the newspapers it fairly palpitates with "actuality." Nevertheless the general aspect of the business quarter is distinctly old-fashioned, and this even to the effete Oriental from New York or Boston. The elevator is nearly a quarter of a century old, and the first specimens of "elevator architecture," the Western Union and the *Tribune* buildings in New York, are very nearly coeval with the great fire in Chicago. One would have supposed that the rebuilders of Chicago would have seized upon this hint with avidity, and that its compressed commercial quarter would have made up in altitude what it lacked in area. In fact, not only are the great modern office buildings still exceptional in the most costly and most crowded district, but it is astonishing to hear that the oldest of them is scarcely more than seven years of age. "Men's deeds are after as they have been accustomed," and the first impulse of the burnt-out merchants of Chicago was not to seize the opportunity the clean sweep of the fire had given them to improve their warehouses and office buildings, but to provide themselves straightway with places in which they could find shelter and do business. The consequence was that the new buildings of the burnt district were planned and designed, as well as built, with the utmost possible speed, and the rebuilding was for the most part done by the same architects who had built the old Chicago, and who took even less thought the second time than they had taken the first, by reason of the greater pressure upon them. The American commercial Renaissance, commonly expressed in cast-iron, was in its full efflorescence just before the fire. The material was discredited by that calamity, but unhappily not the forms it had taken, and in Chicago we may see, what is scarcely to be seen anywhere else in the world, fronts in cast-iron, themselves imitated from lithic architecture, again imitated in masonry, with the modifications reproduced that had been made necessary by the use of the less trustworthy material. This ignoble process is facilitated by the material at hand, a limestone of which slabs can be had in sizes that simulate exactly the castings from which the treatment of them is derived. After the exposure of a few months to the bituminous fumes, it is really impossible to tell one of these reproductions from the original, which very likely adjoins it. Masonry and metal alike appear to have come from a foundry rather than from a quarry, and to have been moulded according to the stock patterns of some architectural iron-works. The lifelessness and thoughtlessness of the iron-founders' work predominate in the streets devoted to the retail trade, and the picturesque tourist in Chicago is thus compelled to traverse many miles of street fronts quite as dismal and as monotonous as the commercial architecture of any other modern town.

Even if the old-fashioned architects who rebuilt Chicago had been anxious to reconstruct it according to the best and newest lights, it would have been quite out of their power to do so unaided. The erection of a twelve-story building anywhere involves an amount of mechanical consideration and a degree of engineering skill that are quite beyond the practitioners of the American metallic Renaissance. In Chicago the problem is more complicated than elsewhere, because these towering and massive structures ultimately rest upon a quagmire that is not less but more untrustworthy the deeper one digs. The distribution of the weight by carrying the foundations down to a trustworthy bottom, and increasing the area of the supporting piers as they descend, is not practicable here, nor, for the same reason, can it be done by piling. It is managed in the heaviest buildings by floating them upon a raft of concrete and railroad iron spread a few feet below the surface, so that there are no cellars in the business quarter, and the subterranean activities that are so striking in the elevator buildings of New York are quite unknown. If the architects of the old Chicago, to whom their former clients naturally applied to rear the phœnix of the new, had been seized with the ambition of building Babels, they would doubtless have made as wild work practically as they certainly would have made artistically in the confusion of architectural tongues that would have fallen upon them. It is in every point of view fortunate that the moderni-

zation of the town was reserved for the better-trained designers of a younger generation.

It might be expected that the architecture of Chicago would be severely utilitarian in purpose if not in design, and this is the case. The city may be said to consist of places of business and places of residence. There are no churches, for example, that fairly represent the skill of the architects. The best of them are scarcely worthy of illustration or discussion here, while the worst of them might suitably illustrate the work projected by a ribald wit on "The Comic Aspects of Christianity." Among other things it follows from this deficiency that Chicago lacks almost altogether, in any general view that can be had of it, the variety and animation that are imparted to the sky line of a town seen from the water or from an eminence by a "tiara of proud towers," even when these are not specially attractive in outline or in detail, nor especially fortunate in their grouping. There is nothing, for example, in the aspect of Chicago from the lake, or from any attainable point of view, that is comparable to the sky line of the Back Bay of Boston as seen from the Cambridge bridge, or of lower New York from either river. The towering buildings are almost wholly flat-roofed, and their stark, rectangular outlines cannot take on picturesqueness, even under the friendly drapery of the smoke that overhangs the commercial quarter during six days of the week. The architect of the Dearborn Station was very happily inspired when he relieved the prevailing monotony with the quaint and striking clock tower that adjoins that structure.



FROM THE CITY AND COUNTY BUILDING.
J. W. Egan and J. R. Mullett, Architects.

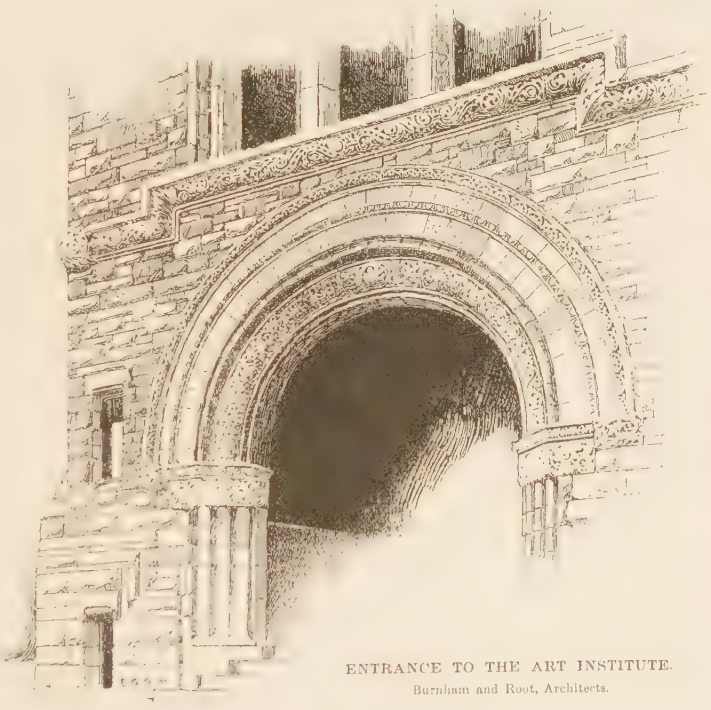
The secular public buildings of Chicago are much more noteworthy than the churches, but, upon the whole, they bear scarcely so large a relation to the mass of private buildings as one would expect from the wealth and the public spirit of the town, and, with one or two very noteworthy exceptions, recent as many of them are, they were built too early. The most discussed of them is the City and County Building, and this has been discussed for reasons quite alien to its architecture, the halves of what was originally a single design having been assigned to different architects. The original design has been followed in the main, and the result is an edifice that certainly makes a distinctive impression. A building, completely detached, 340 feet by 280 in area, and considerably over 100 feet high, can scarcely fail to make an impression by dint of mere magnitude, but there is rather more than that in the City and County Building. The parts are few and large, but five stories appearing, the

THE ART INSTITUTE.

masonry is massive, and the projecting and pedimented porticoes are on an ample scale. These things give the building a certain effect of sumptuosity and swagger that allies it rather to the Parisian than to the Peorian Renaissance. The effect is marred by certain drawbacks of detail, and by one that is scarcely of detail, the extreme meanness and baldness of the attic, in which, for the only time in the building, the openings seem to be arranged with some reference to their uses, and in which, accordingly, they have a painfully pinched and huddled appearance. In the decorative detail there is apparent a divergency of views between the two architects appointed to carry out the divided halves of the united design. The municipal designer—or possibly it is the county gentleman—has been content to stand upon the ancient ways, and to introduce no detail for which he has not found Ludovican precedent, while his rival is of a more aspiring mind, and has endeavored to carry out the precepts of the late Thomas Jefferson, by classicising things modern. His excursions are not very daring, and consist mainly in such substitutions as that of an Indian's head for the antique mask in a frieze of conventionalized American foliage. He has attained what must be in such an attempt the gratifying success of converting his modern material to a result as dull and lifeless and uninteresting as his prototype. It does not, however, impair the grandiosity of the general effect. This is impaired not merely by the poverty of design already noted in the attic, but also by the niggardliness shown in dividing the polished granite columns of the porticoes into several drums, though monoliths are plainly indicated by their dimensions, and by the general scale of the masonry. The small economy is the more injurious because a noble regardlessness of expense is of the essence of the architecture, and an integral part of its effectiveness. The most monumental feature of the projected building has never been supplied —a huge arch in the centre of each of the shorter fronts giving access to the central court, and marking the division between the property of the city and that of the county. It is possible that the failure to finish this arch has proceeded from the political conflict that has left its scars upon the building elsewhere. There is an obvious practical difficulty in intrusting the two halves of an arch to rival architects and rival contractors. However that may be, the arch is unbuilt, and the entrance to the central court is a mere rift in the wall. The practical townsfolk have seized the opportunity thus presented by the unoccupied space of free quarters for the all-pervading buggy. With a contempt for the constituted authorities that it must be owned the constituted authorities have gone far to justify, they tether their horses in the shadow of their chief civic monument, like so many Arabs under the pillars of Palmyra or Persepolis, and heighten the impression of being the relic of an extinct race that is given to the pile not only by its unfin-

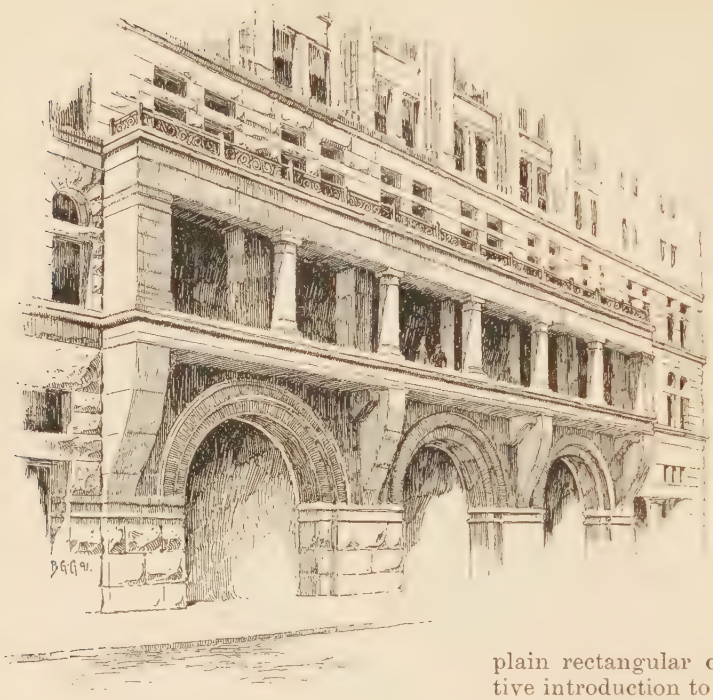
ished state and by the stains of smoke, undistinguishable from those of time, but by its entirely exotic architecture. This single example of Ludovican architecture recalls, as most examples of it do, Thackeray's caricature of its Mæcenas. Despoiled of its periwig and its high heels, that is to say, of its architecture, which is easily separable from it, the building would merely lose all its character without losing anything that belongs to it as a building.

Nevertheless this municipal building has its character, and in comparison with the next most famous public building of Chicago it vindicates the wisdom of its architect in subjecting himself to the safeguard of a style, of which, moreover, his work shows a real study. The style may be absolutely irrelevant both to our needs and to our ideas, as irrelevant as the political system of Louis XIV., which it recalls. Its formulas may seem quite empty, but they gather dignity if not meaning when contrasted with the work of an avid "swallower of formulas," like the architect of the Board of Trade. His work is of no style — a proposition that is not invalidated by the probability that he himself would call it "American eclectic Gothic." We all know what the untutored and aboriginal architect stretches that term to cover. There is no doubt about its being characteristically modern and American — one might say characteristically Western if he did not recall equally free and untrammelled exuberances in the Atlantic States. But it is impossible to ascribe to it any architectural merit, unless a complete disregard for precedent is to be imputed for righteousness, whether it proceed from ignorance or from contempt. And indeed there are not many other structures in the United States of equal cost and pretension which equally with this combine the dignity of a commercial traveller with the bland repose of St. Vitus. It is difficult to contemplate its bustling and uneasy façade without feeling a certain sympathy with the mob of anarchists that "demonstrated" under its windows on the night of its opening. If they were really anarchists, it was very ungrateful of them, for one would go far to find a more perfect expression of anarchy in architecture, and it is conceivable that they were instigated by an outraged architectural critic in disguise. If that ringleader had been caught and arraigned, he could have maintained, with much better reason, the plea that Gustave Courbet made for his share in the destruction of the column of the Place Vendôme, that his opposition to the monument was not political but æsthetic.



ENTRANCE TO THE ART INSTITUTE.
Burnham and Root, Architects.

Fortunately there is no other among the public or quasi-public buildings of Chicago of which the architecture is so



BALCONY OF AUDITORIUM.
Adler and Sullivan, Architects.

hopeless and so irresponsible ; no other that would so baffle the palæontological Paley who should seek in it evidences of design, and that does not exhibit at least an architectural purpose, carried out with more or less of consistency and success. At the very centre of the commercial water-front there was wisely reserved from traffic in the rebuilding of the town the Lake Park, a mile in extent and some hundreds of feet in depth, which not only serves the purpose of affording a view of the lake from the business quarter, but also secures an effective foreground for the buildings that line its landward edge. One of the oldest of these, young as all of them are, is the Art Institute. This is of a moderate altitude, and suffers somewhat from being dwarfed by the elevator buildings erected since, being of but three stories and a roof; but no neighbors could make it other than a vigorous and effective work. It is extremely simple in composition, as will be seen, and it bears very little ornament, this being for the most part concentrated upon the ample and deeply moulded archway of the entrance. It owes its effectiveness to the clearness of its division into the three main parts of base and superstructure and roof, to the harmonious relation between them, and to the differences in the treatment of them that enhance this harmony. The Aristotelian precept that a work of art must have a beginning, a middle, and an end is nowhere more conspicuously valid than in architecture, and nowhere does the neglect of it entail more unfortunate consequences. The severity of the basement, with its plain rectangular openings, is an effective introduction to the somewhat lighter and more open fenestration of the second and third stories, which are grouped to form the second term in the proportion, and this in turn to the range of openings in the gable of the shorter front, and to the row of peaked dormers in the longer that animate the sky line and complete the composition. It may be significant, with reference to the tendency of Western architecture, that this admirable building, admirable in the sobriety and moderation that are facilitated by its moderate size, is precisely what one would not expect to find in Chicago, so little is there evident in it of an intention to "collar the eye," or to challenge the attention it so very well repays.

In part, as we have just intimated, this modesty may be ascribed to the modest dimensions of the building. At any rate, it was out of the question in another public or quasi-public building, which is the latest and, at this writing, the loudest of the lions of Chicago—the Auditorium. Whatever else a ten-story building, nearly 200 feet by more than 350 in area and 140 in height, with a tower rising 80 feet further, may happen to be, it must be conspicuous, and it is nowise possible that its designer should make it appear bashful or unobtrusive. Of however re-

tiring a disposition he may be, in such a situation he must brazen it out. It is in his power to adopt a very simple or a very elaborate treatment, and to imperil the success of his work by making it dull on the one hand or unquiet on the other. Messrs. Adler and Sullivan, the architects of the Auditorium, have chosen the better part in treating their huge fronts with great severity, insomuch that the building can scarcely be said to exhibit any "features," except the triple entrance on the lake front, with its overhanging balcony, and the square tower that rises over the southern front to a height of 225 feet. A place of popular entertainment constructed upon a scale and with a massiveness to which we can scarcely find a parallel since Roman days would present one of the worthiest and most interesting problems a modern architect could have, if he were left to solve it unhampered. It is quite difficult enough to tax the power of any designer without any complications. The problem of design in the Chicago Auditorium is much complicated with requirements entirely irrelevant to its main purpose. The lobbies, the auditorium, and the stage of a great theatre, which are its essential parts, are all susceptible of an exterior expression more truthful and more striking than has yet been attained, in spite of many earnest and interesting essays. In the interior of the Auditorium, where the architects were left free, they have devoted themselves to solving their real problem with a high degree of success, and have attained an impressive simplicity and largeness. We are not dealing with interiors, however, and they were required to envelop the outside of their theatre in a shell of many-storied commercial architecture, which forbade them even to try for a monumental expression of their great hall. In the main, their exterior appears and must be judged only as a "business block." They have their exits and their entrances, and it is really only in these features that the exterior betrays the primary purpose of the building. The tower even is evidently not so much monumental as utilitarian. It is prepared for in the substructure only by a slight and inadequate projection of the wall and a slight and inadequate thickening of the piers, while it is itself obviously destined for profitable occupancy, being a small three-story business block, superimposed upon a huge ten-story business block. Such a structure cannot be converted into a monumental feature by making it more massive at the top than it is at the bottom, even though the massiveness be as artistically accentuated as it is in the tower of the Auditorium by the powerful open colonnade and the strong machicolated cornice in which it culminates. Waiving, as the designers have been compelled to do, the main purpose of the structure, and considering it as a commercial building, the Auditorium does not leave very much to be desired. The basement especially, which consists of three stories of granite darker than the limestone of the superstructure, and appropriately rough-faced, is a vigorous and dignified performance, in which the expression of rugged strength is enhanced by the small and deep openings, and in

TOWER OF AUDITORIUM.
Adler and Sullivan, Architects.

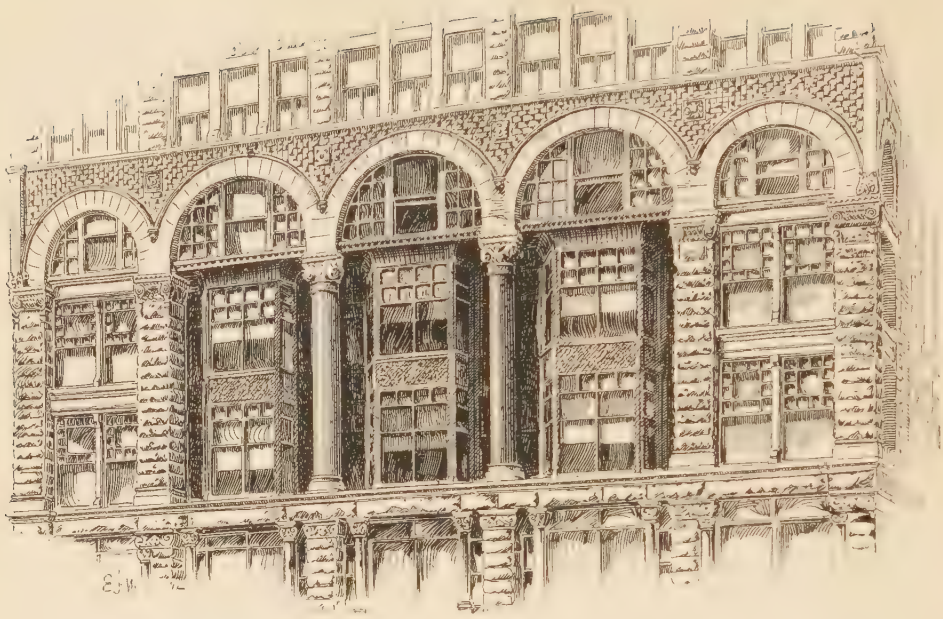
THE FIELD BUILDING.
H. H. Richardson, Architect.

which the necessarily large openings of the ground-floor are prevented from enfeebling the design by the massiveness of the lintels and flat arches that enclose them, and of the piers and pillars by which these are supported. The superstructure is scarcely worthy of this basement. The triple vertical division of the wall is effectively proportioned, but a much stronger demarcation is needed between the second and third members than is furnished by the discontinuous sill course of the eighth story, while a greater projection, a greater depth, and a more vigorous modelling of the main cornice, and an enrichment of the attic beneath, would go far to relieve the baldness and monotony that are the defects of the design, and that are scarcely to be condoned because there are other architectural faults much worse and much more frequent which the designers have avoided. It is only, as has been said, in the entrances that they have been permitted to exhibit the object of the building. Really it is only in the entrance on the lake front, for the triplet of stilted arches at the base of the tower is not a very felicitous or a very congruous feature. The three low arches of the lake front are of a Roman largeness—true *vomitoria*—and their effectiveness is increased by the simplicity of their treatment, by the ample lateral abutment provided for them, and by the long and shallow balcony that overhangs them. With the arches themselves this makes a very impressive feature, albeit the balcony is a questionable feature. Even to the layman there must be a latent contradiction in the intercalation of a pillar to relieve the bearing of a lintel, when the pillar is referred to an unsupported plinth obviously lighter and weaker than the lintel itself. This contradiction is not explained away by the vigor and massiveness of the shallow corbels that really account for the alternate columns, and it suggests that the construction so exhibited is not the true construction at all, and leaves this latter to be inferred without any help from the architecture. Even if one waives his objection to architectural forms that do not agree with the structural facts, it is surely not pedantic to require that the construction asserted by the forms shall be plausible to the extent of agreeing with itself. It is a pity that there should be such a drawback from a feature so effective; but the drawback does not prevent the feature from being effective, nor do the shortcomings we have been

considering in the design of the Auditorium, nor even the much more serious drawback that was inherent in the problem and imposed upon the architects, prevent it from being a very impressive structure, and justifying the pride with which it is regarded by all patriotic Chicagoans.

But, as has been intimated, it is not in monumental edifices that the characteristic building of Chicago is to be looked for. The "business block," strictly utilitarian in purpose, and monumental only in magnitude and in solidity of construction, is the true and typical embodiment in building of the Chicago idea. This might be said, of course, of any American city. Undoubtedly the most remarkable achievements of our architects and the most creditable have been in commercial architecture. But in this respect Chicago is more American than any of the Eastern cities, where there are signs, even in the commercial quarters, of division of interest and infirmity of purpose. In none of them does the building bespeak such a singleness of devotion, or indicate that life means so exclusively a living. Even the exceptions prove the rule by such tokens as the modest dimensions of the Art Institute and the concealment of the Auditorium in the heart of a business block. It does not by any means follow that the business blocks are uninteresting. There are singularly few exceptions to the rule of dismalness in the buildings that were hurriedly run up after the fire. One of these exceptions, the American Express Company, has an extrinsic interest as being the work of Mr. Richardson, and as being, so far as it need be classified, an example of Victorian Gothic, although its openings are all lintelled, instead of the Provençal Romanesque to which its author afterward addicted himself with such success. So successful an example is it that an eminent but possibly bilious English architect who visited Chicago at an early stage of the rebuilding declared it to be the only thing in the town worth looking at—a judgment that does not seem so harsh to the tourist of to-day who compares it with its thus disesteemed contemporaries. It is a sober and straightforward performance in a safe monochrome of olive sandstone, and it thus lacks the note of that variety of Victorian Gothic that Mr. Ruskin's eloquence stimulated untrained American designers to produce, in which the restlessness of unstudied forms is still further tormented by the spotty application of color. Upon the whole, it is a matter for congratulation that the earlier rebuilders of Chicago, being what they were, should have been so ignorant or careless of what was going on elsewhere, which, had they been aware of it, they would have been quite certain to misapply. Not only did they thus escape the frantic result that came of Victorian Gothic in untutored hands, but they escaped also the pettiness and puerility that resulted of "Queen Anne," even when it was done by designers who ought to have known better. The present writer had the honor of disparaging in these pages that curious mode of building when it was dressed in its little brief authority, and playing its most fantastic tricks. Now it is so well recognized that Queen Anne is dead that it seems strange educated architects ever could have fancied they detected the promise and potency of architectural life in her cold remains. This most evanescent of fashions seems never to have prevailed in Chicago at all.

One of the earliest of the more modern and characteristic of the commercial structures of Chicago, the Field building, is by Mr. Richardson also—a huge warehouse covering a whole square, and seven stories high. With such an opportunity Mr. Richardson could be trusted implicitly at least to make the most of his dimensions; and large as the building is in fact, it looks interminably big. Its bigness is made apparent by the simplicity of its treatment and the absence of any lateral division whatever. Simplicity, indeed, could scarcely go further. The vast expanses of the fronts are unrelieved by any ornament except a leaf in the cornice, and a rudimentary capital in the piers and mullions of the colonnaded attic. The effect of the mass is due wholly to its magnitude, to the disposition of its openings, and to the emphatic exhibition of the masonic structure. The openings, except in the attic, and except for an ample pier reserved at each corner, are equally spaced throughout. The vertical division is limited to a sharp separation from the intermediate wall of the basement on one hand, and of the attic on the other. It must be owned that there is even a distinct infelicity in the arrangement of the five stories of this intermediate wall, the two superposed arcades, the upper of which, by rea-



ARCADE FROM THE STUDEBAKER BUILDING.
S. S. Beman, Architect.

son of its multiplied supports, is the more solid of aspect, and between which there is no harmonious relation, but, contrariwise, a competition. Nevertheless, the main division is so clear and the handling throughout so vigorous as to carry off even a more serious defect. Nothing of its kind could be more impressive than the rugged expanse of masonry, of which the bonding is expressed throughout, and which in the granite basement becomes Cyclopean in scale, and in the doorway especially Cyclopean in rude strength. The great pile is one of the most interesting, as it is one of the most individual, examples of American commercial buildings. In it the vulgarity of the "commercial palace" is gratefully conspicuous by its absence, and it is as monumental in its massiveness and durability as it is grimly utilitarian in expression.

It is in this observance of the proprieties of commercial architecture, and in this self-denying rejection of an ornateness improper to it, that the best of the commercial architecture of Chicago is a welcome surprise to the tourist from the East. When the rebuilding of the business quarter of Boston was in progress, and while that city was, for the most part, congratulating itself upon the display of the skill of its architects, for which the fire had opened a field, Mr. Richardson observed to the author of these remarks that there was more character in the plain and solid warehouses that had been destroyed than in the florid edifices by which they had been replaced. The saying was just; for the burned Boston was as unmistakably commercial as much of the rebuilt Boston is irrelevantly palatial. In the warehouse just noticed, Mr. Richardson himself resisted this besetting temptation of the architect, and his work certainly loses nothing of the simplicity which with the uninstructed builders of old Boston was in large part mere ignorance and unskilfulness, but emphasizes it by the superior power of distributing his masses that belonged to him as a trained and sensitive designer; for the resources of an artist are required to give an artistic and poignant impression even of rudeness. The rebuilt commercial quarter of Boston is by no means an extreme example of misplaced ornateness. Within the past three or four years Wall Street has been converted from the humdrum respectability of an old-fashioned business thoroughfare to a street of commercial palaces, the as-

pect of which must contain an element of grievousness to the judicious, who see that the builders have lavished their repertory of ornament and variety in buildings to which nobody resorts for pleasure, but everybody for business alone, and that they have left themselves nothing further in the way of enrichment when they come to do temples and palaces properly so called. Mr. Ruskin has fallen into deep, and largely into deserved, discredit as an architectural critic by promulgating rhapsodies as dogmas. His intellectual frivolity is even more evident and irritating by reason of the moral earnestness that attends it, recalling that perfervid pulpiteer of whom a like-minded eulogist affirmed that "he wielded his prurient imagination like a battle-axe in the service of the Lord of Hosts." All the same, lovers of architecture owe him gratitude for his eloquent inculcation of some of the truths that he arrived at by feeling, however inconclusive is the reasoning by which he endeavors to support them; and one of these is the text so much preached from in the *Seven Lamps*, that "where rest is forbidden, so is ornament." In the best of the commercial buildings of Chicago there is nothing visible of the conflict of which we hear so much from architects between the claims of "art" and the claims of utility, nor any evidence of a desire to get the better of a practical client by smuggling architecture upon him, and deceiving him for his own good and the glory of his architect. It is a very good lesson to see how the strictly architectural success of the commercial buildings is apt to be directly in proportion to the renunciation by the designers of conventional "architecturesqueness," and to their loyal acceptance at all points of the utilitarian conditions under which they are working.

The Studebaker building is one of the show buildings of Chicago, but it cannot be said to deserve this particular praise in so high a degree as several less celebrated structures. It partakes—shall we say?—too much of the palatial character of Devonshire Street and Wall Street to be fairly representative of the severity of commercial architecture in Chicago. It is very advantageously placed, fronting the Lake Park, and it is in several respects not unworthy of its situation. The arrangement of the first five stories is striking, and the arcade that embraces the upper three of these is a notable and well-studied feature, with detail very good in itself, and very well adjusted in place and in scale. It is the profusion of this detail, and the lavish introduction of carved marble and of polished granite shafts, that first impress every beholder with its palatial rather than commercial character; but this character is not less given to the front, or to that part of it which has character, by the very general composition that makes the front so striking. An arcade superposed upon two colonnades, which are together of less than its own height, can scarcely fail of impressiveness; but here it loses some of its impressiveness in losing all its significance by reason of its subdivision into three equal stories, none of them differing in purpose from any other or from the

THE OWINGS BUILDING.
Cobb and Frost, Architects.

colonnade below, and the larger grouping that simulates a lofty hall above two minor stories is thus seen to be merely capricious. Of course pretty much the same criticism may be passed upon most American works of commercial architecture, and upon the best not less than upon the worst, but that it cannot be passed upon the best commercial buildings of Chicago is their peculiar praise. Moreover, the Studebaker building has some marked defects peculiar to its design. The flanking piers of the building, in spite of the effort made to increase their apparent massiveness by a solid treatment of the terminal arches at the base, are painfully thin and inadequate, and their tenuity is emphasized by the modelling into nook shafts of their inner angles in the second story. These are serious blemishes upon the design of the first five stories, and these stories exhaust the architectural interest of the building. There is something even ludicrous in the sudden and complete collapse of the architecture above the large arcade, as if the ideas of the designer had all at once given out, or rather as if an untrained builder had been called upon to add three stories to the unfinished work of a scholarly architect. If the substructure be amenable to the criticism that it is not commercial architecture, the superstructure is amenable to the more radical criticism that it is not architecture at all.

The Owings building is another conspicuous commercial structure that invites the same criticism of not being strictly commercial, but in a very different way. There is here no prodigality of ornament, and no irrelevant preciousness of material. A superstructure of grayish brick surmounts a basement of gray stone, and the decoration is reserved for the main entrance, which it is appropriate to signalize and render conspicuous even in works of the barest utility. This is attained here by the lofty gable, crocketed and covered with carving, that rises above the plain archway which forms the entrance itself. The lintelled openings of the basement elsewhere are of a Puritanical severity, and so are the arched openings of the brick superstructure. Neither is there the least attempt to suggest the thing that is not in the interior arrangement by way of giving variety and interest to the exterior. In the treatment of the wall space the only one of the "unnecessary features" in which Mr. Ruskin declares architecture to consist is the corniced frieze above the fourth story of the superstructure, with its suggested support of tall and slim pilasters; and this is quite justifiable as giving the building a triple division, and distinguishing the main wall from the gable. For this purpose, however, obviously enough, the dividing feature should be placed between the two parts it is meant to differentiate; and in the present instance this line is two stories higher than the point actually selected, and is now marked only by a light string-course. If the emphatic horizontal belt had been raised these two stories, the division it creates would not only have corresponded to an organic division of the building, but another requisite of architectural composition would have been fulfilled, inasmuch as one of the three members would visibly have predominated over the others, whereas now the three are too nearly equal. It is quite true that the prolongation of the pilasters through two more stories would have made them spindle quite intolerably, but in any case they are rather superfluous and impertinent, and it would have decorated the fronts to omit them. The accentuation of vertical lines by extraneous features is not precisely what is needed in a twelve-story building of these dimensions. In these points, however, there is no departure from the spirit of commercial architecture. That occurs here not in detail, but in the general scheme that gives the building its picturesqueness of outline. The corbelled turret at the angle makes more eligible the rooms its openings light; but the steep gabled roofs which this turret unites and dominates plainly enough fail to utilize to the utmost the spaces they enclose, and so far violate the conditions of commercial architecture. It seems ungracious to find fault with them on that account, they are so successfully studied in mass and in detail, and the group they make with the turret is so spirited and effective, but nevertheless they evidently do not belong to an office building, and, to borrow the expression of a Federal judge upon a famous occasion, their very picturesqueness is *aliunde*.

LUCK.

BY MARK TWAIN.

[NOTE.—This is not a fancy sketch. I got it from a clergyman who was an instructor at Woolwich forty years ago, and who vouched for its truth.—M. T.]

IT was at a banquet in London in honor of one of the two or three conspicuously illustrious English military names of this generation. For reasons which will presently appear, I will withhold his real name and titles, and call him Lieutenant-General Lord Arthur Scoresby, Y.C., K.C.B., etc., etc., etc. What a fascination there is in a renowned name! There sat the man, in actual flesh, whom I had heard of so many thousands of times since that day, thirty years before, when his name shot suddenly to the zenith from a Crimean battle-field, to remain forever celebrated. It was food and drink to me to look, and look, and look at that demigod; scanning, searching, noting: the quietness, the reserve, the noble gravity of his countenance; the simple honesty that expressed itself all over him; the sweet unconsciousness of his greatness—unconsciousness of the hundreds of admiring eyes fastened upon him, unconsciousness of the deep, loving, sincere worship welling out of the breasts of those people and flowing toward him.

The clergyman at my left was an old acquaintance of mine — clergyman now, but had spent the first half of his life in the camp and field, and as an instructor in the military school at Woolwich. Just at the moment I have been talking about, a veiled and singular light glimmered in his eyes, and he leaned down and muttered confidentially to me — indicating the hero of the banquet with a gesture:

"Privately—he's an absolute fool."

This verdict was a great surprise to me. If its subject had been Napoleon, or Socrates, or Solomon, my astonishment could not have been greater. Two things I was well aware of: that the Reverend was a man of strict veracity, and that his judgment of men was good. Therefore I knew, beyond doubt or question, that the world was mistaken about this hero: he *was* a fool. So I meant to find out, at a convenient moment, how the Reverend, all solitary and alone, had discovered the secret.

Some days later the opportunity came, and this is what the Reverend told me:

About forty years ago I was an instructor in the military academy at Woolwich. I was present in one of the sections when young Scoresby underwent his preliminary examination. I was touched to the quick with pity; for the rest of the class answered up brightly and handsomely, while he—why, dear me, he didn't know *anything*, so to speak. He was evidently good, and sweet, and lovable, and guileless; and so it was exceedingly painful to see him stand there, as serene as a graven image, and deliver himself of answers which were veritably miraculous for stupidity and ignorance. All the compassion in me was aroused in his behalf. I said to myself, when he comes to be examined again, he will be flung over, of course; so it will be simply a harmless act of charity to ease his fall as much as I can. I took him aside, and found that he knew a little of Cæsar's history; and as he didn't know anything else, I went to work and drilled him like a galley-slave on a certain line of stock questions concerning Cæsar which I knew would be used. If you'll believe me, he went through with flying colors on examination day! He went through on that purely superficial "cram," and got compliments too, while others, who knew a thousand times more than he, got plucked. By some strangely lucky accident—an accident not likely to happen twice in a century—he was asked no question outside of the narrow limits of his drill.

It was stupefying. Well, all through his course I stood by him, with something of the sentiment which a mother feels for a crippled child; and he always saved himself—just by miracle, apparently.

Now of course the thing that would expose him and kill him at last was mathematics. I resolved to make his death as easy as I could; so I drilled him and crammed him, and crammed him and drilled him, just on the line of questions which the examiners would be most likely to use, and then launched him on his fate. Well, sir, try to conceive of the result: to my consternation, he took the first prize! And with it he got a perfect ovation in the way of compliments.

Sleep? There was no more sleep for me for a week. My conscience tortured me day and night. What I had done I had done purely through charity, and only to ease the poor youth's fall—I never had dreamed of any such preposterous result as the thing that had happened. I felt as guilty and miserable as the creator of Frankenstein. Here was a woodenhead whom I had put in the way of glittering promotions and prodigious responsibilities, and but one thing could happen: he and his responsibilities would all go to ruin together at the first opportunity.

The Crimean war had just broken out. Of course there had to be a war, I said to myself: we couldn't have peace and give this donkey a chance to die before he is found out. I waited for the earthquake. It came. And it made me reel when it did come. He was actually gazetted to a captaincy in a marching regiment! Better men grow old and gray in the service before they climb to a sublimity like that. And who could ever have foreseen that they would go and put such a load of responsibility on such green and inadequate shoulders? I could just barely have stood it if they had made him a cornet; but a captain—think of it! I thought my hair would turn white.

Consider what I did—I who so loved repose and inaction. I said to myself, I am responsible to the country for this, and I must go along with him and protect the country against him as far as I can. So I took my poor little capital that I had saved up through years of work and grinding economy, and went with a sigh and bought a cornetcy in his regiment, and away we went to the field.

And there—oh dear, it was awful. Blunders?—why, he never did anything *but* blunder. But, you see, nobody was in the fellow's secret—everybody had him focussed wrong, and necessarily misinterpreted his performance every time—consequently they took his idiotic blunders for inspirations of genius; they did, honestly! His mildest blunders were enough to make a man in his right mind cry; and they did make me cry—and rage and rave too, privately. And the thing that kept me always in a sweat of apprehension was the fact that every fresh blunder he made increased the lustre of his reputation! I kept saying to myself, he'll get so high, that when discovery does finally come, it will be like the sun falling out of the sky.

He went right along up, from grade to grade, over the dead bodies of his superiors, until at last, in the hottest moment of the battle of * * * * down went our colonel, and my heart jumped into my mouth, for Scoresby was next in rank! Now for it, said I; we'll all land in Sheol in ten minutes, sure.

The battle was awfully hot; the allies were steadily giving way all over the field. Our regiment occupied a position that was vital; a blunder now must be destruction. At this crucial moment, what does this immortal fool do but detach the regiment from its place and order a charge over a neighboring hill where there wasn't a suggestion of an enemy! "There you go!" I said to myself; "this *is* the end at last."

And away we did go, and were over the shoulder of the hill before the insane movement could be discovered and stopped. And what did we find? An entire and unsuspected Russian army in reserve! And what happened? We were eaten up? That is necessarily what would have happened in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. But no; those Russians argued that no single regiment would come browsing around there at such a time. It must be the entire English army, and that the sly Russian game was detected and blocked; so they turned tail, and away they went, pell-mell, over the hill and down into the field, in wild confusion, and we after them; they themselves broke the solid Russian centre in the field, and tore through, and in no time there was the most tremendous rout you ever saw, and the defeat of the allies was turned into a sweeping and splendid victory! Marshal Canrobert looked on, dizzy with astonishment, admiration, and delight; and sent right off for Scoresby, and hugged him, and decorated him on the field, in presence of all the armies!

And what was Scoresby's blunder that time? Merely the mistaking his right hand for his left—that was all. An order had come to him to fall back and support our right; and instead, he fell *forward* and went over the hill to the left. But the name he won that day as a marvellous military genius filled the world with his glory, and that glory will never fade while history books last.

He is just as good and sweet and lovable

and unpretending as a man can be, but he doesn't know enough to come in when it rains. Now that is absolutely true. He is the supremest ass in the universe; and until half an hour ago nobody knew it but himself and me. He has been pursued, day by day and year by year, by a most phenomenal and astonishing luckiness. He has been a shining soldier in all our wars for a generation; he has littered his whole military life with blunders, and yet has never committed one that didn't make him a knight or a baronet or a lord or something. Look at his breast; why, he is just clothed in domestic and foreign decorations. Well, sir, every one of them is the record of some shouting stupidity or other; and taken together, they are proof that the very best thing in all this world that can befall a man is to be born lucky. I say again, as I said at the banquet, Scoresby's an absolute fool.

LORD BYRON'S EARLY SCHOOL DAYS.

BY PROFESSOR W. G. BLAIKIE.

I HAVE always had a special interest in Lord Byron's early school days, from the circumstance that for four years my father was his class-fellow at the grammar-school of Aberdeen.

Moreover, my wife's mother, Anne Duff, of Banff (afterwards Mrs. Walter Biggar), was closely related to the family of Byron's mother, both having been descendants of Patrick Duff, of Craigston.

Byron and my father entered the grammar-school of Aberdeen together in November, 1794.

There is something almost pathetic in the fate that made Byron an alumnus of so rough a school as, it must be owned, the grammar-school of Aberdeen was then, and continued to be, at least to the time of the present writer. It is notorious that Byron's father was a spendthrift, and worse, who came to Scotland, bankrupt in purse and in character, in search of an heiress to pay his debts, and provide him anew with the pleasures of life. The story current in the north of Scotland was that he had procured a list of six heiresses, and was determined to go through the list from top to bottom until he should succeed with one. The name of Catherine Gordon, of Gight, is said to have been at the top—probably an indication that her fortune was the biggest of all.

Gight, pronounced provincially with a strong guttural, known also as Formartine Castle, was a fine old place in those days, situated in the heart of Aberdeenshire, the property traversed by the Ythan River, whose "banks and braes" near Gight and Haddo might not unfitly be ranked with those of "bonnie Doone." The "braes o' Gight" is still a haunt of tourists and picnic parties, a kind of wilderness of wooded heights and ravines. The castle of Gight a century ago was an old feudal mansion, suggesting the times when the head of a great family needed to live in a stronghold, the rallying-place in times of danger for his clan. Gight was never the property of the poet. Before he was born it had been sold to liquidate his father's debts. It is touching to read how first his wife's money, then her bank shares and fishings, had to be thrown to the wolves; then a mortgage of £8000 had to be granted over the property; and finally the property itself had to be sold. This was no ordinary trial for an orphan girl brought up as an heiress, and sufficient allowance has not been made for it in judging of her character.

Byron seems to have retained no bitter feeling in connection with his father and the loss of his ancestral estate, though he felt keenly the poverty to which the recklessness of both sides of his house doomed him in after-life.

It was a strange freak that induced Catherine Gordon to marry John Byron, and fling her fortune to his creditors. There must have been a personal fascination about him too strong for her calmer judgment, for even after their separation her affection for him was not altogether extinguished.

But though she had to part with Gight, after it had been three centuries in the family, she was by no means disposed to part with the name of Gordon. It became part of the married name of both. In subscribing their names, and on all formal occasions, their usual designation was Byron-Gordon. It was in accordance with this sentiment that Byron's name was entered in the grammar-school regis-

ters as George Byron Gordon. He himself accepted this arrangement more to humor his mother, perhaps, than that he cared very much for his Scottish progenitors. But in common parlance she was Mrs. Byron, and latterly the Gordon dropped out.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron in 1790 took up their abode at Aberdeen. At first they lived together; thereafter he lived at one end of the street and she at the other; finally he left her, and returned to France, where he died in 1791. Her whole means consisted of an income of about £150, saved from the wreck of her fortune.

Whatever may have been the influence of his mother on his childhood, Byron was fortunate in the servants that had charge of him. Mrs. Byron could afford but one; and two sisters of the name of Gray served her successively, to whom her son was greatly attached, especially to the one whose name was May. Between May Gray and her charge there sprang up an affection which was honorable to both. May Gray was to Lord Byron what Maria Millis was, a few years later, to Lord Shaftesbury. Both were pious women, intensely fond of their Bible, and both took great pains to instruct their charge in its contents. Byron gratefully ascribes his acquaintance with the Bible, and especially with the psalms, to May Gray. Doubt less she taught him "The Lord's my Shepherd" and many other psalms in the rugged Scotch version. It is noteworthy that he liked the Old Testament much better than the New.

Queen Street and Broad Street, where Mrs. Byron resided most of her Aberdeen life, were genteel enough streets a century ago, but are now narrow and dingy; and as for Long Acre, which runs between them, and where Bodsy Bower had the school where, at the age of five, Byron's young idea was first taught to shoot, it is, or at least was in my day, the darkest, dullest alley that ever contrived to shut out the light and the fresh air of heaven. It is difficult in these days of palatial schools to imagine the dismal dens where teachers like Bodsy Bower wielded their ferula, and wielded it often and right heartily. Fancy a room like a ware-room, perhaps twenty-five or thirty feet long, low in the ceiling, with three or four small windows ill glazed and ill cleaned, the walls and roof begrimed with dust, the rough unwashed floor worn here and there into holes, suggesting excellent quarters for the rats below. The pupils, who were in various stages of advancement, were ranged in groups over the room, one group under the master, the rest professedly learning their lessons, but more probably engaged in the business which has always been found for idle hands to do. The noise was deafening, yet the energy of the master and the fear of the taws produced a greater measure of progress than might have been looked for. The dialect was the broadest, the tone of the school the roughest, and the behavior of the boys to one another the rudest possible; and yet at the bottom there was a genuine kindliness and humanity that came out wonderfully if a boy met with an accident or fell into sickness.

But Bodsy Bower's establishment seems to have been quite unsuited for little Byron, and he was placed for a time under private tutors. That is to say, a young man was engaged to come for an hour or two to his mother's house and read with him there. The two with whom he was thus associated were afterward highly respected ministers of the Scotch Church.[1] One of them was but nine years older than himself, and as Byron was six, his tutor would be but fifteen. So early in those days had young men at college to try to turn a penny, verifying Sydney Smith's interpretation of the motto, "Tenui meditamur avenâ"—"We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal."

Byron had not completed his seventh year when his English education was brought to an end, and he entered a Latin school. He was at least one year under the usual age, but even had he been a year or two older, it would have been ridiculously early to give up the study of English and devote himself to the classics. The whole plan of education justified the satire of a local poet, whose poem, "The College," was written, not unsuccessfully, in imitation of Byron:

"Boys scarce a year beyond the leading-strings
Are sent to some great grammar-school, and clamber
Upon the hills of Rome. All ancient things
Are known to those who of their English grammar
Know little more than those who cannot speak;
And thus prepared, they next begin to Greek.

[1] Rev. Dr. Ross, East Church, Aberdeen, and Rev. Dr. Paterson, Montrose.

"I have known boys (such boys grow to be men)
Who could speak Latin and could write in Greek
'Sine errore,' yet they could not pen
A letter to a friend; 'tis truth I speak.
Take counsel, parents, while your sons are young,
O make them labor at the English tongue."[1]

Neither mother nor teachers took counsel, and if Byron had not afterward taken this matter into his own hands his English training would have fared badly. The list which he made at the age of nineteen of books he had read on the several countries of the world, and of classical English authors with whom he had become acquainted, was quite marvellous in a young man of his years, whose habits were never studious. It was in this way, and not through schools, that he acquired that unrivalled mastery of English, both in prose and verse, which his writings display, and which makes the study of his style, according to Mr. Ruskin,[2] the best training for any man learning to write English.

It was a proud day in an Aberdeen boy's history when he passed under the gateway of the grammar-school and was enrolled a pupil in that renowned institution, with its rector and three undermasters, to say nothing of the annual visitation of the Lord Provost and magistrates, preceded by the red-coated officers, carrying the ancient halberds of the city. It must be said of the school that it was a little like Byron himself—it had a long pedigree but a very short purse. Though it did not come over with the Conqueror, its history went back about as far. From old records we find that in the thirteenth century its master was placed under charge of the Chancellor of the Cathedral of Aberdeen. Three hundred years later, in 1540, it had the honor of a visit from King James V., before whom the scholars delivered orations in Greek and Latin—a proof that the teaching of Greek was practised in Scotland earlier than is commonly supposed. In 1553 it is enacted that the boys are not to speak in the vulgar tongue, but only in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, or Gaelic.[3] This remarkable order tells of the vigor of the Renaissance and the dawn of the Reformation. By the end of the sleepy eighteenth century the order had fallen into abeyance. The work of the school was conducted in English; the work of the play-ground in broad Scotch. Byron gives a reminiscence of the Scotch dialect when he tells us that the word school is Scotticé *schule*, and Aberdonicé *squeel*. Between the broadening of English vowels and the deepening of Scotch gutturals, the Aberdeen dialect even yet is apt to breed confusion and despair in English hearers; and yet it was Byron's mother-tongue, and if he did not often speak it himself he constantly heard it—heard it as it may be heard at this day in many a country parish and hamlet, and as it may be studied in all its purity in the classic pages of "Johnnie Gibb of Gushetneuk."

The school-house was a low, one-storied building in the Schoolhill, in the form of the letter H, the public school in the centre, and four class-rooms in the four wings. The little quadrangle in front was the only play-ground, silent as the grave during the hours of teaching, but bursting with life and resounding with the shouts and shrieks of some 150 boys during the intervals of play. The games were simple but varied, following a sort of scholastic calendar which regularly brought round marbles, buttons, hand-balls, peg-tops, and what not in due season. Beyond the precincts of the school there was abundance of racing and chasing, hunting and thumping, for police were yet unknown, and the streets were not too crowded to be turned into a general play-ground. Everything was singularly inexpensive. The fees in Byron's time were but five shillings a quarter; and the sports of the school had to be defrayed by the boys out of their pocket-money, which seldom exceeded a penny a week. Nothing could have shocked a thrifty Aberdeen burgess more than to be called to pay entry-money or yearly contributions for cricket or football; indeed, such games were quite unknown. It must be remembered that a hundred years ago Scotland was really a very poor country, and in a provincial town like Aberdeen living was very simple, and the people very thrifty.

In Byron's time Latin was literally the only branch of instruction in the grammar-school. It was Latin, "semper, ubique, et omnibus," year in and year out, summer and winter, morning and evening; only Latin, and that continually. And the manner of teaching was

[1] "The College." A Poem. By the Rev. John Longmuir, M.A.

[2] *Præterita*, vol. i., pp. 252–269.

[3] See Grant's *History of the Burgh Schools of Scotland*, vol. i.

usually dull, as the matter of it was monotonous. The rector, Dr. James Dun, was a very old man, approaching ninety, but his duties were performed by a coadjutor. There was no effort to make the work interesting, and no resource for wakening up the intellect of boys who had no turn for languages and the classics.

Byron did not apply himself to the work. His name never appeared in the prize list. Usually, in a class of about thirty, his place in the quarterly lists ranged from fifteen to twenty. The highest ever recorded was fifth, and it is an interesting circumstance to the present writer that in that list the name immediately above his was James Blaikie. To boys that applied themselves earnestly to the work, the course of study had at least the effect of good mental discipline, and to this extent it was a useful preparation for after-life. But to one who merely endured the thing, it must have been alike a weariness of the flesh and a dissipation of the mind.

The school hours were very rigid, and the vacations few and short. Eight to nine o'clock to begin with, summer and winter, and in Aberdeen dark winter mornings seemed to have a bitterness all their own. From ten to twelve and from three to five at the grammar-school; and for writing there was another school, from twelve to one, and for arithmetic from one to two. The vacations were just three weeks at midsummer, a week at Christmas, and an occasional day or two at other times. On Wednesdays lessons ended at twelve, and on Saturdays at eleven.

If the holidays were short, they were all the more appreciated. The panting and outstretching of soul for "the play" at midsummer rose to an enthusiasm unknown for anything else. Weeks before, the boys would assemble in the class-rooms before the master appeared, and beat time on the desks to a rhyme of which they never tired:

"Oh, for the play, boys! Oh, for the play!
Oh, for the bonnie, bonnie, bonnie summer's play!"

The last week there was a busy collection of pence for "busking," or decorating the school, and on the evening before the vacation was given out, the boys sallied forth in a glorious exuberance of spirits, making in groups for every available nursery, garden, wood, or villa in the neighborhood, to beg, buy, or borrow flowers and branches for the work of decoration. By dint of early rising, the decoration was completed by eight o'clock in the morning, and for once in the year the dull and dingy class-rooms looked like lovers' bowers. And when "the play" was given out, and the school dispersed, the yells of delight that burst from every throat resounded through all the neighboring streets, and in fainter echoes reached the furthest outskirts of the town.

Aberdeen boys had a wonderful knack of turning to account their Saturday half-holidays, and Byron must have had this faculty well developed. In summer Saturday afternoon was their time to roam over the vicinity of the town, and enjoy such adventures as they might be fortunate enough to encounter. No doubt the sea was Byron's frequent resort. From Queen Street he had little more than to cross the links to stand on the sea-shore, or watch from the Broad Hill the German Ocean, lashed, as it often was, to fury by a fierce northeaster. With a few of his adventurous companions he might hire a boat from the "Futty" (Footdee) fishermen, or borrow one from a friendly skipper, and enjoy the sport which he says he relished most, and which would seem to have been his most familiar recreation.

If his Saturday ramble took a landward direction, the Brig o' Balgounie was but a mile or two off, attractive from its fine situation in the Vale of Seton, and from the weird old prediction that doomed it to fall "wi' a wife's ae son and a mear's ae foal"—a legend that made him, an only son, pause (as he tells us) to cross it, and yet lean over it with childish delight. On the way to Balgounie he would pass the two most famous architectural buildings of Aberdeen—King's College, with its fine crown surmounting its tower, and the venerable cathedral with its massive twin spires. But no mention of these is made in his poetry, nor did architectural objects ever take much hold on his imagination. It was:

"Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue hills and clear streams,
The Dee, the Don, Balgounie Brig's dark wall,"

that "roused his boy feelings and inspired his gentle dreams."

When his mother took him to Ballater, after his attack of scarlet-fever, a new world of beauty seemed to open to him. The valley of the Dee is the gem of Aber-

deenshire scenery, and not unworthy to compare, for blue hills and clear streams, with any other valley in the Highlands. Its sister, Don, plodding through haughs and ploughed fields, is like heavy prose; Dee like a poem, lively, bright, and sparkling.

"The river Dee for fish and tree;
The river Don for horse and corn."

Ballater, from time immemorial, has been the sanitarium of Aberdeen. Thither for generations have trooped the burgesses with their wives and children, or perhaps the wives and children minus the burgesses. But it was not the romantic scenery of the place that formed its attraction to them, nor any of those qualities that in our day have made Balmoral, a few miles above, the favorite resort of royalty and of many strangers from afar. It was the supposed virtue of the wells of Pannanich —one of those sulphur springs that, being intensely nauseous to the taste, are supposed to be correspondingly wholesome for the system at large Evidently Byron, child though he was, saw in the Highland panorama something more to be desired than sulphur. We quote his own words at a later time: "From this period I date my love of mountainous countries. I can never forget the effect, a few years after in England, of the only thing I had long seen, even in miniature, of a mountain, in the Malvern Hills. After I returned, I used to watch them every afternoon at sunset with a sensation which I cannot describe."

And in his poems:

"He who first met the Highland's swelling blue
Will love each peak that shows a kindred hue,
Hail in each crag a friend's familiar face,
And clasp the mountain in his mind's embrace.
Long have I roam'd through lands which are not mine,
Adored the Alp, and loved the Apennine,
Revered Parnassus, and beheld the steep
Jove's Ida and Olympus crown the deep:
But 'twas not all long ages' lore, nor all
Their nature held me in their thrilling thrall;
The infant rapture still survived the boy,
And Loch-na-Gar with Ida looked o'er Troy,
Mix'd Celtic memories with the Phrygian mount,
And Highland linns with Castalie's clear fount."[1]

In *Hours of Idleness*, Lachin-y-Gair, or Loch-na-Gar, is the subject of a whole piece:

"Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd;
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;
On chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd
As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd glade;
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;
For fancy was cheer'd by traditional glory
Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch-na-Gar."

Ballater was the favorite holiday resort, for Byron speaks of having been several times there; but vacation visits were paid also to other places. Once his mother took him to visit his relations in Banff. There was something now to compensate the poor lady for the loss of her acres and bank shares, for by the death of a cousin her little boy had become heir-apparent to his grand-uncle, Baron Byron, of Newstead and Rochdale. One can fancy a lump at her throat, however, and a strange feeling in her little son, as, about midway between Aberdeen and Banff, she passed within a mile or two of Gight, and felt herself so completely severed from her early home.

At Banff, Byron would see a new phase of the ocean, narrowed into the Moray Frith, with far better views of sunrise and sunset than Aberdeen could show. Banff then was a very different place from Banff now—not so much in size, for it is one of the places that do not grow, but for society. Duff House, that towered above the little town, was then the ordinary residence of the Fife family; but what was most characteristic was that many of the county gentry had houses in the town, while dowagers and maiden ladies of county families usually made it their place of abode. So gay was it that it was sometimes called "Little Paris"; but between "gentle and simple" there was a kindly feeling; each knew his place, it was said, and kept it. There was no little warm-heartedness too, if wounded vanity or mortified rivalry did not prevail; and doubtless "Geordie" would receive a warm welcome from Lady Gight and the whole circle of his cousinhood.

Fetteresso, the house of his godfather, Colonel Duff, was another holiday resort. It is a fine place near Stonehaven, some fourteen or fifteen miles south of Aberdeen, and not far from the ruins of Dunottar Castle, which stands up boldly on a rocky plateau overhanging the sea, very famous in Scottish story. Byron would enjoy here a fresh aspect of the sea. The cliffs up and down the coast are grand and rugged, and the spectacle of the excited

[1] "The Island," canto ii.

ocean dashing against them, or rushing in fury into the deep coves that intersect the crags, is one which neither man nor boy can readily forget. He may have thought of this when he wrote,

"Place me along the rocks I love,
Which sound to the ocean's wildest roar;
I ask but this, again to rove
Through scenes my youth had known before."[1]

We return to Aberdeen. Was there anything in the social or the intellectual atmosphere of the place or people that might have helped the development of so remarkable a literary genius? We should have said that to a boy of ten all places, for that matter, must have been alike were it not for his manifest precocity in some things. Witness his emphatic testimony to the remarkable effect of his Dee-side visits in developing his love of mountain scenery. One thing must be said for Aberdeen: that for a provincial town it has always had a peculiar respect for literature. Its two colleges—King's and Marischal—were regarded by its people from time immemorial with no little pride, and before their recent union into one university it was with a sneaking satisfaction that its citizens recalled the sarcasm, "Aberdeen, like England, has two universities." In Byron's days the literary barometer really stood high. There was a famous literary club, of which Professors Beattie, Campbell, Reid, Gerard, and Gregory were or had been members; and there were literary coteries besides in touch with the literary life of the southern part of the island.

It is not easy for us to realize that not in Aberdeen only, but throughout the whole kingdom, James Beattie, of "The Minstrel," was a literary name of the first rank. Beattie had been a master of the grammar-school in early life; in 1760 he was appointed to the chair of Moral Philosophy in Marischal College, the duties of which he discharged to within a few years of his death, in 1803. Beattie's wife was a daughter of Dr. James Dun, who was rector of the grammar-school in Byron's time. The poor woman was subject to fits of derangement, and no doubt the stories that were current of her "daft" doings would give the boys some amusement; for instance, how she arranged some pieces of china on the top of the parlor door, that when her husband opened it they might fall upon his head.

[1] *Hours of Idleness.*

Queen Street was in the immediate neighborhood of Marischal College, and Beattie's figure must have been familiar to young Byron.

The fame of Beattie is one of those things that we can hardly comprehend at this time of day—at least his fame as a philosopher. The *Essay on Truth*, in reply to Hume, was praised to the skies all over the kingdom; archbishops, bishops, and noblemen of all ranks laid their thanks at his feet, and the unbounded compliments, along with a pension of £200 a year, which the author received from George III., were but the echo of the universal sentiment. But no one now disputes that in intellectual depth and power the *Essay on Truth* is far below the level of Hume; indeed, it is wholly forgotten. "The Minstrel," his chief poem, is the only work on which Beattie's fame now rests, and that fame has not been great enough to obtain a place for him among Mr. John Morley's "English Men of Letters." But in his own day he was the cynosure of all eyes. When he went to London he was lionized everywhere; the King honored him with a long interview; literary gentlemen and ladies of high rank sought the honor of his acquaintance; preferment had been offered him in the Church of England if he would join it; Oxford had made him D.C.L.; and Sir Joshua Reynolds painted his portrait in his Oxford gown. On his death his life and letters were published by Sir William Forbes in three octavo volumes.[1]

In the firmament of Aberdeen, Beattie literally blazed as a star of the first magnitude. He must have been a kind of demi-god in young Byron's eyes, and he could hardly have been unacquainted with "The Minstrel." In one respect, certainly, that poem had a great influence on him. In the Introduction to "Childe Harold" he vindicates the choice of the Spenserian stanza by Beattie's high authority. "The stanza of Spenser," he says, "according to one of our most successful poets, admits of every variety. Dr. Beattie makes the following observation: 'Not long ago I began a poem in the style and stanza of Spenser, in which I propose to give full scope to my inclination, to be either droll or pathetic, descriptive or sentimental, tender or satirical, as the humor strikes me; for, if I mistake not, the measure

[1] See this work. Also *Life of Beattie* in "Aldine Poets," by Rev. Alexander Dyce.

which I have adopted admits equally of these kinds of composition.' Strengthened in my opinion by such authority, and by the example of some in the highest order of Italian poets, I shall make no apology for attempts at similar variations in the following composition; satisfied that if they are unsuccessful, their failure must be in the execution rather than in the design, sanctioned by the practice of Ariosto, Thomson, and Beattie."

There was a well-known literary coterie in those days that gathered round the shop of a prominent jeweller named John Ewen, of which Beattie was the centre. Whoever made any pretensions to literary taste hovered about this establishment. Ewen was himself a notable writer, and his well-known song "The Boatie Rows," which was printed first in Aberdeen in May, 1788, retains its popularity to this day. Ewen was the "Jingling Geordie" of Aberdeen, and left his fortune, after the example of George Heriot, to found a hospital in Montrose, his native town.[1]

A literary and poetical jeweller was no surprise in Aberdeen, but what will be said of a literary and poetical tailor? Such was Alexander Watson (born 1744, died 1831), who rose to be deacon of his trade. His *chef-d'œuvre* was a Scotch song, very popular in its day, "The Kail Broose o' auld Scotland." But the worthy deacon appears to have been more jealous of the reputation of his needle than of his pen. "It is a bit of a shame," he said, "that I was not noticed in Moore's *Life of Byron* among the acquaintances of his lordship's childhood, considering that I made his lordship's first pair o' breeks."[2]

Byron was in his eleventh year when he came to his title, and made the naïve confession the next day that he did not feel very different now that he was a lord. It is interesting to ask what did he carry away with him from Aberdeen when the stage-coach bore him and his mother, with his nurse, May Gray, an excited and happy trio, over the Brig o' Dee, on their way to a land flowing (as they supposed) with milk and honey? Little Latin and less Greek beyond doubt, but some influences and memories that had a bearing, and that might have had a much stronger bearing had he followed them, on his future life. There is a well-known passage, written when he was nettled to the quick by the unjust critique of his early poems in the *Edinburgh Review*, in which he pours contempt and hatred on Scotland, as if he loathed its very name. But in this wild burst affectation and pride overbore the testimony both of his head and his heart. His calmer utterances are very different.

"Ah, splendor has raised but embittered my lot;
More dear were the scenes which my infancy knew;
Though my hopes may have failed, yet they are not forgot;
Though cold is my heart, still it lingers with you.

. . . . . .

"Adieu, then, ye hills where my childhood was spent;
Thou sweet flowing Dee, to thy waters adieu;
No home in the forest shall shelter my head;
Ah, Mary, what home could be mine without you?"[1]

Of his love for Scotland there can be no doubt, though he never saw it again, the plan of a Highland tour in college days having been unfulfilled.

"And though, as you remember, in a fit
Of wrath and rhyme, when juvenile and curly,
I railed at Scots, to show my wrath and wit,
Which must be owned was sensitive and surly,
Yet 'tis in vain such sallies to permit,
They cannot quench young feelings, fresh and early;
I scotched, not killed, the Scotchman in my blood,
And love the land of mountain and of flood."[2]

What interests one most in Byron as he left Scotland is his freedom at once from the scepticism and from the vice that were developed during his next decennium. Prominent in his character was his great affectionateness, and his readiness to respond to the slightest touch of love. Along with this was his hot, impulsive temper, his keen sense of wrong, and readiness to flare up at injustice to himself, but still more to others. Dr. Glennie, of Dulwich, himself a Scotchman, bears a most favorable testimony to his character when he joined his school in 1799. "I found him enter on his tasks," says the doctor, "with alacrity and success. He was playful, good-humored, and beloved by his companions. His reading in history and poetry was far beyond the usual standard of his age, and in my study he found many books open to him, both to please his taste and gratify his curiosity; among others, a set of our poets from Chaucer to Churchill, which, I am almost tempted to say, he had more than

[1] See *The Bards of Bonaccord.*
[2] *Bards of Bonaccord.*

[1] *Hours of Idleness.* [2] *Don Juan.*

once perused from beginning to end. He showed at this age an intimate acquaintance with the historical parts of the Holy Scriptures, upon which he seemed delighted to converse with me, especially after our religious exercises of a Sunday evening, when he would reason upon the facts contained in the sacred volume with every appearance of belief in the divine truths which they unfold. That the impressions thus imbibed in his boyhood had sunk deep into his mind will appear, I think, to every impartial reader of his works in general."[1]

Among his early teachers, as we have seen, were two who afterward became ministers of the Scottish Church. Byron seems to have esteemed and loved them both. One of them, Mr. Ross, was a man of mature years, and Byron says: "Under him I made astonishing progress, and I recollect to this day his mild manners and good-natured painstaking." Of his other tutor, afterward Rev. Dr. Paterson, Montrose, who died in 1865, at the age of ninety-two, Byron says: "Afterward I had a very serious, saturnine, but kind young man named Paterson for a tutor. He was the son of my shoemaker, but a good scholar, as is common with the Scotch. He was a rigid Presbyterian also." It is pleasant to mark the kindly way in which Byron continued to speak of his Presbyterian tutors, and the favorable impression which they left on his mind.

[1] Moore's *Life*.

AN IMPERATIVE DUTY.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

VI.

IN his instantaneous mental processes, Olney kept his attention fixed upon Mrs. Meredith, and he was aware of her gasping out:

"My niece is of negro descent."

Olney recoiled from the words, in a turmoil of emotion for which there is no term but disgust. His disgust was profound and pervasive, and it did not fail, first of all, to involve the poor child herself. He found himself personally disliking the notion of her having negro blood in her veins; before he felt pity he felt repulsion; his own race instinct expressed itself in a merciless rejection of her beauty, her innocence, her helplessness because of her race. The impulse had to have its course; and then he mastered it, with an abiding compassion, and a sort of tender indignation. He felt that it was atrocious for this old woman to have allowed her hypochondriacal anxieties to dabble with the mysteries of the young girl's future in that way, and he resented having been trapped into considering her detestable question. His feeling was unscientific; but he could not at once detach himself from the purely social relation which he had hitherto held toward Miss Aldgate. The professional view which he was invited to take seemed to have lost all dignity, to be impertinent, cruel, squalid, and to involve the abdication of certain sentiments, conventions, which he was unwilling to part with, at least in her case. Sensibilities which ought not to have survived his scientific training and ambition were wounded to rebellion in him; he perceived as never before that there was inherent outrage in the submission of such questions to one of the opposite sex; there should be women to deal with them.

"How—negro descent?" he asked, stupidly, from the whirl of these thoughts.

"I will try to tell you," said Mrs. Meredith. "And some things you said about that — race — those wretched beings, last night— You were sincere in what you said?" she demanded of the kind of change that came into his face.

"Sincere? Yes," said Olney, thinking how far from any concrete significance he had supposed his words to have for his listeners when he spoke them. He added, "I do abhor the cruel stupidity that makes any race treat another as outcast. But I never dreamed—"

Mrs. Meredith broke in upon him, saying:

"It is almost the only consolation I have in thinking she is rightfully and lawfully my niece, to know that in the course I must take now, I shall not be seeming to make her an outcast. I honored my brother for honoring her mother, and giving her his name when there was no need of his doing it. He did not consult me, and I did not know it till after-

* Begun in July number, 1891.

ward; but I should have been the first to urge it, when it came to a question of marriage or—anything else. For one of our family there could *be* no such question; there was none for him.

"He went South shortly after the war, as so many Northern men did, intending to make his home there; his health was delicate, and his only hope of strength and usefulness, if not of life, was in a milder climate. He outlived the distrust that the Southerners had for all Northern men in those days, and was establishing himself in a very good practice at New Orleans—I forgot to say he was a physician—when he met Rhoda's mother. I needn't go over the details: she was an octoroon, the daughter and the granddaughter of women who had never hoped for marriage with the white men who fell in love with them; but she had been educated by her father—he was a Creole, and she was educated in a Northern convent—and I have no doubt she was an accomplished and beautiful girl. I never saw her. My brother met her in her father's house, almost beside her father's deathbed; but even if he had met her in her mother's house, on her mother's level, it would not have been possible for him to do otherwise than as he did. He thought at first of keeping the marriage secret, and of going on as before, until he could afford to own it and take all the consequences; but he decided against this, and I was always glad that he did. They were married, after her father's death; and then my brother's ruin began. He lost his practice in the families where he had got a footing, among the well-to-do and respectable people whom he had made his friends; and though he would have been willing to go on among a poorer class who could pay less, it was useless. He had to go away; and for five or six years he drifted about from one place to another, trying to gain a hold here and there, and failing everywhere. Sooner or later his story followed him.

"I don't blame the Southern people; I'm not sure it would have been better in the North. If it had been known who his wife was, she would not have been received socially here any more than she was there; and I doubt if it would not have affected my brother's professional standing in much the same way. People don't like to think there is anything strange about their doctor; they must make a confidant, they must make a familiar of him; and if there is anything peculiar, unusual— My husband was a very good man, one of the best men who ever lived, and he approved of my brother's marriage in the abstract as much as I did; but even he never liked to think *whom* he had married. He was always afraid it would come out among our friends, somehow, and it would be known that his sister-in-law was—

"At last the poor young creature died, and my brother came North with his little girl. We hoped that then he might begin again, and make a new start in life. But it was too late. He was a mere wreck physically, and he died too, within the year. Then it became a question what we should do with the child. As long as she was so merely a child it was comparatively simple. We had no children of our own, and when my brother died in another part of the State—we were living in New York then, and he had gone up into the Adirondack region in the hope of getting better—it was natural that we should take the little one home. In a place like New York, nothing is known unless you make it known, and Rhoda was brought up in our house, without any conjecture or curiosity from people outside; she was my brother's orphan, and nobody knew or cared who my brother was; she had teachers and she had schools like any other child, and she had the companionships and social advantages which our own station and money could command.

"At first my husband and I thought of letting her think herself our child; but that would have involved a deceit which we were unwilling to practise; besides, it was not necessary, and it would have been great pain for her afterward. We decided to tell her the truth when the time came, and never anything but the truth, at any time. We never deceived her, but we let her deceive herself. When she came to the age when children begin to ask about themselves, we told her that her father had married in the South, and that her mother, whom she did not remember, was of French descent; but we did not know of her family. This was all true; but still it was not the truth; we knew that well enough, but we promised ourselves that when the time came we would tell her the truth.

"She made up little romances about

her mother, which she came to believe in as facts, with our sufferance. I should now call it our connivance."

Mrs. Meredith appealed to Olney with a glance, and he said, in the first sympathy he had felt for her, "It was a difficult position."

"She easily satisfied herself—it's astonishing how little curiosity children have about all the mystery of their coming here—and as she had instinctively inferred something strange or unusual about her mother's family, she decided that she had married against her grandfather's wishes. We left her that illusion too: it seemed so easy to leave things then! It was when she ceased to be a child, and we realized more and more how her life might any time involve some other life, that the question became a constant pressure upon us. Neither my husband nor myself ever justified the concealment we lived in concerning her. We often talked of it, and how it must come to an end. But we were very much attached to her, and we put off thinking definitely about the duty before us as long as we could. Sometimes it seemed to us that we ought to tell the child just who and what she was, but we never had the courage; she does not know to this day. What do you think our duty to her really was?"

"Your duty?" Olney echoed, vaguely. A little while ago he would have answered instantly that they had no duty but to keep her in ignorance as long as she lived; but now he could not honestly do this. The only thing that he could honestly do was to say, "I don't know," and this was what he said.

Mrs. Meredith resumed: "My husband had gone out of business, and there was nothing to keep us at home. But we had nothing definitely in view when we went abroad, or at least nothing explicitly in view. We said that we were going abroad for Rhoda's education; but I think that in my husband's heart, as well as in mine, there was the hope that something might happen to solve the difficulty; we had no plan for solving it. I thought, at any rate, if he did not, that in Europe there would be less unhappiness in store for her than here. I knew that in Europe, especially on the Continent, there was little or none of that race prejudice which we have, and I thought—I imagined—I should find it easier to tell Rhoda the truth if I could tell her at the same time that it made no difference to the man she was to marry."

Olney understood; and he was rather restive under Mrs. Meredith's apparent helplessness to leave anything to his imagination.

"I hoped it might be some Italian—from the first I liked the Italians the best. We lived a great deal in Italy, at Rome and Naples, at Florence, at Venice, even at Milan; and everywhere we tried to avoid Americans. We went into Italian society almost entirely.

"But it seemed a perfect fatality. Rhoda was always homesick for America, and always eager to meet Americans. She refused all the offers that were made for her—and they began to come, even before she was fairly in society—and declared that she would never marry any one but an American. She was always proclaiming her patriotism, and asserting the superiority of America over every other country in a way that would have made anybody but a very pretty girl offensive. The perplexities simply grew upon us, and in the midst of them my husband died, and then I had no one to advise with or confide in. When his affairs were settled up, it turned out that we were much poorer than we had believed. For a while I thought that I should return home, and Rhoda was always eager to come back, but we staid on at Florence, living very quietly, and we had scarcely been out at all for a year when you first met us at Professor Garofalo's. It was there that she met Mr. Bloomingdale, and he was so attentive to her. I could see at once that he was greatly taken with her, and he followed up the acquaintance in a way that could not leave me any doubt. It was certainly not her money that attracted him.

"I liked him from the beginning; and his being a minister gave me a kind of hope, I can hardly tell why. But I thought that if it ever came to my having to tell him about Rhoda, he would be more reasonable. He was so very amiable, very gentle, very kind. Did you ever meet him afterward, anywhere?"

"No," said Olney, briefly.

"I am sorry; I hoped you had; I thought you might have come to know him well enough to suggest— I don't like his family, what I've seen of them, so well. If they know at all what is pend-

ing between him and Rhoda, it doesn't seem very nice of them to be pursuing her so."

Mrs. Meredith sat so dreary in her silence that Olney pitied her, and found a husky voice to say, "Perhaps they don't know."

"Perhaps not," she assented, sadly. "But my only hope now is in his being able to take it, when I tell him, as I have hardly the hope that any other American would. I must tell him, if she accepts him, or decides to accept him, and the question is whether I shall tell him before I tell her. If I tell him first, fully and frankly, perhaps—perhaps—he may choose to keep it from her and she need never know. What—what do you think?" she entreated.

"Really," said Olney, "that's a matter I have no sort of opinion about. I'm very sorry, but you must excuse me."

"But you feel that I must tell him?"

"That's another question for you, Mrs. Meredith. I can't answer it."

She threw herself back on the sofa. "I wish I were dead! I see no way out of it, and whatever happens, it will kill the child."

Olney sat silent for some time in a muse almost as dreary as her own. After having despised her as a morbid sentimentalist with a hypochondriacal conscience, he had come to respect her, as we respect any fellow-creature on whom a heavy duty is laid, and who is struggling faithfully to stand up under the burden. He said suddenly, "You mustn't tell him first, Mrs. Meredith!"

"Why?"

"Because—because—the secret is *hers*, to keep it or to tell it. No one else has the right to know it without her leave."

"And if—if she should choose to keep it from him—not tell him at all?"

"I couldn't blame her. It is no fault, no wrong of hers. And who is to be harmed by its concealment?"

"But the chances—the future—the—the—"

Olney could not bear the recurrence to this phase of the subject. He made a gesture of impatience.

Mrs. Meredith added, with hysterical haste: "It might come out in a hundred ways. I can hear it in her voice at times—it's a *black* voice! I can see it in her looks! I can feel it in her character—so easy, so irresponsible, so fond of what is soft and pleasant! She could not deny herself the amusement of going with those people to-day, though I said all I could against it. She cannot forecast consequences, she's a creature of the present hour; she's like them *all!* I think that in some occult, dreadful way she feels her affinity with them, and that's the reason why she's so attracted by them, so fond of them. It's her race *calling* her! I don't believe she would ever tell him!"

"I think you ought to leave it to her," said Olney.

"And let her live a lie! Oh, I know too well what that is!"

"It's bad. But there may be worse things. It seems as if there might be circumstances in which it was one's *right* to live a lie, as you say; for the sake—"

"Never!" said Mrs. Meredith vehemently. "It is better to die—to kill—than to lie. I know how people say such things and act them, till life is all one web of falsehood, from the rising to the going down of the sun. But I will never consent to be a party to any such deceit. I will tell Rhoda, and then she shall tell me what she is going to do, and if *she* is not going to tell him, *I* will do it. Yes! I will not be responsible for the future, and I should *be* responsible if he did not know. In such a case I could not spare her. She is my own flesh and blood; she is as dear to me as my own child could be, but if she *were* my own child it would be all the same. I would rather see her perish before my eyes than married to any man who did not know the secret of her— O-o-o-o-o!" Mrs. Meredith gave a loud, shuddering cry, as the door was flung suddenly open, and Miss Aldgate flashed radiantly into the room.

She kept the door-knob in her hand, while she demanded, half frightened, half amused, "What in the world is the matter? Did I startle you? Of course! But I just ran in a moment as we were driving by—we're going over to do our duty by Bunker Hill Monument—to see how you were getting on. I'm so glad *you* are here, Dr. Olney." She released the door-knob, and gave him her hand. "Now I can leave Aunt Caroline without a qualm of conscience till after lunch; and I *did* have a qualm or two, poor aunty!"

She stooped on one knee beside the sofa, and kissed her aunt, who seemed to Olney no better than a murderess in the embrace of her intended victim. In this

light and joyous presence, all that he had heard of the girl's anomalous origin became not only incredible, but atrocious. She was purely and merely a young lady, like any other; and he felt himself getting red with shame for having heard what he had been told against his will.

He could not speak, and he marvelled that Mrs. Meredith could command the words to say, in quite an every-day voice: "You silly child! You needn't have stopped. I was getting on perfectly well."

"Of course you were! And I suppose I've interrupted you in the full flow of symptoms! I can imagine what a perfectly delightful time you were having with Dr. Olney! I think I'll change these gloves." She ran into the room that opened from Mrs. Meredith's parlor, and left him unable to lift his eyes from the floor in her brief absence. She came back pulling on one long mousquetaire glove, while the other dangled from her fingers, and began to laugh. "There's one of those colored waiters down there that even *you* couldn't have anything to say against my falling in love with, Aunt Caroline. He's about four feet high, and his feet are about eighteen inches long, so that he looks just like a capital L. He doesn't lift them, when he walks, but he slips along on them over the floor like a funny little mouse; I've decided to call him Creepy-Mousey: it just exactly describes him, he's so small and cunning. And he's so sweet! I should like to *own* him, and keep him as long as he lived. Isn't it a shame that we can't *buy* them, Dr. Olney, as we used to do? There! I'll put on the other one in the carriage."

She swooped upon her aunt for another kiss, and then flashed out of the room as she had flashed into it, and left Mrs. Meredith and Olney staring at each other.

"Well!" she said. "You see! It is the race instinct! It must assert itself sooner or later."

Olney became suddenly sardonic in the sort of desperation he fell into. "I should say it was the other-race instinct that was asserting itself sooner," and when he had said this he felt somehow a hope, which he tried to impart to Mrs. Meredith.

At the end of all their talk she said: "But that doesn't relieve me of the duty I owe to her and to him. I must tell her, at least, cost what it may. I cannot live this lie any longer. If she chooses to do so, perhaps—"

VII.

Miss Aldgate came in late in the afternoon. She came in softly, and then, finding her aunt awake, she let herself fall into an easy-chair with the air of utter exhaustion that girls like to put on, after getting home from a social pleasure, and sighed out a long "O-o-o-h, dear!"

Her aunt let her sit silent, and stare awhile at the carpet just beyond the toe of her pretty boot before she suggested, "Well?"

"Oh, nothing! Only it got to be rather tiresome, toward the last."

"Why did you stay so long?"

"I couldn't get away; they wouldn't let me go. They kept proposing this and that, and then they wanted to arrange something for to-morrow. But I wouldn't."

"They are rather persistent," said Mrs. Meredith.

"Yes, they are persistent. But they are very kind—they are very good-natured. I wish—I wish I liked them better!"

"Don't you like them?"

"Oh, I like them, yes, in a kind of way. They're a very familyish sort of a family; they're so much bound up in one another. Of course they can do a great many nice things: Miss Bloomingdale is really wonderful with her music; and Josie sketches very nicely, and Roberta sings beautifully; there's no denying it; but they don't talk very much, and they're all so tall and handsome and blond; and they sit round with their hands arranged in their laps, and keep waiting for me to say things, and then their mother starts them up and makes them do something. The worst is that she keeps dragging in Mr. Bloomingdale all the time. There isn't anything that doesn't suggest him—what he thinks, what he says, where he's been and what he did there; just how far he's got on his way home by this time; how he's never seasick, but he doesn't like rough weather. I began to dread the introduction of a new subject: it was so sure to bring round to him. Don't you think they're of rather an old-fashioned taste?"

"I never liked his family very much," said Mrs. Meredith. "They seemed very estimable people, but not—"

"Our kind? No, decidedly. Did Dr. Olney stay long?"

"No. Why do you ask?" Mrs. Meredith returned, with a startled look.

"Oh, nothing. You seemed to be quite chummy with him, and not to want me round a great deal when I came in." Miss Aldgate had discovered the toe of her boot just beyond her skirt, apparently with some surprise, and she leaned forward to touch it with the point of her parasol, as if to make sure of it. "Is he coming again this evening?" she asked, leaning back in her chair, and twisting her parasol by its handle.

"Not unless I send for him. I have his sleeping medicine."

"Yes. And I know how to drop it. Did he think it strange my being away from you so much when you needed a doctor?"

"He knew I didn't need any doctor. Why do you ask such a question as that?"

"I don't know. I thought it might have struck him. But I thought I had better try and see if I could get used to them or not. They're pretty formal people—conventional. I mean in the way of dress and that kind of thing. They're formal in their ideals, don't you know. They would want to do just what they thought other people were doing; they would be dreadfully troubled if there was anything about them that was not just like everybody else. Do you think Mr. Bloomingdale would be so?"

"I never liked his family very much," Mrs. Meredith repeated. "What little I saw of them," she added, as if conscientiously.

"Oh, that doesn't count, Aunt Caroline!" said the girl, with a laugh. "You never liked the families of any of the Americans that you thought fancied me. But the question is not whether we like his family, but whether he's like them."

"You can't separate him from his family, Rhoda. You must remember that. Each of us is bound by a thousand mysterious ties to our kindred, our ancestors; we can't get away from them—"

"Oh, what stuff, aunty!" Miss Aldgate was still greatly amused. "I should like to know how I'm bound to my mother's family, that I never saw one of; or to her father or grandfather?"

"How?" Mrs. Meredith gasped.

"Yes. Or how much they were bound to me, if they never tried to find me out or make themselves known by any sort of sign? I'm bound to you because we've always been together, and I was bound to Uncle Meredith because he was good to me. But there isn't anything mysterious about it. And Mr. Bloomingdale is bound to his family in the same way. He's fond of them because he's been nice to them and they've been nice to him. I wonder," she mused, while Mrs. Meredith felt herself slowly recoil from the point which she had been suddenly caught up to, "whether I really care for him or not? There were very nice things about him; and no, he wasn't tiresome and formal-minded like them. I wish I had been a little in love with some one, and then I could tell. But I've never had anything but decided dislikings, though I didn't dislike *him* decidedly. No, I rather liked him. That is, I thought he was *good*. Yes, I respected his goodness. It's about the only thing in this world you *can* respect. But now, I remember, he seemed very young, and all the younger because he thought it was his duty as a minister to seem old. Did *you* care very much for his sermon?"

Rhoda came to the end of her thinking aloud with a question that she had to repeat before her aunt asked drearily in answer, "What sermon?"

"Why, we only heard him once! The one he preached in Florence. I didn't have a full sense of his youth till I heard that. Isn't it strange that there are ever young ministers? I suppose people think they can make up in inspiration what they lack in experience. But that day when I looked round at those men and women, some of them gray-haired, and most of them middle-aged, and all of them knowing so much more about life, and its trials and temptations, and troubles and sorrows, than poor Mr. Bloomingdale—I oughtn't to call him *poor*—and heard him going on about the birds and the flowers, I wondered how they could bear it. Of course it was all right; I know that. But if the preacher *shouldn't* happen to be inspired, wouldn't it be awful? How old do you suppose Dr. Olney is?"

"I don't know."

"He seems rather bald. Do you think he is forty?"

"Dear me, no, child! He isn't thirty yet, I dare say. Some men are bald much earlier than others. It's a matter of—heredity."

"Heredity! Everything's heredity with

you, Aunt Caroline!" the girl laughed. "I'll bet he's worn it off by thinking too much in one particular spot. You know that they say now they can tell just what place in the brain a person thinks this or that; and just where the will power comes from when you wink your eye, or wiggle your little finger. I wonder if Dr. Olney knows all those things? Have you tried him on your favorite heredity yet?"

"What do you mean, Rhoda?"

"I know you have!" the girl exulted. "Well, he is the kind of man I should always want to have for my doctor if I had to have one; though I don't think he's done you a great deal of good yet, Aunt Caroline: you look wretched, and I shall feel like scolding Dr. Olney when he comes again. But what I mean is, he has such noble ideas: don't you think he has?"

"Yes—yes. About what?"

"Why, about the negroes, you know." Mrs. Meredith winced at the word. "I never happened to see it in that light before. I thought when we had set them free, we had done everything. But I can see now we haven't. We do perfectly banish them, as far as we can; and we don't associate with them half as much as we do with the animals. I got to talking with the Bloomingdales this afternoon, and I had to take the negroes' part. Don't you think that was funny for a Southern girl?" Mrs. Meredith looked at her with a ghastly face, and moved her lips in answer, without making any sound. "They said that the negroes were an inferior race, and they never could associate with the whites because they never could be intellectually equal with them. I told them about that black English lawyer from Sierra Leone that talked so well at the *table d'hôte* in Venice—better than anybody else—but they wouldn't give way. They were very narrow-minded; or the mother was; the rest didn't say anything; only made exclamations. Mrs. Bloomingdale said Dr. Olney must be a very strange physician, to have those ideas. I hope Mr. Bloomingdale isn't like her. You would say he was a good deal younger than Dr. Olney, wouldn't you?"

"Yes—not so very. But why—"

Rhoda broke out into a laugh of humorous perplexity. "Why, if he were only a little older, or a good deal older, he could advise me whether to marry him or not!" The laughter faded suddenly from her eyes, and she fell back dejectedly against her chair, and remained looking at her aunt, as if trying to read in her face the silent working of her thought. "Well?" she demanded, finally.

Mrs. Meredith dropped her eyes. "Why need you marry any one?"

"What a funny question!" the girl answered, with the sparkle of a returning smile. "So as to have somebody to take care of me in my old age!" The young like to speak of age so, with a mocking incredulity; they feel that, however it may have fared with all the race hitherto, they never can be old, and they like to make a joke of the mere notion. "You'll be getting old yourself some day, Aunt Caroline, and then what shall I do? Don't you think that a woman *ought* to get married?"

"Yes—yes. Not always—not necessarily. Certainly not to have some one to take care of her."

"Of course not! That would be a very base motive. I suppose I really meant, have somebody for *me* to take care of. I think that is what keeps one from being lonesome more than anything else. I do feel so alone sometimes. It seems to me that there are very few girls so perfectly isolated. Why, just think! With the exception of you, I don't believe I've got a single relation in the world." Rhoda seemed interested rather than distressed by the fact. "Now there are the Bloomingdales," she went on; "it seems as if they had connections everywhere. That is something *like* a family. If I married Mr. Bloomingdale, I could always have somebody to take care of as long as I lived. To be sure, they would be Bloomingdales," she added, dreamily.

"Rhoda!" said her aunt, "I cannot let you speak so. If you are in earnest about Mr. Bloomingdale—"

"I am. But not about his family—or not so much so."

"You cannot take him without taking his family; that is always the first thing to be thought of in marriage, and young people think of it the last. The family on each side counts almost as much as the couple themselves in a marriage."

"Mine wouldn't," the girl interpolated. "There's so very little of it!"

If Mrs. Meredith was trying to bring the talk to this point, she now seemed to find herself too suddenly confronted with

it, and she shrank back a little. "I don't mean that family is the *first* thing."

"You just *said* it was, aunty!"

"The first thing," Mrs. Meredith continued, ignoring the teasing little speech, "is to make sure of yourself, to be satisfied that you love *him*."

"It's so much easier," the girl sighed in mock-seriousness, "to be satisfied that I don't love *them*."

"But that won't do, Rhoda," said Mrs. Meredith, "and I can't let you treat the matter in this trivial spirit. It is a most important matter—far more important than you can realize."

"I can't realize anything about it—that's the trouble."

"You can realize whether you wish to accept him or not."

"No; that's just what I can't do."

"You've had time enough."

"I've had nearly a week. But I want all the time there is; it wouldn't be any too much. I must see him again—after seeing so much of his family."

"Rhoda!" her aunt called sternly to her from the sofa.

But Rhoda did not respond with any sort of intimidation. She was looking down into the street from the window where she sat, and she suddenly bowed. "It was Dr. Olney," she explained. "He was just coming into the hotel, and he looked up. I wonder how he knew it was our window? He seems twice as young with his hat on. I wish he'd wear his hat in the room. But of course he can't."

Everything that had happened since Rhoda came in made it more difficult for Mrs. Meredith to discharge the duty that she thought she had nerved herself up to. She had promised herself that if Rhoda had decided to accept Mr. Bloomingdale, she would speak, and tell her everything; but she was not certain yet that the girl had decided, though from the way in which she played with the question, and her freedom from all anxiety about it, she felt pretty sure that she had. She wished, vaguely, perversely, weakly, that she had not, for then the ordeal for them both could be postponed indefinitely again. She sympathized with the girl in her trials through the young minister's family, who were so repugnant to her in their eagerness for her, and she burned with a prophetic indignation in imagining how such people would cast her off when they knew what she really was. The young man himself seemed kind and good, and if it were a question of him alone, she believed she could trust him; but these others! that mother, those sisters! She recoiled from the duty of humiliating the poor girl before them, so helplessly, innocently, ignorantly guilty of her own origin. The child's gayety and lightness, her elfish whimsicality and thoughtless superficiality, as well as those gleams and glimpses of a deeper nature which a word or action gave from time to time, smote the elder woman's heart with a nameless pain and a tender compassion. By all her circumstance Rhoda had a right to be the somewhat spoiled and teasing pretty thing that she was; and all that sovereign young-ladyishness which sat so becomingly upon her was proper to the station a beautiful girl holds in a world where she has had only to choose and to command. But Mrs. Meredith shuddered to think with what contempt, open or masquerading as pity, all this would be denied to her. Doubtless she exaggerated; the world slowly changes; it condones many things to those who are well placed in it; and it might not have fared so ill with the child as the woman thought; but Mrs. Meredith had brooded so long upon her destiny that she could see it only in the gloomiest colors. She was darkling in its deepest shadow when she heard Rhoda saying, as if at the end of some speech that she had not caught, "But *he* doesn't seem to have any more family than I have."

"Who?" Mrs. Meredith asked.

"Dr. Olney."

"You don't know anything about his family."

"Well, I don't know anything about my own," Rhoda answered, lightly. She added, soberly, after a moment: "Don't you think it's rather strange that my mother's family never cared to look us up in any way? Even if they were opposed to her marrying papa, one would think they might have forgiven it by this time. The family ties are so strong among the French."

Mrs. Meredith dropped her eyes, and murmured, "It may be different with the Creoles."

"No, I don't believe it is. I've heard it's more so. Did papa never see any of mamma's family but her father? It seems so strange that she should have been as much alone as I am. I know I have *you*, Aunt Caroline. Well, I don't know what

to think about Mr. Bloomingdale. I'm always summing up his virtues: he's very good, and he's good-looking, and he's good-natured. He's rich, though I don't let that count. He parts his hair too much on one side, but that doesn't matter, I could make him part it in the middle, and it's a very pretty shade of brown. His eyes are good, and his mouth wouldn't be weak if he wore his beard full. I think he has very good ideas, and I'm sure he would be devoted all his days. It isn't so easy to sum a person up, though, is it? I wish I knew whether I cared for him. I don't believe I've ever been in love with anybody yet. Of course I've had my fancies. I do respect Mr. Bloomingdale, and when I think how very anxious he was to have me care for him, I don't know but I could if I really tried. But ought one to have to try? That's the question. Oughtn't the love to go of itself, without being pushed or pulled? I wish I knew! Aunt Caroline, do you believe in 'learning to love' your husband after marriage? That's what happens in some of the stories; but it seems very ridiculous. I wish it was my *duty* to marry him—or not to; then I could decide. I believe I'm turning out quite a slave of duty. I must have 'caught it' from you, Aunt Caroline. Now I can imagine myself sacrificing anything to duty. If Mr. Bloomingdale were to step ashore from the next steamer, and drive to the hotel without stopping to take breath, and get himself shown up here, and say, 'I've just dropped in, Miss Aldgate, to offer you the opportunity of uniting your life with mine in a high and holy purpose—say working among the poor on the east side in New York, or going down to educate the black race in the South'—I believe I should seize the opportunity without a murmur. Perhaps he may. Do you think he will?"

Rhoda ended her monologue with a gay look at her aunt, who was silent at the end, as she had been throughout, turning the trouble before them over and over in her mind. As happens when we are preoccupied with one thing, all other things seem to tend toward it and bear upon it; half a dozen mere accidents of the girl's spoken reverie touched the sore place in Mrs. Meredith's soul and fretted it to an anguish that she asked herself how she could bear. It all accused and judged and condemned her, because she had kept putting by the duty she had to discharge, and making it contingent upon that decision of the girl's which she was still far from ascertaining. In her recoil from this duty she had believed that if it need not be done at this time, it somehow need never be done; or she had tried to believe this. If Rhoda rejected this young man, she might keep her safe forever from the fact which she felt must wreck the life of the light-hearted, high-spirited girl. That was the refuge which Mrs. Meredith had taken from the task which so strongly beset her; but when she had formulated the case to herself, the absurdity, the impossibility of her position appeared to her. If Rhoda cared nothing for Mr. Bloomingdale, the day would come when she would care everything for some one else; and that day could not be postponed, nor the duty of that day. It would be crueler to leave her unarmed against the truth until the moment when her heart was set upon a love, and then strike her down with it. Mrs. Meredith now saw this; she saw that the doubt in which she was resting was the very moment of action for her; and that the occasion was divinely appointed for dealing more mercifully with the child than any other that could have offered. She had often imagined herself telling Rhoda what she had to tell, and with the romantic coloring from the novels she had read, she had painted herself in the heroic discharge of her duty at the instant when the girl was radiant in the possession of an accepted love, and had helped her to renounce, to suffer, and to triumph. She had always been very strong in these dramatized encounters, and had borne herself with a stony power throughout, against which the bruised and bleeding girl had rested her broken spirit; but now she cowered before her. She longed to fall upon her knees at her feet, and first implore her forgiveness for what she was going to do, and not speak till she had been forgiven; but habit is strong, really stronger than emotion of any sort, and so Mrs. Meredith remained lying on her sofa, and merely put up her fan to shut out the sight of the child, as she said, "And if it were your duty to give up Mr. Bloomingdale, could you do it?"

"Oh, instantly, Aunt Caroline!" answered Rhoda, with a gay burlesque of fortitude. "I would not hesitate a single week. But why do you ask such an awful question?"

"Is it a very awful question?" Mrs. Meredith palpitated.

"Well, rather! One may wish to give a person up, but not as a *duty*."

Mrs. Meredith understood this well enough, but it was her perfect intelligence concerning the whole situation that seemed to disable her. She made out to say: "Then you have decided not to give him up yet?"

"I've decided—I've decided—let me think!—not to decide till I see him again! What do you mean by if it were my duty to give him up?"

"It would be your duty," Mrs. Meredith paltered, "to give him up unless you were sure you loved him."

"Oh, yes; certainly. *That*."

"You wouldn't wish him, after you've seen so much of his family, not to know everything about yours, if you decided to accept him?"

"Why, you're all there is, Aunt Caroline! You're the end of the story. I should hope he understood that. What else is there?"

"Nothing—nothing— There is very little. But we ought to tell Mr. Bloomingdale all we know—of your mother's family."

"Why, certainly. I expected to do that. There was nothing disgraceful about them, I imagine, except their behavior toward mamma."

"No—"

"You speak as if there *were*. What are you keeping back, Aunt Caroline?" Rhoda sat upright, and faced her aunt with a sort of sudden fierceness which she sometimes showed when she was roused to self-assertion. This was seldom, in the succession of her amiable moods, but when it happened, Mrs. Meredith saw in it the outbreak of the ancestral savagery, and shuddered at it as a self-betrayal rather than a self-assertion; but perhaps self-assertion is this with all of us. "What are you hinting at? If there was anything dishonorable—"

Mrs. Meredith found herself launched at last. She could not go back now; she could not stop. She had only the choice, in going on, of telling the truth, or setting sail to shipwreck under some new lie. For this both will and invention failed her; she was too weak mentally, if she was not too strong morally, for this. She went on in with a kind of mechanical force.

"If there were something dishonorable that was not their fault, that was their wrong, their sorrow, their burden—what should you think of your father's marrying your mother, with a full knowledge of it?"

"I should think he did nobly and bravely to marry her. But that's nothing. What was the disgrace? What had they done, that they had to suffer innocently? You needn't be afraid of telling me everything. I don't care what Mr. Bloomingdale or any one thinks; I shall be proud of them for it; I shall be glad!" Mrs. Meredith saw with terror that the girl's fancy had kindled with some romantic conjecture. "Who *was* my grandfather?"

"I know very little about him, Rhoda," said Mrs. Meredith, seeking to rest in this neutral truth. "Your father never told me much, except that he was a Creole, and—and rich; and—and—respected, as those things went there, among his people—"

"Was he some old slaver, like those in Mr. Cable's books? I shouldn't care for that! But that would have been his fault, and it wouldn't have been any great disgrace; and you said— And my grandmother—who was *she*?"

"She was—not his wife."

"Oh!" said the girl, with a quick breath, as if she had been struck over the heart. "*That* was how the dishonor—" She stopped, with an absent stare fixed upon her aunt, who waited in silence for her to realize this evil which was still so far short of the worst. Where she sat she could not see the blush of shame that gradually stained the girl's face to her throat and forehead. "*Who* was she?"

Mrs Meredith tried to think how the words would sound as she said them, and simultaneously she said them, "She was his slave."

The girl was silent and motionless. With her head defined against the open window, her face showed quite black toward her aunt, as if the fact of her mother's race had remanded her to its primordial hue in touching her consciousness. Mrs. Meredith had risen, and sat with one hand grasping the wrap that still covered her feet, as if ready to cast it loose and fly her victim's presence, if it became intolerable. But she found herself too weak to stand up, and she waited, throbbing and quaking, for Rhoda to speak. The girl gave a little, low, falter-

ing laugh, an inarticulate note of such pathetic fear and pitiful entreaty that it went through the woman's heart. "Aunt Caroline, are you crazy?"

"Crazy?" The word gave her an instant of strange respite. Was she really mad, and had she long dreamed this thing in the cloudy deliriums of a sick brain? The fact of her hopeless sanity repossessed her from this tricksy conjecture. "If I were *only* crazy!"

"And you mean to say—to tell me—that—that—I am—*black?*"

"Oh, no, poor child! You are as white as I am—as any one. No one would ever think—"

"But I have that blood in me? It is the same thing!" An awful silence followed again, and then the girl said: "And you let me grow up thinking I was white, like other girls, when you knew— You let me pass myself off on myself and every one else, for what I wasn't! Oh, Aunt Caroline, what are you telling me this ghastly thing for? It *isn't* true! You couldn't have let me live on all these years thinking I was a white person, when— You would have told me from the very beginning, as soon as I could begin to understand anything. You wouldn't have told me all those things about my mother's family, and their being great people, and disowning her, and all that! If this is true you wouldn't have let me believe that, you and Uncle Meredith?"

"We let you believe it, but you made it up yourself; we never told you anything."

"But you couldn't have thought that was being honest, and so you couldn't have done it—*you* couldn't. And so it isn't any of it true that you've just told me. But why did you tell me such a thing? I don't believe you *have* told me it. Why, I must be dreaming. It's as if—as if—you were to come to a perfectly well person, and tell them that they were going to die in half an hour. Don't you see? How can you tell me such a thing? Don't you understand that it tears my whole life up, and flings it out on the ground? But you *know* it isn't true. Oh, my, I think my head will burst! Why don't you speak to me, and tell me why you said such a thing? Is it because you don't want me to marry Mr. Bloomingdale? Well, I won't marry him. *Now* will you say it?"

"Rhoda!" her aunt began, "whether you married Mr. Bloomingdale or not, the time had come—"

"No! The time had gone. It had come as soon as I could speak or understand the first word. Then would have been the time for you to tell me such a thing if it were true, so that I might have grown up knowing it, and trying to bear it. But it isn't true, and you're just saying it for some other reason. What has happened to you, Aunt Caroline? I am going to send for Dr. Olney; you're not well. It's something in that medicine of his, I know it is. Let me look at you!" She ran suddenly toward Mrs. Meredith, who recoiled, crouching back into the corner of her sofa. The girl broke into a hysterical laugh. "Do you think I will hurt you? Oh, Aunt Caroline, take it back, take it back! See, I'll get on my knees to you!" She threw herself down before the sofa where Mrs. Meredith crouched. "Oh, you *couldn't* have been so wicked as to live such a lie as that!"

"It was a lie, the basest, the vilest," said Mrs. Meredith, with a sort of hopeless gasp. "But I never saw the time when I *must* tell you the truth—and so I couldn't."

"Oh, no, no! Don't take yourself from me!" The girl dropped her head on the woman's knees, and broke into a wild sobbing. "I don't know what you're doing this for. It can't be true—it can't be real. Shall I *never* wake from it, and have you back? You were all I had in the world, and now, if you were not what I thought you, so true and good, I haven't even you any more. Oh, oh, oh!"

"Oh, it was all wrong," said Mrs. Meredith, in a tearless misery, a dry pang of the heart for which her words were no relief. "There hasn't been a day or an hour when I haven't felt it; and I have always prayed for light to see my duty, and strength to do it. God knows that if I could bear this for you, how gladly I would do it. I have borne it all these years, and the guilt of the concealment besides; that is something, though it is nothing to what you are suffering. I know that—I know that!"

The girl sobbed on and on, and the woman repeated the same things over and over, a babble of words in which there was no comfort, no help, but which sufficed to tide them both over from the past which had dropped into chaos ruin be-

hind them to a new present in which they must try to gain a footing once more.

The girl suddenly ceased to bemoan herself, and lifted her head, to look into her aunt's face. "And my mother," she said, ignoring the piteous sympathy she saw, "was she my *father's* slave, too?"

"She was your father's wife. Slavery was past then, and he was too good a man for anything else, though he knew his marriage would ruin him, as it did."

"At least there is *some* one I can honor, then; I can honor *him*," said the girl, with an unpitying hardness in her tone. She rose to her feet, and turned away toward the door of her own room.

"Is there—is there anything else that I can tell—that you wish to know?" her aunt entreated. "Oh, child! If you could only understand —"

"I do understand," said the girl.

Mrs. Meredith, in her millionfold prefigurations of this moment had often suffered from the necessity of insinuating to the ignorance of girlhood all the sad details of the social tragedy of which she was the victim. But she perceived that this at least was to be spared her, that the girl had somehow instantly realized the whole affair in these aspects. In middle life we often forget, amidst the accumulations of experience, how early the main bases of it were laid in our consciousness. We suppose, when we are experienced, that knowledge comes solely from experience; but knowledge, or if not knowledge, then truth, comes largely from perception, from instinct, from divination, from the intelligence of our mere potentialities. A man can be anything along the vast range from angel to devil; without living either the good thing or the bad thing in which his fancy dramatizes him, he can perceive it. His intelligence may want accuracy, though after-experience often startlingly verifies it; but it does not want truth. The materials of knowledge accumulate from innumerable unremembered sources. All at once, some vital interest precipitates the latent electricity of the cloudy mass in a flash that illumines the world with a shadowless brilliancy and shows everything in its very form and meaning. Then the witness perceives that somehow from the beginning of conscious being he had understood all this before, and every influence and circumstance had tended to the significance revealed.

The proud, pure girl who had been told that her mother was slave-born and sin-born had lived as carefully sheltered from the guilt and shame that are in the world as tender love and pitying fear could keep her; but so much of the sad fact of evil had somehow reached her that she stood in a sudden glare of the reality. She understood, and she felt all scathed within by the intelligence, by whatever the cruelest foe could have told her with the most unsparing fulness, whatever the fondest friend could have wished her not to know. The swiftness of these mental processes no words can suggest; we can portray life, not living.

"I am going to my room, now," she said to her aunt, "and whatever happens, don't follow me, don't call me. If you are dying, don't speak to me. I have a right to be alone."

She crossed to the door of her chamber opening from the little parlor, and closed it behind her, and her aunt fell back again on her sofa. She was too weak to follow her if she had wished, and she was too wise to wish it. She lay there revolving the whole misery in her mind, turning it over and over ten thousand times. She said to herself that it was worse, far worse, than she had ever pictured it; but in fact it was better, for her. She pretended otherwise, but for her there was the relief in the situation of a lie owned, a truth spoken, and with-whatever heart-wrung drops she told the throes of the anguish beyond that door, for herself she was glad. It was monstrous to be glad, she knew that; but she knew that she was glad.

After a while she began to be afraid of the absolute silence that continued in Rhoda's room, and then she did what men would say a man would not have done; she crept to the door and peeped and listened. She could not hear anything, but she saw Rhoda sitting by the table writing. She went back to her sofa, and lay there more patiently now; but as the time passed she began to be hungry; with shame that did not suffer her to ring and ask for anything to eat, she began to feel the weak and self-pitiful craving of an invalid for food.

The time passed till the travelling-clock on the mantel showed her that it was half past seven. Then Rhoda's door was flung open, and the girl stood before her with her hat on, and dressed to go out. She

had a letter in her hand, and she said, with a mechanical hardness, "I have written to him, and I am going out with the letter. When I come back—"

"You can send your letter out," pleaded her aunt; she knew what the girl had written too well to ask. "It's almost dark; it's too late for you to be out on the streets alone."

"Oh, what could happen to *me?*" demanded Rhoda, scornfully. "Or if some one insulted a colored girl, what of it? When I come back I will pack for you, and in the morning we will start for New Orleans, and try to find out my mother's family."

Her aunt said nothing to this, but she set herself earnestly to plead with the girl not to go out. "It will be dark, Rhoda, and you don't know the streets. Indeed you mustn't go out. You haven't had any dinner— For my sake—"

"For *your* sake!" said Rhoda. She went on, as if that were answer enough, "I have written to him that all is over between us—it was, even before *this:* I could never have married him—and that when he arrives we shall be gone, and he must never try to see me again. I've told you all that you could ask, Aunt Caroline, and now there is one thing I want you to answer me. Is there any one else who knows this?"

"No, indeed, child!" answered Mrs. Meredith instantly, and she thought for the instant that she was telling the truth. "Not another living soul. No one ever knew but your uncle—"

"Be careful, Aunt Caroline," said the girl, coming up to her sofa, and looking gloomily down upon her. "You had better always tell me the truth, now. Have you told *no* one else?"

"No one."

"Not Dr. Olney?"

It was too late, now that Mrs. Meredith perceived her error. She could not draw back from it, and say that she had forgotten; Rhoda would never believe that. She could only say, "No, not Dr. Olney."

"Tell me the truth, if you expect ever to see me again, in this world or the next. Is it the truth? Swear it!"

"It is the truth," said the poor woman, feeling this new and astonishing lie triply riveted upon her soul; and she sank down upon the pillow from which she had partly lifted herself, and lay there as if crushed under the burden suddenly rolled back upon her.

"Then I forgive you," said the girl, stooping down to kiss her.

The woman pushed her feebly away. "Oh, I don't want your forgiveness, now," she whimpered, and she began to cry.

Rhoda made no answer, but turned and went out of the room.

Mrs. Meredith lay exhausted. She was no longer hungry, but she was weak for want of food. After a while she slid from the sofa, and then on her hands and knees she crept to the table where the bottle that held Dr. Olney's sleeping medicine stood. She drank it all off. She felt the need of escaping from herself; she did not believe it would kill her; but she must escape at any risk. So men die who mean to take their lives; but it is not certain that death even is an escape from ourselves.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN THE HIGH TOWER.

BY JULIA C. R. DORR.

SAFE in the high tower of thy love I wait,
Secure and still whatever winds may blow,
Although no more thy banners, bending low,
Salute me from afar, when, all elate,
I haste to meet thee at the postern-gate.
No more I hear thy trumpet's eager flow
Through the far, listening silence come and go
To greet me where I bide in lonely state.
Thy King hath sent thee on some high emprise,
Some lofty embassage, some noble quest,
To a strange land whence cometh sound nor sign.
Yet evermore I lift my tranquil eyes,
Knowing that Love but doeth Love's behest—
Afar or near, my dear lord still is mine!

NIHILISTS IN PARIS.

BY J. H. ROSNY.

I.

THE exciting trial caused by the seizure of bombs at Paris in the spring of 1890, followed a few months later by the assassination of General Séliverstoff by Padlewsky, and the romantic escape of the latter under the conduct of the Parisian journalist Georges Labruyère, have attracted general attention to the Russian nihilist refugees living in the French capital. It seemed as if, while the terrorists were making but little stir in their own country, the centre of Russian revolutionary action had been transferred to Paris, and rumors were spread abroad about a mysterious and terrible international organization acting from outside against the autocracy of the Tsars. At any rate, the nihilist exiles of Paris have become the object of lively curiosity, and it may therefore be of interest to give the results of a study of the subject made in good faith and without fantastic or picturesque exaggeration. The following pages will doubtless not contain the whole truth, but at least the truth in its main outlines, or rather so much of the truth as one man can ascertain and a short article can comprise.

II.

The Russian nihilists, or, to speak more exactly, the Russian socialists, in Paris number several hundreds, if we take into account all those who profess the opinions of the different revolutionary sects. There are few Slav students who, when once they are at Paris, do not declare themselves enemies of the autocratic government of their country, and make an often ostentatious display of very advanced opinions. As for the travellers of ripe age, they generally affect liberalism or scepticism, and it is amusing to find one's self in company with some honest Russian citizen who delights in reciting Béranger and the tirades of the veterans of 1848, that have long ago been forgotten by his Parisian interlocutors. For these men liberalism represents a sort of Western costume, which they put on with extraordinary enthusiasm when they are abroad, and abandon completely as soon as they pass the Russian frontier. When they are at home again, they become once more energetic defenders of the old customs. But amongst the students the enthusiasm is naturally more durable; many of them become faithful adepts of nihilism, and courageous recruits for future struggles.

We must not, however, confound all those who profess nihilist opinions in Paris with the Russian refugees who have known persecution, imprisonment, and Siberia, and who have traversed more or less all the stages of the revolutionary Calvary. These are the men whose very interesting physiognomy I propose to sketch in the following pages; and, believe me, there are men of merit among them. In general, too, be it said, they are good, honest men, moved by an estimable spirit of solidarity, studious, modest in their tastes, men whose beliefs rarely reach the point of fanaticism, although they have shown that they know how to die like heroes, and to offer their lives in a holocaust to their party.

Certainly they are not all superior men; all of them do not have a clear conception of sociology; all are not born with the notion of the time that is needed for great revolutions, although even the most ardent ones have been obliged to yield to some extent before the terrible lessons of reality. But what is certain is that they are better than their governmental adversaries. They are men like us western Europeans; they are not malicious and stupid brutes in the service of a tyranny, the very idea of which is necessarily insufferable to the free soul of an Anglo-Saxon or of a Frenchman.

At Paris there are at the outside sixty nihilist refugees proper, scattered all over the city, from Montrouge to Les Ternes, and from La Glacière to Batignolles; but the habitat which they prefer, the centre which has not varied during the past few years, is to the southwest of Paris, in the silent quarters near the fortifications, toward the Boulevard Arago, the Faubourg St. Jacques, the region of asylums, hospitals, old schools, theological institutes, and observatories—queer and pensive quarters, where there remain indescribable souvenirs of vanished ages.

There are in these parts astonishingly calm and yet popular spots—gardens as

large as parks, spacious and healthy promenades that in summer are conducive to conversation and discussion. One can understand dreamers and idealists preferring these semi-provincial corners, which perhaps remind them of their father-land, for there is an affinity between the old quarters of great cities and the towns of nations that are still imperfectly civilized. From here one can rapidly reach the lively quarters of the schools and of the Châtelet on the one hand, or the fortifications on the other. From the latter may be enjoyed a distant and curious view of the suburbs of Paris, over horizons of fields cultivated with extreme care, and with here and there a few trees and a private residence.

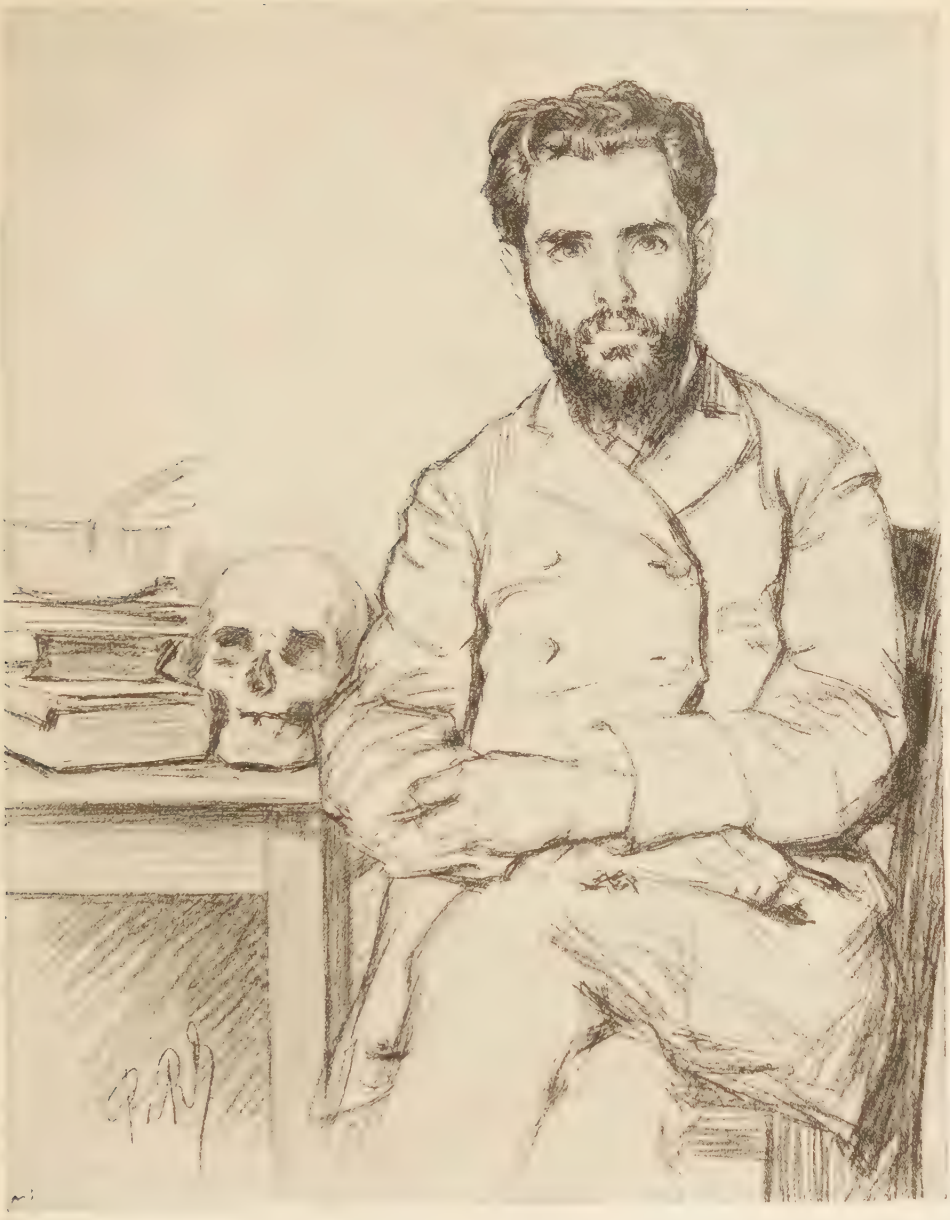
In the summer twilight I know of few walks as charming as that from the Observatory by way of the Boulevard St. Jacques to the park of Montsouris, quite at the extremity of Paris. This little park, with its beautiful lake fringed with tall poplar-trees and inhabited by swarms of aquatic birds, its sloping lawns and paths planted with various kinds of trees, is an enchantment for dreamers and for those who talk about ideas. The whole is so fresh, so pure, so picturesque, so exquisitely kept, that one can hardly imagine a rich man's domain as pleasing and attractive as this garden of the poor.

The majority of the nihilists live in these quarters of Montrouge, La Glacière, etc. In general they are poor, although several belong to aristocratic and rich families. But besides the fact that they are often on cool terms with their relatives on account of their opinions, it is not easy for them to receive help. If the Russian police can discover a father, a mother, a brother, or a sister who has sent money to an exile, his or her property is immediately confiscated. As the surveillance is active, the messengers who serve as intermediaries for carrying money are rare and timid. The consequence is that even the nihilist refugees of high family are in a precarious situation, and obliged to depend entirely upon their labor, or upon the fellow-feeling of their companions in exile. Those in the easiest circumstances are such as have been able to obtain some permanent employment as translators, book-keepers, etc.; the others live by giving lessons, or by minor journalistic or literary occupations. Some remarkable works have been produced by them, as, for instance, *La Russie Politique et Sociale*, a fine book, by Tikhomiroff; Stepniak's striking volume, *La Russie Souterraine;* translations of Tolstoï, Dostoïevski, Chtchédrine, etc. In short, the Parisian nihilist refugees form a little intellectual hive of workers as laborious as they are poor.

III.

But instead of confining ourselves to generalities we will briefly describe four or five of their dwellings. In one of the streets running out of the Rue de la Santé, on the fifth floor, is a small room with a red-tiled floor. In it is a dwarf stove with a very large pipe, an iron bedstead too short for its occupant, two wretched and worn-out chairs, a table covered with books, cigarette papers, manuscripts, a skull, and an old water bottle—the whole lamentably poor, the very antithesis of comfort, a dismal little human nest for a melancholy inmate. This inmate is a slender man of tall stature, so tall that one fears at every moment lest his head should strike the ceiling. His face is ascetic, with a large forehead, two noctambulant eyes sheltered behind spectacle glasses. We recognize at once a man for whom the outside world scarcely exists; the dreamer who sees not forms, but problems; the inveterate bookworm who daily escapes only by miracles from the snares that carts and omnibuses lay for his absent-mindedness. This man lives on the proceeds of a few translations, and of an article here and there, supplemented by now and then some friendly help. He lives, but without being able to foresee what the morrow has in store. But what does that matter? He does not live a positive life, he does not know what he eats, and he sleeps without irritation in his bed, although it is so short that he cannot stretch himself full length without his legs protruding between the bars. His life is an exposition of principles or a perpetual discussion, and all the time we spend with him he is theorizing, comparing dates and events, describing a skeleton Russia wherein there seems to be neither men, women, nor children, but only an abstract population of problems.

When we talk with this man, as he sits in his bare cage, dressed in a brown Russian shirt, we do not feel that he is either unhappy or happy. For him life is resumed in one desire—books, books, books. And so he takes no notice of the marvel-



GUREVITCH.

lous landscape that I see from his window—the Val de Grâce, the Panthéon, a world of roofs whitened by the snow, great gardens, frozen and solemn, amidst old tumble-down houses—a fairy scene of forms, colors, and incessantly varied firmaments that would delight a poet or an artist.

Next we will visit a little lodging in a new house near the Parc de Montsouris. The host is an energetic type of the grand Russian. His blue eyes are lively, his features nervous, his forehead surrounded by blond hair. This man is a noble, and comes of a rich family, many of whose members have held eminent offices.

By his conversion to the revolutionists he lost his position as a naval officer, together with considerable inheritances, and is now poor and an exile. For a short while he had a brilliant position in Bulgaria, as chief of the flotilla; but at the moment of the conspiracies he could not make up his mind either to abandon the government or to take severe measures against the plotters, and so sent in his resignation, and returned to suffer on French soil. Thus he is here in a corner of Paris, with a wife and two children. Neither journalism, nor his knowledge as an electrician, nor his Russian lessons, suffice for his subsistence. I remember with emotion one icy morning in January, when I called at his lodging, and had a long conversation with him. With his small aristocratic hands he took the coals and threw them on to the fire, or cut up with a knife a little deal box, the fragments of which quickened the flames. Meanwhile he told me about companions that had died or been hung, sinister and mysterious stories of the unparalleled tyranny of the police over all those who think and reason in the great father-land of the Slavs. His child was playing with us, his wife served us hospitably with sweetly perfumed tea, and I felt infinitely sad in thinking that he might have been rich, favored, and fêted, and that he had sacrificed all this rather than bow beneath the yoke of the autocrat.

Of another lodging in a new house in the Avenue du Maine, I have retained a shivering souvenir. This was formerly the dwelling of one of the chiefs of the celebrated Central Committee which caused so much talk in Russia in 1879 and 1882, Tikhomiroff, who has since been converted to less revolutionary doctrines, and so been enabled to return to Russia. It was he who wrote the famous manifesto to Alexander III. after the assassination of Alexander II. Tikhomiroff's eye is prominent and restless. In the street he is constantly turning round. He is perpetually in a half-trembling state. For that matter, the man is sympathetic, excessively intelligent, and impartial by temperament. He is married, father of a family, and much preoccupied with the future of his children. As for his fear of being followed and watched, it is justified; no man ever had more spies after him. Before his pardon, he could never take a single step without being followed. His lodging was the object of a perpetual surveillance. He had horrible souvenirs, of which the following is a specimen:

After the assassination of Alexander II., at the time of the terrible trial, those who were condemned to death were Tikhomiroff's friends and his colleagues of the terrorist committee. He himself was under a perpetual menace at St. Petersburg. If he were captured, his fate was certain and inevitable: he would be hanged. He did not dare to fly from Russia, or even to leave his house. He told me that if it had not been for his family and for his duty as a father, he would perhaps have given himself up, so dreadful was the feeling of insecurity. He could not sleep; he had not a minute's respite; always the grim expectation of the police officer, of imprisonment, judgment, the scaffold, and of his family left without support.

Well, to these terrors yet another was added, and to these horrors a fresh horror—the carts with those condemned to death had to pass along the street under Tikhomiroff's window. His servant knew by sight several of the victims, because she had seen them at her master's house. Then took place this thrilling scene: Tikhomiroff, his wife, and the servant stood at the window, waiting, like the other inhabitants of the house, for the passage of the sinister cortége. This was inevitable; for if the terrorist had not appeared at the window, he would certainly have been suspected by his neighbors and denounced. We can imagine the unhappy man's state of mind, the agony of his whole being. And, in the midst of all that, one incessant question, returning like the fixed idea of a madman: "Will the servant recognize the victims? .... will she recognize them?"

If she recognizes them, if she makes a gesture, if she utters a cry, if she sighs even, it means death. Tikhomiroff waits. He is on the point of fainting. At last the carts pass, with the culprits in their costumes of execution. Tikhomiroff watches the face of his servant. A vague rumor—the whisperings of a great crowd—the cortége reaches the window... Is it life? Is it death? It is life! The servant did not recognize any of the victims. But who can measure the immensity of such moments of anguish, and who will feel astonished that the man who passed through this trial has lived ever since in perpetual alarm and distrust?

Now we go to the Boulevard Arago, to

LANDSCAPE FROM NIHILIST'S WINDOW.

a little chamber on the sixth floor. On the table pell-mell are strewn books, tobacco, bread, a piece of cheese, kitchen utensils, pens, and paper. On all sides are traces of carelessness, from the bed hardly made to the chimney-shelf laden with all sorts of odd objects. Outside we see a fantastic landscape—dye-works, tanyards, and chimneys

of all sizes that send forth their rolls of smoke away to the horizon line. This quarter of Paris, on the banks of the Bièvre, is horribly unhealthy and picturesquely sinister. It is infected with smoke and vapors of all kinds, sulphurous, bluish, or black, some rolling like rivers, others timid and uncertain, some slender and bold, while others big and wavering float melancholily. You feel in all this a consumptive but persistent life—the life of a great industrious town, that life of labor which makes men pale and puny.

Here lives a very young nihilist, who has experienced all the sadness that Siberia can offer. One feels that he is insensible to present miseries not because he would scorn comfort, but because he is so young. His teeth are dazzlingly white, his eyes gay and full of hope. Simply and good-naturedly he tells us stories about very distant Siberian towns, where the exiles, it appears, are less to be pitied in winter than in summer, for winter is the season of rapid journeys and easy communications, whereas summer means floods, isolation, and almost impossibility of correspondence. This man has done nothing, or, at any rate, what we Westerners should call nothing. He had in his possession a few books about political and social economy, and was in the habit of meeting some suspected persons; yet these facts were sufficient to tear him away from his studies, his family, and all the modest joys of a young man of twenty, and to send him, on a simple administrative order, without trial or judgment, to two years of misery and slavery in Siberia. Now, banished forever from his father-land, he manages to live by means of translations, without fear of absolute misery, for the nihilists in Paris help one another, and none ever reach the point of actual starvation.

Another lodging that I have visited is small and comfortable. A woman with mystic and meditative eyes lives there. Her speech is slow, deliberate, and somewhat dreamy. She gives one an expression of continual conviction, of resolution that will not fail, of that peculiar characteristic of nihilist women, of whom a revolutionist once said: "Certainly we men were resolved to sacrifice ourselves. But we always retained some hope of safety, some latent thought of getting round obstacles: whereas our women never hesitated a second; their devotion was complete and absolute; they gave up all their intelligence, their whole heart and their whole life."

Of this same temper is a poor female medical student who lives in the neighborhood of the Rue de Lourcine, with an old trunk as the principal piece of furniture in her room. Such too appears to be the character of the wife of one of the theorists of the party, whose revolutionary ardor never slackens, although she has children to attend to, and does attend to them faithfully and nobly, like the good, tender, and charming mother that she is.

Imagine, also, the miserable chambers where the nihilists live two or three together. Imagine, too, the modest dwelling of a veteran nihilist, a gigantic old man with a broad forehead and a large grand Russian face, who lives like an anchorite with more books than furniture. Imagine a studio where a nihilist artist is at work, a charming personification of art in this *milieu* where abstract ideas dominate. Imagine, finally, the melancholy retreat of the mother and sister of one of those who died in Siberia at the time of the terrible affair of Yakoutsk,—and you will have a general idea of the Russian refugees at Paris.

IV.

These people visit each other and meet together for discussion in certain rooms and cafés. They bear their misery with stoicism. Plebeians and nobles, Jews and Christians, receive one another without false shame of any kind. If there are not chairs enough, the visitors make shift to sit on the bed or on a trunk. Almost all of them are hospitable and sincerely cordial. They celebrate amongst themselves certain fêtes, such as January 12th, the Russian New-Year's Day. Formerly they used to have a banquet on March 13th, the anniversary of the assassination of the Tsar, but this custom is falling into desuetude, not, however, because this assassination is not generally approved by them; on the contrary, it is still considered as a heroic and just action, if not as the best tactics. One of the calmest of the nihilists said to me on this subject: "Perhaps it was a strategical mistake, and yet, notwithstanding, it is since that act, and only since then, that European opinion has given serious attention to our doctrines. It is since that act that we have been dis-

A NIHILIST FAMILY AT HOME.

cussed and studied, and have ceased to be looked upon as vague fanatics of a barbarous nation. Yes, the period of the Executive Committee of 1880 to 1884 was the heroic age of nihilism; it caused thinking Russia to make a great step in advance in the estimation of the Western races. We cannot forget that."

The direct action of the nihilists at Paris is limited to discussions, to a few publications, and to friendly meetings. It must be distinctly stated that *they do*

not have a revolutionary organization of any kind.

Besides the fact that they do not wish to cause annoyance to the French government, the majority of them are decidedly of opinion that nothing can be directed from Paris advantageously, either for their father-land or for their ideas. Propaganda is advisable by all possible means of publicity, but not conspiracy. The legends of a terrible organization, with its headquarters at Geneva, are purely police inventions. There never existed anything beyond small federations for mutual aid, clubs for social study, and committees charged with defending the cause of the refugees; but as for an executive power, there never was any such thing. *Le Messager de la Volonté du Peuple*, edited by Messrs. Lavroff and Tikhomiroff, and *Free Russia*, the organ of the Russian refugees in London, have never been anything but the mouthpieces of opinions. The first-mentioned paper had an undeniable influence even in Russia, and the second guided European and American opinion to inquire into the sad condition of Russia of to-day, and into the ideas of those Russians who desire to deliver their country from a degrading yoke; but neither journal at any time represented an active power. The affair of the bombs and the assassination of General Seliverstoff are acts disapproved in themselves by the Parisian refugees.

This does not mean to say that the assassination of General Seliverstoff does not appear to them just, or that they disown Padlewsky. On the contrary, most of them are glad of the death of the man, whom they looked upon as a monster; but they would not have recommended this execution, and in the same way they would be opposed to the making of explosives. Therefore the Russian refugees must not be held responsible for these deeds, which, on the contrary, are to be considered as isolated and purely individual actions. Furthermore, we may say that *the acts of the Russian refugees in France are not inspired by any occult power.*

V.

The Russian refugees complain of French hospitality — that is to say, of course, of the official hospitality; for as regards their treatment by private individuals, they would not be justified in finding fault. In Paris they meet with as much sympathy as they could hope for in any great town of the universe. Their grievances against the government, on the other hand, seem to be not without foundation.

The fact is that the desire of a Franco-Russian alliance somewhat bewilders the French official world. The magistracy, the administration, the police, and the press vie with one another in flattering the Slav autocracy. Such condescension toward another great power was never before seen in France. That generous country seems to have lost for the moment the notion of its intrinsic worth; for whereas the alliance of France is at least as precious for Russia as that of Russia is for France, one might think that France was soliciting an immense and inestimable favor. The attitude of France at the time of the tragedy of Yakoutsk was most lamentable; for while the English and American press made an eloquent campaign against this abominable massacre, only a very few French newspapers spoke about it explicitly.

The Russian *rastaquouères*, pseudo-nobles, pseudo-diplomatists, and officers open to suspicion meet with a childishly enthusiastic reception at the hands of Jacques Bonhomme, and find associates amongst many honest people, mingled with adventurers. Thus they succeed in founding Franco-Russian theatres, Franco-Russian newspapers, all of them equivocal enterprises of which the simpletons become the inevitable victims. The public of republican Paris applauds pieces in honor of the Tsar, manifests enthusiasm on behalf of Holy Russia, and gives way to a sort of pious imbecility as regards everything that is closely or remotely connected with the alliance. Thus the French nation, in its own estimation the wittiest in the world, has condescended to delight in idiotic tirades or babyish anecdotes like the following. During the Exhibition of 1889, when it became almost impossible to get a cab, a gentleman stopped the Jehu of one of these vehicles, saying,

"Coachman, will you drive me to the Exhibition?"

"No; my horse is tired."

"Coachman, I will give you ten francs."

"No."

"Twenty francs."

"No."

"A hundred francs."

"No."

"Coachman, I am a Russian."

"Ah! in this case all right. Jump in, sir. *Hue! Cocotte, et vive le Tsar!*"

The Russian revolutionary refugees alone get no benefit out of this general infatuation. As I have said, they are well received privately. On the other hand, not only does the government allow numerous Russian secret policemen to act in Paris with full liberty, but, it is said, French *mouchards* are frequently detailed off to act with them. Letters are intercepted and opened; janitors are bribed by allowances of a hundred francs a month and even more. The *mouchards* oblige the nihilists to move by going and frightening the neighbors with stories of bombs and conspiracies. But what perhaps most irritates the refugees, and renders the life of the more nervous ones unendurable, is continual surveillance; it is to find themselves followed in the street, on foot if they go on foot, in a cab if they take a cab; it is to see the *mouchards* sitting in the wine shop opposite their dwelling or walking to and fro under their windows for hours together. In general the blundering awkwardness of these spies is manifest, and the money so liberally supplied by the Russian government for espionage abroad seems to be very foolishly wasted.

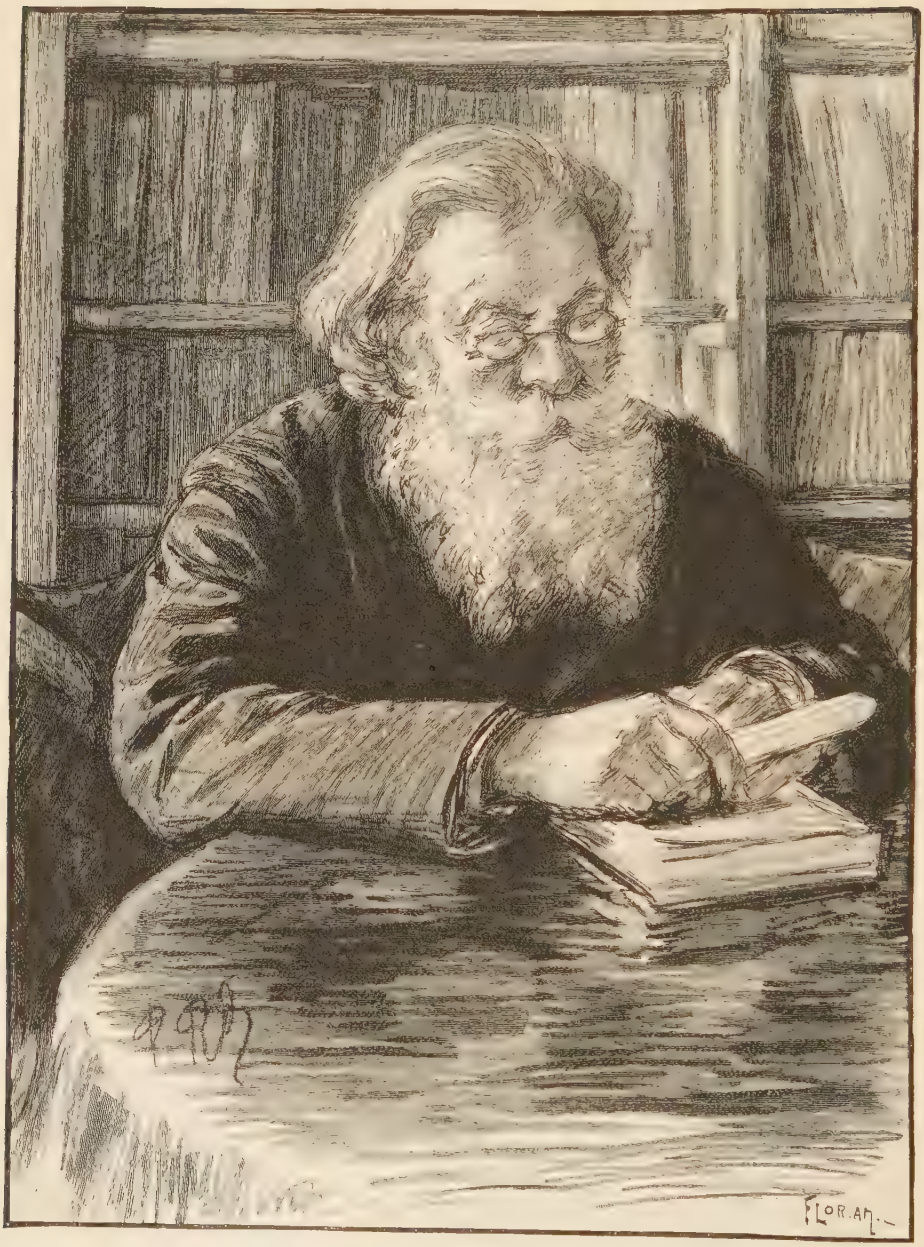
However, this fact does not diminish the sufferings of the victims of this eternal surveillance. In the end nothing becomes more heart-rending. Some of the nihilists get literally maddened by it—Tikhomiroff, for instance. I have already spoken of his anxious and almost wild glances in all directions, whether he was in the street or in a house. The idea of being surrounded by spies had become a monomania with him. And, indeed, having been condemned to death, he was the object of incessant surveillance. Opposite the house where he lived in 1888 there was a wine shop, in which the *mouchards* sat all day long. As soon as Tikhomiroff appeared in the street he was followed. If he jumped into an omnibus, the *mouchards* accompanied him. If there was no room in the omnibus, they followed him in a cab. Wherever he went his presence became an annoyance for those who received him, because the spies immediately began to question the janitors. Of course, when the persons he visited were refugees like himself, or Frenchmen, this was of no importance; but if, on the other hand, they were Russians not compromised in the nihilist movement, the mere visit of Tikhomiroff might prove for them an interminable source of embarrassment or danger. It may be remarked that when Tikhomiroff went to complain of this persecution to an official personage, a pretence was made of regarding him as a lunatic.

Certain parts of Paris, like the Rue Flatters, where many nihilists lived, used to be frequented by swarms of police spies. The revolutionists knew all of them, so undisguised was their espionage. The most intelligent of the band, a fat man with piercing black eyes, could find no better trick than to wear sometimes blue spectacles.

The *mouchards* do not confine themselves to watching the nihilists, terrifying the tenants, and bribing the janitors. They also become instigating agents, like the famous Landesen in the affair of the bombs. Finally, they make use of the press and of other means of publicity in order to completely misrepresent the acts and thoughts of the nihilists. They issue spurious proclamations, denounce imaginary treachery, and even try to deprive the nihilists of their means of livelihood. Here is an instance: Madame M—— used to translate Russian and Polish manuscripts for M. Ch——. One day that she called to deliver her work she was roughly received, and asked, without further explanation, not to return. She afterward discovered that two *mouchards* had gone to see M. Ch——, and had insinuated that Madame M—— was a dangerous person, an incendiary, and a murderer, and that she might cause considerable annoyance to any one who gave her employment. Madame M—— thus lost her work, and found herself face to face with misery.

Stepanoff, who is now in prison in consequence of the affair of the bombs, related a similar adventure that befell him. He lost a pupil because he was denounced as a terrorist to his pupil's father. Another complains of having lost his place at the Crédit Lyonnais on account of the tales of spies. Scores of analogous instances might be cited, all monotonous in form, but sad enough in reality.

As for campaigns of false news, they are innumerable; the more so as the Rus-



LAVROFF.

sian police take advantage admirably of the political situation, which leads the French press to adopt a very conciliatory attitude toward the government of the Tsar. Thanks to the complacence of the Parisian papers, the nihilists can with difficulty contradict the calumnies that are uttered against them. Thus, when the Russian police made so bold as to pillage and destroy the printing-office of the *Messager de la Volonté du Peuple* at Geneva, not only were the nihilists unable to obtain justice, but it was almost impossible for them to refute the allegation of the

French papers—an allegation made from police notifications—that the revolutionists had broken their own presses. On the other hand, imaginary plots were denounced in the papers, and a legend was concocted about a formidable organization compromising the peace of Europe, and about a terrible Central Committee at Geneva, in correspondence with Paris and St. Petersburg, conspiring directly against the life of the Tsar and the high Russian functionaries, and directing the manufacture of explosives and bombs in great quantities—a committee whose orders were blindly obeyed in Russia, France, Switzerland, etc.

In order to resist this campaign a society was founded at Geneva, under the presidency of Mr. Wokhavsky, with Mr. Lavroff as its Paris representative. A circular sent round to all the Paris papers, over the signature of Lavroff, contradicted the apocryphal news disseminated by the police against the refugees; but the Parisian revolutionary journals alone paid any attention to this note, and the journal *Le Matin* was the only one that sent a reporter to interview Mr. Lavroff.

Side by side with this official press campaign, the *mouchards* have devised a semi-official one which is perhaps more characteristic, namely, a campaign of lithographed bulletins sent to all the members of the Russian colony in Paris. At one time it is some apocryphal proclamation; at another, a report of revolutionary lectures. For example, when the fifth volume of the *Messager de la Volonté du Peuple* appeared, they published a spurious proclamation, in the name of a supposititious group of revolutionaries, protesting against the moderate doctrines of this fifth volume, and accusing Tikhomiroff and Lavroff of betraying the terrorist ideas.

Then again there is the campaign of anonymous letters, of forged letters and personal denunciations. The letters contain either insults which are supposed to be addressed by one refugee to another, or fanciful narratives, or pretended rendezvouses, and in most cases calumnies, the object of which is to cause the refugees to distrust one another. The *mouchards* sometimes act directly. They speak to the nihilists, and declare that they are sick of the business, or else that they want to take vengeance on somebody; then they mention facts connected with the Russian and French police, and in the end denounce the supposed traitors, with the addition of specious details, forged documents, and minute particularities, which make their listeners doubt and fear and suspect their best friends of hypocrisy and disloyalty.

Such are the means of action of the Russian spies, who are encouraged by the indifference or by the complicity of the French police. They help to make the life of the nihilists at Paris very painful. All of their victims, however, do not take matters tragically. Thus Mr. F——, finding himself followed by a *mouchard*, began to bawl out, "Help! help!" in the middle of the street. A crowd gathered round him, and then he said: "Help! Save me! That Russian spy is following me all the time." The spy turned pale and disappeared; it was one of the chiefs, the fat man with the black eyes. One day when this man was spying in the Rue Flatters, two refugees went down into the street and walked up to him. Visibly alarmed, the spy remained motionless, and meanwhile the refugees stood still and made a rapid sketch of him. "Now we have your portrait," they said to him at last, "you may move on; you are no longer any good for spying."

The nihilists have often thought of founding a committee of defence against the manœuvres of the police, but have hesitated for fear of expulsion, because any attempt of this kind would certainly have been construed into a charge of conspiracy.

It can easily be conceived how terrible the vexations of the police become when there happens anything like the affair of the bombs and the Padlewsky assassination. The French authorities interfere in such cases; and not only the revolutionist, but every poor Russian, becomes the object of suspicion, and sees his house invaded by the police, his drawers turned topsy-turvy, his papers scrutinized, himself subjected to stupid interrogatories, and often to arrest. In many cases the proceedings become almost comic. Kitchen utensils are seized as if they were dangerous implements; toilet articles become the object of minute examination, made with visible apprehension lest something should explode; samovars are looked upon as depots of picrate of potash; even packets of salt and pepper excite terror. At X.'s house some little barrels of an-

chovies were seized; at Z.'s rooms some formidable bottles full of gherkins were confiscated; harmless caviare is suspected of possessing explosive properties. One morning L——, one of the most eminent of the Parisian nihilists, kept a band of searchers waiting rather a long while at his door, for he is deaf with one ear, and he was fast asleep, with his other ear on the pillow. The police agents were already imagining a terrible scene — the burning of compromising papers, the nihilist in despair, and ready to sell his life dearly. The door opens; the chief, a *commissaire de police*, advances, displays his scarf of office, and pronounces the sacramental words, "In the name of the law!" Before him he finds a tall old man, his eyes still heavy with sleep. The agents rummage and search and question. Here are some boxes, nailed up, with strange, exotic, and unintelligible inscriptions. What is in them? What lethal substance, what destructive infernal machines, do they contain? The commissaire has no doubt that he has made an important discovery, and listens with disdain to the old man's romantic explanation. The boxes are seized. Expert chemists are set to work; the utmost efforts of science are applied, and the result is the discovery that the cases contain bottles of water of the Ganges, innocent but sacred bottles that have come all the way from India, and are intended for a Buddhist priest in Siberia.

VI.

The nihilist refugees in Paris form several generations. Between the oldest—there are some who date from 1872—and the most recent the difference of age is considerable. Their opinions differ also, but the difference is determined not by age, but by many circumstances. The old nihilists pretend that the moral atmosphere of Paris is very unfavorable to the young ones, and especially to those who study here. "Our young students," they say, "arrive full of enthusiasm, and of faith in ideas of regeneration, of the future, and of human fraternity. They mingle with the French students, who are a prey to scepticism, who scoff at all their aspirations, who profess to be sick of dreams, and indifferent to politics and socialism. Little by little these surroundings act upon them, cool them down, incline them to pleasure and indolence, and they are so many soldiers lost to our cause. Paris is the Capua of the nihilists of the last generation."

I will not discuss this assertion. Among the nihilist refugees I find in general firmness of opinion, whether they be old or young. Their doctrines are more or less socialist, more or less liberal, but the mass are agreed, it seems to me, as to the main outlines of the movement. In the first place, the Russian socialists must not be confounded with the French socialists, nor, above all, with the anarchists. All the nihilists that we know maintain that violence is not a doctrine with them, but a necessity. When they approve individual executions of many functionaries, it is often as an immediate advantage. The non-terrorists are agreed with the terrorists on this point when the high functionary is one of those tyrants who are only too numerous in the administration. The reason that they give is that "in many cases by killing a monster you save from exile or imprisonment multitudes of victims who otherwise would have been inevitably condemned." In this sense it is a pure and simple act of rescue, with which the political reason may or may not be connected.

In a constitutional country the nihilists would not have recourse to violence. When the attempt of Guiteau to assassinate President Garfield was known in Russia, and even though it might have been confounded with an act of political criminality, the nihilists disapproved the deed with indignation, and took advantage of the occasion to express the opinion that in free countries liberty and not violence should be the source of reforms.

The nihilists who do not share these ideas are certainly rare. Even in Russia those who hold that terrorism can be a system are uncommon. The Central Executive Committee that presided over the grand crimes which included the murder of the Tsar and continued for some years afterward declared many times, amongst others on the occasion of the address to Alexander III., that terrorism was only a provisional necessity—an unfortunate necessity.

The reader must never lose sight of the frightful state of Russia from the point of view of liberty of speech and of thought. The awful régime of prisons, arbitrary arrests, administrative exile, cowardly interrogatories intended to terrify mothers,

insidious counterfeitings of spurious confessions that make girls speak because they believe that there is no longer any secret—all this is the excuse of the violence of the terrorists; not the theoretical, but the immediate excuse. In Russia the battle-field is widely different from what it is in France. The government is merely a monstrous fiction. It acts like a private person, or rather like a thousand private persons, each high functionary proceeding according to his caprice the moment his determinations can be colored by political pretexts. Not only is the active nihilist threatened, but also every man who is suspected of studying and seeking to inform himself on social questions. A monstrous state of things is thus created by the Russian administration. At every moment there occurs some new violation of the law of nations, some cruel separation, some wound inflicted on the hearts of mothers, fathers, brothers, friends, which goes to swell the number of enemies of the régime, and of those who have some galling injury to avenge.

And the atrocious thing is that all the blows of the government are directed against the class of the moral, the chaste, the studious. Amongst the students, for instance, those alone are liable to be suspected who neither drink nor indulge in riotous living and debauchery. In many circumstances the same is the case with the officers. We may therefore make reserves as to the strategic usefulness of terrorism; but we cannot perhaps deny that it is justified, and that it represents a natural human reaction against a monstrous reality. However, if most of the nihilists in Paris justify the individual or collective acts of terrorism, it is only accessorily that they count upon terrorism to modify the actual state of things. Their hopes are fixed upon two principal points: 1. The attitude of the Russian liberals. 2. The latent, underground, and irresistible propaganda of their ideas. According to the attitude of the Russian liberals terrorist action will be more or less indispensable. If the liberals continue to be timid, and to cling to the *statu quo* for fear of something worse, the violent action of nihilism will have to be energized in proportion. With how much or how little fury the military or civil conspiracy bursts forth will depend upon the liberals.

As regards the underground propaganda, it is estimated that it has been sufficiently strong to double or triple the number of revolutionists, in spite of all the governmental repression. Necessarily a great number of unknown friends are counted upon, who would reveal themselves at the decisive moment. But whether they can count upon the liberals, or whether the socialist element be alone in view, the idea of the nihilists and their grand scheme remains, in a word, the *coup d'état.*

A military insurrection, for example, aided by the civil element, seems to these refugees to be a movement that would be very likely to succeed. It must be remarked that the quantity of dead elements, that is to say, of population totally indifferent to or ignorant of politics, is enormous in Russia, and that consequently a few hundred thousand nihilists would represent in reality a force infinitely more considerable than we can imagine for overthrowing the established powers. This act once accomplished, provided the official denominations were not too greatly modified for the muzhik or peasant, the immense majority of Russians would scarcely perceive a change of direction, except after the lapse of a few years in an increase of prosperity and a decrease of local tyranny. The whole question resolves itself into a struggle between two minorities—the aristocratic minority and the revolutionary minority. And the conversion of enough officers, functionaries, and intelligent people to the military insurrection is not, it appears, a chimerical project.

It is all the less chimerical because Alexander III., according to many reports, has no really devoted servants around him. Fanaticism in the cause of the Tsar no longer exists, in fact, except among a limited number of functionaries. It is a religion that is dying out in the official world Personal interest alone subsists; and those who, in appearance, are the most devoted, are those who are ambitious of distinction or thirsting for riches. In presence of defeat few would remain faithful to their master. This is so true that after the death of Alexander II. there was a moment of extraordinary hesitation among the functionaries. None knew what was going to be victorious, whether a liberal constitution or the reaction. The whole great machine was in suspense. Perhaps some energetic act—I am, of course, always expressing the opin-

ions of the nihilist refugees and not my own—on the part of the Central Committee might have influenced the current favorably, and perhaps even directed it.

In short, the nihilists hope for a revolution produced by means of a *coup d'état*, and they esteem that (1) the present autocracy is really weak; (2) that the great towns and central garrisons would suffice to overthrow the existing order of things; (3) that the peasant would remain indifferent or almost indifferent to the issue of the struggle, and would soon rally to the new régime when he felt its beneficent effects.

On all these matters I have no personal opinion, but if the idea of the nihilist refugees in Paris is based upon fact, and if the violent struggle must fatally take place, the sympathies of Western men cannot hesitate to take the side of the revolutionists against the government of the Tsar.

As regards shades of difference, the nihilists of Paris are divided, like the mass of Russian revolutionists, into a considerable number of groups, comprising the various classes of society. In the socialist group, which is probably the most numerous, there are two parties—the Social Democratic and the National Socialist. The former consider the urban proletarians to be the principal element of Slav renovation; the latter, who form a much more considerable party, appeal to all classes.

In conclusion, let me repeat once more that the Russian refugees in Paris are in general people of a kindly and humane temper, and certainly not naturally inclined to violence. They give the impression of being representatives of a race worthy of a very high civilization, and which is nevertheless governed like the degenerate races of the East. There is an evident discrepancy between the laws and the men. No force can prevent this state of things from falling into ruin. And certainly this immense empire, these 120 millions of inhabitants, this slow, sure, and indomitable propaganda, represent a mysterious and terrible force, a force that will surely astonish the world, and have an extraordinary influence upon the destinies of the European race. The world has there an incommensurable unknown quantity, an epopee in the germ, which will be the astonishment of our sons, terrible perhaps, or consoling and prolific, as considerable as the prodigious dissemination of Europe in America, as far-sounding as the French Revolution. But in what form and with what cortége of bloody or pitiful events will it be developed? This is the secret of the Future, the enigma of the great Sphinx, which none shall guess and none shall read—until After!

THE VIGILANTES OF CALIFORNIA, IDAHO, AND MONTANA.

BY JOHN W. CLAMPITT.

IN the month of November, 1850, there were eight primitive houses situated on the extreme point of a little peninsula far projecting into the Bay of San Francisco. It was separated from the surrounding country by a rocky mountain range. The eight houses were occupied by an American hunter and seven French fishermen, deserters from a French man-of-war. On the opposite side was another French settlement of five fishermen. All of the cattle owned by the two settlements was a single goat, the loss of which would have proved a public calamity. Its master had brought it from France, around Cape Horn. Besides the hunting and fishing people, there was, beyond these settlements also, a regular farmer called the Irish Captain, although he was neither Irish nor a captain. He was a Dane by birth, and a farmer all his life by occupation. He possessed a valuable stock of imported cattle—a rare thing at that time. Farther into the interior, on the other side of the mountain range, was the Cornelia Rancho, a California manor-house, constructed of rough beams, and surrounded by mud and cattle instead of gardens, parks, green grass, and flowers. Cornelia was a native grandee, and claimed the right to four hundred square miles of territory. Although the invasion of her country by the gold-hunters had swept away the greater part of her herds, yet there still remained over a thousand head. In full dress, adorned with gold chains, pearls, and jewels, she looked very magnificent, seated in a large wagon drawn by two oxen and sixteen mules, roughing it over a country without roads. This, however,

was upon state occasions, and of rare occurrence. Her home dress was an old broad-brimmed straw hat, leather boots, a loose white shirt, and a short petticoat of coarse red flannel. She ruled over thirty Indian servants besides her son—twenty-four years of age—and a homeless Portuguese adventurer, who, seeking a support, had drifted to that Eden before the rude gold-hunters dispersed the charm of silence, simplicity, and ignorance that reigned complete everywhere. The Irish Captain was not slow to perceive his advantage over the señora. He therefore proposed to her to take charge of her cattle and sell to the best advantage, on condition that he should have one-half of the sum realized, which proposition was reluctantly accepted by the señora. The Irish Captain now organized for the common defence by calling a general meeting, and binding each by a covenant to take care of his neighbors' property by armed force when necessary. But a short time thereafter a boat laden with stolen beef from the señora's herds was captured, and the cattle-thieves taken prisoners by the Frenchmen of Low Point. The thieves were tied, put under a boat turned upside down, and closely watched. The Irish Captain himself escorted the prisoners to San Francisco the following morning, and delivered them into the hands of the civil authorities. Instead of being punished for their lawless crimes, they were set at liberty by the civil authorities, and retaliated upon the Irish Captain by butchering and carrying off all his milch-cows. These thieves and this system of robbery received the countenance of rich and influential butchers of San Francisco, who furnished the means for these predatory incursions, and the money to retain influential counsel to defend and acquit, through technicalities of the law, such of the thieves as should fall into the hands of the Irish Captain and his cohorts. Convinced that no redress could be obtained from the civil authorities at San Francisco, a second general meeting was held, and it was unanimously resolved that the residents of the peninsula should form themselves into a permanent committee, and assume all the duties of police and courts martial. No suspected party should be permitted to land. Thieves and other criminals should be tried before the committee, and, if found guilty, executed on the spot. Thus was formed the first Vigilance Committee that ever existed within the limits of California. Within a week three men, who confessed themselves to be Australian convicts, were tried, convicted, and executed by hanging to a tree. Cattle-thieves abounded, and retribution swift and sure was meted out whenever the crime could be fixed by the logic of circumstances. Justice and injustice met on a common level. Small bodies of people took the law into their own hands with the same degree of conscious right as emboldened the acts of two or ten thousand. Sometimes a single individual became at once judge, jury, and executioner. On the highway from San Francisco to San José was found a corpse shot through the body, and to the lower button-hole was tied a placard upon which were written, in very legible characters, these significant words:

> I SHOT HIM BECAUSE HE STOLE MY MULE
>
> JOHN ANDREW ANDERSON
>
> ANDERSON RANCHO SANTA CLARA VALLEY.

He was not a murderer, but an executor of the law, the *lex non scripta* against all cattle-thieves. If ten men could capture and slay him for the crime, the same right belonged to but one of the party, provided he alone could accomplish it.

Pressed by these vigorous methods, the thieves and robbers in the country retired to the larger towns and settlements to ply their vocation. Popular justice there was neither so swift nor so sure. Public opinion, however, opposed any infringement of the rights and methods of the civil authorities. What five men could do in the country, five hundred could not accomplish in San Francisco or Sacramento.

Sacramento was the first of the large towns to organize a committee of its citizens for the protection of social order, and its executions became celebrated for the interest displayed in them by the people of the surrounding country. The first of these was at night on the Plaza, in the light of a great fire and in the presence of a great multitude. The office of hangman was conceded as a post of honor to the most reputable and wealthy citizen of the town. Two days after, he paid the penalty of this honor by being himself shot by the desperadoes.

San Francisco seemed loath to begin

the exercise of this inherent power of the people; but the great incendiary fire of May 4, 1851, and the appeals of the *Alta California* and *California Herald*, which declared that nothing could disturb the culprits' equanimity but the extreme measure of hanging by the neck, caused a revulsion of feeling, and early in the month of June following two hundred of its most influential citizens formed an association, which they named a Committee of Vigilance, for the maintenance of the peace and good order of society and the preservation of the lives and property of the citizens of San Francisco.

Large placards affixed to the walls in public places of the city and private houses of the citizens, containing the rules and regulations adopted for maintaining the public peace of the city, and the manner in which public justice should be administered, gave notice of their organization. The tolling of the bell of the Monumental Fire-Engine house on the Plaza was the signal for the members to instantly assemble fully armed.

Thousands of citizens secretly joined the organization, and their services were soon called into requisition. On the evening of the 10th of June the shipping office of a Mr. Virgin, on the wharf, was robbed of a small safe containing a considerable sum of money. The thief was captured and placed in the custody of members of the Vigilance Committee at their rooms. The property was identified, and the prisoner convicted on the testimony of the boatman who had pulled out with the prisoner and his booty into the bay, where he was subsequently arrested. The Chief of Police now appeared at the rooms of the committee and demanded admittance and the custody of the prisoner. His request was refused.

After carefully deliberating upon the character of the punishment, it was finally determined that though not a capital offence, the necessity existed for the execution of the criminal, and that it should take place at once to prevent a rescue by the friends of the culprit, or an armed interference on the part of the civil authorities. He was accordingly notified of his doom, and given one hour to prepare for death. Shortly after midnight the condemned man was taken under a strong guard to Portsmouth Square, and hanged to the cross-beams of the gable end of an adobe building which had been used in former times as a post-office, but was then unoccupied. A coroner's jury of inquest on the day following returned this verdict: "John Jenkins, *alias* Simpkins, came to his death by being suspended by the neck with a rope attached to the end of the adobe building on the Plaza at the hands of an association of citizens styling themselves a Committee of Vigilance, of whom the following members are implicated." Then followed the names of the citizens who had been most conspicuous on the occasion.

When this verdict and the names were published on the day following, the Vigilance Committee ordered the names of all its members published likewise. The committee, however, was strongly opposed by the civil authorities and the legal fraternity generally, and Judge Campbell, of the Court of Sessions, holding his assizes on the days appointed, charged his Grand Jury that "all those concerned in the illegal execution had been guilty of murder, *participes criminis*." The Governor of the State, MacDougal, afterward United States Senator, issued a proclamation addressed to the people at large, in which he referred to the action of the people as the "despotic control of a self-constituted association unknown to and acting in defiance of the laws in the place of the regularly organized government of the country."

In the month of August the committee tried two men named Samuel Whittaker and Robert McKenzie. They were proven guilty of very serious offences—burglary, robbery, and incendiarism. It was understood that they were to be executed on the 21st of that month. A writ was issued by Judge Norton, of the Supreme Court, commanding the sheriff to bring the prisoners before his court at a certain hour to be dealt with according to law. That night the sheriff and one deputy gained admission in some way to the rooms of the committee, where the prisoners were confined, led them down stairs, and placed them in charge of police-officers awaiting them below. No immediate steps were taken by the committee to remedy this interference with their purposes, but on the following Sunday, shortly after two o'clock in the afternoon, a carriage turned into Broadway from Du Pont Street, and halted a short distance from the jail. It was at this hour that the prisoners were brought from their

cells to hear divine service from the chaplain of the prison. A preconcerted rush was made from the outside, the prisoners captured, and carried off to the rooms of the committee. The fire-bell tolled the signal for the assembly of the members of the committee, and along with them poured a stream of fifteen thousand people before their rooms, wild with excitement, and yelling their approbation of the recapture of the prisoners. Brought face to face with the civil authorities, they would stand or fall by that act. The prisoners were sentenced to immediate execution, and hanged at once from the windows of the rooms of the committee, in the presence of and with the approbation of the assembled multitude. Only seventeen minutes elapsed between the reception of the prisoners and their execution by order of the committee. Public opinion and the press declared that the Vigilance Committee had redeemed its honor.

Having thus established their authority and vindicated their cause, they arose to the full height of their power, and struck terror among criminals of every degree. Henceforth there was no need of their services. Crime fled before their power of suppression, and they now left the execution of the laws in the hands of the civil authorities, retaining, however, their unaltered organization, and imparting to the officer as well as the criminal within his hands the knowledge that at any moment when necessary the committee would again ring the alarm upon its fire-bell, and protect and preserve that social order which by their vigilant acts they had rescued from a chaos of crime and placed in the hands of the civil authorities.

As far as known, but one woman died at the hands of the Vigilantes of California. She was a Spanish woman, of remarkable beauty, who dealt the game of monte in the early days of Downieville. Clothed in her gay attire, her dark lustrous eyes flashing with the excitement of the game, and a profusion of dark locks falling upon her shoulders, together with a voluptuous form and superb carriage, she was the object of much attention from the rough miners and others who gathered around the table, and sat beneath her spell at the fascinating game of monte.

Among the miners was a young man who had come from Kentucky to the distant El Dorado to seek his fortune among its gold hills. He was of fine physical appearance, genial disposition, warm and generous nature, and ever ready to do a good turn for his neighbor, or perform some deed of charity or kindness to the suffering, and withal as hard a toiler as the rest. He became a general favorite among all the rough miners.

Of course the sole places of amusement in those early days of Downieville were within the garish lights of the saloon and by the side of the monte tables, over one of which the Spanish beauty presided. Like all his sex, the Kentuckian was charmed by her fascination. One night, with some companions, on his way to his tent after the game had closed and the señorita Dolores had retired, he passed the tent of the fair Spaniard, and while peeping for an instant through the canvas lapel of her abode was suddenly, in a playful freak, pushed by his companions through the door into the darkness of her tent, and fell prostrate upon its floor. Without a moment's hesitation or an inquiry as to the intruder's identity, she sprang upon him like a tigress in its lair, and plunged her dagger repeatedly in his prostrate form, until he lay a bleeding corpse at her feet. Information of the bloody deed soon reached every miner in the camp, and one and all hurried to the spot where lay the victim of her mad fury. The sight of his fair young face, and sunny hair clotted with his life-blood, and the innumerable ghastly wounds upon his body as it lay uncovered in the hands of the doctor, who hoped to find some spark of life remaining, so worked upon the sympathies of the miners that some cheeks long unused to tears were wet with weeping. The young life had gone out forever, and the bright sunny eyes of the boy favorite of the camp were closed in the unawakening slumber of death. The rage of his rough friends knew no bounds. The woman was instantly seized and placed in the custody of guards while the Vigilance Committee of Downieville should determine her fate. That decree was death by hanging, and the murderess, with her hand yet reeking with the blood of her victim, was taken to the upper bridge of the Yuba, and there hanged until life was extinct. Such was the swift punishment meted out by the rude populace in the excitement of the hour.

It was, indeed, an ungloved iron hand that, in the homes of these early pioneers, first upheld the pillars of society and put to death the disturbers of the public peace in the absence of an organized form of government. They reasoned, however, that the institution of government for a people is that the governed may obtain security of life and property; that without such safeguard social order could not exist; society would be anarchy, and the law of right would be that of might.

The ignominious death of these outlaws at the hands of Vigilance Committees was the result of crimes for the most part cowardly and barbarous. Yet within the veins of some given over to deeds of violence that blacken the pages of criminal history flowed blood from which heroes are made. It has been known that in moments of extreme peril, when humanity, overwhelmed by surrounding dangers, halted and surrendered, and in despair lay down to die, a lawless but master spirit from life's royal blood rose up like a giant to lead the way to hope and success.

When the news reached California that gold had been found in great abundance in the water-shed of the Columbia River, without waiting for a confirmation of the rumor, great numbers of miners poured over the mountain walls of California and Nevada in search of their fortunes in the new gold field. It was, however, but another of those "stampedes" which wreck the hopes and lives of the adventurous and roving miner, and one by one they struggled back to the more prosperous fields they had abandoned for this *ignis fatuus*. One of these parties, nearly starved, attempted to reach Shoshone Falls through the thickly timbered mountains from Elk City. While searching for game one day they chanced to strike a little stream that ran down from the mountain on the edge of a prairie lying near the centre of a large snow-covered horseshoe opening to the south, about thirty miles in diameter. A fallen tamarack had thrown up the earth, and, moved by the instincts of his nature, one of the gold-hunters took up a pan of the earth and carelessly washed it in the stream. What was his astonishment to reap as his reward a handful of rough little specimens of gold-dust of the size of wheat grains! It was of poor quality, but it proved to be the original discovery of the great gold belt embracing Salmon, Warren, Boisé, Owyhee, and Blackfoot, that afterward formed the political division of Idaho Territory, now in its Statehood—the star of Idaho in the Federal flag.

On the 3d day of December, 1862, a fierce storm swept over the whole gold belt, and the thousands of homeless and unprotected miners, who had been sleeping on the ground in their blankets while working their claims, began to pour over the horseshoe in the direction of Lewiston, taking with them the proceeds of their labor on the bar and in the gulch. A party of nine, of whom Joaquin Miller was one, were making their way through Walla Walla *viâ* Lewiston with a large amount of gold-dust belonging to the individual members of the party. They had been followed from the mines by Dave English and Nelson Scott, two of the most noted desperadoes, accompanied by four others of like character, but not so well known. As there was not a shadow of civil law to protect the honest toiler, nor any other form of protection as yet, at these mines, these men, black with crime, moved about the various tents with the same freedom as men of good character. English was a thick-set, powerful man, with a black beard and commanding manners. One of his gray eyes appeared to be askew, otherwise he was a fine-looking man, usually good-natured, but terrible when aroused. Scott was tall, slim, brown-haired, with features as fair and delicate as those of a woman. All of the band of six were young men well known in California, one of them having been connected with a circus. The party of miners, after six days' travel, reached Lewiston in safety, and English and his companions arrived the following day. The river was frozen over, the steamboats all tied up for the winter, and the ferry almost impassable. The miners and robbers watched each other's motions, and the latter knew that their motives had been divined. The miners had scarcely crossed the ferry when the robbers followed. The large amount of gold-dust of the miners was the object of their pursuit. They were splendidly mounted and well armed, and prepared for any deed to accomplish their end. It was twenty-four miles to Petalia, the nearest station. The days were short and the snow deep. With the best of fortune, the miners did not expect to make it until night. At noon they left the Alpowa,

and rode to a vast plateau without stone, stake, or sign to point the way to Petalia, twelve miles away. The snow became deeper and more difficult, and a furious wind set in that blinded and discouraged their horses. The cold was intense. They had not been an hour on this high plain before each man's face was a mass of ice and their horses white with frost. The sun faded in the storm like a star of morning drowned in a flood of dawn. Grave fears now beset them. English and his robber party were now in advance. Once they stopped, consulted, looked back, and then in a little while moved on. The storm was so terrific that the trail behind them was obliterated the instant they passed on; return was therefore impossible, had it been possible for them to recross the river should they reach it. Again the robbers halted, huddled together, looked back, and again struggled on, English, the man of iron, for the most part keeping the lead. The miners now knew they were in deadly peril, not from the robbers, but from the storm. Again the robber band halted, grouped together, gesticulating wildly, as if in violent argumentative altercation, and again moved slowly on. The party of miners followed, the horses floundering in the deep snow, while the trail closed like a grave behind them. About three o'clock in the afternoon, standing up to his waist in snow, English shouted to them to approach. Pushing on through the storm, with their heads bowed and necks bent, like cattle, shielding themselves in the fierce blast, they reached the robber party.

"I tell you h—l's to pay, boys," said English. "If we don't keep our heads level, we'll go up the flume like a spring salmon. Which way do you think is the station?"

No one could tell. To add to the consternation, they now found that three of their party were missing. They shouted through the storm, but no answer came back. They never saw them again. In the spring some Indians found and brought in a note-book, in which was recorded this writing: "Lost in the snow December 19th, 1862, James A. Keel of Macoupin Co., Illinois; Wesley Dean of St. Louis; Ed Parker of Boston." At the same time they brought in a pair of boots containing bones of human feet. A party of citizens went out and found the remains of the three men, together with a large amount of gold-dust.

English stopped, studied a moment, and then, resolving to take all in his own hands, said: "We must stick together; stick together and follow me. I will shoot the first man who refuses to obey, and send him to hell a-fluking."

Again the robber chief, now in supreme command in the hour of danger and death, led on. The band struggled on in silence, benumbed, helpless, and half dead. Scott seemed like a child beside his chieftain. The remainder of both parties were as feeble and as spiritless as he. English was the only one whose spirit rose above the storm. His whole ferocious nature seemed aroused. At times he swore like a madman. The storm increased in fury, darkness came suddenly on, and they could not see each other's faces.

English shouted aloud, above the blast, "Come up to me." They obeyed, and huddled around him like children. "There is but one chance," said he; "cut your saddles off your horses." He got the horses as close together as possible and shot them down, throwing away his pistols as he emptied them. Placing the saddles on top of the pile of horses, he made each man wrap his blankets around him and huddle together on the mass. "No nodding now," said English. "I'll shoot the first man that fails to answer when I call him."

To sleep a moment meant death by freezing, and this robber chief, this king of men, in the hour of dire peril and death knew it. Every man seemed to surrender all hope, save this fierce man of iron. He moved as if in his element. He made a track in the snow around the party on the heap, and kept constantly moving and shouting. Within an hour they saw the effect of his rude action. The animal heat from the horses warmed their benumbed and stiffened limbs as it rose from their prostrate bodies, while darkness and the storm reigned over them. Thus they remained during the stormy hours of the night. English, shouting and swearing through and above the blasts, tramped in the circular track he made about them, pistol in hand, to keep them awake and alive, while he battered his own body to keep it from freezing. Thus the terrible night wore on until toward morning, when suddenly English stopped shouting, and uttered a terrible oath of surprise. The storm had suddenly lifted like a curtain, and far above in

the heavens moved the round moon on its stately course. It was to that band of half-dead and wellnigh frozen men as a pillar of flame to the children of Israel. They were saved. With the dawn of the morning the iron man bade the others follow him. It was almost impossible for them to rise. They fell, rose again, fell, and finally stood on their feet; all save one, a small German named Ross. He was dead—frozen to death.

At eleven o'clock in the morning English, who still resolutely led the way, gave a shout of joy as he stood on the edge of a basaltic cliff and looked down on the *parterre*. A long straight pillar of white smoke rose from the station, like a column of marble supporting the overhanging dome. Again it was the pillar of cloud that led the children of Israel now leading these lost children of the mountains amid the snow wastes of the dreary plain. Warmed back to life again, they returned and brought in the body of their companion, with his bag of gold-dust, and in a few days the trail was broken. The company of miners voluntarily gave to some of English's band a portion of their wealth. English, however, resolutely refused to accept a present. They parted at the station, and the miners pursued their way in safety to Walla Walla.

Some months later English, Scott, and another of his band, named Peoples, were arrested for highway robbery, and were placed, securely bound, under guard in a log house on the stage road. That night was organized the first Vigilance Committee in Idaho, and, in fact, in the Northwest Territories. It consisted of six men belonging to the Idaho Express Company. At midnight they condemned the robbers to death, and acquainted them of their fate. Scott asked for time to pray, English swore furiously, and Peoples was silent.

One of the Vigilantes approached Scott while in the attitude of prayer, and began to adjust the noose about his neck. English cried out, "Hang me first, and let him pray!"

The wonderful courage of the man appealed to the sympathies and admiration of these rough men of the mountains, and they would have spared him, but having proceeded thus far, they felt they could not falter now. They had but one rope, and executed them one at a time. When the rope was adjusted about the neck of English, he was quietly asked by his executioners to invoke the mercy of his God. He held his head down a moment, muttered something, and then straightening up, turned toward Scott and said, "Nelse, pray for me a little, can't you, while I hang?"

Peoples died without a motion or a struggle. When Scott's turn came he was still praying devoutly. He offered large sums of money, which he had secreted in the mountains, for his life; but they told him he must die too. Seeing there was no escape, he removed his watch and rings, kissed them tenderly, and handed them to one of the Vigilantes, saying, "Send these to my poor Armina," and quietly submitted to his fate. At dawn the three men lay dead and rigid upon the cabin floor. The blood that dried in the veins of one was of the kind that runs through heroes' veins, and had he in his early days been guided in the nobler channels of life, he might have been a Cæsar or a Marlborough. With a courage as sublime as that of the bride of Collatinus, and the fortitude of an Alexander, he saved the lives of eleven human beings, and within four months after this sublime act of heroism died an ignominious death by the halter for robbing a stage-coach.

Far to the northwest, among the cañons and gorges of the Rocky Mountains, and near the head-waters of the Missouri, running up to the British line, and forming a part of the territorial boundary of the United States, is the young State of Montana. At the time of which I am now writing it was a young Territory, or rather a part of Idaho Territory, with no settlements or signs of civilization save the mining camps scattered through its southern division. But its growth was rapid. Thriving, prosperous communities and cities of wealth and refinement have taken the places of rude mining camps. Traversed by railroads, it is now filled with farms and gardens, workshops and factories, mills and mines, and is inhabited by a brave, intelligent, self-reliant race, embracing all trades and professions of life, and now forms one of the brightest stars shining in the blue field of the imperial banner of the mighty "sisterhood of States."

But, as I have stated, it was not always thus. It was once but "the first low

wash of the waves where now rolls a human sea"—mountain walls, rude civilization, tented homes, wild debauchery, robbery, rapine, and mid-day murders.

Early in the spring of 1862 the rumor of rich discoveries on the Salmon River flew through Salt Lake City, Colorado, and many other places in the far West. A wild rush to the "new diggings" was the result, and a stream of human beings set in for the new El Dorado by the toilsome way of Fort Hall and the Snake River. As their trains drew nearer the long-sought spot they found further conveyance by wagons impossible, as the rocky, mountainous roads were impassable for wagons. They were likewise informed that the mines were already overrun by a vast army of gold-hunters from California, Oregon, and all places on the Pacific slope. They also learned that many of those who had been driven by adverse circumstances from Salmon River had spread far over the adjacent country, and that new discoveries had been made at Deer Lodge.

The streams of immigration now diverged toward that point, crossed the mountains between Fort Lemhi and Horse Prairie Creek, and taking a cut-off to the left, sought to strike the old trail from Salt Lake City to Deer Lodge and Bitter Root valleys. A mining camp was also established with success on Grasshopper Creek, afterward called Beaver Head Diggings. It was the first to work the gulches east of the Rocky Mountains.

From these incipient labors flowed the great mining industries which in an incredibly short space of time gave to Montana her well-deserved reputation as the richest gold-mining field discovered since that of California. A tide of immigration now poured in from all directions, and with it came the bad as well as the good; and among the former were the desperadoes Henry Plummer, Charles Reeves, Moore, and Skinner, all of whom suffered death at the hands of the honest men of the Territory, who, when they found they could not apply the forms of law in a community where the written law was a dead letter, or had never existed, maintained the right with their own strong hands to subdue the brute force of violence and murder. The wonderful discoveries at Alder Gulch of the almost fabulous placer diggings attracted a vast tide of rapid immigration—that which is known among gold-seekers as a stampede. It likewise attracted a large number of the dangerous class, who saw a broad and rich field for their lawless operations.

They quickly organized themselves into a secret compact body, with signs, grips, and with a captain, lieutenants, secretary, road-agents, and outriders, who became the terror of the whole country. A correspondence was inaugurated between Bannock and Virginia City, and a surveillance placed on all travel between those points. To such a fine point was their system carried that horses, men, and coaches were in some intelligible manner marked to designate them as objects of plunder. In this manner were the members of the gang notified by their spies, ofttimes employed by the very object of their plunder, in time to prevent the escape of their victims. They were all armed with a pair of revolvers, a double-barrelled shot-gun with a large bore, the barrels cut short off, and a dagger or bowie-knife. Thus armed, and mounted on swift and trained horses, and disguised with masks and blankets, they awaited their victims in ambush, from which, on approach of a conveyance, they would spring forth, and covering the inmates with their guns, command them to alight and throw up their hands. If this order was not instantly obeyed, the result would be sudden death. Otherwise they would be disarmed, and made to throw their wealth upon the ground. Concluding their operations with a search for concealed property, they would permit the despoiled passengers to proceed on their way, while they themselves rode rapidly in an opposite direction.

Wherever a new settlement was effected, or new discoveries of the precious metals made, there followed the bandits, until their operations spread in all directions. They became the scourge of the mountains, and no men or class of men were safe from their attacks.

To illustrate the class of desperadoes engaged in this nefarious work, we will take the case of Henry Plummer, a man of such smooth manners and insinuating address that he was termed a "perfect gentleman," although known to be both thief and assassin, and had once filled the office of marshal of Nevada City, whence, after having been twice imprisoned for murder, he had fled to Oregon, and thence to Montana. In Montana he was elected

sheriff of Beaver County. He first made his way, in company with his companion, Jack Cleveland, to Bannock City, whose fame, in the winter of 1862 and 1863, had widely spread. It was the first mining camp of importance established east of the Rocky Mountains, and a large immigration ensued, with the customary number of the ruffian class. Among them all, Plummer was chief, noted for his desperation and his skill in the rapid handling of his pistol. He shot and killed his friend and old acquaintance and companion Jack Cleveland, who was disposed to dispute his title as chief, and frequently boasted of his own murderous exploits.

Shortly after that occurrence another of the gang, named George Ives, was conversing on the street with his friend George Carhart, and not liking the style of his speech, laid him low with a shot from his revolver.

Another eminent road-agent, named Haze Lyon, owed a citizen of Bannock four hundred dollars for board and lodging, and one morning, having won a large sum of money the night previous at the gaming-table, was asked by his landlord to settle his account. He answered the modest request by drawing his revolver and ordering the citizen "to dust out," with which gentle command he immediately complied.

Plummer was tried for the murder of Cleveland, and acquitted on the ground that his opponent's language was irritating. Charles Reeves and a man named Williams, who had fired into a camp of friendly Indians just to see how many they could kill at one shot, were also tried and acquitted. Others who had likewise been guilty of heinous offences were also acquitted, and the baser elements of society felt themselves secure in the performance of their lawless deeds, and murder and robbery went on unmolested.

Plummer, who had been chosen chief of the road-agents, had likewise, as previously stated, succeeded in having himself elected sheriff of the county, and appointed two of his band as deputies. In the mean time an honest man had been elected sheriff at Virginia, and was informed by Plummer that he "would live much longer if he would resign his office in his favor." Fear of assassination compelled him to do as bidden, and Plummer became sheriff at both places. With his robber deputies to execute his orders, the people of Montana were at the mercy of thieves and bandits. One of his deputies was an honest man, and becoming too well versed in the doings of Plummer and associates, was sentenced to death by the road-agents and publicly shot by three of the band. There was no longer any security of life and property.

A Dutchman sold some mules, and receiving the money therefor in advance, was driving the animals on a public road to deliver them to the purchaser, when he was met by Ives, murdered, and robbed of both money and mules. The sight of this man's body brought into town in a cart stirred the blood of the honest men of the community, and they determined to capture and hang his murderer. A party of citizens thoroughly armed scoured the country, surprised accomplices of the murderer, and wrung from them the confession that George Ives was the murderer. By the following evening he was captured, and taken a prisoner to Nevada City. He was given a trial. The bench was a wagon; the jury, twenty-four honest men; the aroused citizens stood guard with guns in hand while the trial proceeded, with their eyes fixed upon the desperadoes, who had gathered in force to aid, support, and, if possible, to rescue their comrade in crime. Counsel was heard on both sides; reliable witnesses proved the prisoner guilty of numerous murders and robberies. Condemned to death, his captors repressed every attempt at rescue, and held the prisoner with cocked and levelled guns. It was a moonlight night, and the camp fire shed its gleam on all around. Amid the shouts and yells and murderous threats of the assembled ruffians, the condemned assassin and cowardly murderer was led to the gallows, upon which he expiated his manifold crimes. The next day the far-famed Vigilantes of Montana were organized. Five brave men in Nevada City and one in Virginia City, the towns lying adjacent, formed the secret league who opposed, on the side of law and order, force to force and dread to dread against the road-agents' organization. This league became as terrible to the outlaws as they themselves had been to the honest, order-loving, and industrious part of the community.

Plummer, the sheriff, was seized, and before he could escape, was executed, on a Sunday morning, together with two of his robber deputies, on a gallows which he himself had erected.

The Vigilantes, to put an end to the long reign of terror, assumed the duties of captors, judges, jurors, and executioners. But they were not guilty of excesses. They struck terror to those who had defied the weaker arm of the law by sure, swift, and secret punishment of crime. In no case was a criminal executed without evidence establishing his guilt. How closely they hewed to the line in this respect is attested by the dying remarks of one of the last men hanged by their order: "You have done right. Not an innocent man hanged yet!" But it was understood that the work they had undertaken to perform should be faithfully and thoroughly performed; that there should be no halfway measures, no reprieves, the verdict having once been rendered.

An instance of the severe labor, exposure, and real hardship encountered by these guardians of peace and order is furnished in the pursuit and capture of William Hunter.

At the time of the execution of Boone Helm and his five confederates, Hunter managed to elude his pursuers by hiding by day among the rocks and brush, seeking food by night among the scattered settlements along the Gallatin River. Four of the Vigilantes, determined and resolute men, volunteered to arrest him. They crossed the divide, and forded the Madison when huge cakes of floating ice swirled down on the flanks of the horses, threatening to carry them down. Their camping-ground was the frozen earth, the weather intensely cold, and they slept at night under their blankets, by the side of a fire which they had built. Next day their way led through a tremendous snowstorm, which they welcomed as an ally. About two o'clock in the afternoon they reached Milk Ranch, twenty miles from their destination, obtained their supper, and again proceeded, after dark, with a guide well acquainted with the country. At midnight they reached the cabin where they learned Hunter had been driven to seek refuge from the severe storm and cold. They halted, unsaddled, and rapped loudly at the door. On being admitted, they found two persons in the cabin —two visible, and one covered up in bed.

The Vigilantes made themselves as comfortable as possible before a blazing fire on the hearth. They talked of mining, prospecting, panning-out, and terms of that character, as if they were travelling miners. Before going to sleep, however, they carefully examined the premises as to its exits, and placed themselves in such manner as to command the only entrance and exit. They refrained from saying anything concerning their real business until early the following morning, when their horses were saddled and they appeared ready to proceed on their journey. Then they asked who the sleeper was, who had never spoken or uncovered his head. The reply was that he was unknown; had been there two days, driven in by the storm. Asked to describe him, the description was that of Hunter.

The Vigilantes then went to the bed, and laying a firm hand on the sleeper, gripped the revolvers held by him in his hand beneath the bedclothes. "Bill Hunter" was called upon to arise and behold grim men with guns levelled at his head. He asked to be taken to Virginia City, but he soon found a shorter road lay before him. Two miles from the cabin they halted beneath a tree with a branch over which a rope could be thrown, and a spur to which the end could be fastened. Scraping away a foot of snow, they built a fire and cooked their breakfast. After breakfast they consulted and took a vote as to the disposition of the prisoner. That vote determined upon instant execution. The perils of the long tramp over the mountain divide, the crossing of the icy stream, the small force involved in his capture, and the certainty of an attempt at rescue when his capture became known to his accomplices, all rendered this necessary. The long catalogue of crimes he had committed was read to him, and he was asked to plead any extenuating circumstances in his own behalf. There were none, and he remained silent. He had once been an honest, hard-working man, and was believed to be an upright citizen. In an evil hour he joined his fortunes with the wicked band who had likewise perished on the scaffold. His sole request was that his friends in the States should not be informed of the manner of his death.

Thus died the last of Plummer's famous band of outlaws, executing in his last moments the pantomime of grasping an imaginary pistol, cocking it, and discharging in rapid succession its six ghostly barrels.

THE WIZARD HARP.

BY KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

ACROSS the twilight land he came,
A wanderer clad in pilgrim gray,
And ever toward the sunset flame
From east to west he took his way.
A harp he held, whose fitful play
Fell with such sorcery on the air
That, breathed the measure sad or gay,
The listener turned and followed there.

Slow moving as he moved, apace,
The eager throng around him clung;
But none who looked upon his face
Could say if he were old or young.
His hoary locks about him hung,
Yet, underneath that brow of eld,
The eyes that smiled, the lips that sung,
Youth's morning fire and freshness held.

Whence art thou, minstrel?—thus they prayed.
No word he answered them again,
But on his lyre his hand he laid,
And drew a soft, uncertain strain.
What held that note of joy and pain
That they who lingered, listening there,
Felt, in the throb of each quick vein,
As their own hearts the harp strings were?

For in the quivering of the wire
Beneath those wizard fingers pressed
Each felt his unfulfilled desire
Arise and tremble in his breast.
The dream that hovered, hardly guessed,
His inmost, secret soul within,
Took sudden form and stood confessed
The measure of what might have been.

O minstrel, stay thy magic hand!—
One cried aloud in passionate prayer—
And lead us hence to thy fair land
Where life may all its glory wear!
For still thy broken accents bear
Some hint of beauty yet to be,
Some echo from that fuller air
Whither our feet would follow thee!

Slowly the minstrel's lifted eyes,
Like one who looks to either shore,
Turned from the darkening eastern skies
To where the sunset flamed before.

Ye knew me in the days of yore—
He spoke at last—when hope was young.
My harp but faintly thrills once more
The selfsame chords your lips have sung.

My name is Memory—he sighed—
Far off the hills my foot hath pressed:
To that past glow of morningtide
I may not guide your backward quest.
Yet the same sky rounds East and West;
I lead where dream and deed are one!—
And down the daylight's golden crest
He vanished with the sinking sun.

LONDON—PLANTAGENET.

BY WALTER BESANT.

I.—ECCLESIASTICAL.

PRINCE PANTAGRUEL and his companions, pursuing their incomparable voyage, sailed three days without discovering anything, and on the fourth day made land. The pilot told them that it was the Ringing Island, and, indeed, they heard afar off a kind of confused and oft-repeated noise, that seemed at a distance not unlike the sound of great, middle-sized, and little bells rung all at once.

Commentators have been much exercised as to the city which the great Master of Allegory had in view when he described *l'Ile Sonnante*. Foolish commentators! As if even a small master of allegory, much less the great and illustrious Alcofribas Nasier, meant any one town in particular! One might as well search for the man whose portrait he painted and called Panurge. He described all towns. For, in truth, every mediæval city was an *Ile Sonnante*, and the greater, the richer, the more populous, the more powerful was the city, the louder and the more frequent were the jingling and the jangling, the sonorous clang and the melodious peal, the chiming and the striking, the music and the jarring of the thousand bells. They rang all day long; they rang from the great cathedral and from the little parish church; from the stately monastery, the nunnery, the college of priests, the spital, the chantry, the chapel, and the hermitage. They rang for festivals, for fasts, for pageants, for processions, for births, marriages, and funerals; for the election of city officers, for coronations, for victories, and for daily service; they rang to mark the day and the hour; they rang in the baby; they rang out the passing soul; they rang for the bride; they rang in memory of the dead; they rang for work to begin and for work to cease; they rang to exhort, to admonish, to console.

With their ringing the city was never quiet. Four miles out of London, the sound of the bells struck upon the ears of the downcast 'prentice boy who sat on the green slopes of Highgate when the chimes of Bow-bells rang out cheerily above the tinkling of the sheep bell, the carol of the lark, and the song of the thrush. To him they brought a promise and a hope. What they brought to the busy folk in the streets I know not, but since they were a folk of robust nerves, the musical rolling, melodious clashing, joyous ringing of bells brought for the most part a sense of elation, hope, and companionship. So, in this our later day, the multitudinous tripper is not happy unless he can have music, loud music, in the

train and on the sands. So, again, those who march in procession are not complete without a braying band, with drums great and small, banging and beating and roaring an accompaniment to the mottoes on their banners, and uplifting the souls of the champions who are about to harangue the multitude.

The *Ile Sonnante* of Rabelais may have been Paris—of course it was Paris; it may have been Avignon—there is not the least doubt that it was Avignon; it may also have been London—there can be no manner of question on that point. Rabelais never saw London; but so loud was the jingle-jangle of the bells that they smote upon his ear while he was beginning that unfinished book of his and inspired the first chapters. London, without a doubt, London, and no other, is the true *Ile Sonnante*.

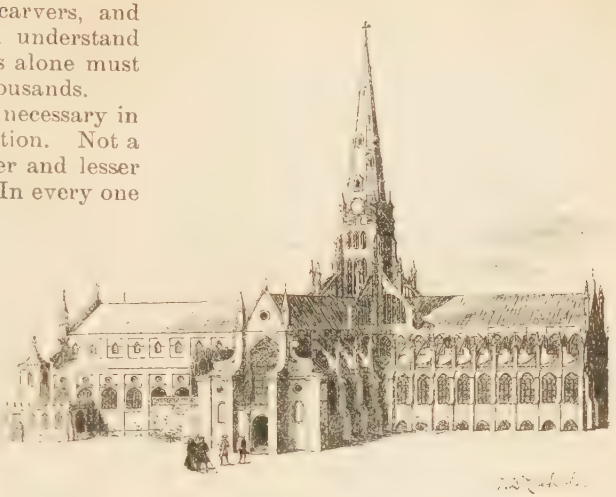
In London, says an observant Frenchman, there is no street without a church and a tree. He speaks of modern London. Of London in the thirteenth century there was no street without its monastery, its convent garden, its college of priests, its canons regular, its friars, its pardoners, its sextons, and its serving brothers, and this without counting its hundred and twenty parish churches, each with its priests, its chantries, its fraternities, and its church-yard. The Church was everywhere: it played not only an important part in the daily life but the most important part. Not even the most rigid Puritan demanded of the world so much of its daily life and so great a share of its revenues as the Church of the Middle Ages. There were already whispered and murmured questions, but the day of revolt was still two hundred years ahead. Meantime the Church reigned and ruled, and no man yet dared to disobey.

Let us consider, therefore, as the most conspicuous feature of Plantagenet London, her great religious houses. We have seen what they were in Norman London. Already there were in existence the Cathedral of St. Paul's, with its canons and priests, its army of singing-men, clerks, boys, and servants—itself a vast religious house; the Priory of St. Bartholomew; the House of St. Mary Overies; the Hospital of St. Katherine; the Priory of the Holy Trinity. After three hundred years, when we look again upon the map of London, and mark in color the sites of monastery, nunnery, church, college, and church-yard, it seems as if a good fourth part of the city area was swallowed up in ecclesiastical houses. Not so much was actually covered by buildings of the Church, but at least a fourth of the city, counting the gardens and the courts and chapels, belonged to the religious houses. Without such a map before us it is impossible to estimate the enormous wealth of the mediæval Church, its power and its authority. It is impossible to understand without such a map how enormous was that revolution which could shake off and shatter into fragments a power so tremendous. Because, as was London, so was every other city. If London had all these houses, besides a hundred and twenty churches, Norwich had hers, with sixty, York hers with forty-five. If the country all round London was parcelled out among the religious houses, so, all over the land, manors here and estates there belonged to the monks. But though their property was enormous, their power was far beyond that conferred by any amount of property, for they held the keys of heaven and kept open the gates of hell.

As for the vast numbers actually maintained by the Church, the single example of St. Paul's Cathedral, of course the largest foundation in the city, will furnish an illustration. In the year 1450 the society, the cathedral body, included the following: the Bishop, the Dean, the four Archdeacons, the treasurer, the precentor, the chancellor, thirty greater canons, twelve lesser canons, about fifty chaplains, or chantry priests, and thirty vicars. Of inferior rank to these were the sacrist and three vergers, the succentor, the master of the singing-school, the master of the grammar-school, the almoner and his four vergers, the servitors, the surveyor, the twelve scribes, the book-transcriber, the bookbinder, the chamberlain, the rent-collector, the baker, the brewer—the brewer, who brewed in the year 1286, 67,814 gallons, must have employed a good many; the baker, who ovened every year 40,000 loaves, or every day more than a hundred, large and small, employed a good many more—the servants of all these officers—the singing-men and choir-boys, of whom priests were made, the bedesmen and poor folk, the sextons, grave-diggers, gardeners, bell-ringers, makers and menders of the ecclesiastical robes, cleaners and sweepers, car-

penters, masons, painters, carvers, and gilders—one can very well understand that the Church of St. Paul's alone must have found livelihood for thousands.

The same equipment was necessary in every other religious foundation. Not a monastery but had its greater and lesser officers and their servants. In every one there were the bell-ringers, the singing men and boys, the vergers, the gardeners, the brewers, bakers, cooks, messengers, scribes, rent-collectors, and all complete as was St. Paul's, though on a smaller scale. It does not seem too much to estimate the ecclesiastical establishments of London as including a fourth part of the whole population of the city.



CHURCH OF PAULINA, BEFORE THE FIRE.

The London monasteries lay for the most part either just within or just without the city wall. The reason is obvious. They were founded when the city was already populous, and were therefore built upon the places where houses were less numerous and ground was of less value.

The first house at which we stop is the Priory of Crutched Friars, that is, Crossed Friars. They wore a cross of red cloth upon their backs, and carried an iron cross in their hands. The Order of the Red Cross was founded by one Conrad of Bologna, in the year 1169. Some of the friars found their way to London in the middle of the next century, and humbly begged of the pious folk a house to live in. Of course they got it, and many houses afterward, with a good following of the citizens. This monastery stood behind Seething Lane, opposite St. Olave's Church. The site afterward became that of the Navy House, and is still marked by the old stone pillars of the entrance and the open court within. It is now a receiving-house for a railway.

Beyond this, on the other side of Aldgate, stood a far more important monastery, that of the Holy Trinity. The site of

MONUMENTS OF ST. PAUL'S WHICH SURVIVED THE FIRE (EAST END OF THE NORTH CRYPT).

SOUTHEAST VIEW OF THE NUNNERY OF ST. HELEN, BISHOPSGATE STREET.

the Friars Eremites of the Order of St. Augustine. The house was founded by Humphrey Bohun, Earl of Hereford, in the year 1253. It rapidly became one of the wealthiest houses in the city; its church, very splendid, was filled with monuments. Part of it stands to this day. It is now used by the Dutch residents in London. The quiet courts and the square at the back of the church retain something of the

the place is marked—for there is not a vestige left of the ancient buildings—by St. James's Square, a shabby place of resort for the poorer Jews. This noble house was founded by Matilda, wife of Henry I., in 1109, for regular Canons of the Order of St. Augustine. The priory, enriched by many later benefactors, became the wealthiest and most splendid in the city. Its Prior, by virtue of his office, and because the old Knighten Guild had given their property to the priory, was Alderman of Portroken Ward; the monastery was exempted from ecclesiastical jurisdiction other than the Pope's; its church was great and magnificent, full of stately monuments, carved marbles, and rich shrines; the house was hospitable, and nobly charitable to the poor.

The beautiful old Church of St. Helen's, filled with monuments curious and quaint, was formerly the church of the Priory of St. Helen's. This nunnery was founded by William Basing, Dean of St. Paul's, in the reign of Richard I. The church, as it now stands, consists of the old parish church and the nuns' church, formerly separated by a partition wall. The Leather-sellers' Company acquired some of their ground after the Dissolution, and the old hall of the nunnery, afterward the Leather-sellers' Hall, was standing until the year 1799.

On the north of Broad Street stood the splendid House of Austin Friars, that is, former monastic arrangement and of the old tranquillity. The square is certainly one of the courts of the monastery, but I know not whether the refectory or the library or the Abbot's house stood here.

The next great house, following the wall westward, was that of St. Martin's le Grand, of which I have already spoken. It was a House of Augustine Canons. It formed a precinct with its own liberty. William of Wykeham was its most famous Dean. In the sanctuary Miles Forrest, one of the murderers of the two Princes in the Tower, died—"rotted away piecemeal." The liberty survived long after the Dissolution.

Adjoining St. Martin's was the great Foundation of the Grey Friars.

They were Franciscans. Who does not know the story of St. Francis and the foundation of his great Order? They were the preachers of the poor. The first Franciscans, like the Buddhist priests, lived upon alms; they had no money, no endowments, no books, no learning, no great houses. Those who came to England—it was in the year 1224—nine in number, of whom only one was a priest, were penniless. They first halted in Canterbury, where they were permitted to sleep at night in a room used by day as a school. Four of them presently moved on to London, where they hired a piece of ground on Cornhill, and built upon it rude cells, of wattle and daub, with their

own hands. Already the Dominicans—their rivals—preachers of the learned and the rich—had obtained a settlement in Oxford. The Franciscans staid a very short time on Cornhill. In the year 1225 one John Ewin bought and presented to them a piece of ground north of Newgate Street, whither they removed. Their austerity, their poverty, their earnestness, their eloquence, drew all hearts toward them. And, as always happens, their very popularity proved their ruin. Kings and Queens, great lords and ladies, strove and vied with each other to show their love and admiration for the men who had given up all that the world can offer for the sake of Christ and for pity of their brothers and sisters. They showed this love in the manner common with the world. They forced upon the friars a portion of their wealth; they made them receive and enjoy the very things they had renounced. It is a wonderful record. First, the citizens began. One Lord Mayor built a new choir for their church, with a splendor worthy of the Order and of the City; another built the nave to equal the choir; a third built the dormitories—no more wattle and daub for the dear friars: other citizens built chapter house, vestry house, infirmary, and refectory. Their library was given by Dick Whittington, thrice Mayor of London. Then came the turn of the great people. Queen Margaret thought the choir of the church should be more splendid, and added to it or rebuilt it. Queen Isabel and Queen Philippa thought that the nave should be still more splendid, and, with the help of the Earl and Countess of Richmond, the Earl of Gloucester and his sisters, Lord Lisle and others, built a new nave, three hundred feet long, eighty-nine feet broad, and sixty-four feet high. Here were buried, as in ground far more sacred than that of St. Paul's, or any acre of ordinary consecration, Margaret, wife of Edward I.; Isabel, wife of Edward II.; Joan of the Tower, Queen of Scots, daughter of Edward II.; Isabel, daughter of Edward III.; Beatrice, daughter of Henry III., and an extraordinary number of persons great and honorable in their day. What became of their monuments, and of the church itself, belongs to Tudor London.

All those who visit London are recommended by the guide-books to see the famous Blue-Coat School. The main entrance is at the end of a narrow lane leading north from Newgate Street. On the right hand of the lane stands a great ugly pile built by Wren twenty years after the Great Fire. This is Christ Church, and it stands on part of the site of the old church of the Grey Friars. At the Dissolution Henry VIII. made their church into a parish church, assigning to it the two parishes of St. Nicolas Shambles and St. Ewin, together with the ground occupied by the monastery. The

ST. HELEN'S, BISHOPSGATE.

SOUTHWEST VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. HELEN, BISHOPSGATE STREET.

church within is as ugly as it is without. One shudders to think of the change from the great and splendid monastic church. On the other side of the lane is an open space, a church-yard now disused. The old church covered both this open space and the area of the modern church. Behind it stood the cloisters, the burial-ground, and the monastic buildings of the house, covering a great extent of ground. Those who go through the gate find themselves in a large quadrangle asphalted. This is now part of the boys' play-ground; their feet run every day over the old tombs and graves of the Grey Friars' burial-ground; the soil, though not accounted so sacred as that within the church itself, was considered greatly superior to that of any common church-yard. Most of the dead were buried in the habit of the Grey Friars, as if to cheat Peter into a belief in their sanctity. On the south of the quadrangle two or three arches may be observed. These are the only fragments remaining of the cloisters. The view of Christ's Hospital after the Great Fire of 1666 shows the old courts of the abbey. The church formerly extended over the whole front of the picture. The buildings now seen are wholly modern. The cloistered square was the church-yard; the hall stood across the north side of the first court; beyond were the courts appropriated to the service of the monks; the cells, libraries, etc., were round the great court and the small courts on the right.

The Franciscan House is gone; the friars are gone. Let us not think, however, that their work is gone. On the contrary, all that was good in it remains. That is the quality and the test of good work. It is imperishable. If you ask what is this work and where it may be found, look about you. In the prosperity of the city, in the energy, the industry, the courage, the soberness of its people, in whatever virtues they possess, the Franciscans have their share—the Grey Friars, who went straight at the people, the rough, common, ignorant people, and saved them from the destruction of those virtues which built up this realm of Britain. The old ideas change; what is to-day faith becomes to-morrow superstition; but the new order grows naturally out of the old. It was a

part of the training necessary for the people that they should pass under the training of the friars.

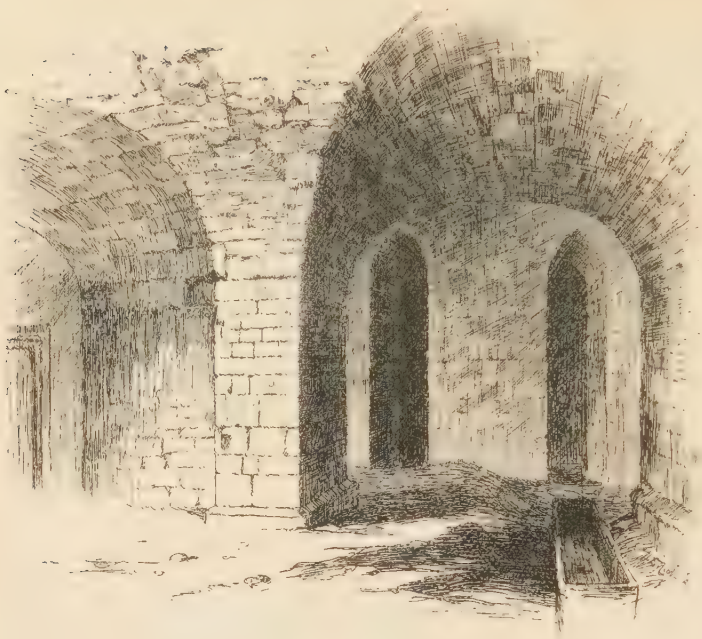
In the south-western corner of the wall were lodged the Dominicans, or Black Friars.

These, the Preaching Friars, came to England two years before their rivals, the Franciscans. Their first settlement was in the country lane which now we call Chancery Lane. After a residence there of fifty years, they removed to this corner of the town, which was, so to speak, made for them, that is, the city wall, which formerly ran straight from Ludgate to the river, was pulled down, and rebuilt further west, along the bank of the Fleet. Within the piece of ground thus added the Black Friars settled down, and because the ground had not formerly belonged to the City it now became a precinct of its own, enclosed by its own wall with its four gates, not amenable to the City, and pretending to a right of sanctuary. Edward I. and his Queen Eleanor were great benefactors to the Dominicans. Of the church and the stately buildings of the proud order not a trace remains. In the Guildhall museum may be seen a drawing of some ruined vaults belonging to the abbey which were discovered on enlarging the premises of the *Times* some years ago. There is nothing above-ground. The Dominicans, in spite of their wealth and power, never succeeded in winning the affections of the people to the same extent as the Franciscans. They were learned; they insisted strongly on doctrine; but they were harder of heart than the Grey Friars. It was the Dominican who encouraged the planting of the Inquisition.

CHURCH OF ST. AUGUSTINE (ST. AUSTIN).

All these houses were within the walls. Without were others, as rich and as splendid. South of Fleet Street, between Bridewell Palace and the Temple, was the House of the Carmelites, called the White Friars. These also were an order of mendicants. The *Fratres Beatæ Mariæ de Monte Carmelo* sprang from the hermits who settled in numbers on the slopes of Mount Carmel. They were formed into an order by Almeric, Bishop of Antioch, and were first introduced into Europe about the year 1216, by Albert, Patriarch of Jerusalem. They got their house in London from

CHURCH OF AUSTIN FRIARS.



CRYPT—REMAINS OF THE COLLEGIATE CHURCH OF ST. MARTIN-LE-GRAND, N. E.

Edward I.; but their chief benefactor was Hugh Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire. They too had their sanctuary, afterward called Alsatia. This privilege was not abolished till the year 1697.

Beyond the Carmelites were the Templars, but the suppression of the Order removed them from the scene in the year 1310.

The priories of St. Bartholomew and of St. John belong to Norman London. On the north of Bartholomew's, however, stood the House of the Carthusians. The Carthusian Order was a branch of the Benedictine Rule to which the Cluniacs and Cistercians also belonged.

The House of the Salutation of the Mother of God—which was its full title—was founded in the year 1371 by Sir Walter Manny. Those who know their Froissart know that gallant knight well and can testify to his achievements: how he entreated King Edward for the citizens of Calais; how he rescued the Countess of Montfort besieged in the castle of Hennivere, and, for his reward, was kissed—he and his companions—not once, but two or three times, by that brave lady; these and many other things can be told of this noble knight. Not the least of his feats was the foundation of this House of Religion.

When we speak of the Plague of London we mean that of 1664–5. But this was only the last, and perhaps not the worst, of the many plagues which had visited the city. Twelve great pestilences, at least, fell upon the city between the years 1094 and 1625—in the last year 35,000 died. That is to say, one plague happened every forty years, so that there never was a time when the plague was not in the minds of men. Always they remembered the last visitation, the suddenness and swiftness of destruction, the desolation of houses, the striking down of young and old, the loss of the tender children, the sweet maidens, the gallant youth. Life is brief and uncertain at the best, but when the plague is added to the diseases which men expect, its uncertainty is forced upon the minds of the people of every condition with a persistence and conviction unknown in quiet times when each man hopes to live out his threescore years and ten.

In the year 1347 there happened a dreadful plague. It began in Dorsetshire and spread over the whole of the south country, reaching London last. After a while the church-yards were not large enough to hold the dead, and they were forced to make more outside the walls. The Bishop of London therefore bought a piece of ground north of Bartholomew's, called No Man's Ground, which he enclosed and consecrated, building thereon a "fair chapel." This place was called the Pardon Church-yard. It stood, as those who know London will be interested to know, beyond the north wall of the present Charter House.

Two years later, the plague still con-

tinuing, Sir Walter Manny bought a plot of thirteen acres close to this church-yard, and built a chapel upon it—it stood somewhere in the middle of the present Charterhouse Square—and gave it for an additional church-yard. More than 50,000 persons were buried here in one year, according to Stow, but the number is impossible unless the whole of London died in that year.

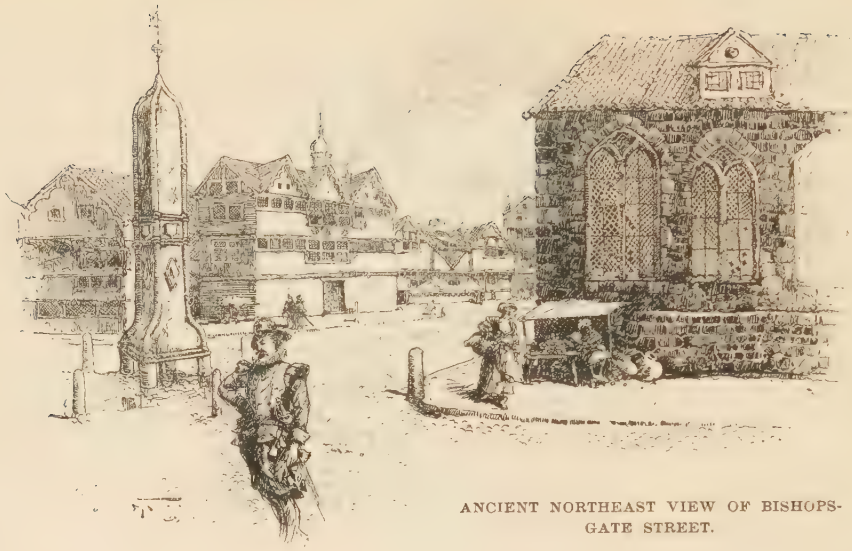
CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, FROM THE CLOISTERS.

The old Pardon Church-yard afterward became the burial-place of suicides and executed criminals. To this sad place the bodies of such were carried in a cart belonging to St. John's Hospital; the vehicle was hung over with black, but with a St. John's Cross in front, and within it hung a bell which rang with the jolting and the shaking of the cart—a mournful sight to see and a doleful sound to hear.

Twenty-two years later, when there had been upward of a hundred thousand persons buried in the new church-yard, Sir Walter Manny, now grown old, and near his end, bought ten acres more, which he gave to the ground, and established here a House of Carthusians called the Salutation. At first he thought of making a college for a warden, a dean, and twelve secular priests. On the advice, however, of Simon Sudbury, Bishop of London, he abandoned that project and established a House of Carthusians.

The Cistercian Order was founded by one Stephen Harding, originally a monk of Sherborne. He is said by William of Malmesbury to have left his convent and to have gone into France, where he practised "the Liberal arts" until he fell into repentance, and was received into the monastery of Molesmes, in Burgundy. Here he found a little company of the brethren who were not content with the Rule of the House, but desired in-

THE CHARTER HOUSE.



ANCIENT NORTHEAST VIEW OF BISHOPSGATE STREET.

struction and a rule more in accordance with their Founder's intention. They seceded therefore and established themselves at Citeaux, then covered with woods.

When we consider the death in life contemplated by their rules; this suppression of everything which makes life; this annihilation of aims, ambitions, and natural affections; this destruction of love, emotion, and passion; this monotony of mere breathing; this wearisome futility and vanity; this endless, useless, tedious iteration of Litanies—when we remember that hundreds of thousands in every Christian country, men and women, voluntarily entered upon this life, knowing beforehand what it was, and that they patiently endured it, we can in some measure realize the intensity and the reality of the torments which they believed to be provided for the vast majority of mankind. There were rich monks and luxurious monks, but in the early days of each order there was the austerity of the Rule. And though here and there we find a brother who rises to a spiritual level far above the letter of his Order, the religion of the ordinary brother was little more than the fear of Hell, with a sense of gratitude to the Saints for snatching him at least out of the flames.

Most of the brethren, again, of the new and more austere orders were simple and illiterate. They wanted a rule of life which should give them no chance of committing sin: like women, they desired to be ruled in everything, even the most trivial. At dinner, for instance, they were to drink with both hands and to incline the head when served: in church they were not to clinch their hands or to stretch out their legs: the whole day was mapped out for them as it is for boys at school. From primes (the daybreak service) till tierce, spiritual exercises; from tierce till sext, and from nones till vespers, manual labors; once every day private prayer at the altar; silence in the cell; to ask for what was wanted after nones; no conversation in the chapter, the cloisters, or the church; from November till Easter conversation on the customs of the Order; afterward on the Gospels—and so on. The effect on the common nature would be to produce a breathing machine, incapable of thought, of action, of judgment, with no affections, emotions, or passions. One sees a troop of slaves engaged upon a round of trivial duties, kept at a low stage of vitality by scanty food and short sleep. They cease after a while to desire a change; they go on in meekness and submission to the end, their piety measured by their regularity. Now and then among them is found one who frets under the yoke. Either he wants new austerities, like Stephen Harding, or he rises in mad re-

volt, and before he can be suppressed commits such dreadful sins of rebellion and blasphemy as leave little doubt that after all his pains and privations his chances in the next world are little better than those of the foul-mouthed ruffler outside whose life is one long sin, whose death will be caused by a knife in a drunken fray, whose body will be carried to Pardon Church-yard, and whose soul, most certainly, will be borne to its own place by the hands of fifty thousand devils.

For two hundred years this House of the Salutation continued. There remains no record of that long period; no record at all. There is no history of those poor souls who lived their dreary lives within its walls. The monks obeyed the Rule and died and were forgotten. Nay, they had been forgotten since the day when they assumed the hood. The end of the Carthusians came in blood and torture; but that belongs to Tudor London.

The founder, Sir Walter, lived to see only the commencement of his work. He died the year after his House was established, and was buried in the chapel, he and his wife Margaret, and many other gallant knights and gracious ladies, who thus acknowledged, when they chose to be laid among the dust and ashes of the poor folk who had died of the plague and those who had died by the gibbet, their brotherhood with the poorest and the humblest and the most unfortunate.

The modern visitor to London, when he has seen great St. Bartholomew's, is taken up a street hard by. Here amid mean houses and shops of the lower class he sees standing across the road St. John's Gate, a place already as well known to him and as frequently figured as St. Paul's itself. This is the gate, and it is nearly all that is left, of the great Priory of St. John of Jerusalem.

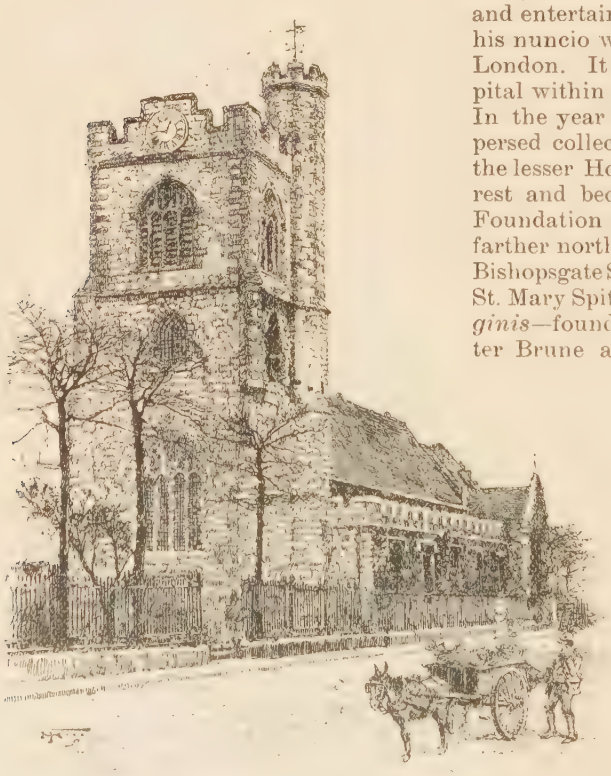
It was founded in the year 1100, and therefore belongs to Norman London. Its founder was Jordan Briset, a Baron of the Realm, and Muriel his wife. They had already founded a Priory for nuns close by Clerkenwell. A church of some kind was certainly built at the beginning, but the great Priory church, one of the most splendid in London, was not dedicated till the year 1185, and then by no less a person than Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, then in England in quest of aid and money for another Crusade.

In its foundation the brethren took the vows of chastity, obedience, and poverty. They were to have a right to nothing but bread, water, and clothes. They begged their food; on Wednesdays and Fridays they fasted; a breach of their first vow was punished by public flogging and penance; no women were to do any offices at all for them; they were to be silent, never to go about alone; they were to be the servants of the sick and poor; they were valiantly to defend the Cross. "Receive," says the ritual of admission, "the yoke of the Lord: it is easy and light, and thou shalt find rest for thy soul. We promise thee nothing but bread and water, a simple habit of little worth. We give thee, thy parents and relations, a share in the good works performed by our Order, and by our brethren, both now and hereafter, throughout the world. We place, O brother, this cross upon thy breast, that thou mayest love it with all thy heart, and may thy right hand ever fight in its defence! Should it happen that in fighting against the enemies of the faith, thou shouldest desert the stand-

RUINS OF THE CONVENT OF NUNS MINORIES, 1810.

ard of the Cross and take to flight, thou wilt be stripped of the holy sign according to the statutes and customs of the Order, as having broken its vows, and thou wilt be cut off from our body."

This poor, valiant, and ascetic society became in two hundred years enormously rich and luxurious. By its pride and its tyranny it incurred the most deadly hatred of the common people, as is shown by their behavior during the insurrection of Wat Tyler and John Bull. The first step of the rebels in Essex was to destroy a fair manor-house belonging to the Knights Hospitallers, and to devour and waste the stores of food, wine, and clothes contained in it. On their way to London they destroyed another manor belonging to the Knights, that of Highbury. After they had burned and pillaged Lambeth and the Savoy, they went in a body to St. John's Priory and destroyed the whole of the buildings, church and all. And they seized and beheaded the Grand Prior, who was also Treasurer of the Realm. The church soon rose again, and the monastic buildings were replaced with more than the ancient splendor, and the luxury of the Knights was in no way diminished by this disaster. The Gate itself, part of the later buildings, now belongs to the English Knights of St. John, who have established an ambulance station close beside it, and maintain a hospital at Jerusalem. The crypt of the church still stands, and may be visited. Part of the wall of the mean modern church also belonged to the old church.



BOW CHURCH, MILE END ROAD.

On the north side of the Priory and adjacent to it lay the twin foundation of Briset, the Priory of Black Nuns. Its church, at the dissolution, became the Parish Church of St James Clerkenwell. Jordan Briset and his wife were buried in this church.

The Hospital of St. Mary of Bethlehem was situated at first outside Bishop's Gate, close to St. Botolph's Church. This ancient foundation, of which our Bethlehem Hospital is the grandchild, was endowed by one Simon Fitz Mary, Sheriff in the year 1247. It was designed for a convent, the monks being obliged to receive and entertain the Bishop of Bethlehem or his nuncio whenever either should be in London. It is said to have become a hospital within a few years of its foundation. In the year 1347 the brethren were dispersed collecting alms. This was one of the lesser Houses, though it survived the rest and became the great and splendid Foundation which still exists. A little farther north and on the opposite side of Bishopsgate Street stood the great House of St. Mary Spital—*Domus Dei et Beatæ Virginis*—founded in the year 1197 by Walter Brune and Rosia his wife. It was originally a Priory of Canons Regular. At some time in its history, I know not when, it was converted into a hospital, like its neighbor of Bethlehem. It would be interesting to learn when this change became even possible. It must have been long after its foundation, when the old prayer-machine theory had lost something of its earliest authority, and, in the face of the mass of human suffering, men began to ask whether the

SOUTH VIEW OF THE PALACE OF THE BISHOPS OF WINCHESTER, NEAR ST. SAVIOUR'S, SOUTHWARK.

machinery engaged in iterating Litanies might not be made more useful in alleviating suffering. For whatever cause, the House of God and the Blessed Virgin became St. Mary Spital, and at the Dissolution there were no fewer than one hundred and eighty beds in the House. Near St. Mary Spital was Holywell Nunnery.

On the south side of Aldgate, outside the wall, stood the famous House, called the Abbey of St. Clare, called the Minories, founded by Edmund, Earl of Lancaster, in 1293, for the reception of certain nuns brought over by his wife, Blanche, Queen of Navarre, who were professed to serve God, the Blessed Virgin, and St. Francis.

There is a church, one of the meanest and smallest of all the London churches, standing in the ugliest and dreariest part of the city, called the Church of the Holy Trinity, Minories, which is often visited by Americans because the arms of Washington are to be seen here, and by antiquaries because the head of the Duke of Suffolk, executed on Tower Hill, is preserved here. The north wall of this church is part of the wall of the Clare Sisters' Church, and is all that remains in that squalid place of the noble Foundation.

On the south side of the Thames, besides St. Mary Overies already noticed, there were two great Houses, St. Thomas's Hospital and Bermondsey Abbey. These, however, were outside the city.

But this long list of great Houses is by no means exhaustive. Besides these of the city, within it or else around it, were many others, not so rich, yet well endowed. He, for instance, who walks along the broad highway of Whitechapel and Mile End, if he continues his walk presently arrives at a most interesting and venerable church. It is quite small, with a low tower; it stands in the middle of the road, and has a long narrow churchyard, cigar-shaped, before and behind it. This is the Church of St. Mary, or Bow Church. It was formerly the church of a nunnery founded at Stratford-le-Bow by William the Conqueror; it was augmented by Stephen, enriched by Henry II. and Richard I., and it lasted till the Dissolution. Let us remember that every new endowment of a monastic House meant the sequestration of so many more acres of land: they were taken from the country and given to the Church; they could never be sold; the tenants could

NORTHEAST VIEW OF WALTHAM ABBEY CHURCH, ESSEX.

never acquire property or rise in the world; all the lands owned by converts, churches, or colleges were lands withdrawn forever (as it seemed) from the healthy change and chance of private property.

I do not think that Bow Church is mentioned in the London hand-books. There is another, and a much more important and interesting Foundation, which, I believe, is not recommended by any guide-book to the visitor. Yet Waltham Abbey Church is a place of the greatest interest. It may be ranked with Winchester, Westminster, Canterbury, Caen, and Fontêvrault as regards historic interest. Moreover, it is at this day a place of singular beauty, and approached, by one who is well advised and can give up to the visit a whole afternoon and evening, by a most beautiful walk. The name Waltham is perhaps the "place of the wall." In that case here was a "waste chester," a fortified enclosure found by the East Saxons when they overran the country, and left by them, as they left so many other places, to fall into decay. Perhaps, however, the name is Wealdham, the "place of the forest."

The history of Waltham begins with a famous wedding feast. It is that of Tofig, the Royal Standard-bearer, and it caused the death of a King, because Hardeknut at this feast drank himself to death. The great Danish Thane built here a hunting-lodge, the place being in the midst of a mighty forest, of which vestiges remain to this day at Hampstead, Hornsey, and Epping. Now Tofig held lands in Somersetshire as well as in Middlesex. And at a place then called Lutgarsbury, which is now Montacute (*mons acutus*), a singular peaked hill, there lived a smith, who was moved in a dream to dig for a certain cross which, it was revealed to him, lay buried underground. He did so, and was rewarded by finding a splendid cross of black marble covered with silver and set with precious stones. When he had found it, he naturally thought it his duty to convey it to the nearest great monastery. In these days quite another course would suggest itself to the fortunate rustic. This smith of Lutgarsbury, therefore, placed the cross on a cart, and informed the oxen (which was quite in the spirit of the time) that he was going to drive them to Glastonbury, that holy House sacred to the memory of Joseph of Arimathea himself, and illustrious for its thorn flowering in midwinter. Miracle! The oxen refused to move. The parish priest, called in to advise, suggested Canterbury, second only to Glastonbury in sanctity. Still these inspired animals refused to move. Perhaps Winchester might be tried. There they had the bones of St. Swithin. No, not even to

Winchester would they carry the cross. "Then," said the priest, "let them carry the cross to your master, Tofig, at Waltham." Strange to say, though Waltham had as yet no special sanctity, the intelligent creatures immediately set off with the greatest alacrity in the direction of Waltham, a hundred and fifty miles away, and reached it after a ten days' journey, bearing the cross safely.

The story is preserved in a tract *De Inventione Sanctæ Crucis Walthamensis*, and must be believed by all the faithful. Thane Tofig showed his sense of what was due to a miracle by building a church for the reception of the cross, and appointing two canons to serve the church. It is also said that at least sixty persons were cured by means of this miraculous cross, and that many of them continued to live near the church in order to testify to its powers. When, a few years later, Harold obtained possession of the estate, he built a larger and more splendid church on the site, and placed twelve instead of two canons in it, with a dean and a schoolmaster. The church was consecrated in the year 1060, in the presence of King Edward and Edith his Queen. On his way south to meet William, Harold stopped to pray before the cross. While he prayed, the head on the cross, which had before looked upward, bent forward, and so remained downcast. On the field of Senlac, Harold's cry was, "The Holy Cross."

The body of the dead King was brought to the church and buried in the chancel. Only the nave remains, but there still stretches to the east a green space which was once the chancel, and here lies the body of the last Saxon King.

William the Conqueror spared the foundation. Henry II. replaced Harold's canons by monks of Rule. He is said to have rebuilt the church, but this is doubted. Probably some of the existing part, the nave, contains Harold's work, which was already Norman in character. When, in 1307, the body of Edward I. was brought from the north to be buried in Westminster, it lay for seventeen days in the Abbey Church of Waltham. And the place is full of historical memories, not only of kings but of worthies. Cranmer here advised Henry VIII. concerning his divorce. Thomas Fuller here wrote his Church History. Foxe here wrote his *Book of Martyrs*. The church now stands on the north side of a small and rather mean town; it is in the midst of a large churchyard planted with yew-trees, and set with benches for the old to sit among the tombs. The grave of King Harold is, as I have said, somewhere under the turf behind the church; it has over it the circled firmament instead of the lofty arch; instead of the monkish litanies it hears the song of the lark and thrush; instead of the whisper and the hushed foot-fall of the priests there are the voices of the children playing in the town and the multi-

WALTHAM ABBEY CHURCH, ESSEX, BEFORE RESTORATION.

PORCH OF ST. SEPULCHRE'S CHURCH.

tudinous sounds of work in the streets hard by. A happy exchange!

In the Old Jewry there was established by Henry III., a Jewish synagogue being their first house, a branch of a very singular order, the *Fratres de Pœnitentiâ Jesu, or Fratres de Saccâ.* They were mendicants of the Franciscan Rule, and were dressed in sackcloth to denote their poverty and their penitence. It was another and one of the last endeavors after a return to the early zeal and the first poverty of the order. For a time the new brotherhood enjoyed considerable popularity; Queen Eleanor, wife of Edward I., took them under her protection and endowed the synagogue, which was all they had, with lands and houses. Unhappily the Council of Lyons, 1274, ordered that there should be recognized no other mendicant friars except the Dominicans, the Minorites, the Carmelites, and the Augustines. So one supposes that these Brothers, just as they were getting comfortable in their synagogue, and beginning to reap the fruits of their austerities, had to turn out again, because no one was allowed to give them anything, and so went back to the common orders, who would not allow even the wearing of the sackcloth. One is sorry for the poor men, so proud of their sackcloth, and with such encouraging recognition already won.

Other great houses are sometimes reckoned as London houses, such as those of Barking, Wimbledon, Merton, and Chertsey; but these are outside our limits. Nor can I touch here upon any of the religious foundations of Westminster.

We have seen that when we lay down the monastic establishments upon the map, they occupy a very considerable part of the area within the walls. But when we consider, in addition, the great number of smaller foundations, the colleges, hospitals, and fraternities with houses, the parish churches and the church-yards, it will be seen that the space required for ecclesiastical buildings in the confined area of a mediæval town gives a very fair idea of the power and authority of the Church.

After the monasteries come the colleges, so called, by which we must not understand seats of learning, but colleges of priests. There were several of these—the College of St. Thomas of Acon, that of Whittington, St. Michael's, and Jesus Commons.

Next to the colleges come the hospitals: St. Bartholomew's, Elsing Spital, St. Giles Cripplegate, St. Mary Spital, St. Mary of Bethlehem, St. Thomas Southwark, and the Lazar House of Southwark.

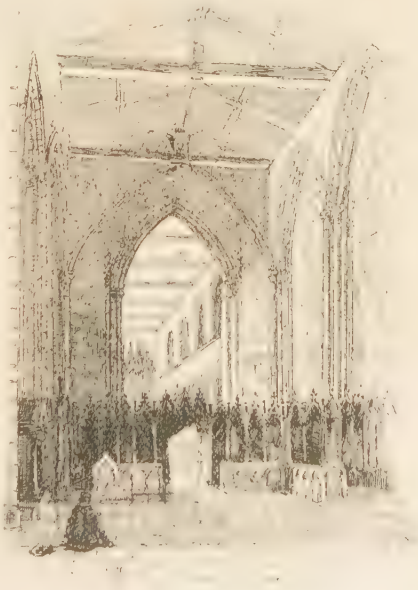
These hospitals, it must be borne in mind, were all religious foundations, governed by brethren of some Order. Religion ruled all. From the birth of the child to the death of the man, religion, the forms, duties, and obedience due to religion, attended every one. No one thought it possible that it could be otherwise. The emancipation of mankind from the thrall of the Church, incomplete to the present day, had then hardly begun. All learning, all science, all the arts, all the professions, were in the hands of the

Church. It is very easy to congratulate ourselves upon the removal of these chains. Yet they were certainly a necessary part of human development. Order, love of law, respect for human life, education in the power of self-government, such material advance as prepared the way—all these things had to be taught. No one could teach them or enforce them but the priest, by the authority and in the wisdom of the Church. On the whole, he did his best. At the darkest time the Church was always a little in advance of the people; the Church at the lowest preserved some standard of morals and of conduct; and even if the standard was low, why, it was higher than that of the laity.

When we see the Franciscans preaching to the people; the Carthusians cowering, silent and gloomy, in their cells; the Dominicans insisting on the letter of the Faith; Kings and Queens and great lords trying to get buried in the holy soil of a monastery church—let us recognize that out of this discipline emerged the Londoner of Queen Bess, eager for adventure and for enterprise; the Londoner who was so stout for liberty that he drove out one King and then another King, and set aside a dynasty for the sacred cause; the Londoner of our own time, who is no whit inferior to his forefathers.

One form of religious society I have passed over — that of the Fraternity. There were fraternities attached to every church. Those of the same trade in a parish—those of the same trade in many parishes—united together in a fraternity —of the Blessed Virgin, of the Holy Trinity, of the Corpus Christi, of Saint This or That. All the Danes in London joined together to make a fraternity—or all the Dutch. All the fish-mongers, or all the pepperers: they formed fraternities—not yet trades-unions or companies — which had masses sung for the souls of their brethren; met in the churches on their saints' days; had solemn service and a procession and a feast. It is only by such a bond as this that any calling or trade can become dignified, self-respecting, and independent. The fraternities were founded, for the most part, before the companies. These could not have existed at all but for the impetus to union given by the fraternities. Common action—the most important discovery ever made for the common welfare—was made possible, among those who would otherwise have been torn asunder by rivalries and trade jealousies, by the fraternities.

Such, so great, were the power and the wealth of the Church from the twelfth to the sixteenth century. Every street had its parish church, with charities and fraternities and endowments: colleges, houses for priests, almeries, hospitals, were scattered all about the city: within and without the wall there were fifteen great houses, whose splendor can be understood only by the ruins of Tintern, Glastonbury, Fountains, or Whitby. Every house was possessed of rich manors and broad lands: every house had its treasury filled with title-deeds as well as with heaps of gold and silver plate: every house had its church crowded with marble monuments, and adorned with rich shrines and blazing altars and painted glass such as we can no longer make. Outside, the humblest parish church showed on its frescoed walls the warnings of Death and Judgment, the certainty of Heaven and Hell. And they thought—priest and people alike—that it was all going to last forever. Humanity had no other earthly hope than a continuance of the bells of *l'Ile Sonnante.*



INTERIOR OF ST. KATHERINE'S CHURCH BY THE TOWER.

TRUE BLUE!—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

—"But doesn't hearing these brilliant speeches sometimes make you change your mind?"
—"My *mind?* Oh, often! but my *vote*, NEVER!!"

Editor's Easy Chair.

IN his last great public speech, the centennial oration of the Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard, Wendell Phillips said: "Sam Johnson's standing toast in Oxford port was, 'Success to the first insurrection of slaves in Jamaica!' a sentiment Southey echoed. 'Eschew cant,' said that old moralist. But of all the cants that are canted in this canting world, though the cant of piety may be the worst, the cant of Americans bewailing Russian nihilism is the most disgusting."

The audience of that morning which crowded Sanders Theatre listened with a half-shuddering incredulity to the orator's quiet and incisive description of the actual situation in Russia. In a land where discussion is free, he said, reform asks no odds. Risk your daily bread, expect social ostracism, count on a mob now and then. But surely the right comes uppermost, and in a land of free speech nothing more is needed.

"But such," he said, "is not Russia. In Russia there is no press, no debate, no explanation of what government does, no remonstrance allowed, no agitation of public issues. Dead silence, like that which reigns at the summit of Mont Blanc, freezes the whole empire, long ago described as a despotism tempered by assassination. Meanwhile such despotism has unsettled the brains of the ruling family, as unbridled power doubtless made some of the twelve Cæsars insane; a madman sporting with the lives and comfort of a hundred million of men. The young girl whispers in her mother's ear, under a ceiled roof, her pity for a brother knouted and dragged half dead into exile for his opinions. The next week she is stripped naked, and flogged to death in the public square. No inquiry, no explanation, no trial, no protest, one dead uniform silence, the law of the tyrant. Where is there ground for any hope of peaceful change? Where the fulcrum on which you can plant any possible lever?.... No, no; in such a land dynamite and the dagger are the necessary and proper substitutes for Faneuil Hall and the *Daily Advertiser;* anything that will make the madman quake in his bedchamber and rouse his victims into reckless and desperate resistance. This is the only view an American, the child of 1620 and 1776, can take of nihilism; any other unsettles and perplexes the ethics of our civilization."

The orator of ten years ago, not the incredulous audience, was right. His vivid picture was a remorseless photograph, and every year since then has hastened to justify his words. This is the spirit of the life, an icy terror, which is delineated in the Russian novels. The consent of testimony reveals in Russia a power which unites the crimes of Asian despotism with those of mediæval Europe. With its gilt veneer of civilization, Russia is a monstrous anomaly in the modern world.

Within thirty hours of access from London there is a huge empire in which, to use the words of accepted reports, millions of innocent men and women, because they are Jews, are summarily exiled with torment and torture, roused from their beds at night, driven with whips from their dwellings, loaded with chains, and plunged into the deepest misery. They wander for days and nights in cemeteries, famishing and frozen. Children are born in the fields, and mothers and the new-born perish miserably. The awful suffering, the unspeakable wrong, have smitten Christendom with horror. The madness of the despot, indeed, may explain the ghastly spectacle. An appalling cataclysm of blood, like that of the French Revolution, is already predicted, and the forcible protest of Europe is awaited. Mr. Gladstone writes to an eminent Hebrew in England that he must collect and publish the facts, and an avenging storm of public opinion will arrest the crime.

Baron Hirsch, who seems to have succeeded Moses Montefiore as the good genius of his people, evidently has no thought of changing the will of the Czar, but hopes that he may possibly modify his method. Like Disraeli's Sidonia, he thinks that time may be the solvent. If the expulsion of the Jews can be extended over a period of twenty years, Baron Hirsch says that provision both of money and of settlement elsewhere can be effected. There is something pathetic in his ascription of a sincere spirit of integrity and justice to this modern Ivan the Terrible, in whom the fury of his race seems to recur. It is the vain endeavor to

placate the implacable. Whatever the professed motive, whether religious fanaticism, or race hatred, or anger at the result of the attempted loan, or mere whim, the story of the Spanish expulsion of the Jews is once more told. The Russian Torquemada is the Procurator of the Holy Synod, Pobiedenstzeff, who commands the Jews to violate their own Sabbath and disobey their God.

But it was not of the treatment of the Jews that Phillips spoke. It was of the spirit and method of a despotism which is no respecter of people. How injustice recoils upon itself is signally illustrated in the fact that the Jews, who are excluded from handicrafts and professions, and consequently forced into trade, so excel in trade that jealousy of them stimulates the fiercest persecution. It is also a curious fact that Spain, which banished them five centuries ago, and impelled the stream of emigration to eastern Europe, is now understood to look with favor upon their return. It was in the Jewish hegira from Spain that the ancestors of Lord Beaconsfield went to Venice, whence Disraeli's great-grandfather came to England.

The moral protest of Europe against Russian persecution of the Jews is not accompanied by any desire upon the part of the protesting nations, except possibly Spain, to welcome the exiles. There are projects to colonize them in Palestine and in South America, and the race feeling always shows itself in the liberality of rich Hebrews, but the munificence of Baron Hirsch is unequalled, and gives him a unique distinction. Meanwhile the restless race still wanders. Its type is still the pathetic figure that never stays, and always bends under the burden of an endless doom.

WHILE the cry of a race again relentlessly persecuted for religion startles Europe and the world, it is something gained that religious differences may be elsewhere maintained without violence. The peaked hat of the Puritan, if less magnificent a crown than the tiara of the Vatican, covered as inexorable a purpose. The spirit of Torquemada was plainly in Calvin, or he would not have assented to the death of Servetus. But that there was only one Servetus showed the changing time. The impulse of the wars of the Roses and of the Fronde and of the bloody Roman proscriptions was the party spirit which we know in a milder form. In nothing does civilization assert itself more benignantly than in the increasing spirit of liberty of thought. The vista of a trial for heresy is closed no longer by the stake.

When John Huss was arraigned at Constance upon thirty-nine articles of heresy, it was by those who scorned him as a foe of God and man, and who professed to think Heaven served by the burning of a heretic. When John Huss is arraigned to-day, it is by those who gladly acknowledge his virtues, his ability, his sincerity, his scholarship, his upright life, and who claim his personal friendship. He is accused of no wrong. He is menaced with no personal penalty. The arraignment is an expression of differing opinion. The judgment is an affirmation of such difference, and a declaration that his opinion must not be taught as the opinion of those who do not hold it. A Church is a body of believers who agree upon doctrines. Doctrines upon which they do not agree, which the great majority repudiate, cannot fairly be called doctrines of the Church, nor properly taught as such.

John Huss, says the Council of Constance to-day, is perfectly entitled to hold his views. He has the same right to hold them that we have to hold ours, and no man may justly asperse him, still less harm him, for holding them. But they are not our views, and they cannot therefore fairly be stamped with our brand. John Huss honestly thinks that more spiritual light is possible, that men whose characters and lives are Christian, and who are honest men, should not be refused the name of Christian, and that much was formerly honestly accepted as truth which later knowledge has shown not to be true. He thinks that it is impossible to interpret spiritual truth by inflexible dogma, and that the significance of dogma must be left to individual perception. He even agrees with St. Paul that true religion and undefiled is to assist the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world. But we, says the Council—we (in the words of an excellent sister repudiating those who believe that all shall be finally saved)—we hope for better things. We cannot therefore agree that John Huss holds our views.

If they are honest, could they say oth-

erwise? The Reverend Mr. Jasper holds that the sun do move. Shall he admit that Galileo is a Jasperian? There are excellent persons who believe that hell is a burning lake of brimstone, that it blazes like a fire of pitch-pine, and consumes souls endlessly as blazing fagots consumed the flesh of John Rogers. Can those believers honestly admit that John Huss, who holds hell to be a state of mind, teaches their views? They do not deny to Huss the right to hold his views. They do not assume to punish him. They merely decline to have such views taught as theirs. Is not that infinitely better than handing him over to the secular arm to be burnt for inculcating views fatal to the public peace here, and to his own welfare and that of all other good people hereafter?

Yet in both instances one thing is indispensable. Before judgment is passed upon views, the views must be clearly determined. Whatever the charge may be, a man must be held guiltless until the charge is proved. Even old John Huss was at least passed through the form of a trial before he was burned. If a modern John Huss should be punished without a trial, although the punishment were only a deprivation of his livelihood, would the sense of justice be more evident in the modern than in the ancient Council of Constance?

Moreover, every Council of Constance, although apparently a judge, is really but a party in a trial before the august tribunal of the human mind. On one side were the pomp and power of the Papacy and the Empire, the apparent sovereign might of the world, and on the other, a single man. He was scorned and overwhelmed and burned. But who conquered in that awful controversy? Who is the victor to-day? Who stood for the freedom of the soul, for the individual conscience, for the progress of civil and religious liberty? If the Council of Constance could have burned the power and the impulse which John Huss symbolized, the course of civilization would have been arrested. It is because that power and impulse prevailed over the sovereignty of the Council that John Huss is burned no longer.

It was in the spring exhibition of the National Academy that a positive critic said audibly to his companion, "In pictures everything depends upon the point of view."

"Yes," replied his companion, "and in everything else too."

They passed on talking, and their words were like snatches of music from a distant band, heard only because of a momentary lift of the breeze that sank and left no sound.

The words pointed the moral of a remark which the Easy Chair had just before heard about a man whose life had failed. But the critic did not consider that the value of the judgment is measured by the judge. The Tutbury Pet was hardly competent to pronounce upon John Keats, nor John Keats upon a race-horse. The public man who said that a friend of his by not pursuing a certain course had lamentably thrown away his career, and from being a leader honored and trusted, had totally disappeared, spoke with sincere sympathy and with entire sincerity from his own point of view. But his opinion was of no value because of his point of view. One spectator sees nothing in a picture but a confused smear of color or glare of light; another detects in it delicate lines and aerial distances and pastoral groups—a soft landscape of Claude. The explanation of the difference lies in the point of view.

A politician who climbs by arduous indirection to high place, who has no principles, no ideals, no faith, measures his comrades by their success in such climbing. If a comrade says that he prefers peace of mind, a happy conscience, self-respect, and fidelity to convictions, the successful placeman grieves over his friend's folly, and laments that he sacrifices the splendor of triumph and power to a sentimental whim. Yet his friend, in turn, looks at the climber, knows that after a little he will be displaced and vanish, and pitying the self-deception which prefers the close and brief glare of a Roman candle to the serene light of the eternal stars, asks sadly as he gazes, what if a man gains for a day the whole world and loses his own soul? "In pictures everything depends upon the point of view."

The man who proposes to himself an object of any kind must consider carefully what exactly it is, and what price he is willing to pay. The other evening, in a great audience, the Easy Chair saw a public officer of high degree. He was

conspicuous, officially honored, and an object of wonder and envy to many a curious eye that surveyed him. But he owed his office to unscrupulous intrigue, to bribery and servility and meanness. He brought to it no personal eminence, no weight of character, no acknowledged ability. When his term should end he would fall like a spent rocket case, its golden sparks all ashes, its spray of fire extinguished. Like a king whose royalty is solely in his crown, not in himself, once discrowned, there is none poor enough to do him reverence.

But of all this he had no thought, nor would he have acknowledged it to be true. He sat complacently surveying the scene, with a secret feeling that he was an excellent illustration of the happy operation of American institutions. "Here in this box," his complacency seemed to say, "behold the reward of energy, perseverance, and courage! I was a poor boy with no other advantages than my mother-wit and my determination to succeed. I had no rich parents, no other education than the common school, no chance that every American boy does not have, and here I am a public man of high degree, and my name and favor are solicited on every hand for every purpose. I am not a Pharisee, and I do not pretend to be better than other people. My party is good enough for me, and every man who assumes to be better than his party may be wisely watched. This is a wicked world, and a man must be wary if he would get on in it. A man who loudly professes prohibition will often be found tippling behind the door. Another man may be very regular at church and very irregular in paying his bills. I make no claims to superior excellence, but I am content."

In the parquet the Easy Chair saw another man whom he knew to have been an old friend and companion of the public officer in the box, but who had declined to walk his way, and although undistinguished, was content. The public officer looked at him with an air of wonder and pity, and as if half wishing himself away that he might spare his old friend the pain of witnessing his success. Yet the pain of the undistinguished friend was probably the sincerer. He saw the sparkle of the rocket, but perhaps he foresaw the speedy darkening. In the box and in the parquet it was the difference of the point of view.

We must know a man's standards before we can justly estimate his judgments. If he is enthusiastic over the verse of Tupper, we can spare his comments upon poetry, and Tupper is not confined to literature. There is Statesman Tupper, and Tupper in every walk of art, and wherever he is, he is still Tupper. But he at least is honest. There is, however, besides the innocent Tupper every grade of Jonathan Wild the Great, from the sneak-thief to the bold highwayman. When he is so good as to comment upon the old friends whom he sees in the parquet, you must remember his point of view and make allowance.

The shrinking beginner in literature addresses himself to some figure that seems to him to be treading an ampler ether, a diviner air of fame. But the figure knows that he looks at others as the beginner looks at him. There is no absolute fame. It is all comparative. It is indeed the difference of the point of view.

The moral seems to be that we must not accept the standards of success from others, but find them in ourselves. What to one seems but a smear and glare, to another is a vision of Arcadia. What is brilliant success to John, is failure to James. What seems to the honorable public officer a lamentable and unprecedented suicide of promise and possible service, seems to his friend the only way to fulfil just anticipation and to do the highest service. But if a man regards a million of dollars as success to be gained at the cost of friendship and public honor and all that makes life precious, he will look upon a modest income and happiness, with love, honor, and troops of friends, as failure. It is the point of view.

When a well-meaning manager of a concert once requested of the audience that the singers should be spared the ordeal of an *encore*, upon the plea that the labor of executing their parts was very great and fatiguing, he was surprised by two things: the request was of no avail, and the audience demanded a repetition as if he had said nothing; while the singers, with one accord, demanded angrily why he had attempted to deprive them both of a most precious reward and a certain inspiration of their work.

Applause, indeed, is a solace and a stimulus of all efforts upon the stage. But it is often a serious annoyance to the audi-

ence, because it is ill-timed, drowning the culminating words in a scene or the most exquisite notes in a song. Indeed, nothing is now more surely indicative of the degree of refinement and intelligence in an audience than the applause. Moreover, the character of the applause interprets also the character of the appeal to it. There is, indeed, a silence which is the most expressive applause; a hush which is not the stillness of listlessness and fatigue, but of the most sympathetic attention, and the audience which reserves all demonstrations until the speech or song or scene is closed shows the most flattering because most intelligent appreciation of the performance.

A correspondent calls our attention to this subject by a reference to the "trunk-maker in the upper gallery," whom the *Spectator* describes as leading the applause in the playhouse of that day in London. "He is never seen to smile, but upon hearing anything that pleases him, he takes up his staff with both hands, and lays it upon the next piece of timber that stands in his way with exceeding vehemence; after which he composes himself in his former posture, till such time as something anew sets him again at work. . . . He sometimes plies at the opera, and upon Nicolini's first appearance was said to have demolished three benches in the fury of his applause. He has broken half a dozen oaken planks upon Dogget, and seldom goes away from a tragedy of Shakespeare without leaving the wainscot extremely shattered."

Our correspondent is confident that some of the descendants of the trunk-maker are now among us, and engaged in the active prosecution of his labors. He recently attended a lecture in Brooklyn by a distinguished lady, and in the midst of a delightful portion of her remarks, when appreciative silence indicated the charmed attention of the audience, a trunk-maker suddenly broke out with a thunderous clapping. Our correspondent, startled and disturbed, asked why such an interruption was tolerated, and was told that it was a demonstration of approval of the learned statements of the lecturer. No one followed the trunk-maker in the first attack, but he rallied a few hands and feet in his later essays, so that at last the point of all important sentences was lost in a tumult of approval.

For it is one of the objects of the trunk-makers to prove their own acuteness by showing their quickness in discovering the apt truths and the clever things which are about to be said, and to meet them more than half way with an overwhelming welcome. "His zeal for a good author," says the *Spectator*, "is indeed outrageous, and breaks down every fence and partition, every board and plank, that stands within the expression of his applause." The trunk-maker's posterity in this country, however, now enjoy the pecuniary results of his industry in the shop, and still appropriately sitting in "boxes," which is now the fashionable word for trunks, they continue their ancestor's occupation, laying about them, however, not with an oaken staff, but with a lively tongue. This, indeed, shows a sad decadence, for not only is the noise less vigorous, but it is not intended for applause. It has no relation to the performance, like the resounding whacks of their progenitor, but, on the contrary, is designed to express contempt for it, and to suppress it by murmurs and giggles and strident noises, which are doubtless much superior to those of Beethoven and Mozart and other musical masters, which are produced in the orchestra and on the stage.

The ancestral trunk-maker is not known to have frequented lecture halls for the purpose of demonstrating in resounding thwacks his approbation of the sentiments of the lecturer, and at least he heard Nicolini before he splintered the benches in his honor. But the contemporary trunk-makers care to hear nobody but themselves, and insist upon our hearing only such noises as they may choose to make. If they would do their part of the noise only at the right point, they would be public benefactors. It is not applause that our correspondent or any other intelligent auditor deprecates; it is only irrelevant and disturbing noise. The applause that follows the dying fall in music, the noble sentiment in the play, the thrill of eloquence in the speech, is the thunder bursting after the lightning flash. It is inevitable.

That is legitimate trunk-making. But the other kind, the mere interruption, the stamping out of the quiet key-word, the tattle that destroys the exquisite note, this is illegitimate. It is an impertinence that the original trunk-maker would have smitten into silence with the most thunderous thwack of his cudgel.

Editor's Study.

I.

NOT very long ago the Study had occasion to go to the news-stand in a metropolitan station, and get a book for a young lady who wished to be amused on the railroad journey she was about to make. Of course the only kind of book that is supposed to amuse young ladies, or old ones, for that matter, is a novel; and the Study found the news-stand so plentifully provided with novels that it asked itself whether they were not also supposed to amuse men of different ages. There seemed at first blush no difficulty in making a choice, but at each successive blush it became more and more difficult. The novels which so abounded at that news-stand were, upon closer inspection, such as might be supposed to amuse men of different ages, but if they were to amuse ladies of any age, they could hardly edify them; and whatever is to be said of the reading of men, men all feel that the reading of ladies ought to be edifying, or, at least, ought not to be offensive or deleterious. The news-stand had a very pretty look; it was decorative; for we have now got to making the cheap books very attractive, fashioning the outside of them after that of the French novels, and illustrating the covers in colors, not so artistically quite as the French do it, but not inartistically either. The trouble was not with the outside, however; if that had been the whole question the Study could easily have chosen, though there was upon the whole rather more kissing and embracing going on in colors than was quite in taste; where there was not this, the ladies portrayed had eyes too wide, too wise, too wandering, and corsages too low, or skirts too high; the gentlemen were too wickedly lurid in their *blasé* looks, and wore dress suits that seemed to be made up from the same piece as the scarlet garb of Mephistopheles, and afterward dyed black; their beards were cut to a point that seemed to take hold on hell; or else their mustaches were waxed to the last effect of wantonness and wickedness.

Some of these romances were translations from Continental tongues; there were, of course, the reprints of English novels of much innocenter aspect, but these looked dull; and the native American fiction was modelled outwardly, and too probably inwardly, upon that of the Latin tongue. It grieves us to add that a good many of these home products were the work of a sex whose influence is supposed to be altogether elevating and purifying. In the end, after lingering long and anxiously over this store of unwholesome sweets, the timid and fastidious Study ended by buying no novel at all. It bought several magazines, of the kind whose name is an absolute warrant of decency, to say the least; those novels all finally looked doubtful, if not indecent.

II.

Then, is there a decay in the morality of our fiction? It is always pleasant to think that there is a decay in things; it almost proves that there is no decay in one's self; but really, we are disposed, without claiming undue credit for the opinion, to say that there is a moral decay in our fiction. It is more artistic, or perhaps we had better say *chic*, than it was; but it is not so sound, we feel quite sure. Eighteen or twenty years ago, the news-stand in question would have been covered with novels vilely printed and repulsively bound, but certainly healthier in matter, if not so *chic* in manner. The people who do these nasty-looking contemporary things—authors, artisans, artists—have got touch; they are clever; and yet there are plenty of people who have got touch, who are clever, and who are not doing nasty-looking things. We all know them; it is needless to name them; but apparently the news-stand believes the public does not want them, at least in book form. You can get them in the magazines—in HARPER'S, in *Scribner's*, in the *Century*, in the *Atlantic;* and so, if you are as wise, or as scrupulous, as the Study, you will buy the young lady some magazines; for the news-stand will not let you have a choice of nice-looking things otherwise. It will show you five or six of them, but generally not more, and generally such nice-looking things as are dull-looking, or as everybody has read before.

Whom, then, does the literary nastiness of the news-stand accuse, with its decayed fiction? The public taste, or the taste of the panderer who purveys it? The pan-

derer is probably a person of no taste whatever, good, bad, or indifferent, and at least as innocent as the ladies who write so many of his nasty-looking novels. All that we can be charitably sure of is that there is a mistake somewhere, from which the patrons of the news-stand are the final sufferers, and that the moral decay of our fiction is not only undeniable, but is unfortunately insisted upon, made evident, typical, representative, by the misunderstanding of those who suppose that others, most others, like taint.

III.

Some such error long disabled the theatre from offering pleasures which might be enjoyed with self-respect. But it is interestingly noticeable that of late the theatre has been somewhat better advised, and at the moment the news-stand has begun to topple on the edge of the pit, the drama has been trying to climb out of it. The theatre is still very coarse, very shameless, but we think it has really some impulses to purge and live cleanly, which ought to be encouraged by all who know its vast influence. As we have often said, it addresses the weaker intelligences, and not the cultivated, except on rare occasions. But apparently the news-stand also addresses the weaker intelligences, and the acted fiction has been growing morally better while the printed fiction has been growing morally worse, till now there is much less to choose between them than there once was.

This nascent reform of the stage (if it is not too hopeful to call it so) began, we think, when our playwrights turned to real life with a tentative question whether there might not be something there that was worth the attention of the drama. It began, as we pointed out several years ago, to the high disdain and the hysterical displeasure of critics who are just now beginning to recognize the fact with all the zest of discoverers, in the work of Mr. Denman Thompson, who put the rustic Yankee of the fields in the place of the rustic Yankee of the coulisses on the stage; in the work of Mr. Edward Harrigan, who gave us New York low life (it may be really higher, of course, than the life of people who do not work for their living; but we have to use the conventional terms) that we knew; in the excellent but more literary work of Mr. Bronson Howard; in the simplest sketches of the variety actors who studied their types from nature; and, further back yet, in the negro minstrelsy which is our sole indigenous drama. It has gone on through the work of the schools each of the gentlemen named has founded, until now there is a considerable range of fairly amusing plays of American authorship which may be seen without shame, or too great loss of self-respect.

They have their defects; we always say that; they are still primitive; they are none of them masterpieces; but remembering what went before them and passed for dramas, they are surprisingly good, and they all have moments of satisfying felicity. We ought to include in our praise of them another drama of American make which is very right in one direction, and is to be honored for the courage with which it holds it. The authorship of *Beau Brummel* has been the subject of some unseemly dispute, and so we will not call it Mr. Clyde Fitch's play, though we think Mr. Fitch bore himself with the greater gentleness and dignity in the controversy; but whether it is Mr. Fitch's, or whether it is Mr. Mansfield's, we feel quite sure it has not a moment of nature in it. From first to last the feeling is as maudlin as the history is false, and the art is obvious and hackneyed. It always crowds the theatres with those weaker intelligences who mostly resort there, and with the gentilities, who like to see lords and ladies on the stage, and princes of the blood. It is ill acted, except for Mr. Mansfield's carefully architected performance; the lords and ladies are not gentlemen and gentlewomen; the prince is portrayed in a manner to make every one but the gentilities bless God that he was born a republican; and yet the play has a great and saving virtue: it has quiet.

This quiet is the one true touch in it; and it is so true that it imparts a color of veracity to the whole, which the spectator has to look at twice to find a reflected light. It teaches in unanswerable terms that the strongest emotions may be expressed without the least noise, and that the lover of the drama may be made to understand the purport of a play without being hit on the head; and all this in spite of the purely counterfeit character of the particular transaction. The strong emotions of Beau Brummel are bogus, or rather they spring from sources of un-

reality that invalidate them; but they are a good imitation; and the important fact is that the perfect quiet of the action conveys them. Of course it is a one-man piece, and Mr. Mansfield pervades and dominates every part of it. The conception of it is arch-romantical, but the execution is as realistic as possible, and this constitutes its strength. Otherwise it is as flabby and formless as a jelly-fish cast up on the sand.

IV.

The fact is, the two kinds do not mingle well, but for a while yet we must have the romantic and the realistic mixed in the theatre. That is quite inevitable; and it is strictly in accordance with the law of evolution. The stage, in working free of romanticism, must carry some rags and tags of it forward in the true way; that has been the case always in the rise from a higher to a lower form; the man on a trapeze recalls the ancestral monkey who swung by his tail from the forest tree; and the realist cannot all at once forget the romanticist. Perhaps not till the next generation shall we have the very realist; which puzzles the groundlings, romantically expectant of miracles that shall clear away all trace of romanticism in an instant. At any rate the stage has not yet got beyond its past, as was evident enough in two plays which were unquestionably the most striking of all that were given in the last theatrical season.

V.

One of these was an English play, by Mr. Arthur Jones, whose work we have not had the pleasure of seeing before, but which we shall always take some trouble to see again. It had the good fortune to be in the hands of Mr. E. S. Willard, an actor of charming talent, trained to artistic excellence of the rarest if not the highest order. He had great natural sweetness of manner, and a refinement that was thoroughly kind and winning, and he contrived to impart the sense of this to the characters he played. In two plays of Mr. Jones's he had the leading part, and in one he saved a shapeless mass of romantic rubbish called *The Middleman* from offence by the truthful beauty of his work in its one real character. In *Judah*, the other play, his skill was not so essential to the piece, and there the dramatist stood upon his own feet. He stood squarely and solidly on them. It was a play of great merit, and of a kind that is so uncommon as to be almost unique. It dealt with a theme as modern as that of the faith-cure, and presented a psychic half-consciously deceiving her patients at the bidding of her wholly-conscious rascal of a father. In the small Welsh town where she goes to save the dying child of the local magnate, the ardent young minister, Judah Llewellyn, falls in love with her; and when she puts herself in the hands of some hard-headed scientific people, and is really starving in the fast that has hitherto been feigned, he abets her in getting food. She is accused of the cheat, and then Judah, with lie upon lie, carries her through against her accusers. She is saved; the sick girl lives; but Judah remains in his sin, till he makes the supreme effort in which he confesses and obliges her to confess too. They are forgiven, and they resolve to begin life anew there where the worst of them is known.

Any one can see how strong the situation is, and how heroic the end. It is relieved with delightful humor in the scientific characters, and in its lighter as well as its graver qualities it is unspeakably in advance of the old-fashioned stage-play. It really gives one great hopes.

So does Mr. James A. Herne's *Margaret Fleming*, which is the other play we wished to speak of. It is not so good, all round, as the Englishman's play, but it is in places far deeper and greater, and it is ours; it is American to the finger-nails. Briefly, it is the story of a man who is false to his wife. He is a common, average sensual man; but she is a very uncommon woman. In the end, after cruel suffering, she forgives him; but she no more forgets than a man would forget a wife's infidelity. He is impossible to her; the last scene closes with his recognition and acceptance of the fact; and they go their different ways through life, friends, but lovers no more.

The power of this story, as presented in Mr. Herne's every-day phrase, and in the naked simplicity of Mrs. Herne's acting of the wife's part, was terrific. It clutched the heart. It was common; it was pitilessly plain; it was ugly; but it was true, and it was irresistible. At times the wife preached, and that was bad; there were passages of the grossest romanticism in the piece, and yet it was a piece of great realism in its whole effect. This effect, in Boston, where it was produced, was most

extraordinary. Probably no other new play ever drew such audiences there, in the concert hall where it took refuge after being denied a chance at all the theatres. Literature, fashion, religion, delegated their representatives to see it, and none saw it without profound impression, so that it became the talk of the whole city wherever cultivated people met.

It would be rash to prophesy its future, but not Mr. Herne's. It is evident that in him we have not only an actor of the most advanced type (he did a refuse Yankee in the play deliciously), but a dramatist of remarkable and almost unequalled performance. We have spoken of his work in both kinds before. We could not now speak of it too hopefully.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 16th of June.—Wilkinson Call was re-elected United States Senator from Florida May 26th.

The Legislature of Rhode Island, on the 26th of May, elected Herbert W. Ladd, Republican, as Governor of that State.

The Supreme Court of Connecticut, on the 3d of June, decided, with reference to the Gubernatorial contest in that State, that no candidate for Governor had received a majority of the votes cast at the election held in November, 1890, and hence that the appointment of that officer devolved upon the State Legislature.

The Kentucky State Democratic Convention, on the 15th of May, nominated John Young Brown for Governor. On the 22d the Republican Convention nominated T. A. Wood for the same office.

A national union conference of delegates from various political, social, and labor organizations met in Cincinnati May 20th. Preliminary steps were taken for the formation of a new political party, to be called the "People's Party of the United States of America."

The Chief of the Bureau of Statistics reported that the total number of immigrants arrived at the ports of the United States from foreign countries during the ten months ending April 30, 1890, and 1891, was as follows:

Countries.	1891.	1890.
Austria-Hungary	53,675	40,508
Denmark	7,500	6,500
France	5,596	5,417
Germany	86,664	69,467
England and Wales	43,107	44,960
Scotland	9,019	8,980
Ireland	34,485	35,054
Italy	51,153	54,330
Netherlands	3,674	3,059
Poland	19,976	5,156
Russia (except Poland)	33,374	24,909
Sweden and Norway	32,814	26,573
Switzerland	5,456	5,679
All other countries	14,805	9,982
Totals	401,298	318,655

J. J. C. Abbott succeeded the late Sir John A. Macdonald as Premier of the Dominion of Canada June 13th.

The difficulties in Newfoundland were settled for a time by the passage of a temporary enactment by the Colonial Legislature, providing for the carrying out of the *modus vivendi* with France, and of the decisions of the arbitration conference.

News from Haiti, received May 14th, revealed much dissatisfaction with the present government of that republic. Three attempts had been made to assassinate President Hippolyte. A revolutionary outbreak occurred at Port au Prince on the 28th, but it was promptly suppressed, and its leaders, together with many others who were suspected of connection with the plot, were summarily executed. Martial law was declared in the western district of the republic.

The civil war in Chili continued. A new Congress was convened, which invested President Balmaceda with absolute dictatorial power. The steamship *Itata*, whose escape from San Diego Bay was mentioned in our Record for last month, reached Tocopilla in safety on the 2d of June. By an amicable arrangement previously made with the insurgent leaders, she was at once surrendered to the American war ships, together with all the arms and other supplies which she had taken on board at San Diego. The provisional Junta, representing the insurgents, addressed a note to the European powers, June 11th, asking for recognition as belligerents.

The census of Ireland showed a population of 4,706,162 males and 2,317,076 females, being a decrease of 468,674 in the total since the last census.

The Portuguese cabinet resigned May 15th, on account of financial difficulties. A new cabinet was formed on the 21st, with General De Sousa at its head.

DISASTERS.

May 15th.—A flat-boat on the Dnieper River, Russia, was sunk by coming into collision with a steamer, and nineteen men were drowned.

May 19th.—By an explosion of giant powder on a work train on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, near Tarrytown, New York, nineteen workmen were killed.

June 14th.—A bridge on the Moenchenstein and Bâle Railway, Switzerland, collapsed beneath a heavily loaded excursion train. One hundred and thirty persons were killed.

OBITUARY.

May 21st.—At San Diego, California, Alphonso Taft, ex-Secretary of War and formerly United States Minister to Austria, aged eighty years.

May 25th.—In Washington, D. C., Rear-Admiral Samuel P. Carter, United States navy, aged seventy years.

May 26th.—In Brooklyn, New York, the Rev. Dr. Henry J. Van Dyke, aged sixty-nine years.

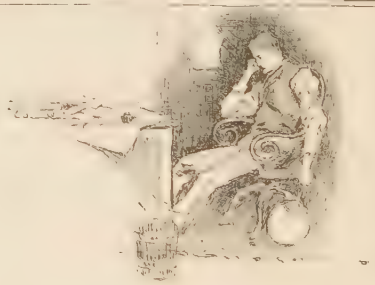
May 29th.—In Detroit, Michigan, Judge Samuel Miller Breckinridge, of St. Louis, Missouri, aged sixty-three years.

June 3d.—At Chestnut Ridge, New York, Benson John Lossing, the historian, aged seventy-nine years.

June 7th.—At Ottawa, Canada, Sir John Alexander Macdonald, Premier of the Dominion of Canada, aged seventy-six years.

Editor's Drawer.

WHAT we want is repose. We take infinite trouble and go to the ends of the world to get it. That is what makes us all so restless. If we could only find a spot where we could sit down, content to let the world go by, away from the Sunday newspapers and the chronicles of an uneasy society, we think we should be happy. Perhaps such a place is Coronado Beach—that semitropical flower-garden by the sea. Perhaps another is the Timeo Terrace at Taormina. There, without moving, one has the most exquisite sea and shore far below him, so far that he has the feeling of domination without effort; the most picturesque crags and castle peaks; he has all classic legend under his eye without the trouble of reading, and mediæval romance as well; ruins from the time of Theocritus to Freeman, with no responsibility of describing them; and one of the loveliest and most majestic of snow mountains, never twice the same in light and shade, entirely revealed and satisfactory from base to summit, with no self or otherwise imposed duty of climbing it. Here are most of the elements of peace and calm spirit. And the town itself is quite dead, utterly exhausted after a turbulent struggle of twenty-five hundred years, its poor inhabitants living along only from habit. The only new things in it—the two caravansaries of the traveller—are a hotel and a cemetery. One might end his days here in serene retrospection, and more cheaply than in other places



of fewer attractions, for it is all Past and no Future. Probably, therefore, it would not suit the American, whose imagination does not work so easily backward as forward, and who prefers to build his own nest rather than settle in anybody else's rookery.

Perhaps the American deceives himself when he says he wants repose; what he wants is perpetual activity and change; his peace of mind is postponed until he can get it in his own way. It is in feeling that he is a port of growth and not of decay. Foreigners are fond of writing essays upon American traits and characteristics. They touch mostly on surface indications. What really distinguishes the American from all others—for all peoples like more or less to roam, and the English of all others are globe-trotters—is not so much his restlessness as his entire accord with the spirit of "go-ahead," the result of his absolute breaking with the Past. He can repose

only in the midst of intense activity. He can sit down quietly in a town that is growing rapidly; but if it stands still, he is impelled to move his rocking-chair to one more lively. He wants the world to move, and to move unencumbered; and Europe seems to him to carry too much baggage. The American is simply the most modern of men, one who has thrown away the impedimenta of tradition. The world never saw such a spectacle before, so vast a territory informed with one uniform spirit of energy and progress, and people tumbling into it from all the world, eager for the fair field and free opportunity. The American delights in it; in Europe he misses the swing and "go" of the new life.

This large explanation may not account for the summer restlessness that overtakes nearly everybody. We are the annual victims of the delusion that there exists somewhere the ideal spot where manners are simple, and milk is pure, and lodging is cheap, where we shall fall at once into content. We never do. For content consists not in having all we want, nor in not wanting everything, nor in being unable to get what we want, but in not wanting that we can get. In our summer flittings we carry our wants with us to places where they cannot be gratified. A few people have discovered that repose can be had at home, but this discovery is too unfashionable to find favor; we have no rest except in moving about.

Looked at superficially, it seems curious that the American is, as a rule, the only person who does not emigrate. The fact is that he can go nowhere else where life is so uneasy, and where, consequently, he would have so little of his sort of repose. To put him in another country would be like putting a nineteenth-century man back into the eighteenth century. The American wants to be at the head of the procession (as he fancies he is), where he can hear the band play, and be the first to see the fireworks of the new era. He thinks that he occupies an advanced station of observation, from which his telescope can sweep the horizon for anything new. And with some reason he thinks so; for not seldom he takes up a foreign idea and tires of it before it is current elsewhere. More than one great writer of England had his first popular recognition in America. Even this season the *Saturday Review* is struggling with Ibsen, while Boston, having had that disease, has probably gone on to some other fad.

Far be it from the Drawer's intention to praise the American for his lack of repose; it is enough to attempt to account for it. But from the social, or rather society, point of view, the subject has a disquieting aspect. If the American young man and young woman get it into their heads that repose, especially of manner, is the correct thing, they will go in for it in a way to astonish the world. The late cultivation of idiocy by the American dude was unique. He carried it to an extreme impossible to the youth of any nation less "gifted." And if the American girl goes in seriously for "repose," she will be able to give odds to any modern languidity or to any ancient marble. If what is wanted in society is cold hauteur and languid superciliousness or lofty immobility, we are confident that with a little practice she can sit stiller, and look more impassive, and move with less motion, than any other created woman. We have that confidence in her ability and adaptability. It is a question whether it is worth while to do this; to sacrifice the vivacity and charm native to her, and the natural impulsiveness and generous gift of herself which belong to a new race in a new land, which is walking always toward the sunrise.

In fine, although so much is said of the American lack of repose, is it not best for the American to be content to be himself, and let the critics adapt themselves or not, as they choose, to a new phenomenon? Let us stick a philosophic name to it, and call it repose in activity.

The American might take the candid advice given by one friend to another, who complained that it was so difficult to get into the right frame of mind. "The best thing you can do," he said, "is to frame your mind and hang it up." CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

PHILOSOPHIC OBSCURITY.

Essays and novels and poems I've penned,
Autobiographies, histories three,
Jokelets and verses and such without end,
Letters of travel on land and on sea.

No one has seen them, and see them none may;
Locked in my closet the manuscripts lie,
Sealed, with instructions to fire the day,
Distant or present, upon which I die.

Fame I care naught for, and fortune is mine,
Hence under lock and key let the lines rest.
Why should I give the world one single line—
World that has often neglected the best?

Why should I drive them, offspring of my brain,
Into the world, with its critics severe?
Why should I seek for the woe and the pain
Certain to follow the theorist's jeer?

No! I will keep them; unread let them be.
Then, when I pass through Death's mysteried portal,
How 'twill console me, reflecting, that I
Could, had I chosen, have been an immortal.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

A BRAVE ANSWER.

Pat has been in the service of a militia general for a number of years, and is on terms of such intimacy with the soldier that he dares to be witty at his master's expense.

A few days ago the general was discussing the possibility of war with his coachman, and after casting some reflections upon the courage of his retainer, he asked, "Pat, what would you do in case a war did break out?"

Pat thought a moment. "Sure," he said, "oi think oi'd shtay home wid yer honor."

A WONDERFUL YEARLING.

A FARMER living in Patrick County, Virginia, endeavoring on one occasion to recover damages for a yearling that had been killed by a neighbor, was testifying to the usefulness of the animal, the heavy loads he was able to haul, and the amount of work he could do.

"Smith," said the judge, "do you mean, under the sanctity of an oath, to state that an animal of that age was capable of drawing such loads as you describe?"

"Why, jedge," replied Smith, "that air yurlin' was five years old!"

AN EXPENSIVE DEATH.

THE Scottish miser who blew out the candle that stood beside his death-bed, saying that "moonlight was good enough to die by," had a worthy rival in the economical French officer who thus explained to a wondering Englishman how he contrived to live upon a pension of five francs per week: "See you, mine friend, it is veree simple, ven you do know it. On Sunday I dine vid one friend of mine, and den I do eat so much dat I vant no more till Vednesday. Den, on Vednesday, I do buy one great big dish of tripe, and dat make me so sick dat I can eat not'ing till Sunday again!"

Even this masterpiece of frugality, however, is fairly matched by the exploit recorded of a rich but parsimonious English merchant who had been ordered abroad for the good of his health. But his health seemed to get very little good by the change, for he came back much worse than he went, and was thought to be actually dying when the ship came in sight of Southampton, the port for which she was bound. Hearing this, the captain himself went hastily down to see if anything could be done for his passenger; but the latter (whose temper was evidently not at all improved by his approaching end) received him very sullenly, and would hardly utter a word. At length the invalid asked, abruptly:

"How much do they charge a man for landing on this pier?"

"A penny" (two cents), was the reply.

"And how much is the charge, then, for landing a *corpse?*" inquired the dying man, with undisguised eagerness.

"Two shillings" (fifty cents), answered the surprised captain.

"Well," cried the invalid, with a burst of righteous indignation, "if you suppose, my friend, that I'm such a fool as to pay one shilling and eleven pence extra *for dying*, you're very much mistaken! Sooner than let myself be imposed upon to that extent, I'll *recover!*"

And so he did.

DAVID KER.

A DIFFICULT CHOICE.

MR. APPINGTON. "Marie, this has become past endurance. This morning, when I was taking my bath, that monkey of yours jumped on my back. You've got to choose between him and me."
MRS. APPINGTON. "Well, give me three days to think it over."

AT THE FAIR.

SCENE:—*Fortune-telling Booth.* Miss Rosalie Budd *as Fate.*

Enter Jack Foster.

FOSTER. "May I learn my fate here?"

MISS BUDD (*in a trembling voice*). "You may. [*Aside.*] I wonder if he recognizes me?"

FOSTER (*who thinks he knows the voice, but cannot identify it*). "All right. I am anxious to learn if any one cares for me?"

MISS BUDD. "Some one does."

FOSTER. "Very much?"

MISS BUDD (*softly*). "Very much."

FOSTER. "Humph! What is she like—tall and slender?"

MISS BUDD (*who is decidedly petite*). "No."

FOSTER (*mystified*). "I suppose you know?"

MISS BUDD (*feelingly*). "I do."

FOSTER. "Has she any money?"

MISS BUDD. "N-no."

FOSTER. "She hasn't, eh? I always thought she had. Well, it doesn't make any difference. How old is she?"

MISS BUDD (*striving to be honest, but forgetting a couple of years*). "Twenty-four."

FOSTER (*surprised*). "Whew! Are you sure?"

MISS BUDD (*feeling that truth must be maintained*). "Well—perhaps—it may be—twenty-six."

FOSTER (*thinking it very funny, and laughing*). "She told me that she was just of age. [*Miss Budd is silent, wondering if she had ever told him so.*] Have I ever said to her that I cared for her?"

MISS BUDD (*recalling several very tender moments*). "Y-yes."

FOSTER (*to whom the voice again seems familiar*). "Well, will I— So you think she will marry me?"

MISS BUDD (*tenderly*). "Yes; I know so."

Tall and slender young person suddenly appears in the doorway of the tent.

FOSTER (*laughing*). "Hello, Grace! I've just learned that my ideal is not tall and slender, that she is twenty-six, and that I'm to marry her. What have you got to say? Going to break the en—"

YOUNG LADY (*interrupting him*). "Jack! [*Rushes over to the fortune-teller and looks at her attentively.*] Why, Rosalie Budd!"

Tableau.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

A WOEFUL STATE.

One of Philadelphia's most prominent physicians, while in Virginia recently, wandered into a village court-room where a trial was in progress. As he entered, a dispute which was being carried on between the prosecution and defence as to the advisability of admitting a certain letter as evidence was ended by the judge desiring that the letter be given to him, in order that he might decide the matter. When the letter was handed him, he put on his spectacles, turned it first inside out, then upside down, then sideways, examining it carefully all the time.

"What's the matter with the judge?" asked Dr. Blank of a by-stander. "Why doesn't he read the letter?"

"Pshaw!" said the individual addressed, with a world of contempt in his tone, "he can't read readin'-readin', let alone writin'-readin'."

AN EXPENSIVE COMMODITY.

A gentleman travelling in Sweden asked the price of smoked salmon.

"One dollar and a half," replied the clerk.

"What does fresh salmon bring?" he inquired, in wonder.

"About thirty cents a pound at retail."

"And what is labor worth in the smokeries?"

"Something like twenty-five cents a day, I believe, sir."

"Then," said the traveller—"then smoke must be very dear here."

THE TRAGEDIAN'S WOE.

Poor old Tragedicus was quite cast down.
I straightway asked of him the cause of it.
He heaved a sigh, and answered, with a frown,
"I lost a hundred on my benefit."

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

Nubar Pasha, the famous Egyptian statesman, no longer possesses the magnificent watch, all encrusted with precious stones and embellished with the imperial monogram, which Napoleon III. presented to him as a souvenir of the Empress Eugénie's visit to Cairo in 1869. The manner in which he lost it, or at least the story which he tells of its disappearance, is characteristic of Oriental notions of morality. Nubar, while Prime Minister, was accustomed to place his watch in front of him on the council table at meetings of the cabinet. These invariably took place in the evening. One night, while the cabinet was in session, the electric light suddenly went out. A minute later, when it shone forth again, the Premier noticed that his watch had vanished. The doors, as usual, had been locked from the inside at the beginning of the meeting. No one had stirred. But the watch was gone. Nubar gazed, first of all, at the spot where the watch had lain, and then inquiringly at each of his colleagues in turn. All bore his searching look without flinching.

"Gentlemen," he finally exclaimed, after an awkward pause, "at the beginning of the council I had my watch down in front of me, in accordance with my usual custom. The light went out a few minutes ago, and during the darkness which prevailed, the timepiece disappeared. The door is locked, and no one has entered or left this room. I am ready to believe that the removal of the watch has been due to a practical joke, or else to a moment of temporary aberration on the part of one of the ministers present. I will now press this button so as to extinguish the light once more, and I am certain that when, a minute later, the light is turned on again, the watch will be found restored to its accustomed place."

Nubar thereupon extinguished the light. A few seconds later, when it shone forth once more, the place previously occupied by the watch was still vacant, and the jewelled inkstand presented to him by King Victor Emmanuel had likewise gone, presumptively to join the watch. He was never able to recover either the one or the other.

A BIT OF LEGAL REPARTEE.

Sir Henry Hawkins, the only British judge who combines in his person a membership of the Supreme Court of Judicature and a membership of the Jockey Club, was accustomed before his elevation to the bench to practise a great deal in the Court of Admiralty. The presiding judge at the time was the popular Baron Channel, who, though renowned for his legal acumen and for the facility with which he disentangled the most knotty problems of marine law, was never able to master the letter *h*. On one occasion he was engaged in trying a case in which a vessel named the *Hannah* had been run down just off Dover by the steamboat *Wave*. Mr. (subsequently Judge) Huddleston represented the owners of the latter, while Mr. Hawkins appeared for the proprietor of the *Hannah*. Throughout the trial Judge Channel persisted in referring to the lost vessel as the *Anna*. Finally Mr. Huddleston, gravely rising from his seat, pulled his wig down over his forehead with a gesture that was habitual to him, and after slyly winking at the opposing counsel, remarked, in his most solemn and impressive manner:

"There appears to be a good deal of doubt about the name of this vessel which my clients are asserted to have run down. Some call her the *Anna*, and others again the *Hannah*. Perhaps my learned brother Hawkins will be good enough to state definitely for your Ludship's information what the real name of this unfortunate vessel was."

Before Huddleston had time to resume his seat, Hawkins was on his feet.

"Certainly, m' Lud," he replied, with equal seriousness and unction. "The real name of the vessel is the *Hannah*, but the *H* has been lost in the chops of the Channel!"

AN HUMBLE EXAMPLE.

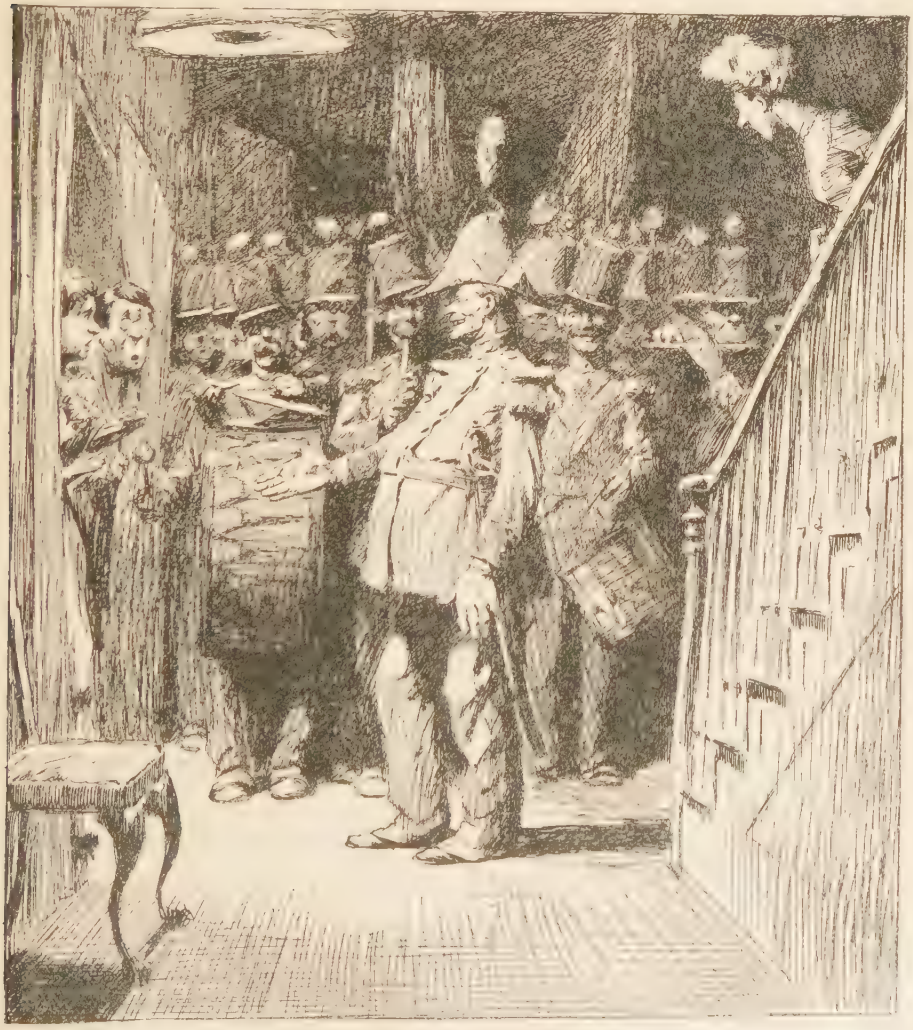
SNEER not, ye mortal proud, at him who lies
At rest upon his shell—that oyster there—
But rather take the lesson to thy heart
Which his quiescence plainly shows to man.
Remember this and learn: Yon oyster's nose
He poketh not in business not his own,
But lives content within his proper sphere.
Yon oyster's tongue no unkind word hath spoke,
Nor hath he so befuddled self with drink
That other bivalves—mussels, clams, and such—
On seeing him the scornful finger point.
His hand from politics is free, nor hath
He ever known ambition—that which makes
A grasping creature out of baser man.
Nay, nay, not sneers, but emulation rather.
Observe his ways, and as he does, do thou.
In all things copy him, and thou wilt find,
If thou art faithful, thou wilt surely get
A full four months' vacation every year.

THE MAYOR OF CHAMPION CITY.

THE Western town-boomer is a silky man and wide between the eyes. My first view of one of the most accomplished of these gentlemen was obtained while sitting in the office of the Spread Eagle Hotel in the booming border town of Centropolis. He approached and sat near me, deep in conversation with a young gentleman with sissy whiskers, in whom I recognized the owner of the name of Algernon Fitzprinny Bulburton, which adorned the register of the Spread Eagle.

"I regret that you cannot investigate more fully, visit Champion City, and see for yourself, Mr. Bulburton," the boomer was saying.

"Yaws," interrupted the Briton; "but aw must 'asten to Hengland. Aw'll take the lots



WOULD BETTER HAVE BEEN PUT DIFFERENTLY.
Miss Smith asked "the pleasure of Captain Jenkins's company to tea."

without looking awt them. Aws yaw are the Mayor, awve course yawr word is good."

"Certainly," broke in the other, "I am the Mayor of Champion City. The next election takes place in ten days, and I feel sure of being again chosen."

There was further conversation, during which the Mayor transferred to Mr. Bulburton an important-looking document, which I learned later was a deed for sundry lots in the booming settlement of Champion City. The conversation was confidentially low and sometimes difficult to catch, but I overheard sufficient to cause me to believe that Champion City was indeed booming. As an evidence of this, the Mayor cited that at the next meeting of the Council the question of water-works was to be taken under advisement.

"Think of a city less than a year old with water-works, Mr. Bulburton!"

"Haw!" quoth the Briton.

And presently he departed.

Ten days later found me journeying westward. Night settled down over the prairie and an almost non-progressive mule and a large-headed young rider. We were thoroughly lost erelong, but finally my eyes caught the cheery gleam of a light ahead. Some time later, when the mule had crawled up to it, I found myself in front of a small shanty which stood alone in the midst of the prairie. Admission was soon gained, and I was in the presence of Mayor Hooks, of Champion City. He did not recognize me. I wondered what he was doing in that lonely place when the duties of his office might have been demanding his presence in the settlement of which he was chief officer. But politeness forbade questioning him, and he volunteered no information.

Hooks was quite a genial fellow, and the time till the hour for retiring passed pleasantly. I was shown to the other of the house's two rooms, and was soon sleeping comfortably. Toward morning I was aroused by a voice in the next room, and the scrap of conversation that first reached me interested me to such an extent that a little later I was peeping through a knot-hole into the apartment from whence it proceeded. Hooks was alone in the room.

"It is time to close the polls," he said, addressing himself. "Mr. Hooks, you will please canvass the vote, and report the result."

Hooks fished a slip of paper out of a tin can.

"Mr. Hooks," said he to himself, "you have been re-elected Mayor of Champion City by an overwhelming majority. I congratulate you!"

Hooks shook hands with himself.

"Now, Mr. Hooks," said Mr. Hooks, "I am aware that the hour is a rather unusual one, but as I must be off early in the day to meet a prospective purchaser of lots in Champion City, it will perhaps be well for you to notify the City Council to meet here at once for action on the water-works question."

"A good idea, Mr. Hooks," said Hooks. "The City Council is here."

Mr. Hooks then made a short but convincing argument in favor of the water-works, and moved that the first proposition made by a syndicate to supply Champion City with water be accepted. As there was no opposition, the motion was carried.

"Now, Mr. Hooks, I would suggest that you address a letter to Mr. Bulburton, telling him of your re-election; of the action in regard to water-works; and tell him of the plotting out of the Highland Addition; and call his attention to the fact that by replying immediately, enclosing a draft, you can secure for him a number of desirable lots in it at $25 per lot."

The letter was written, and the meeting adjourned. The Mayor started a fire, and set a piece of side meat to sizzling in a skillet. I was shocked. Not at the sizzling of the side meat, for I had heard that sound several times before, but at Hooks. I was comparatively new in the West, and I wanted to denounce Hooks, and tell him my opinion of his methods. But, with remarkable presence of mind, I restrained myself, and hurried back to bed. A little later he called me to breakfast.

"Hooks," I began, after I had partaken liberally, "you are a villain!"

Hooks did not seem greatly agitated.

"Perhaps," said he, "I am a villain, but I am not a liar. My word is as good as my bond. I have told Bulburton only the truth. I *am* the Mayor, also the City Council, the Board of Trade, and its president. But I have not told him *all* the truth. Within twenty-four hours the population of Champion City has increased one hundred per cent. Yesterday I was alone here; to-day you are with me. I'll add that to the letter. Upon second thought, perhaps I had better not. You are going, unless—you seem bright and enterprising, and I need a partner, some one to furnish the conscience for the firm, as it were, and—"

"The man who would join you in this nefarious scheme of robbery would be an unprincipled scoundrel," I replied, hoarsely.

"Are you that kind of a scoundrel?" he asked, quietly.

"No!" I returned.

The Mayor was aroused. "Mr. Hooks," said he, "I believe you were appointed Chief of Police some time ago, with instructions to clear Champion City of undesirable characters."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, sir, to your previous instructions I will add that if such undesirable character does not make tracks when commanded to do so, you are to sweep the floor carefully with his person!"

The Chief of Police began to shuck his coat. Two minutes later I had left the only house of Champion City, and was endeavoring to urge an almost non-progressive mule away from that unappreciative neighborhood.

The entire population of the city shook its fist at me as I disappeared over the rise.

TOM P. MORGAN.

BEATRICE. "Kill Claudio."

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING," *Act IV., Scene I.*

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THE COMEDIES OF SHAKESPEARE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. A. ABBEY, AND COMMENTS BY ANDREW LANG.

V.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

"LET but Beatrice
And Benedicke be seen, loe, in a trice,
The cock-pit, galleries, boxes all are full,"

says Mr. Leonard Digges. The verses of Mr. Digges, an Oxford scholar, were prefixed to "*Poems*, written by Will. Shakespeare, gent.," published at London in 1640. The lines are supposed to have been originally intended to appear in the First Folio of Shakespeare's plays. However that may be, they prove the popularity of *Much Ado about Nothing* in years not so long after Shakespeare's death. Digges has been remarking that Ben Jonson's pieces have only a *succès d'estime*, and

"Acted, have scarce defraied the sea-cole fire,"

while the dramas of "Will. Shakespeare, gent.," are

"Like the coyned gold, whose lines in every page
Shall pass true current to succeeding age."

Mr. Digges may not have been a very great poet, but he is a *vates* in the other sense: succeeding ages find his prophecy come true; and pit, boxes, and galleries yet welcome Benedick and Beatrice, Dogberry and Verges. We all have our favorites among the comedies. There be some who reckon *Much Ado about Nothing* in the rank of Shakespeare's best six pieces. Probably it is really in that proud place, as an acting play. "In the closet," as they say, it is hardly so pre-eminent, and is not among the plays most rich in poetry and most magical in style. The stage has its conventions, accepts impossible plots, admits astoundingly sudden changes of character, in all of which elements *Much Ado about Nothing* is more than necessarily rich. If it were a new piece, the critics of the first night's performance would have a good deal to say against the plot. The fable in which a lover is made to believe he sees the proof of his lady's falseness, when he sees only her maid dressed up in her garments, is probably of great antiquity. "The substituted bride"—really a deceitful maid of the bride's—is a common figure, not only in German and Scotch and Norse, but even in Zulu nursery tales. To limit the extent of the handmaid's deceit is an easy modification of the world-wide legend. Shakespeare must have known it through Spenser's "Faerie Queene" (Book ii., Canto iv.).

"This gracelesse man, for furtherance of his guile,
Did court the handmayd of my lady deare,"

with all that follows. Spenser, again, probably adapted the incident from Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso." In Ariosto the traitor is moved by jealousy: the lady has rejected his suit. In Spenser, his motive is not clearly stated:

"He either envying my toward good,
Or of himselfe to treason ill disposd."

In *Much Ado about Nothing*, Don John, being a bastard, is one of those characters with a natural malignity, and love of mischief for its own sake, though he is also jealous of Claudio's triumphant youth. But Shakespeare keeps much closer to the form which Bandello gives the legend in one of his novels, where the scene is laid, as by Shakespeare, at Messina, and wherein the accused heroine is feigned to die (as in

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DON JOHN. "Only to despite them, I will endeavor anything."
Act II., Scene II.

the play), and is brought forward like the statue in the *Winter's Tale*, disguised, not as a statue, but as her own cousin. This plot, with the hasty and disloyal readiness of the lover to believe evil, and with the sudden death of the lady, not vouched for by "crowner's law," may pass, of course, on the stage. But the levity of Claudio after he has disgraced his bride, his arrogant cynicism when confronted by her father and uncle, his ready repentance, and the still more ready repentance of his tool, Borachio, are all certainly most displeasing, and if true to nature, not true to the nature of the *jeune premier* in a drama.

The fact is that, as in *Measure for Measure*, and in *As You Like It*, Shakespeare was determined to make the play "end well" at any price. If the plot required moral impossibilities from the characters, so much the worse for these characters — for Angelo, Claudio, and the elder brother of Orlando. He had not interested himself much in them, or not so much as to prevent his treating them like marionettes. Nor does Shakespeare care much how he disposes of his "second lady." Hero, Mariana, Celia, are all not happily wedded, or happily wedded only within the conventional requirements of the pit and galleries. There has been some recent discussion about sudden changes of character on the stage, *à propos* of a play named *Beau Austin*. Its authors might certainly quote Shakespearian parallels for the Beau's repentance (if he did repent), and for giving the unlucky heroine to that elderly man of fashion. Critics may thus arraign the plot of *Much Ado about Nothing*, but to condemn it is really to make nothing the matter of much ado. The characters have to be "got off" in a manner which will please the groundlings. In a modern tale or play we would not have Hero forgive Claudio. "Kill Claudio," we say, like Beatrice. We would not let Borachio off so easily. We would

(if we were "Realists") dispute the coincidence by which the watch hear Conrade and Borachio conspiring. It is improbable. Away with it! It is one of the tales which have been told a hundred times. But all this has little to do with the merit of the piece as an acting play, though one can imagine that a foreign critic who sees it for the first time, like M. Jules Lemaître, may condemn *Much Ado about Nothing* as indifferently *charpenté!* The English-speaking world has made up its mind not to mind these trifles. Yet, to confess the truth, I cannot, when reading the play in cold blood, easily accept Claudio. He may have been a very fair representative of the Elizabethan gilded youth; and yet we do not like to believe that Sidney or Raleigh would have conducted himself with his heartless levity, and would have been so promptly forgiven. The plot, then, does not hold water as far as its graver interest is concerned. It is otherwise with the real protagonists of the play, who, of course, are not Hero and Claudio, but Beatrice and Benedick. Shakespeare did not take *them*, nor Dogberry, from Spenser or Bandello. He drew them from nature, with absolute knowledge and consistency. Thomas Campbell, the author of "Ye Mariners of England," thought Beatrice "an odious woman." He had known a pair like Beatrice and Benedick, he says, and they had lived together unhappily, and parted at last. To this we can say

BENEDICK. "What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?"

Act I., Scene I.

only that Mr. Campbell's acquaintances must have had but a superficial resemblance to Beatrice and Benedick. It may be a heresy, but, for one, I am convinced that those two had loved each other before Benedick went to the wars, though their love-making had been all fencing and sparring. Many a time, no doubt, Lady Disdain carried an anxious heart when "Signior Montanto" was in the tented field. Observe that she asks for him the moment that she hears of the expedition's return.

"I pray you, is Signior Montanto returned from the wars, or no?"

There is a good deal of relief in her instant outbreak of badinage about the gentleman of Padua. There has always been "a kind of merry war between Signior Benedick and her"—an Elizabethan flirtation, what the Scotch call "daffing." Beatrice's wit, let it be frankly avowed, is uncommonly Elizabethan. It would have been called "chaff" if our rude forefathers had known the word in that sense. She utters "large jests," ponderable *persiflage*. If she did not steal it from the *Hundred Merry Tales*, as was said, she had been a scholar in that school of coquettes. We cannot be angry with the French for failing to see the point or edge of this lady's wit. It has occasionally no more point or edge than a bludgeon. For example:

Benedick. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beatrice. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours.

This kind of merry combat would be thought blunt by a groom and a scullion. There is no possibility of avoiding this distressing truth. Beatrice, while she has not yet acknowledged her love to herself, nor been stirred by the wrong done to Hero, is not a mistress of polished and glittering repartee; but it were absurd, indeed idiotic, to call her "odious." Other times, other manners. Wit is a very volatile affair. Look, for example, at Mr. Paley's collection of rudenesses and ineptitudes called *The Wit of the Greeks*. It is *humor* that lives—the humor of Falstaff, of Benedick when he is not engaged in a wit combat. The humors of Dogberry can never grow flat and stale; but the "wit" of Beatrice is neither better nor worse than that of her waiting gentlewoman, Margaret. Yet Benedick, though he is shrewdly touched by some of her sallies, has clearly from the first a liking for Beatrice, as Beatrice has for him. Of Hero he says, "There's her cousin, an she were not possessed of a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May does the last of December." And "when Liking marries Pity," as the late Lord Lytton might have said, "their offspring is Love." Beatrice's friends and Benedick's have only to devise the charming scenes of the overheard conversations when Pity weds Liking, and Love is "the consekens of that manœuvre." From that moment Benedick and Beatrice have the courage to be their real selves, and become two of the most gallant, amiable, and loyal hearts whom we meet even in the plays of Shakespeare.

The skill in the development of the plot is almost as excellent as the plot itself is feeble—if we are to deal strictly with such mere canvases. Scene succeeds brilliant scene, and character is rapidly unfolded in dialogue and action. Claudio is as prompt to fall in love at first sight as to be sullenly and stupidly jealous of the Prince at the masked ball. This gay spectacle is charming on the stage; and here Beatrice hits Benedick more shrewdly than usual: "He'll but break a comparison or two on me, which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge' wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night." An admirable satire on the jester, who, like Mr. Wagg in *Pendennis*, is "impudent and easily abashed." Then Claudio, in blank verse, discovers his jealous folly, "Farewell, Hero," and prepares us for his readiness to believe in her disloyalty. Then Benedick, hurt at being styled "the Prince's fool," actually speaks about "the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice," which, on the theory that he was in love with her from the first, only shows how extremely thin-skinned wits are—a fact of every-day experience. Review a reviewer, or make a pun on a punster's name, and "how the rogue roars!"

As to Benedick, a minute critic may easily observe that there have been passages between him and Beatrice.

Don Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

Beatrice. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before, he won it of me

BALTHAZAR sings: "Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more; Men were deceivers ever."

Act II., Scene III.

with false dice, therefore your grace may well say, I have lost it.

We must take Beatrice at her own estimate: "There was a star danced, and under that was I born," or at the estimate of her friends, "By my troth! a pleasant-spirited lady," and regret that most of her wit in the early scenes is no longer very witty. On the same evidence, that of Don Pedro, it is still easier to accept "the sensible Benedick" for what he later proves himself to be, "of a noble strain, of approved valor, and confirmed honesty." These opinions of the people who know the lively pair best, lead them to lay the charming plots for their happiness, at the very moment almost when Don John's tool, Borachio, is persuading Margaret to show herself in the dress of Hero. As Borachio afterward gives Margaret a good character (not that we like Borachio's security), it is to be supposed that Shakespeare follows Spenser here: the waiting gentlewoman does not understand that her disguise is to be used against her mistress.

"Ne should faire Claribell with all her art,
Though she thy lady be, approach thee neare:
For proofe thereof, this evening, as thou art,
Aray thyselfe in her most gorgeous geare,
That I may more delight in thy embracement deare."

Margaret is persuaded that she and Borachio are only amusing each other by playing at being Hero and Claudio. But why Margaret is to call Borachio Claudio within Claudio's own hearing—"they will hear Margaret term me Claudio"—it is impossible to explain, except on the hypothesis that Shakespeare sometimes nods.

In accordance with the theory that Benedick is already in love with Beatrice, he now tries, in a soliloquy, to argue himself out of love, and at the amorous Claudio. "May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool." Benedick "doth protest too much," and in the midst of his high argument he slips into the arbor, and Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato lay their trap for him. It is an old trap, and if married people ever made their confessions, many of them would admit that they have fallen into it. There is always a sister, or a cousin, or an aunt, or a friend, to persuade two young people that each is devoted to the other. The daughters of Eve have played this game since summer first was leafy.

It is "most wonderful that she should so dote on the Signior Benedick."

"Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner!" whispers the sensible Benedick.

The savage bull is in the toils. Benedick would not think it "a gull" even if the white-haired fellow did not speak it. "Love me!" says Benedick, with a lover's usual logic; "why, it must be requited!" Had Benedick not been as many fathoms deep in love already as ever Rosalind was, his celebrated sensible character would have made him fly to the port of Messina, and go away by the first boat "to fight the foreign loons in their ain countrie," a resource always open to the gentlemen of the period. His tickled vanity —"I must not seem proud"—makes him "spy some marks of love" in Beatrice. No doubt the marks were there, though, in the technical language of young ladies, she certainly does not "give him any encouragement." The sister plot, between Ursula and Hero, on Beatrice's affections, is charmingly discriminated from the other by the delicate poetry of Hero:

"For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference."

And again:

"No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful:
I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock."

And again:

"Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes."

A lovely picture in a line. Even blank verse is not stately and happy enough for Beatrice's confession to herself after this joyful hearing. She talks in rhyming numbers.

"And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee;
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band:
For others say, thou dost deserve; and I
Believe it better than reportingly."

Cupid's crafty arrow does not wound only by hearsay: she has felt its point already. "The two bears will not bite one another when they meet."

The chief plot, the bait of Don John's

DON PEDRO. "Will you have *me*, lady?"

Act II., Scene 1.

malignity which Claudio is so eager to swallow, has this main advantage, this unborrowed merit, that it introduces Dogberry and Verges. Shakespeare is always quite indifferent to "local color." Having his constables in his eye, he forgets all about Messina, about Sicily, and foreign manners, and makes his watchmen as thoroughly English as they are immortally diverting. Mr. Halliwell has printed part of a letter from Lord Burghley to Mr. Francis Walsingham, written in 1586, and describing the English Dogberrys of the day.

"As I came from London homeward in my coach, I saw at every town's end the number of ten or twelve standing with long staves." And these worthies he took for mere idlers, but he found them to be watchmen, lying in wait for three malefactors who "were wanted." About those persons the watch knew only that one of them had a hooked nose. "Surely," Lord Burghley goes on, "these watchmen stand so openly in plumps as no suspected person will go near them; and if they be no better instructed but to find three persons by one of them having a hooked nose, they may miss thereof," and so thank Heaven that they are rid of three knaves. Dogberry may have been studied from one of these intelligent members of the old English police. He is the eternal type of the conceited official, absolutely absorbed in his own importance, and among all Shakespeare's many Malaprops, Dogberry is perhaps the most consistently entertaining. Almost every speech he makes contains a jewel. Pearls of absurdity drop from his lips like real pearls from those of the girl in the fairy tale. All his phrases have become bywords, as: "To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature." "For your reading and writing, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity."

But it is absurd to quote passages which every one knows by heart, and which no one can read or remember without being moved to Lord Chesterfield's vulgar infirmity of laughter. Pope and Swift are said never to have been heard to laugh. Lord Chesterfield hoped that his son never would laugh. Could any of those persons of quality ever have read the address of Dogberry to his watch, or his reiterated complaints about being written down an ass? The delicious expedient by which the watch sits on the church bench till two, with the proclaimed intention of then going all to bed, brings about the fortunate coincidence by which Borachio and Conrade are overheard conspiring. The watch "recovers the most dangerous piece of lechery that was ever known in the commonwealth"; and if Dogberry had not been so delightfully Dogberry, Don John's plot would never have come to the ripening, and there would have been no play. The scoundrels would have been denounced before old Leonato in the morning, before Claudio had the chance of displaying his odious character in church, but, alas, Dogberry, when he does come to Leonato with his story, bestows all his tediousness on him. "Yea, an 'twere a thousand times more than it is." There is a daring and humorous originality here, which only Shakespeare would have ventured. If there is a parallel to such momentous news being so absurdly delayed, it is in the *Agamemnon*, where the chorus of dotards dodders, drivels and plays the Dogberry while the fatal net is woven, the fatal stroke at the King of Men is being dealt within the palace. But the Æschylean chorus only makes us angry, like British statesmen quibbling and dividing and perorating while the days went by and Khartoom was left unrelieved. Dogberry, in spite of our impatience, compels our mirth even in the crisis of Hero's fate.

Impatience, of course, turns to impotent anger when Claudio jauntily denounces Hero at the altar—Hero as pure

> "as Dian in her orb,
> As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown."

"Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?" Leonato calls. The marvel is that no man's dagger has a point for Claudio. Benedick is "so attired in wonder, he knows not what to say." But Beatrice knows what to say, as, naturally, she inevitably knows what to think, and "disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes" with excellent reason at last. Benedick is wise enough to know that John the bastard is the maker of the plot. The Friar has the device of a feigned death for Hero, which seems to have been familiar to Shakespearian ecclesiastics, and old Leonato speaks proudly and like a man. But we do not breathe again, as it were, after Claudio's outrage on the sweetest and gentlest of women, till Beatrice speaks:

URSULA. "She's lim'd, I warrant you; we have caught her, madam."
HERO. "If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps."

Act III., Scene I.

BEATRICE. "Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner."
Act II., Scene III.

"*Kill Claudio!* . . .

"O, that I were a man!—What! bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancor,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place."

Though Hero forgave Claudio, we may be happily certain that Beatrice never did. Our friends' wrongs are infinitely more difficult to pardon than our own, and Beatrice was not a lady of general and feeble good-nature. It is difficult not to regret that Benedick let Claudio off so easily, with contempt and a challenge, but so the fortune of the play must needs determine it. Angelo even is a person whom it is comparatively easy to pardon. Claudio throughout behaves like the most hateful young cub. He is, perhaps, more absolutely intolerable when he fleers and jests at the anger of Leonato than even when he denounces Hero, making her a sacrifice to the vanity of his jealousy. It is his self-love, not his love, that suffers from the alleged conduct of Hero, and he carries his grudge so far as to flout Leonato when he "speaks not like a dotard or a fool," and "challenges him to trial of a man." He has infinitely more dignity than his brother Antonio, who, with an old man's contempt for the new school of swordsmanship, cries, "Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence."

Shakespeare lived just when the new method of the *passado* and the *punto reverso* came in, when men were only beginning to kill by the book of arithmetic, with their one, two, and the third in your bosom. It is likely that old Antonio would have been pinked at the first disengagement. It is again a happiness to the reader or spectator when Benedick comes in, and, in a very sober and gentleman-like manner abates the insolence of Claudio:

"Wilt thou use thy wit?"
"It is in my scabbard; shall I draw it?. . . .
"You are a villain;—I jest not;—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare."

Duelling is an illogical, and in English-speaking lands an obsolete and discredited custom. This is very well; the balance of advantage is on the side of our manners, very likely. But how it clears the air, in a case like Claudio's, when a gentleman tells him that he is a villain, and is ready to make his words good. We can do nothing now to men like Claudio. They may break their word, and ladies' hearts, with perfect and graceful impunity. It is entirely safe, rather diverting, in fact, than otherwise, a feather in the cap of the male jilt. When such things are done, even a peaceful man sees the meritorious side of the older arrangement, the ancient way of punishing villanies that

DOGBERRY. "Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years? —O that he were here to write me down an ass!"
Act IV., Scene II

now go unavenged. But we try to arrange life on a system of compromise; otherwise, one presumes, there would be very frequent by-elections in an English Parliament. Apparently the Elizabethan code of manners permitted the idiotic pleasantries which Claudio, to disguise the meaning of Benedick's whispered challenge, tries to break on him. Our indignation with Claudio is interrupted by the delightful Dogberry, with "the plaintiff's" not forgetting "to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass."

In Dogberry's part Shakespeare simply revels in humor. When Dogberry and Verges and the Sexton get their gowns on, when Dogberry is on the seat of British Themis (for Sicilian Messina has nothing to do with the matter), he excels himself, and far outdoes mere modern waggeries.

"Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly." What an admirable *résumé* of the relations between speculative demonstration and mature public opinion! The Sexton is like Mr. Nupkins's clerk at the trial of Mr. Pickwick in Ipswich. Humble as he is, compared with the great Dogberry, he knows that Dogberry does not go "the right way to examine." But Dogberry is not to be snubbed. "Marry, that's the eftest way," he cries, and soars to the famous exclamation, "Flat burglary as ever was committed!" "O that he were here to write me down—an ass! But, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down" (the pathos is almost lyrical), "yet forget not that I am an ass." O thou pretty piece of flesh as any in Messina! we shall forget the fat knight as soon as thee; thou unapproached, unparalleled father of all them that sit in vestries, and discharge municipal functions!

The last of the various stratagems in *Much Ado about Nothing*, that by which a feigned cousin of Hero, really Hero herself, is offered to "poor Claudio," does not reconcile the spectator to that worthless young man.

"Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me," he says, and perhaps charity will regard his readiness to marry a new bride, "were she an Ethiope," as only a token of repentance. "Charity believeth all things;" malice or stupidity believes anything, like Claudio. He has procured a rhyming epitaph, and this he "reads from a scroll" which he never wrote, over the supposed grave of Hero. When the true Hero unmasks and stands before Claudio, the moment should be one of a happiness which cannot be expressed, as mortal language has no words for such a joy, when

> "To-day the dead are living,
> The lost is found to-day."

This is the utmost of bliss which the fancy can feign for spirits in Elysium, and this reward, in the play, falls to Claudio. So infinitely is he impressed by it that in the course of three minutes he is teasing Benedick about

> "A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
> Fashion'd to Beatrice,"

while Hero is equally humorous over a similar effusion of Beatrice's. That pleasant pair confess that they take each other "for pity," "and partly to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption."

All this is perfectly true to their gay characters; but if there be any such thing as passion, who can say that the behavior of Claudio and Hero is anything but a rapid, reckless way of drawing to a happy conclusion, and "Strike up, pipers"? A comedy is a comedy, the pipers must strike up, and we "leave the board of fancy," as Mr. Swinburne says of *As You Like It*, "with a palatable morsel of sweet sugar on the tongue." The Comic Muse imperiously commands the author to this conclusion. This is the unavoidable weak point of *Much Ado about Nothing*. Perhaps nobody will carry heresy so far as to say that this piece is better to read than to see on the stage; on the other hand, it lives for the stage, and on the stage. It is a master-work for the theatre, glittering with points and changes, merry or hushed with laughter and surprises. It is said that Benedick was Garrick's favorite Shakespearian part; it requires such humor, dignity, and gallantry as will try the greatest actor's powers to the highest. A Benedick who makes faces and "clowns" the part, for example, where he listens to the whispered discourse on Beatrice's love, leaves a distinct and horrible stain on the memory. And she who acts Beatrice, again, like her who acts Rosalind, must above all things be a lady, and act like a lady. Mrs. Jamieson

CLAUDIO (*reads from a scroll*). "Done to death by slanderous tongues Was the Hero that here lies"

Act V., Scene III.

has called Beatrice "a fine lady," and Mr. Marshall in his preface to the play demurs—"surely nothing could be so unlike a fine lady as Beatrice." Mr. Marshall has a very poor opinion of fine ladies, but Mrs. Jamieson means a *grande dame de par le monde;* not a fribble of fashion, but a woman of high breeding, high passion, and high courage. It is a mere dispute about the meaning of words. I cannot agree with Mr. Marshall that Beatrice's wit combats with Benedick are "like an exhibition of the most brilliant fencing"; some of them are more like clumsy cudgel-play. We must be frank, and here I am rather on the side of that Accuser of the Brethren M. Jules Lemaître. The wit combats must be judged historically. The two-handed sword of Signior Montanto was just going out in the duel; the delicate sword was just coming in. Even court wit was clumsy in Shakespeare's time, and trammelled by euphuistic flourishes, as fencing was encumbered by a ponderous weapon, and perplexing secret *bottes*, and needless laborious manœuvres. The wit of Beatrice is of her own time; her gallant and loyal nature is of all times. The drama in which she lives is "a mellow glory of the British stage," rather than, like the *Midsummer Night's Dream* or *As You Like It*, the poetic charm for solitary hours in the life contemplative. Played first, probably, in 1599 or 1600, the comedy is of Shakespeare's happiest age and kindliest humor. Nobody is melancholy here; not one of the poet's favorite melancholies holds the stage; for we cannot number the morose and envious Don John with Jaques or with Hamlet. He is not a deeply studied character, like Iago, and is a villain only because a villain is needed by the play. In fact, Claudio is the real villain as well as the *jeune premier* of the piece. It is pretty plain that Shakespeare loved not the gay rufflers of his age, though, after all, in opposition to the sullen and suspicious vanity, the heartless raillery, of Claudio, he has given us the immortal Mercutio as a representative of the gallants of his time.

THE NEW YORK CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

BY RICHARD WHEATLEY.

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR CADWALLADER COLDEN.
From "The Colonial Records."

THE history of the New York Chamber of Commerce is the key to the history of the United States. It represents the ideas, principles, aspirations, and methods which gave birth to American nationality, and which have shaped its polity for more than a hundred years. The rooms in which the Chamber of Commerce meets are over the site of the old Middle Dutch church, afterward the United States Post-office, and are adorned with portraits and busts of merchants, statesmen, and warriors, more or less intimately associated with the historyof the body.

As a society the Chamber of Commerce consists of 1000 regular members. Ten gentlemen—John Bigelow (ex-Minister to France), ex-President Grover Cleveland, United States Senator William M. Evarts, Judge Enoch L. Fancher, Cyrus W. Field, Thomas A. Edison, Hamilton Fish, John Sherman, George William Curtis, and Carl Schurz—enjoy the distinction of honorary membership, and bring to its aid the experience of statesmanship and the resources of trained diplomacy, while deriving from it the advantages of personal "touch" with the sensorium of modern trade. All departments of commerce and manufacture, and of the learned professions and useful vocations related thereto, are repre-

sented in the organization. Initiatory fees have varied between the sum of ten Spanish dollars, required in 1770, and that of $25, which is now demanded from every accepted candidate. In subsequent years the moderate fee of $20 meets the annual requisition. Officials of customary character and number, together with six standing committees, prepare matter for discussion and give effect to corporate decision. Charles Stewart Smith, president since 1887, is the son of a New Hampshire Congregational clergyman. In railroad, commercial, financial, philanthropic, and artistic circles he is equally prominent. Of the Board of Trustees of the Sailors' Snug Harbor, Staten Island, he is *ex officio* a member, and also chairman of the Executive Committee, agreeably to provisions of the will of Captain Randall, its seafaring founder. George Wilson, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce since 1868, is of Revolutionary American ancestry, and is thoroughly familiar—as is evident from his compilation of the Annual Report—with all the facts, figures, laws, and tendencies of American, and more particularly of metropolitan, trade and commerce. Six trustees have charge of the real estate. Judge E. L. Fancher presides over the Court of Arbitration established by act of the State Legislature April 24, 1874. Of members elected by the Chamber of Commerce to other official positions, three commissioners of pilots carry out its instructions; the commissioner for licensing sailors' hotels or boarding-houses acts in its behalf; and there are three trustees for the Nautical School of the Harbor of New York, and three gentlemen who compose the council of that institution.

PRESIDENT CHARLES S. SMITH.
From a photograph by Pach Brothers.

Acquisition of material values, together with all the social avails growing out of their possession, is the aim of commerce. It was that of the original corporators, who, on March 13, 1770, "sensible that numberless inestimable benefits have accrued to mankind from commerce: that they are, in proportion to their greater or lesser application to it, more or less opulent and potent in all countries; and that the enlargement of trade will vastly increase the value of real estates as well as the general opulence of our said colony," and of other communities, obtained from King George III., through Lieutenant-Governor Cadwallader Colden, the charter under which they operated until the convulsions of civil war suspended their meetings. The charter remained in the Walton House, after the Revolution, until 1821 or 1822, when Admiral Walton restored it to the Chamber of Commerce.

The force and productiveness of associated, in contrast with purely individual, action were no less apparent to the merchants who, on April 13, 1784, procured the passage of an act from the Legislature of New York to remove all doubts concerning the corporation of the Chamber of Commerce, and to confirm the rights and privileges thereof. Both charters convey the ordinary rights of corporations, and

SECRETARY GEORGE WILSON.
From a photograph by Kurtz.

the power, subject to constitutional and statute law, "to carry into execution, encourage, and promote, by just and lawful ways and means, such measures as will tend to promote and extend just and lawful commerce," and also to provide for, at their discretion, such members as may be reduced to poverty, and to aid their widows and children. The seal of the corporation, manufactured in London at a cost of seven guineas, was brought to New York by Captain Isaac L. Winn, commander of a trading vessel. It is of solid silver, about three inches in diameter and one inch in thickness. Isaac Low, the last colonial president of the Chamber, and the designated keeper of the seal, seems to have taken it with him to London on his retirement with the British troops in 1783. There it passed into the miscellaneous collections of a curiosity shop, where it was found, some years after the Revolution, by a patriotic visitor, who secured the valuable estray, and restored it to proper custody. It is still in fine preservation, and is constantly used in the authentication of documents.

Special historical and philosophical interest attaches to the colonial period, from 1768 to 1784, of the "Corporation of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York." Then it was that the forces of nascent freedom and hoar feudality entered upon deadly conflict, closing with the extinction of the latter. Sympathy of the commercial classes naturally and from interested motives inclined to established order, except as the exponents of that order viciously subverted the ends for which civil government exists. Even then loyalty was not infrequently stronger than patriotism. Impatience of interference with profitable trade and fear of financial ruin drove many into actual or virtual support of regal pretensions. Yet the number was not few that rose superior to selfish considerations, and that willingly pledged "life, fortune, and sacred honor" for the attainment of legal liberty and the equitable pursuit of happiness.

On the 5th of April, 1768, twenty merchants, convened for the purpose, established "The New York Chamber of Commerce." The eminence of the men, and of those who were afterward associated with them, is attested by the thoroughfares which still bear many of their names. The growth of the corporation is marked by the northerly advance of streets honored by their patronymics. Desbrosses, Murray, White, Franklin, Thompson, and Van Dam are examples of the first class. John Cruger was elected president, Hugh Wallace vice-president, Elias Desbrosses treasurer, and Anthony Van Dam secretary. Meetings were held at six o'clock in the evening, fines imposed for late arrival, and non-attendance excused only for "gout" or other valid reasons. Bolton and Sigel's tavern, still standing, at the southeast corner of Broad and Pearl streets, afterward known as Fraunce's Tavern, was the place of rendezvous. Thence, in 1769, they removed to the Great

SEAL.
From "The Colonial Records."

Room of the Merchants' Exchange, at the lower end of Broad Street, where they remained until the outburst of hostilities in May, 1775, estopped further sessions.

During the decade 1760–1770, according to Lord Sheffield's *Observations*, the average yearly value of American colonial imports from Great Britain was £1,763,409 10*s.* 3*d.*, and of exports to the same country £1,044,591 17*s.* 1*d.* New York exported bread, pease, rye, meal, Indian corn, horses, sheep, beef, pork, "and at least eighty thousand barrels of flour," to the West Indies, and imported from thence rum, sugar, and molasses. Provisions were also sent to the Spanish Main. Trade in logwood was flourishing. Wheat, flour, Indian corn, and timber were shipped to Lisbon and Madeira. Correspondence with Hamburg and Holland in 1796 was valued at £246,522. In 1770 "the ships entered inward were 196; sloops, 431. Cleared outward—ships, 188; sloops, 424."* The population in 1768 was estimated at 20,000.

DE WITT CLINTON

From a painting by Trumbull the property of the Chamber of Commerce.

Proceedings in the Chamber of Commerce were necessarily related to materials, instruments, tare, weight, and inspection of the provision trade, including "cornel," or the unbolted portion of flour; relative values of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York paper money; and to bills of exchange. Inland and foreign

* Campbell's *Political Survey of Great Britain.*

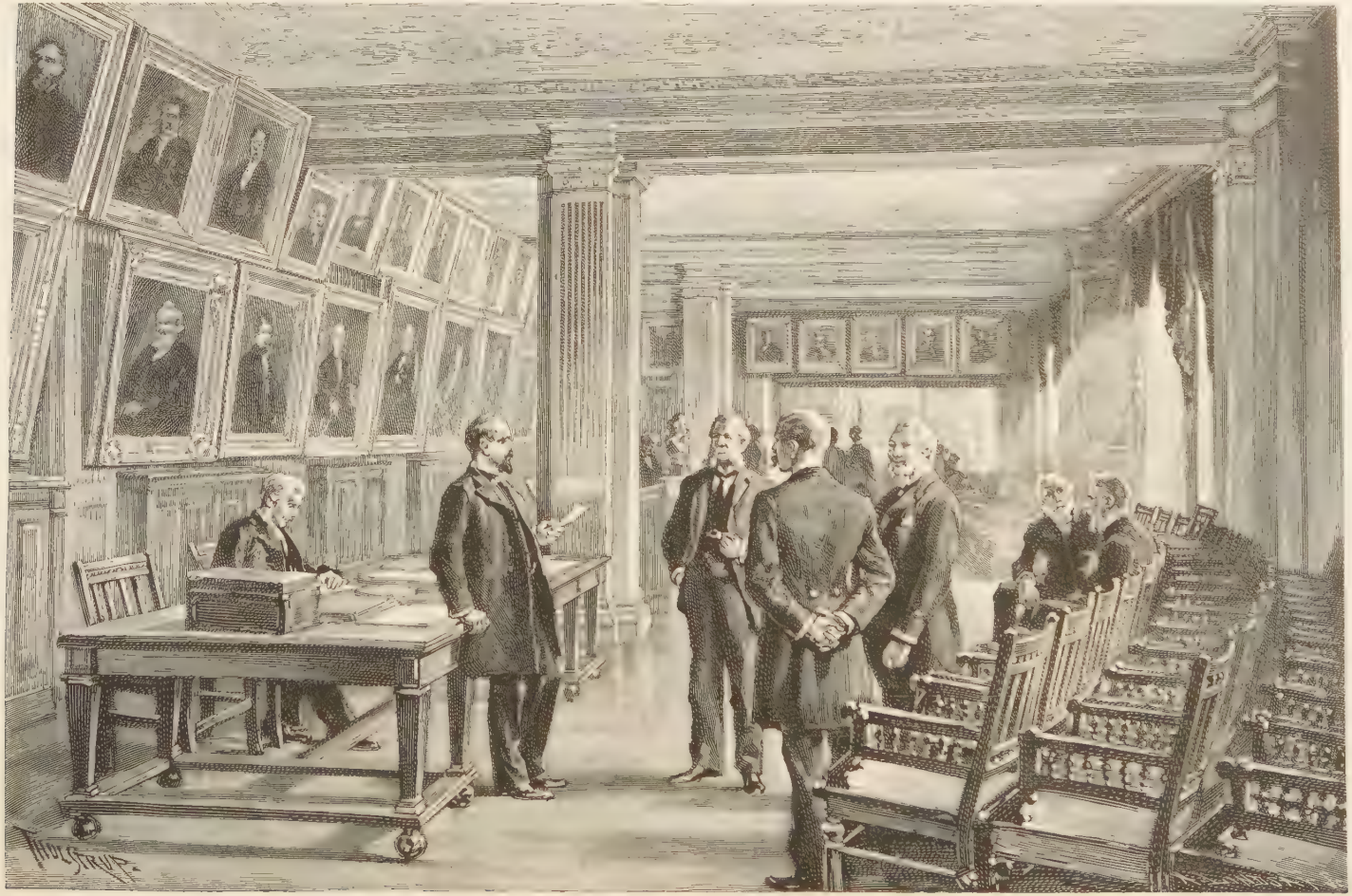
JOHN CRUGER.
From "The Colonial Records."

commissions, fire and marine insurance, collection, brokerage, fisheries—for success in which bounties were paid—tonnage by measurement, count, or weight, and buoys for the safety of navigation, also engaged their attention. Normal weights and values of current coins were determined.

Up to the evacuation of the city by the British and its occupation by the Americans, on the 25th of November, 1783, the New York Chamber of Commerce had had seven presidents, thirteen vice-presidents, eight treasurers, one secretary, and 135 members. Of the old members nine subscribed the petition to the Legislature of the State of New York for confirmation of the charter. Seven were present at the reorganization of the Chamber, and seven others were readmitted by ballot; seventeen more were readmitted by resolution on February 13, 1787. Since then the career of the corporation, under consecutive amendments to its charter, has been one of ardent patriotism and wide beneficence.

Looking backward from the stand-point of the latter date upon the lives of the members, including those who never renewed connection with it, the characteristic spirit of commerce comes prominently into view. It inevitably seeks the forms of civil and political government that most effectively conduce to the peace, thrift, and happiness of citizens. Not until inveterate evils attain magnitude sufficient to threaten the existence of prosperous society is it tolerant of change, and then only to such extent as is most likely to inure to material and moral welfare. John Cruger, the first president, was an eminent merchant and ship-owner, a trusted officer of the crown, and a chosen representative of the people. Mayor for ten consecutive years from 1756, he checked the growing insolence of British officers; from 1761 to 1768 he was a leader of the Long Assembly, to whose courageous patriotism the union of the colonies and the brilliant vindication of American liberties are chiefly due; and in October, 1765, he defended popular rights in the Stamp-Act Congress held at New York. The masterly, concise, convincing *Declaration of the Rights and Grievances of the Colonists in America* was from his pen. Under his guidance the populace received the surrender of those "symbols of oppression" the obnoxious stamps. Repeal of the Stamp Act was followed by attempted enforcement of the Mutiny Act, which required citizens to provide quarters for the King's troops, and by Townshend's bill in Parliament imposing duties on teas and other articles. Stern refusal of submission sprang from the people. Of the last Colonial Assembly John Cruger was Speaker from 1769 to 1775, when its functions passed to the Council of Safety, and subsequently to a Provincial Congress. As Speaker of the Assembly and president of the Chamber he had it in charge to thank the merchants for their high-minded and self-denying course. New York commerce was then in its infancy. Not until May, 1763, was the Sandy Hook Light-house lighted up for the first time. Punctual and regular in his attendance upon sessions of the Chamber, John Cruger manfully contended for its true interests.

Hugh Wallace, the second president of the Chamber of Commerce, was Irish by birth, mercantile by vocation, allied to the aristocratic Lows by marriage, steadfast to his allegiance, and a sufferer for his principles. His property was confiscated and sold in 1784. Elias Desbrosses, third president, of Huguenot ancestry, trading pursuits, loyal tendencies, very religious and charitable nature, died in 1778, while



INTERIOR OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

the conflict was thickening. Henry White, fourth president, of Welsh birth and origin, married Eva, daughter of Frederick Van Cortland, owned privateers, was one of the consignees of the fateful tea, and never exhibited any liking for resistance to monarchical tyranny. Confiscation of estates followed in 1779. One of his sons rose to the rank of Admiral and a second to that of General in the British service. Theophylact Bache, fifth president, was of Norman descent, English birth, and mercantile occupation. Leonard Lispenard and he owned the ship *Grace*, of eight guns. Marriage with Ann D. Barclay united him to some of the wealthiest and most influential families in the province. Richard Bache, his brother, married Sarah, only daughter of the illustrious Benjamin Franklin. Theophylact Bache was a non-importer, but not a politician; field sports, dogs, and guns were far more to his taste. Notwithstanding his adherence to the losing side, he was singularly popular with old friends, who elected him president of the Chamber from 1788 to 1792. William Walton, sixth president, was the nephew of William Walton, the wealthy and powerful ship-owner, whose lucrative commerce with Spanish ports enabled him to build "by far the most expensive, capacious, elegant house at that period in New York," on Pearl Street between Peck Slip and Dover. William Walton, Jun., married Mary, daughter of Lieutenant-Governor James Delancey. His sympathies were with the popular cause, but his family connections were divided. Inclining to neutrality, he was coerced into loyalty, but did what he could to soften the rigors of confinement in which prisoner patriots were held. His Jersey estates were confiscated, but not those in New York. In 1783 he was chosen vice-president of the Chamber.

Isaac Low, seventh president, from 1775 to 1783, was born in New Jersey; married a daughter — "a beauty," according to critical John Adams—of Cornelius Cuyler, Mayor of Albany; was a merchant in partnership with Abraham Lott, an importer of dry-goods, and almost a monopolist of the fur trade, through the Schuylers, his wife's relatives. Politics as a science deeply interested him. Young and high-spirited, his stand in behalf of colonial rights was manly and faithful. When other colonies selfishly failed to fulfil their engagements, New York adhered to its covenants, and in the consequent loss of five-sixths of its foreign trade, learned that supreme central power was needed, not only to regulate trade and navigation, but to enforce observance of contracts. But the colonists of New York had ceased to act in concord. Religious differences between Episcopalians and Presbyterians were carried to the polls. Popular assertion of liberty ran riot, and jeoparded commercial prosperity. Mechanics and traders dissented from the merchants, of whom Mr. Low was the recognized chief. He and his colleagues saw that the cause was continental, and that remedy for present ills must come from "the joint act and approbation of all." A General Congress of all the colonies was their primary requisition. This was held in Philadelphia, September, 1774, and numbered among its delegates three merchants and members of the Chamber of Commerce, Isaac Low being perhaps the most trusted and popular. In Congress he deprecated any aspiration to independence, insisting that "we ought not to deny the just rights of our mother country." But the "Association of Non-Importation and Non-Exportation," into which on the 20th of October the Congress resolved itself, was impotent as a means of redress or as security for future equity. The forces of freedom spurned temporizing control. Events forced the issue upon all the colonists. Men were compelled to take sides. Isaac Low opposed separation, and with many others "felt that it was a desertion of the men who had fought their battles in the British Parliament to break away from them forever." While Nicholas Low, his brother, was a tried and trusty counsellor of the patriots, he himself used the Chamber of Commerce in aid of the military authorities, and entered heart and soul into the British cause. So did the Cuylers, his wife's relatives. Cornelius, one of her brothers, rose to the rank of Major-General in his Majesty's service. In 1779 Mr. Low's property was confiscated, and in 1791 he died at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. His only son, Isaac, became Commissary-General in the royal army.

Anthony Van Dam, sole secretary of the colonial era, was of Dutch stock, native birth, mercantile life, and privateering associations. Clerk of the New York Insurance Office in 1759, Master and Warden of the Port in 1763–70, his fair and exact minutes of the sessions merit high

THE 122D ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE AT DELMONICO'S, TUESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 18, 1890.

Drawn by T. de Thulstrup after a photograph copyrighted by the Chamber of Commerce.

praise. He was a strict loyalist, retired to England in 1783, and died in London.

Of the 135 members of the New York Chamber of Commerce up to the close of the colonial period, 119 were either native-born, or of birthplace unmentioned in the Chamber's records; five were English; seven Scotch, including John L. McAdam, inventor of the macadamized stone road; two were Irish; two Welsh, including Francis Lewis, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; and one, Sampson Simson, was a "pious and conscientious" Jew. Twenty-six were Revolutionary patriots, whose love of country was most zealously expressed by "King Isaac Sears"; three died before the Revolution; of the opinions of nineteen nothing is recorded; twenty-two (including Edward Laight, John Thurman, and Augustus Van Horne) were neutral; and sixty-five were more or less pronouncedly loyal.

In 1786 the New York Chamber of Commerce first suggested the construction of the Erie Canal, uniting the waters of the Great Lakes with those of the Hudson River, and bringing to the city the products and commerce of an empire. In 1784 the Bank of New York—first in the State—was organized; and in 1787 the Mutual Assurance Company—first of insurance design in the commonwealth. In 1784, on petition of the Chamber of Commerce, the Legislature of New York ordered that duties should be levied under a specific instead of an *ad valorem* tariff—a system of which the Chamber has ever since been the consistent advocate.

The growth of New York commerce under the Federal Constitution has been more than commensurate with that of the country, and is one of the marvels of history. Alexander Hamilton—who had been brought from the West Indies to New York by a member of the Chamber of Commerce—in 1790 returned the total exports of the United States at $20,205,156, and its imports at $15,388,308. Of the latter, $3,231,712 were entered at New York. Foreign vessels with an aggregate tonnage of 268,622, and United States vessels with a tonnage of 492,100, entered the national ports within the same period—September, 1789, to August, 1790, inclusive. Of these the tonnage employed in the coasting trade was estimated at 120,000. At New York a tonnage of 92,737, or 12¼ per cent. of the whole, entered, of which 48,922 were of United States vessels, 14,654 tons being engaged in the coasting trade. Tariff duties collected reached the sum of $494,296. By the end of 1798 New York had a tonnage of 106,537 permanently occupied in foreign trade, and at the close of the century had reached a shipping pre-eminence never since relinquished. In 1800 she appears in the lead of the export trade, with a value of $14,045,079 out of a grand total of $70,971,780. "Discriminating duties" restricted the carrying trade to American bottoms, and increased American tonnage to an amount exceeding that of any nation in Europe excepting Great Britain. But of this prosperity the latter was envious. By means of "countervailing" duties, which evoked the alarmed protest to Congress of the Chamber of Commerce, she soon obtained exclusive carriage of many important materials of American commerce, and particularly of fish and tobacco, cotton and indigo. Her system of encroachments—"war in disguise"—had "the declared purpose to compel all nations to give up their maritime trade or to accept it through British ports."* The United States, on December 22, 1807, retaliated with the Embargo Act, to the permanence of which Gallatin held that "war was preferable." Exports of foreign and domestic produce and manufactures for the year closing September 30th were valued at $108,343,150, of which those from New York were worth $26,357,963. In 1808 exports fell to $22,430,960, of which $5,606,058 were from New York. On June 18, 1812, war against Great Britain was declared. Amid national suffering and internal dissension, all import duties were raised 100 per cent. The Christmas peace of 1814 was hailed by a "universal burst of joy," and celebrated in New York by an elaborate display of fireworks and transparencies. Before the close of 1815 the exports from New York almost reached eleven millions out of a grand total of fifty-two. Adventurous men and capital, pouring in from every quarter, helped to restore her old supremacy. The Chamber of Commerce, which had discontinued its sessions throughout the long period between the embargo of 1807 and the peace of 1815, spiritedly revived operations, and enrolled the leading merchants of the city on its list of members.

* *Annual Review of the New York Chamber of Commerce for* 1889, p. 29.

Rapid communication with Liverpool, by means of the Black Ball Line of packet-ships, was inaugurated in 1816, accelerated in 1838 by the steamships *Sirius* and *Great Western*, and in 1850 by the *Atlantic*, of the Collins Line of American steamers, which then began her remarkable trips across the ocean. Between the first and second of these dates, in 1825, imports into New York exceeded those at the five other principal ports of the Union by $1,415,419. Even then the city had won the distinction of "great commercial emporium of the continent." This honor it is likely to retain. In the fiscal year ending June 30, 1860, New York imports amounted to $231,475,710 out of a national aggregate of $354,609,249, and her exports to $87,778,243 out of a total of $343,175,435 (exclusive of specie in imports and exports), or 46 per cent. of the entire American trade. United States tonnage had risen to 8,789,929 cleared, of which 6,165,924 tons were American. In the calendar year 1890 the imports of the United States were $823,390,201; exports, $857,623,677—a total of $1,681,013,878. Of this New York had, of the export trade (exclusive of specie and bullion), $347,643,361, or 40½ per cent.; of the import trade (exclusive of specie and bullion), $542,366,488, or 65.8 per cent., and a total of $890,009,849, or nearly 53 per cent. of the total trade of the United States, against 55¼ per cent. in 1888. Sixty-six per cent. of all the tariff duties collected in 1888 were received at the Custom-house, and $153,900,052, or 67.17 per cent., in 1890. In the latter fiscal year 11,217 American vessels, with tonnage of 4,083,121, and 22,231 foreign vessels, with tonnage of 14,024,140—in all, 33,448 vessels, with tonnage of 18,107,261—engaged in foreign trade, entered into and cleared from ports of the United States; 1450 American vessels, with tonnage of 943,654, and 3957 foreign vessels, with tonnage of 5,314,568—or 5407 vessels, of 6,258,222 tons, in all—engaged in the foreign trade, entered into the port of New York. Of these vessels 2577, with tonnage of 3,236,201, including 1474 steam-vessels, with tonnage of 2,684,281, were British.

Brief review* of the elements of this enormous and world-wide traffic, and also of the means and institutions by which it is conducted, naturally follows upon exhibit of these bewildering totals. Out of a total importation into the United States of 1,345,603 tons of foreign sugar in the calendar year 1890, New York received 680,315. The annual *per capita* consumption throughout the country was 53.8 pounds. Exports of refined sugar amounted to 23,192 tons. In the sugar trade, both in regulating prices of raw and refined materials and in controlling consumption, the influence of the Sugar Trust was very powerful. Speculation in its certificates in 1889 presented remarkable features. From 72½ the price gradually advanced, as speculative interest increased, to 126½. Thence it dropped to 50, notwithstanding the maintenance of a 10 per cent. dividend. Reticence of the trustees and impending legal proceedings sufficiently account for these phenomena. Their slight effect upon the market is attested by the fact that the average price per 100 pounds of crushed sugar in 1889 was only $8 59, as against $8 20 in 1888.

In 1890 the keen competition of the Spreckles and other refineries prevented the Sugar Trust, incorporated under the laws of New Jersey as the American Sugar-Refining Company, from realizing the enormous profits of the previous year, and reduced fluctuation in prices to the control of the old law of supply and demand. The price of Sugar Trust certificates varied between the extremes of 48¾ and 95.

Of foreign molasses, the receipts of the United States in 1890 were 29,106,098 gallons, of which 7,663,970 entered New York. From Louisiana and from coastwise ports 4,575,285 gallons also arrived. The year's consumption of cane molasses in the republic was six million gallons in excess of that for 1889.

Coffee, the rich man's luxury and the poor man's necessity, to the amount of 223,266 tons imported by the United States in 1890, passed into and was delivered from New York to the extent of 181,000 tons. Of 242,299 tons imported in 1888, New York received 201,239.

The export of teas from China and Japan to New York for the season of 1889–90 embraced about 81,000,000 pounds. In 1888–9 it was 80,848,700, and in 1887–8 was 85,930,300 pounds. The special review of the Chamber of Commerce for 1890 omits any general statement of importation, consumption, or prices. Teas have steadily declined in price, and that with concomitant regret of importer, jobber, and

* *Annual Report of the Chamber of Commerce, New York*, 1890–91.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

Photographed by Rockwood from a painting by John Trumbull, 1792: the property of the Chamber of Commerce.

broker. The fall in price is alleged to be chiefly due to the large shipments to this country from England and Canada; and these are said to be occasioned by the removal several years ago of the differential duty of 10 per cent. by the Federal government. Canada, closely protectionist in this matter, compels payment of 10 per cent. differential duty on teas warehoused in the United States and then transported thither, even when they were purchased for importation to her own limits. England ships her surplus to the United States without payment of duty, and without payment of additional freight, provided it be reshipped within six months after arrival in London. Commercial American hope is that Congress will restore the 10 per cent. differential duty on teas coming from any other than the country of production. Oolong from the island of Formosa is reported to be the most popular with consumers, although in quality hardly equal to the fine Foochow tea. India and Ceylon teas are chiefly acceptable to educated palates, which do not comprise many of American origin, for the reason that their education has been neglected. Hence the liking for unwonted flavors is not wide-spread. The truth is that Americans are not a tea-drinking people, and that the annual *per capita* consumption of $1\frac{3}{8}$ pounds has been virtually stationary for the past forty years.

Wines and spirits of all grades and flavors find patronage proportioned to the prosperity of the country and the magnitude of its undertakings. Agriculture, manufactures, foreign and internal commerce in 1890 drew hither large amounts of foreign capital. "To supply and keep in order the immense plants and stocks of raw materials that are necessary to bring down the cost of production to the limits demanded by recent progress, while at the same time keeping up the price of labor to the standard at which it has been found possible to fix it, demand the employment of large aggregations of capital." Of this new movement sundry keen observers believe that we are upon the threshold only. The year 1890 was one of the most lucrative the wine and spirit trade of New York ever enjoyed, and that in despite of the Congressional law that when any imported article of commerce is held or offered for sale in any State it shall be subject to the laws of that State.

The fiscal year ending June 30, 1889, showed an increased consumption of 5,600,000 gallons of distilled spirits over that of the preceding year. Importation of wines and spirits in the calendar year 1890 was as follows:

1. *Wines.*	*In Wood. Gallons.*	*In Glass. Dozens.*
Bordeaux and Burgundy	582,940	124,200
Champagne { Index to the condition of the stock market. }		342,867
Cette	125,765	
Madeira	9,126	
Sherry	834,595	1,082
Port	111,787	2,330
German and Hungarian	1,121,960	79,766
Spanish red	247,790	
Italian	100,490	42,890
Total wines	3,134,453	593,135

2. *Spirits.*		
Brandy	250,603	52,149
Holland gin	265,006	15,486
British gin	41,913	19,426
St. Croix rum	20,092	
Jamaica rum	59,424	1,577
Scotch and Irish whiskeys	37,866	14,562
Total spirits	674,904	103,200
Cordials	56,529 cases.	

3. *Ale, Beer, and California Wine and Brandy.*		
British ale and beer	12,313	packages in bulk.
	69,737	" bottled.
German " "	52,290	" in bulk.
	2,042	" bottled.

	Gallons.
Estimating each package at an average of ten gallons.	1,363,820
California wines by water	3,608,640
" " by rail	4,910,629
" brandy by sea	230,018
" " by rail	400,000
Total	10,513,107

4. *Alcohol and Whiskey.*	*Barrels.*
Alcohol, about	93,000
Whiskey (domestic)	87,433
Total	180,433
(Or 5,773,856 gallons.)	

	Gallons.
1. Total wines (in bulk)	3,134,453
2. " spirits "	674,904
3. Foreign ale and beer, and California wines and spirits	10,513,107
4. Alcohol and whiskey	5,773,856
5. Wines and spirits in 696,335 glass dozens	1,044,502
Grand total	21,140,822

This enormous quantity of intoxicants —saying nothing of malt and other beverages—supplies more than a quart for each of the 63,000,000 citizens of the United States. Its manifold significance is for patriots to ponder.

Cheese to the amount of 1,986,217 packages was received at New York in 1890,

and 75,277,037 pounds were exported from it. Of butter, 1,890,949 packages were received, and 18,620,847 pounds exported.

Including Virginia leaf, the New York receipts of tobacco in 1890 amounted to 71,341 hogsheads. Sales for the year were 28,396 hogsheads, and the exports (stem and leaf) 92,623 hogsheads. Sales of domestic cigar leaf reached the large total of 115,195 cases. The popularity and use of Sumatra leaf tobacco, so objectionable to domestic growers, has led them to petition Congress for a duty of two dollars per pound on unstemmed Sumatra leaf—which under the McKinley tariff bill was exacted on the 1st of October, 1890—and also to abolish the internal revenue taxes as applied to the tobacco industry.

The last Presidential election is said to have turned upon the question of free wool. But notwithstanding an enormous tariff, both upon the raw material and the manufactured article, the entire wool business was in declining condition up to the close of 1889. Since then idle machinery has resumed activity, and new mills are now in process of construction. It seems to be probable that the design of the tariff to transfer the manufacture of woollens needed in America to this country will be accomplished. The total sales of wool in Boston, our principal wool market, aggregated 151,563,000 pounds, against 127,097,000 pounds in 1889. Imports of all classes of wool for ten months in 1890 reached the total of 87,944,194 pounds. In this trade New York had its full share.

Petroleum is not the excitant on exchanges that it has been in former years. Clearances show a wonderful falling off in the dealings. Extraordinary efforts to enlarge production in 1890 increased the number of completed wells to 6437—966 more than in 1889. Science has not yet fully solved the problem of deodorizing Ohio crude oils, but has raised the total home consumption of petroleum in 1890 to 11,000,000 barrels crude equivalent, not including the amount used for fuel. Prices, through the regulative power of the Standard Oil Trust, averaged 7.33 cents per gallon, against 7.15 for 1889, and 7.5 for 1888. Exports from the United States in crude equivalent reached the total of 798,054,111 gallons in 1890, of which New York sent out 587,732,482, in 405,135,584 gallons of refined and 47,550,703 of crude oil.

Cotton, although no longer "king" in politics, retains all its relative power in commerce and manufactures, and is quietly but surely passing under Southern control. Out of a total crop in 1890 of 7,313,726 bales (weighing 3,628,520,831 pounds), 4,916,847 bales were exported, the spinners took 2,342,328 bales, and 61,269 bales were left on hand. Of the exports New York shipped 775,243 bales. Sperm oil to the extent of 1909 barrels, and 3000 pounds of bone, sought the city as a market in 1890. Foreign manufactures of wool, cotton, silk, flax, and miscellaneous dry-goods to the value of $146,143,028 were imported within the same period. Exports of cotton goods from the port of New York for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1890, consisted of 71,595,087 yards of uncolored fabrics, valued at $5,147,901, and 30,409,626 yards of colored, valued at $2,089,905. As an oak sole-leather mart the city has lost, in great measure, her prestige. In 1890 the number of sides received was 392,747, against 384,048 in 1889. In upper stock she holds her own. The total receipts of hemlock, union, and oak sole-leather in 1890 were 4,059,424 sides; finished and rough, 620,565; and of calf-skins, 153,948—or 4,833,937, against 4,767,760 in 1889. Exports of leather and leather goods, valued at something over $12,000,000, were the largest ever known. More hides are in stock than the demand can absorb. Herds of cattle have multiplied 51 per cent. on the American plains during a decade, the population only 30 per cent. Of foreign hides 2,642,996 were received, and also 455,843 of domestic production, in 1890. Such as were converted into the boots and shoes of fine quality for which metropolitan makers have established a high reputation, brought satisfactory returns.

Imports of iron and steel, and iron and steel manufactures, into the United States in the calendar year 1890 were valued at $35,749,231, of which New York received $16,916,337, being an increase in value of $1,904,232 over the imports of 1889. Chemicals, drugs, and dyes worth $46,442,357 were also imported. Lumber and timber measuring 1,311,680,345 feet, and other stock, reduced to feet, board measure, aggregating 296,932,807—in all, 1,608,613,152 feet—constituted the year's (1890) receipts at New York. Considerable quantities were exported.

Out of a total of 23,467 registered, en-

rolled, and licensed vessels, with tonnage of 4,424,497, owned in the United States, 3909, with tonnage of 951,391, belong to the district of New York; 108 vessels, with tonnage of 13,768, were built in the last fiscal year. Immigrants numbering 358,510 arrived at the port in the calendar year 1890. The net bonded debt of the city December 31, 1890, was $96,200,885 36. The value of its assessed real estate was $1,398,290,007; of its personal estate, $298,688,383—or in all, $1,696,978,390. Population is roughly estimated at 1,700,000.

The business of the money-order department in the New York Post-office comprehended 3,322,981 items, involving the aggregate value of $101,334,178 28, 7,891,529 letters and packages passed through the registry department, and 617,399,325 letters and postal cards through the carriers' department in 1890. The total exchanges at the New York Clearing-house were $37,458,607,608 75. Forty-seven national banks in the city of New York on December 19, 1890, possessed resources amounting to $509,869,109 07, and on December 20, 1890, forty-five State banks in the city controlled resources to the aggregate of $148,774,388. On the 1st of January, 1891, twenty-five savings-banks in the city of New York held $319,113,180, owned by 772,242 depositors, being an average of $413 22 for each person. Three marine insurance companies on December 31, 1890, held assets reaching the sum of $13,368,407 41, with total liabilities, excepting scrip and capital, of $4,149,583 62.

The collective knowledge and wisdom of the Chamber of Commerce is the real source of much beneficent legislation affecting commercial and social interests. Within the past four years it has been influential in the enactment or recommending the enactment of Congressional laws for the general care of the commercial and shipping interests of the country—such as the construction of harbors of refuge, trial of the Bounty Act, removing the limit of time in which a master calling for orders for his vessel is required to name his destination, disinfection of rags at foreign ports, protests and appeals against duty exactions, reform of the customs service, location of customs buildings, simplification of the laws for the collection of revenue, storage in bonded warehouses, specific tariff duties wherever possible, and against compulsory coinage of the silver dollar. "Nothing which affects it escapes observation." Harbor protection against the dumping of ashes and refuse, and filling-in of the shores; and harbor improvement, including hydraulic and military engineering possibilities, such simultaneous tidal and current observations as are necessary to ascertain the true movements of the waters and lowering the bar at the entrance; and the erection of the railway bridge over the Arthur Kill to Staten Island—have all evoked its careful and conscientious utterances. Fidelity to the national organic law was especially honored by it in 1883, through the erection of a statue to the "father of his country" on the spot where George Washington took the oath of office when first inaugurated in the Presidency of the United States. Experience has taught the wisdom of "letting well alone." It does not wish to disturb existing arrangements if they work to the general satisfaction. Compromise in the adjustment of internal affairs is its favorite policy, inasmuch as the interests of various sections of the country, despite the arguments of *doctrinaires*, are not invariably identical. Of the Inter-State Commission it reasonably desires that at least one member shall be possessed of practical knowledge of the conditions and technicalities of inter-State commerce. Bankruptcies and laws for the collection of debts; proposed prohibition of sales for future delivery; the erection of a building on Governor's Island for the use of the Assay Office, whereby greater safety would be assured to the large quantities of precious metals stored in its vaults; the issue of Treasury notes on deposits of silver bullion; danger to navigation at sea from timber rafts of extraordinary size; adulteration of lard; laws for the registration and protection of the merchandise marks used in inter-State commerce; postal telegraphs; irrigation of the arid lands of the United States; items of United States census legislation; and whatsoever is of vital and pressing importance to the welfare of trade, foreign or domestic—receive exhaustive and wise consideration. Earthquakes at Charleston, inundations at Johnstown and in the low lands of the Mississippi, evoke for those afflicted by them a generous sympathy akin to that formerly manifested to sufferers from conflagration in Portland, Chicago, and Boston, and from yellow-fever in Memphis and New Or-

leans. Exceptional gallantry, illustrated by life and property saving at sea, is also certain of chivalric recognition. Philanthropic institutions, like Webb's Academy and Home for Ship-builders, command judicious countenance. Business life to its members is more than "selfish scurry and sordid clutching after wealth." It includes enlightened heedfulness to the rights of others, and persistent energy in aiding the nation's growth and greatness. In all departments of social and political activity its preferences are for the best men and the best measures.

The president, Mr. Charles S. Smith, stated concisely at a recent dinner of the Chamber the objects and purposes of this association as follows: "No matter which of the great political parties held for the time being the reins of government, this association was bound by its traditions and precedents, in all matters of State and National legislation relating to commerce and industry, to promote good laws, to amend imperfect, and defeat bad ones. In the matter of relief to sufferers by famine, fire, or flood, more than two million dollars in charity has passed through the hands of our treasurer for these commendable objects within the last quarter of a century."

Of State legislation the Chamber of Commerce is critically vigilant. Canal improvement commands its approbation, while railroad bridges whose piers would obstruct the free use of the Hudson receive its stern condemnation. Codification of the common law it commends, and imprisonment in civil actions it strongly denounces. The preservation of the Adirondack forests is regarded as of vital commercial importance. Weekly half-holidays it would abolish as injurious to trade and labor, and would substitute weekly whole holidays during the months of July and August. Remedy for labor troubles is held to be in the principles of mutual concession and arbitration. The right of association for protection of common interests is upheld, while the wrong of interference with the rights of persons in their choice of employment is justly branded as subversive of free government. To taxation of personal property, as a menace to the financial interests of the city in general and to 1,326,000 savings-bank depositors, representing savings by the people to the amount of over $506,000,000 (1889), in particular, it is opposed as being wholly impracticable. For these savings themselves it would widen the area of secure and profitable investment. To fixed usury laws it is unfriendly, as being unjustly harsh to commercial transactions. "A perfectly free church in a perfectly free state," each of them doing its own work in its own appointed sphere, and public schools whose "secular character must not be tampered with or encroached upon by any religious body on any ground or pretext whatever," are ideals to the perfect embodiment of which it persistently works.

In the manipulation of international affairs the hand of the Chamber of Commerce is deft and skilful. Proper forms of bills of lading, the code of commercial law, the increase of commerce with foreign nations—and especially with Canada—the prospects of interoceanic canals, freedom of the neutral flag, international measures for lessening the perils of the sea, and discriminations against the sensitive Chinese, have all been held under advisement, and some have been made the subjects of respectful recommendation to the Federal government.

Treaties with foreign powers are submitted to the strictest scrutiny by the Chamber of Commerce, and criticised as their bearings upon American honor and interests require. Thus in 1884 it earnestly protested against ratification of the convention with Spain for the opening of closer reciprocal trade with the American colonies of that country because of its lack of reciprocity. On the other hand, it justified the treaties with the sister republics of Spanish America and Santo Domingo as being truly reciprocal. Nations whose institutions are in harmony with our own should receive equitable favor on principles of sound state policy. At the same time the Chamber unitedly avows the conviction that all such treaties should be made public at the earliest possible moment, that ample time may be afforded for discussion of all their bearings.

New York is not only the commercial but the monetary centre of the continent, whose strength is measured by the recent remarkable negotiation of its civic bonds at 2½ per cent. interest, and at a premium above par. This singular prosperity has promise of continuance, in view of the further fact that, as the result of exchanges from 1878 to 1888, "we have

drawn from Europe nearly *two hundred and a quarter millions* of gold by exchange, while sending abroad over one hundred millions of silver." The marvellous growth of the city and the rapid appreciation in value of real estate are among the immediate results. But while all this is exceedingly gratifying, the Chamber is by no means insensible to the need of putting forth every legitimate effort "to rescue the finances, the patronage, and the government of the city from the grasping and greedy control of the partisan organizations by which they have been so long usurped." This object achieved, adequate rapid-transit facilities and ample water supply for the lower part of the city, independently of that drawn from the Croton water-shed, would quickly follow. So would the construction of new and suitable wharves for the better accommodation of commerce, and also wise expenditure of municipal appropriations for repairing the streets of the city. All these topics have been discussed by the Chamber. Railway connection between the New York Central and Long Island roads by means of a tunnel under the East River, and "improvement of the Harlem River for ships' use and navigation," are projects in the management of which it shrewdly refrains from taking a leading part. The Nautical School, held on the ship *St. Mary's*, is an object of affectionate interest and pride to all the members, supplying, as it does, a comparatively large number of educated and skilful sailors and presumptive masters for the American merchant service.

The hospitality of the Chamber of Commerce is altogether worthy of its ancient renown. The banqueting courtesies extended to distinguished foreign guests are among the more agreeable incidents of corporate life.

As the Lord Mayor's banquet in London has become an occasion on which leading members of the imperial government define the course that the administration intends to pursue, so at the annual feast of the Chamber of Commerce it is the habit of members of the President's cabinet to speak with similar friendliness and freedom.

AN IMPERATIVE DUTY.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

VIII.

IN the street where Rhoda found herself the gas was already palely burning in the shops, and the moony glare of an electric globe was invading the flush of the sunset whose after-glow still filled the summer air in the western perspective. She did not know where she was going, but she went that way, down the slope of the slightly curving thoroughfare. She had the letter which she meant to post in her hand, but she passed the boxes on the lamp-posts without putting it in. She no longer knew what she meant to do, in any sort, or what she desired; but out of the turmoil of horror, which she whirled round and round in, some purpose that seemed at first exterior to herself began to evolve. The street was one where she would hardly have met ladies of the sort she had always supposed herself of; gentility fled it long ago, and the houses that had once been middle-class houses had fallen in the social scale to the grade of mechanics' lodgings, and the shops, which had never been fashionable, were adapted strictly to the needs of a neighborhood of poor and humble people. They were largely provision stores, full of fruit, especially watermelons; there were some groceries, and some pharmacies of that professional neatness which pharmacies are of everywhere. The roadway was at this hour pretty well deserted by the express wagons and butcher carts that bang through it in the earlier day; and the horse-cars, coming and going on its incline and its final westward level, were in the unrestricted enjoyment of the company's monopoly of the best part of its space.

At the first corner Rhoda had to find her way through groups of intense-faced suburbans who were waiting for their respective cars, and who heaped themselves on board as these arrived, and hurried to find places, more from force of habit than from necessity, for the pressure of the evening travel was already over. When she had passed these groups she began to meet the proper life of the street—the women who had come out to cheapen the next day's provisions at the markets, the

* Begun in July number, 1891.

men, in the brief leisure that their day's work had left them before bedtime, lounging at the lattice doors of the drinking shops, or standing listlessly about on the curb-stones smoking. Numbers of young fellows, of the sort whose leisure is day-long, exchanged the comfort of a mutual support with the house walls, and stared at her as she hurried by; and then she began to encounter in greater and greater number the colored people who descended to this popular promenade from the up-hill streets opening upon it. They politely made way for her, and at the first meeting that new agony of interest in them possessed her.

This was intensified by the deference they paid her as a young white lady, and the instant sense that she had no right to it in that quality. She could have borne better to have them rude and even insolent; there was something in the way they turned their black eyes in their large disks of white upon her, like dogs, with a mute animal appeal in them, that seemed to claim her and own her one of them, and to creep nearer and nearer and possess her in that late-found solidarity of race. She never knew before how hideous they were, with their flat wide-nostriled noses, their out-rolled thick lips, their mobile, bulging eyes set near together, their retreating chins and foreheads, and their smooth, shining skin: they seemed burlesques of humanity, worse than apes, because they were more like. But the men were not half so bad as the women, from the shrill-piped young girls, with their grotesque attempts at fashion, to the old grandmothers, wrinkled or obese, who came down the sloping sidewalks in their bare heads, out of the courts and alleys where they lived, to get the evening air. Impish black children swarmed on these uphill sidewalks, and played their games, with shrill cries racing back and forth, catching and escaping one another.

These colored folk were of all tints and types, from the comedy of the pure black to the closest tragical approach to white. She saw one girl, walking with a cloud of sable companions, who was as white as herself, and she wondered if she were of the same dilution of negro blood; she was laughing and chattering with the rest, and seemed to feel no difference, but to be pleased and flattered with the court paid her by the inky dandy who sauntered beside her.

"She has always known it; she has never felt it!" she thought, bitterly. "It is nothing; it is natural to her; I might have been like her."

She began to speculate how many generations would carry her back, or that girl back, in hue to the blackest of those loathsome old women. She knew what an octoroon was, and she thought, "I am like her, and my mother was darker, and my grandmother darker, and my great-grander like a mulatto, and then it was a horrible old negress, a savage stolen from Africa, where she had been a cannibal."

A vision of palm-tree roofs and grass huts, as she had seen them in pictures, with skulls grinning from the eaves, floated before her eyes; then a desert, with a long coffle of captives passing by, and one black naked woman, fallen out from weakness, kneeling, with manacled hands, and her head pulled back, and the Arab slaver's knife at her throat. She walked in a nightmare of these sights; all the horror of the wrong by which she came to be, poured itself round and over her.

She emerged from it at moments with a refusal to accept the loss of her former self: like that of the mutilated man who looks where his arm was, and cannot believe it gone. Like him, she had the full sense of what was lost, the unbroken consciousness of what was lopped away. At these moments, all her pride reasserted itself; she wished to punish her aunt for what she had made her suffer, to make her pay pang for pang. Then the tide of reality overwhelmed her again, and she grovelled in self-loathing and despair. From that she rose in a frenzy of longing to rid herself of this shame that was not hers; to tear out the stain; to spill it with the last drop of her blood upon the ground. By flamy impulses she thrilled towards the mastery of her misery through its open acknowledgment. She seemed to see herself and hear herself stopping some of these revolting creatures, the dreadfulest of them, and saying, "I am black, too. Take me home with you, and let me live with you, and be like you every way." She thought, "Perhaps I have relations among them. Yes, it must be. I will send to the hotel for my things, and I will live here in some dirty little back court, and try to find them out."

The emotions, densely pressing upon each other, the dramatizations that took

place as simultaneously and unsuccessively as the events of a dream, gave her a new measure of time; she compassed the experience of years in the seconds these emotions outnumbered.

All the while she seemed to be walking swiftly, flying forward; but the ground was uneven: it rose before her, and then suddenly fell. She felt her heart beat in the middle of her throat. Her head felt light, like the blowball of a dandelion. She wished to laugh. There seemed two selves of her, one that had lived before that awful knowledge, and one that had lived as long since, and again a third that knew and pitied them both. She wondered at the same time if this were what people meant by saying one's brain was turned; and she recalled the longing with which her aunt said, "If I were *only* crazy!" But she knew that her own exaltation was not madness, and she did not wish for escape that way. "There must be some other," she said to herself; "if I can find the courage for it, I can find the way. It's like a ghost: if I keep going towards it, it won't hurt me; I mustn't be afraid of it. Now, let me see! What *ought* I to do? Yes, that is the key: *Duty*." Then her thought flew passionately off. "If *she* had done her duty all this might have been helped. But it was her cowardice that made her murder me. Yes, she has killed me!"

The tears gushed into her eyes, and all the bitterness of her trial returned upon her, with a pressure of lead on her brain.

In the double consciousness of trouble she was as fully aware of everything about her as she was of the world of misery within her; and she knew that this had so far shown itself without that some of the passers were noticing her. She stopped, fearful of their notice, at the corner of the street she had come to, and turned about to confront an old colored woman, yellow like saffron, with the mild, sad face we often see in mulattoes of that type, and something peculiarly pitiful in the straight underlip of her appealing mouth, and the cast of her gentle eyes. The expression might have been merely physical, or it might have been a hereditary look, and no part of her own personality, but Rhoda felt safe in it.

"What street is this?" she asked, thinking, suddenly, "She is the color of my grandmother; that is the way she looked," but though she thought this she did not realize it, and she kept an imperious attitude towards the old woman.

"Charles Street, lady."

"Oh, yes; Charles. Where are all the people going?"

"The colored folks, lady?"

"Yes."

"Well, lady, they's a kyind of an evenin' meetin' at ouah choach to-night. Some of 'em's goin' there, I reckon; some of 'em's just out fo' a walk."

"Will you let me go with you?" Rhoda asked.

"Why, certainly, lady," said the old woman. She glanced up at Rhoda's face as the girl turned again to accompany her. "But *I'm* a-goin' to choach."

"Yes, yes. That's what I mean. I want to go to your church with you. Are you from the South—Louisiana? She would be the color," she thought. "It might be my mother's own mother."

"No, lady: from Voginny. I was bawn a slave; and I lived there till after the wa'. Then I come Nawth."

"Oh," said Rhoda, disappointedly, for she had nerved herself to find this old woman her grandmother.

They walked on in silence for a while; then the old woman said, "I thought you wasn't very well, when I noticed you at the cawnah."

"I am well," Rhoda answered, feeling the tears start to her eyes again at the note of motherly kindness in the old woman's voice. "But I am in trouble; I am in trouble."

"Then you're gwine to the right place, lady," said the old woman, and she repeated solemnly these words of hope and promise which so many fainting hearts have stayed themselves upon: "'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest unto your souls.' Them's the words, lady; the Lawd's own words. Glory be to God; glory be to God!" she added in a whisper.

"Yes, yes," said Rhoda, impatiently. "They are good words. But they are not for me. He can't make my burden light; He can't give me rest. If it were sin, He could; but it isn't sin; it's something worse than sin; more hopeless. If I were only a sinner, the vilest, the wickedest, how glad I should be!" Her heart uttered itself to this simple nature as freely as a child's to its mother.

"Why, sholy, lady," said the old woman, with a little shrinking from her as

if she had blasphemed, "sholy you's a sinnah?"

"No, I am not!" said the girl, with nervous sharpness. "If I were a sinner, my sin could be forgiven me, and I could go free of my burden. But nothing can ever lift it from me."

"The Lawd kin do anything, the Bible says. He kin make the dead come to life. He done it oncet, too."

The girl turned abruptly on her. "Can He change your skin? Can He make black white?"

The old woman seemed daunted; she faltered. "I don't know as He ever tried, lady; the Bible don't tell." She added, more hopefully, "But I reckon He could do it if He wanted to."

"Then why doesn't He do it?" demanded the girl. "What does He leave you black for, when He could make you white?"

"I reckon He don't think it's worth while, if He can make me *willing to be black* so easy. Somebody's got to be black, and it might as well be me," said the old woman with a meek sigh.

"No, no one need be black!" said Rhoda, with a vehemence that this submissive sigh awakened in her. "If He cared for us, no one would be!"

"'Sh!" said the old woman, gently.

They had reached the church porch, and Rhoda found herself in the tide of black worshippers who were drifting in. The faces of some were supernaturally solemn, and these rolled their large-whited eyes rebukingly on the young girls showing all their teeth in the smiles that gashed them from ear to ear, and carrying on subdued flirtations with the polite young fellows escorting them. It was no doubt the best colored society, and it was bearing itself with propriety and self-respect in the court of the temple. If their natural gayety and lightness of heart moved their youth to the betrayal of their pleasure in each other in the presence of their Maker, He was perhaps propitiated by the gloom of their elders.

"'Tain't a regular evenin' meetin'," Rhoda's companion explained to her. "It's a kind o' lecture." She exchanged some stately courtesies of greeting with the old men and women as they pushed into the church; they called her sister, and they looked with at least as little surprise and offence at the beautiful young white lady with her as white Christians would have shown a colored girl come to worship with them. "De preacher's one o' the Southern students; I 'ain't hud him speak; but I reckon the Lawd's sent him, anyway."

Rhoda had no motive in being where she was except to confront herself as fully and closely with the trouble in her soul as she could. She thought, so far as such willing may be called thinking, that she could strengthen herself for what she had henceforth to bear, if she could concentrate and intensify the fact to her outward perception; she wished densely to surround herself with the blackness from which she had sprung, and to reconcile herself to it, by realizing and owning it with every sense.

She did not know what the speaker was talking about at first, but phrases and words now and then caught in her consciousness. He was entirely black, and he was dressed in black from head to foot, so that he stood behind the pulpit light like a thick, soft shadow cast upon the wall by an electric. His absolute sable was relieved only by the white points of his shirt collar, and the glare of his spectacles, which, when the light struck them, heightened the goblin effect of his presence. He had no discernible features, and when he turned his profile in addressing those who sat at the sides, it was only a wavering blur against the wall. His voice was rich and tender, with those caressing notes in it which are the peculiar gift of his race.

The lecture opened with prayer and singing, and the lecturer took part in the singing; then he began to speak, and Rhoda's mind to wander, with her eyes, to the congregation. The prevailing blackness gave back the light here and there in the glint of a bald head or from a patch of white wool, or the cast of a rolling eye. Inside of the bonnets of the elder women, and under the gay hats of the young girls, it was mostly lost in a characterless dark; but nearer by, Rhoda distinguished faces, sad repulsive visages of a frog-like ugliness added to the repulsive black in all its shades, from the unalloyed brilliancy of the pure negro type to the pallid yellow of the quadroon. These mixed bloods were more odious to her than the others, because she felt herself more akin to them; but they were all abhorrent. Some of the elder people made fervent responses to thoughts and sentiments in the lecture as if it had been a

sermon. "That is so!" they said. "Bless the Lord, that's the truth!" and "Glory to God!" One old woman who sat in the same line of pews with Rhoda opened her mouth like a catfish to emit these pious ejaculations.

The night was warm, and as the church filled, the musky exhalations of their bodies thickened the air, and made the girl faint; it seemed to her that she began to taste the odor; and these poor people, whom their Creator has made so hideous by the standards of all his other creatures, roused a cruel loathing in her, which expressed itself in a frantic refusal of their claim upon her. In her heart she cast them off with vindictive hate. "Yes," she thought, "I should have whipped them, too. They are animals; they are only fit to be slaves." But when she shut her eyes, and heard their wild, soft voices, her other senses were holden, and she was rapt by the music from her frenzy of abhorrence. In one of these suspenses, while she sat listening to the sound of the lecturer's voice, which now and then struck a plangent note, like some rich, melancholy bell, a meaning began to steal out of it to her whirling thoughts.

"Yes, my friends," it went on saying, "you got to commence doing a person good if you expect to love them as Jesus loved us when he died for us. And oh, if our white brethren could only understand—and they're gettin' to understand it—that if they would help us a little more, they needn't hate us so much, what a great thing," the lecturer lamely concluded—"what a great thing it would be all round!"

"Amen! Love's the thing," said the voice of the old woman with the catfish mouth; and Rhoda, who did not see her, did not shudder. Her response inspired the lecturer to go on. "I believe it's the one way out of all the trouble in this world. You can't fight your way out, and you can't steal your way out, and you can't lie your way out. But you can *love* your way out. And how can you love your way out? By helpin' somebody else! Yes, that's it. Somebody that needs your help. And now if there's any one here that's in trouble, and wants to get out of trouble, all he's got to do is to help somebody else out. Remember that when the collection is taken up durin' the singin' of the hymn. Our college needs help, and every person that helps our college helps himself. Let us pray!"

The application was apt enough, and Rhoda did not feel anything grotesque in it. She put into the plate which the old woman passed to her from the collector all the money she had in her purse, notes and silver, and two or three gold pieces that had remained over to her from her European travel. Her companion saw them, and interrupted herself in her singing to say, "The Lawd 'll bless it to you; He'll help them that helps others that can't help themselves."

"Yes, that is the clew," the girl said to herself. "That is the way out; the only way. I can endure them if I can love them, and I shall love them if I try to help them. This money will help them."

But she did not venture to look round at the objects of her beneficence; she was afraid that the sight of their faces would harden her heart against them in spite of her giving, and she kept her eyes shut, listening to their pathetic voices. She stood forgetful after the lecturer had pronounced the benediction—he was a divinity student, and he could not forego it—and her companion had to touch her arm. Then she started with a shiver, as if from a hypnotic trance.

Once out on the street she was afraid, and begged the old woman to go back to her hotel with her.

"Why, sholy, lady," she consented.

But Rhoda did not hear. Her mind had begun suddenly to fasten itself upon a single thought, a sole purpose, and "Yes," she pondered, "that is the first thing of all: to forgive her; to tell her that I forgive her, and that I understand and pity her. But how—how shall I begin? I shall have to do her some good to begin with, and how can I do that when I hate her so? I do hate her; I do hate her! It is her fault!"

As she hurried along, almost running, and heedless of the old woman at her side, trying to keep up with her, it seemed to her that if her aunt had told her long ago, when a child, what she was, she would somehow not have been it now.

It was not with love, not with pardon, but with frantic hate and accusal in her heart, that she burst into the room, and rushed to Mrs. Meredith's sofa, where she lay still.

"Aunt Caroline, wake up! Can you sleep when you see me going perfectly crazy? It is no time for sleeping! Wake!"

The moony pallor of an electric light suspended over the street shone in through the naked window, and fell upon Mrs. Meredith's face. It was white, and as the girl started back her foot struck the empty bottle from which the woman had drained the sleeping medicine, and let lie where she had let it fall upon the floor. Rhoda caught it up, and flew with it to the light.

IX.

The thing that had been lurking in a dark corner of Olney's mind, intangible if not wholly invisible, came out sensible to touch and sight when he parted with Mrs. Meredith. At first it masqueraded a little longer as resentment of that hapless creature's fate, a creature so pretty, so proud, and by all the rights of her youth and sex heiress of a prosperous and unclouded future, the best love and the tenderest care that any man could give her. Then it began to declare itself a fear lest the man whose avowal had given him the right to know everything concerning her, might prove superior to it, and nobly renounce his privilege, and gladly take her for what she had always seemed, for what, except in so remote degree, she really was. Then Olney knew that he was himself in love with her, and that he was judging a rival's possibilities by his own, and dreading them. He had an impulse to go back to Mrs. Meredith and say that he was ready to take all these risks and chances which she had counted so great, and laugh them to scorn in the gladness of his heart if he could only hope that Rhoda would ever love him. A few years before he would have obeyed his impulse, and even now he dramatized an obedience to it, and exacted from Mrs. Meredith a promise that she would not speak to Miss Aldgate until he had found time to put his fortune to the touch, and if he won, would never speak to her. But at thirty he had his hesitations, his misgivings, not indeed as to the wish, but as to the way. For one thing, he was too late, if Mrs. Meredith's conjectures were right; and for another, he felt it dishonorable to do what he longed in his heart to do, and steal from this man, whom he began to hate, the love upon which his courageous wooing had given him the right to count. Such a thing would be not theft only in the possible but not probable case she did not care for his rival, and he had no means of knowing the fact as to that. It might be defended if not justified on the ground that he wished to keep her forever in ignorance of what it was Mrs. Meredith's clear duty otherwise to tell her; Olney comforted himself with the theory that a woman who had delayed in her duty so long would doubtless put it off till the last moment, and that until this Mr. Bloomingdale actually appeared, and there was no loop-hole left her, she would not cease attempting to escape from her duty.

He postponed any duty which he himself had in the matter through the love he now owned; he made it contingent upon hers; but all the same, he determined to forego no right it gave him. Again he had a mind to go back to Mrs. Meredith, and ask her to do nothing until Bloomingdale came, and then, before she spoke, to authorize him to approach the man as her family physician and deal tentatively, hypothetically, with the matter, and interpret his probable decision from his actual behavior.

This course, which appeared the only course open to him, commended itself more and more to Olney as he thought of it; here was something practicable, here was something that was perhaps even obligatory upon him; he tried to believe it was obligatory. But it occurred to him only after long turmoil of thinking and feeling in other directions, and it was half past seven o'clock before he returned from a walk he took as a final means of clearing his mind, and went to Mrs. Meredith's room to propose it to her. He knocked several times without response, and then went to the office to see if she had gone out and left her key with the clerk; he was now in a hurry to speak to her.

The clerk felt in the pigeon-hole of Mrs. Meredith's number. "Her key isn't here, but that's no sign she hasn't gone out. Ladies seldom leave their keys when they go out; we're only too glad if they leave 'em when they go away for good. I thought she was sick."

"She would be able to drive out."

Olney mastered his impatience as well as he could, and went in to his dinner. After dinner he knocked again at Mrs. Meredith's door, and confirmed himself in the belief that she had gone out. After that it was not so easy to wait for her to come back. He wished to remain of the mind

he had been about speaking to her of Rhoda, and to avow himself her lover at all risks, but more and more he began to feel that he was too late, that he was quixotic, that he was ridiculous. He felt himself wavering from his purpose, and he held to it all the more tenaciously for that reason. If he was willing to hazard all upon the chance of being in time, that gave him the right to ask that the girl might be spared; but when he thought she and Mrs. Meredith were probably spending the evening together with the Bloomingdales, his courage failed. It was but too imaginable that Miss Aldgate had made up her mind to accept that man, and that her aunt would tell her all that he longed to save her from knowing before he could prevent it.

When at last he went a third time to her door, he ventured to turn the knob, and the door opened to his inward pressure. It let in with him a glare of gas from the lamp in the entry, and by this light he saw Rhoda standing beside her aunt's sofa with the empty bottle in her hand. She had her hat on, and at the face she turned him across her shoulder, a shiver of prescience passed over him. It was the tragic mask, the inherited woe, unlit by a gleam of the brightness which had sometimes seemed Heaven's direct gift to the girl on whom that burden of ancestral sin and sorrow had descended.

"What is the matter?" he murmured.

Rhoda gave him the empty bottle. "She's drunk it all. She's dead."

"Oh no," he almost laughed. "It would be too soon." He dropped on his knees beside the insensible body, and satisfied himself by pulse and breath that the life had not yet left it. But to keep it there was now the business, and Olney began his losing fight with a sort of pluriscience in which it seemed to him that he was multiplied into three selves: one applying all the antidotes and seeking all the professional help with instant coolness; another guarding the probable suicide from the conjecture of the hotel servants and keeping the whole affair as silent as possible; another devotedly vigilant of the poor girl who was so deeply concerned in the small chances of success perceptible to Olney, and who, whether he succeeded or not, was destined to so sad an orphanage. When he thought of the chance that fate was invisibly offering her, he almost wished he might fail, but he fought his battle through with relentless scientific conscience. At the end it was his part to say, "It's over; she's dead."

"I knew she was," Rhoda answered, apathetically. "I expected it."

"Where were you?" he asked, with the sort of sad futility with which, when all is done, the spirit continues its endeavor. "Was she alone?"

"Yes. I had gone out," Rhoda said.

"What time was that?" Olney wondered that he had not asked this before; perhaps he had made some mistake through not having verified the moment.

"It was about half past seven," answered the girl.

"You went out at half past seven! And when did you return?"

"We had a quarrel. I didn't come back till nearly ten—when you came in."

The poignancy of Olney's interest remained, but it took another direction. "You were out all the evening *alone*? Excuse my asking," he made haste to add. "But I don't understand—"

"I wasn't alone," said Rhoda. "I met an old colored woman on the street, and she went with me to the colored church. She came home with me." The girl said this quietly, as if there were nothing at all strange in it.

Her calm left Olney in the question which he was always pressing home to himself: whether her aunt had told her that thing. It was on his tongue to ask her why she went to the colored church, and what her quarrel with her aunt was about. He asked her instead, "Did you think, when you left her, that Mrs. Meredith seemed different at all—that—?"

"I didn't notice," said Rhoda. "No. She seemed as she often did. But I know she thought she hadn't taken enough of the medicine. She wanted to sleep more."

Rhoda sat by the window of the little parlor where she had sat when the dead woman told her that dreadful thing, and she remembered how she had glanced out of it and seen Olney in the street. The gas was now at full blaze in the room, but she glanced through the window again, and saw that the day was beginning to come outside. She turned from the chill of its pale light, and looked at Olney. Through the irresistible association of ideas, she looked for his baldness

with the lack-lustre eyes she lifted to his face.

"Is there anything you wish me—anything I can do?" he asked, after a silence, in which he got back to the level of practical affairs, though still stupefied from what Rhoda had said.

"No."

"I mean, notify your friends—your family—telegraph—"

"I have no friends—no relatives. We were alone; all our family are dead."

"But Mr. Meredith's family—there is surely some one you can call upon at this time."

A strong compassion swelled in Olney's heart; he yearned to take her in his arms and be all the world to one who had no one in all the world.

She remained as if dazed, and then she said, with a perplexed look: "I was trying to think who there was. Mr. Meredith's people lived in St. Louis; I remember some of them when I was little. Perhaps my aunt would have their address."

She went into the adjoining chamber where the dead woman lay, in the atmosphere of useless drugs and effectless antidotes, and Olney thought, "It's the mechanical operation of custom; she's going to ask her," but Rhoda came back with an address-book in her hand, as if she had gone directly to Mrs. Meredith's writing-case for it with no such error of cerebration.

"Here it is," she said.

"Very well. I'll telegraph them at once. But in the mean time what will you do, Miss Aldgate? You can't stay here in the hotel—*she* can't. How can I be of use to you?" Olney felt all the disinterestedness in the world in asking, but in what he asked next he had a distinct consciousness of self-interest, or at least of selfish curiosity. "Shall I let your friends at the Vendome—"

"Oh, no, no, no!" she broke out. "Not on any account! I couldn't bear to see them. Don't think of such a thing! No, *indeed*, I can't let you!"

The self-seeker is never fully rewarded, and Olney was left with a doubt whether this reluctance meant abhorrence of the Bloomingdales, or unwillingness to receive kindness from them which might involve some loss of her perfect independence to the spirited girl; she would not choose or be chosen for any reason but one. He could not make out from her manner as yet whether her aunt had spoken what was on her mind to speak or not; it seemed such a cruel invasion of her rights even to conjecture that he tried to put the question out of his thoughts.

He began again while he was sensible of an unequal struggle with the question, which intruded itself in the swift whirl of his anxieties, as to what could immediately be done for her.

"Is there anything else you would suggest?"

"No," said the girl, in the dreamy quiet she seemed helpless to emerge from. "I suppose it wouldn't do, even if we could find her. I was thinking of the old woman I saw to-night," she explained. "I would like to go and stay with her if I could."

"Is it some one you know?"

"No, I don't know her. I just met her on the street, and we went to the colored people's church together. I went out after dinner, and left my aunt alone. That was when she drank it."

She added the vague sentences together with a child's heedlessness as to their reaching her listener's intelligence, and she did not persist in her whimsical suggestion.

Olney left it too. "You must let me get you another room," he said; "you can't stay here any longer," and he made her take her hat and come with him to the hotel parlor. He went to arrange the business with the clerk, and to tell him of Mrs. Meredith's death; then he had to go about other duties connected with the case, which he rather welcomed as a distraction: to notify the fact and cause of Mrs. Meredith's death to the authorities, and to give the funeral preparations in charge. But when this was all done, and he could no longer play off the aggregate of these minor cares against his great one, he began to be harassed again about Miss Aldgate.

X.

It was so much easier to dispose of the friendless dead than the friendless living, Olney thought, with a sardonic perception of one of the bitterest truths in the world; and he was not consoled by the reflection that it is often the man readiest to do all for a woman who can do nothing for her. At the same time he hurried along dramatizing a scene in which Rhoda owned her love for him, and for his sake and her

own consented to throw convention to the winds, and to unite her fate with his in a marriage truly solemnized by the presence of death. He was aroused from this preposterous melodrama by a voice that said, with liking and astonishment, "Why, Dr. Olney!" and he found himself confronted with Mrs. Atherton, whom he had known as Miss Clara Kingsbury. In another moment she had flooded him with inquiry and explanation, from which he emerged with the dim consciousness that he had told her how he happened not to be in Florence, and had heard how she happened to be in Boston. Her presence in the city at such an untimely season was to be accounted for by the eccentric spirit in which she carried on her visiting for the Associated Charities; she visited her families in the summer, while most people looked after their families only in the winter. She excused herself by saying that Beverly was so near, and sometimes it gave her a chance for a little bohemian lunch with Mr. Atherton.

Olney laid his trouble before her. He knew from of old that if he could not count upon her tact, he could count upon her imagination, and he was quite prepared for the sympathy with which she rushed to his succor, a sympathy that in spite of the circumstances could not be called less than jubilant.

"Why, the poor, forlorn little helpless creature!" she exulted. "I'll go to the hotel at once with you, doctor; and she must come down to Beverly with me, and stay till her friends come on for her."

The question whether he was not bound in honor to tell Mrs. Atherton just what Miss Aldgate was, crazily visited him, and became a kind of longing before he could rid himself of it; he dismissed it only upon the terms of a self-promise to entertain it some other time; and he availed himself of her good offices almost as joyfully as she proposed them. He had to submit to the romantic supposition which he was aware Mrs. Atherton was keeping out of her words and looks, and he joined her in the conspicuous pretence she made throughout the affair that he was acting from the most disinterested, the most scientific motives.

It was not so hard as he had fancied it might be to get Miss Aldgate's consent to Mrs. Atherton's hospitality. It was the only possible thing for her, and she acquiesced simply, like one accustomed to favors; she expressed a sense of the kindness done her, with a delicate self-respect which Olney hardly knew how to account for upon the theory that Mrs. Meredith had spoken to her. Apparently she appreciated all the necessities of the case, and she did not troublesomely interpose any of the reluctances of grief which he had expected. If he could have wished any difference in her it would have been for rather less composure; but then this might have been the apathy following the great shock she had received. He willingly accepted Mrs. Atherton's theory, hurriedly whispered at parting, that she did not realize what had happened yet; Mrs. Atherton seemed to prize her the more for it.

He came back from seeing them off on the train to the hotel, where he found a telegram from Mrs. Meredith's connections in St. Louis. They were very sorry; they were unable to come on; they would write. Olney felt a grateful lift of the heart in thinking of Miss Aldgate in Mrs. Atherton's affectionate keeping, as he crumpled the despatch in his hand and tossed it on his dismal white marble hearth. He believed that he read between its words a revelation of the fact that the dead woman's husband had not kept Rhoda's secret from his family, and that these unable friends, whatever they wrote, were not likely to urge any claim to comfort the girl.

It was Mrs. Bloomingdale who came to do this with several of her large and passive daughters, about as long after the evening papers came out as would take her to drive over from the Vendome. Olney had been able to persuade the reporters who got hold of the case that there was nothing to work up in it, and the paragraph that Mrs. Bloomingdale saw was discreet enough; it attributed Mrs. Meredith's death to an overdose of the soporific prescribed for her, and it connected Olney's name with the matter as the physician who happened to be stopping in the hotel with the unfortunate lady.

"I came the instant I read it," Mrs. Bloomingdale explained, "for I couldn't believe the evidence of my senses," and she added such a circumstantial statement of her mental struggle with the fact projected into her consciousness as could leave no doubt that the fact itself was far less important than the effect produced upon her.

As Olney listened he lost entirely a

lurking discomfort he had felt at Miss Aldgate's refusal to let those people have anything to do with her or for her in her calamity. Whatever the son might be, the mother was a vulgarly selfish woman, posing before him as a generous benefactress, who was also a martyr. "I asked for you, doctor," she went on, at the end of her personal history in connection with the affair, "because I preferred not to intrude upon that poor young creature without learning just how I ought to approach her. As I said to my daughter Roberta, in coming along"—she put the tallest and serenest of the big, still blondes in evidence with a wave of her hand—"I would be ruled entirely by what you said of the newspaper report."

Olney said of it dryly that it was quite correct.

"Oh, I am *so* relieved, doctor!" said Mrs. Bloomingdale. "I didn't know, don't you know—I thought perhaps that there were facts—details which you preferred to keep from the public; that there were peculiar circumstances—aberration, don't you know; and that kind of thing. But I'm so glad there wasn't!"

Olney felt a malicious desire to disturb this crowing complacency which he believed was the cover of mean anxieties and suspicions. He asked, "Do you mean suicide?"

"Well, no; not that exactly. But—" She stopped, and he merely said:

"There was no evidence of suicidal intent."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Bloomingdale, but, as he intended, not so crowingly this time. "And then—you think I can ask for Miss Aldgate?"

"Miss Aldgate is not here—" Olney began.

"Not here!"

"She is with Mrs. Atherton, at Beverly. She couldn't remain here, you know."

"And may I ask—do I understand—Why didn't Miss Aldgate let *us* know?"

Olney rejoiced to be able to say, "I suggested that, but she preferred not to disturb you."

"And *why* did she prefer that?" said Mrs. Bloomingdale, with rising crest.

"I'm sorry, I don't know. It was by accident that I met Mrs. Atherton on the street; she is a well-known lady here, and she at once took Miss Aldgate home with her."

At the bottom of his heart Olney did not feel altogether easy at what he knew of Miss Aldgate's relations to the Bloomingdale family. He would have liked to blind himself to facts that proved her weak or at least light-mindedly fond of any present pleasure at the cost of any future complication, but he was not quite able to do so, much as he wished to inculpate the Bloomingdales. He was silent, and attempted no farther explanation or defence of Rhoda's refusal to see them.

"I presume, Dr. Olney," Mrs. Bloomingdale went on, "that you know nothing of the circumstances of our acquaintance with Miss Aldgate; and I can't expect you to sympathize with my—my—surprise that she should have turned from us at such a time. But I must say that I am very greatly surprised. Or not surprised, exactly. Pained."

"I am very sorry," Olney said again. "I have no right to intervene in any matter so far beyond my functions as Mrs. Meredith's physician, but I venture to suggest that the blow which has fallen on Miss Aldgate is enough to account for what seems strange to you in—"

"Of course. Certainly. I make allowance for that," said Mrs. Bloomingdale; and Olney was aware of receiving this proof of her amiability, her liberality, with regret; he would have so willingly had it otherwise, in justification of Miss Aldgate. "And I know that the past year has been one of great anxiety both to Mrs. Meredith and Miss Aldgate. You know they had lost their money?"

"No," said Olney, with a joyful throb of the heart, "I didn't."

"I have understood so. Miss Aldgate will be left without anything—in a manner. But that would have made no difference to us. We should have been only too glad to prove to her that it made no difference. But if she prefers not to see us— We expect my son by Wednesday's steamer in New York." She added this suddenly and with apparent irrelevance, but Olney perceived that she wished to test his knowledge of the whole case, and she had instantly learned from his face that he knew much more than he would own. But he made no verbal concession to her curiosity. "I think you met my son in Florence?" she said.

"I saw him at Professor Garofalo's one night."

"He was there a great deal. It was there he met—Mrs. Meredith." Olney

said nothing, and Mrs. Bloomingdale rose, and as with the same motion her large daughters rose. "May I ask, Dr. Olney, that you will give Miss Aldgate our love, and say to her that if there is anything we can do, we shall be so— I suppose you have had to communicate with Mrs. Meredith's — or Mr. Meredith's rather—family?"

"Yes."

"They will be at the funeral, of course; and if—"

"They are not coming," said Olney. "They have telegraphed that they are unable to come."

"Oh," said Mrs. Bloomingdale; and after a little pause she said, "Good-afternoon," and led her girls out.

Olney felt that he had parted with an enemy, and that though he had in one sort tried to keep a conscientious neutrality, he had discharged himself of an offensive office in a hostile manner, that he had made her his enemy if not Miss Aldgate's enemy. She suspected him, he knew that, of having somehow come between her and Miss Aldgate of his own will as well as Rhoda's. In view of this fact he had to ask himself to be very explicit as to his feelings, his hopes, his intentions; and after a season of close question, the response was very clear. He could not doubt what he wished to do; the only doubt he had was as to how and where and whether he could do it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LETTERS OF CHARLES DICKENS TO WILKIE COLLINS.

EDITED BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

Part I.

WILLIAM WILKIE COLLINS was a man of five or six and twenty when he first met Charles Dickens, in 1851. He had spent two years in study in Italy; four years as an articled clerk to a city firm in the tea trade; he had been a student of law in Lincoln's Inn; he had written a biography of his father, William Collins, R.A., who was a painter of some repute; he had published his first novel, *Antonina*, and he had determined to devote himself thenceforth to a career of literature.

Charles Dickens at this period was nearly forty years of age. He had given to the world the immortal *Pickwick*, *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickelby*, *Master Humphrey's Clock*—afterwards known as *The Old Curiosity Shop*—*The American Notes*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *The Chimes*, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, *Dombey and Son*, *The Haunted Man*, and *David Copperfield;* and he had but recently commenced the publication of the weekly journal called *Household Words*. He was the intimate of Thackeray, from whom he was then not yet estranged, of Carlyle, Leigh Hunt, Macaulay, Sydney Smith, Wilkie, Jerrold, Landor, Rogers, Longfellow, Washington Irving, Jeffrey, Turner, "Rugby" Arnold, Leech, Lemon, and their peers; and he was the recognized head of his guild in England. The friendship and recognition of such a man were of inestimable value to the younger writer; and the intimacy then begun, and cemented by the marriage of the daughter of Dickens to the brother of Collins ten years later, continued unbroken until Dickens died in 1870.

The correspondence between them was frequent and familiar. Some portions of it are to be found in *The Letters of Charles Dickens*, edited by his sister-in-law and his eldest daughter, and first published in 1880, as a supplement to Forster's *Life;* but a large number of letters from Dickens to Collins, of which the literary executors of the former knew nothing, were found after the death of Collins, and handed over to Miss Hogarth. From these she has selected the following specimens, as being quite as characteristic and fully as interesting as any she gave to the public in her own book. She authorizes their publication in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and they have been printed under her supervision. They not only show the man as he was willing to show himself to the man whom he loved, but they give an excellent idea of his methods of collaboration with the man whom he had selected from all others as an active partner in certain of his creative works.

Why it is not possible to print herewith Collins's replies, Dickens himself fully ex-

plained in the following letter, which was written to Macready on the 1st of March, 1855, and which has already been printed by Miss Hogarth and Miss Dickens:

"Daily seeing improper uses made of confidential letters in the addressing of them to a public audience that has no business with them, I made, not long ago, a great fire in my field at Gad's Hill and burnt every letter I possessed. And now I destroy every letter I receive not on absolute business, and my mind is so far at ease."

That Macready should not have acted upon this hint and have destroyed this particular letter, with all the others which his friend at Gad's Hill had ever written to him, is proof enough of Macready's opinion of Dickens's charms as an epistolary correspondent. The reading world would have lost much if the biographers of Dickens, and the hundreds of men and women who were fortunate enough to have been his friends, had not appreciated the public as well as the private value of everything he put on paper, even in his private notes; and it is greatly to be regretted that he did not write letters to himself — like his own Mr. Toots — and preserve them all.

On the 10th of February, 1851, Dickens sent a note to Mr. W. H. Wills, his associate in conducting *Household Words*, asking him to take the part of a servant in the comedy of *Not so Bad as we Seem*, written by Bulwer for the Guild of Literature and Art, and played for the first time at Devonshire House, in the month of May of the same year, by a company of very clever and very distinguished amateurs. "'Mrs. Harris,' I says to her, 'be not alarmed; not reg'lar play-actors, hammertoors.' 'Thank 'Evens,' says Mrs. Harris, and bustiges into a flood of tears!"

Although Mr. Wills was actively interested in these entertainments, he does not seem ever to have appeared upon the stage; and Dickens was forced to seek a substitute, as the following letter will show. It was evidently given by its recipient to its subject, and it was carefully cherished as long as Collins lived.

Devonshire Terrace,
Saturday Night, Eighth March, 1851.

My dear Egg,—I think *you* told *me* that Mr. Wilkie Collins would be glad to play any part in Bulwer's Comedy; and I think *I* told *you* that I considered him a very desirable recruit. There is a Valet, called (as I remember) Smart—a small part, but, what there is of it, decidedly good; he opens the play—which I should be delighted to assign to him, and in which he would have an opportunity of dressing your humble servant, frothing some chocolate with an obsolete milling-machine that must be revived for the purpose, arranging the room, and dispatching other similar "business," dear to actors. Will you undertake to ask him if I shall cast him in this part? If yes, I will call him to the reading on Wednesday; have the pleasure of leaving my card for him (say where), and beg him to favor us with his company at dinner on Wednesday evening. I knew his father well, and should be very glad to know him.

Write me a word in answer, and believe me ever, Faithfully yours,

Charles Dickens.

The first letter from Dickens *to* Collins which has been preserved was dated two months later, and is here subjoined. "The Duke" was the Duke of Devonshire, who entertained the party at supper after the first performance, and "Mr. Ward" was E. M. Ward, R.A., an early friend of Collins who painted a portrait of Dickens in 1854.

No. 16, Wellington Street North, Strand,
Monday, Twelfth May, 1851.

My dear Collins,—My only hesitation on the matter is this: I apprehend that the Duke, in his great generosity, intends to give a sort of supper to the whole party. I infer this from his so particularly desiring to know their number. *Now, I have already given him the list;* and he is so delicate that he would not even ask Landseer without first asking me. Under these circumstances, I feel the introduction of a stranger like Mr. Ward's brother—Mr. Ward and his wife being already on the list—a kind of difficulty; but I do not like to refuse compliance with any wish of my faithful and attached valet, whom I greatly esteem. I therefore merely mention this and send him the order.

I have been here all day, and am covered with Sawdust.

Faithfully yours always,

Charles Dickens.

W. Wilkie Collins, Esquire.

So much has been written and said by men like Forster and Hans Christian Andersen, as well as by Dickens, about the famous theatrical representations in which Dickens was so prominent, that no additional word, even from an eye-witness, can be of any interest here. But the editor of the present papers, who was taken, when almost a child, by a thoughtful father to see one of these performances, will never forget the impression made

Philharmonic Hall, Liverpool.

Manager, Mr. CHARLES DICKENS, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, in the County of Middlesex.

On FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 3rd, 1852,

THE AMATEUR COMPANY

OF THE

GUILD OF LITERATURE & ART;

To encourage Life Assurance and other Provident Habits among Authors and Artists; to render such assistance to both as shall never compromise their independence; and to found a new Institution where honourable rest from arduous labour shall still be associated with the discharge of congenial duties:

WILL HAVE THE HONOR OF PRESENTING

(THIS BEING THEIR LAST NIGHT OF PERFORMANCE,)

THE PETITE COMEDY, IN TWO ACTS, OF

USED UP.

Sir Charles Coldstream, Bart.	Mr. CHARLES DICKENS,
Sir Adonis Leech,	Mr. COE
The Honorable Tom Saville,	Mr. JOHN TENNIEL,
Wurzel, (*a Farmer*)	Mr. F. W. TOPHAM,
John Ironbrace, (*a Blacksmith*)	Mr. MARK LEMON,
Mr. Fennel, (*a Lawyer*)	Mr. AUGUSTUS EGG, A.R.A.
James,	Mr. WILKIE COLLINS,
Mary,	Mrs. HENRY COMPTON.
Lady Clutterbuck,	Mrs. COE.

SCENERY.

Saloon in Sir Charles Coldstream's House,	Painted by Mr. PITT,
WITH	
Distant View of the River,	" Mr. STANFIELD, R.A.
Interior of an Old Farm House,	" Mr. PITT.

Previous to the Play the Band will Perform an OVERTURE, composed expressly for this purpose, by Mr. C. COOTE, (Pianist to His Grace the Duke of Devonshire);

WHO WILL, ON THIS OCCASION, PRESIDE AT THE PIANOFORTE.

To conclude with, (twenty-third time) an original Farce, in One Act, by Mr. CHARLES DICKENS and Mr. MARK LEMON, entitled

MR. NIGHTINGALE'S DIARY.

Mr. Nightingale,	Mr. FRANK STONE, A.R.A.
Mr. Gabblewig. (*of the Middle Temple*)	Mr CHARLES DICKENS.
Charley Bit, (*a Boots*)	
Mr. Poulter, (*a Pedestrian and Cold-Water Drinker*)	
Captain Blower, (*an Invalid*)	
A Respectable Female,	
A Deaf Sexton,	
Tip, (Mr. Gabblewig's *Tiger*)	Mr. AUGUSTUS EGG, A.R.A.
Christopher, (*a Charity Boy*)	
Slap, (*professionally Mr. Flormiville—a Country Actor*)	Mr. MARK LEMON.
Mr. Tickle, (*Inventor of the celebrated Compounds*)	
A Virtuous Young Person in the Confidence of "Maria	
Lithers, (*Landlord of the "Water Lily"*)	Mr. WILKIE COLLINS.
Rosina,	Miss FANNY YOUNG.
Susan,	Mrs. COE.

The Proscenium by Mr. CRACE. The Theatre constructed by Mr. SLOMAN, Machinist of the Royal Lyceum Theatre.
The Properties and Appointments by Mr. G. FOSTER. The Costumes by Messrs. NATHAN, of Titchbourne Street.
Perruquier, Mr. WILSON. Prompter, Mr. COE.

☞ THE WHOLE PRODUCED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR CHARLES DICKENS.

The Local Arrangements under the superintendence of Mr. William Sudlow.

Doors open at Six o'Clock. To commence at exactly Seven o'clock; when the whole of the audience are particularly recommended to be seated

Tickets to be had at the Offices of the Philharmonic Society, Exchange Court. Stalls (in the Body of the Hall) and Boxes, 7s. 6d.; Gallery Stalls, 5s. 6d.; Gallery Seats, 3s. 6d.

ENTRANCE TO ALL PARTS OF THE HALL FROM HOPE STREET.

A. IRELAND AND CO., PRINTERS, PALL MALL, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

upon him by the acting of the protagonist on that occasion. The Bill of the Play—which is here reproduced in *fac-simile*—contains many great names, which meant nothing then to the small boy who waited so patiently that night for Dickens to appear, and Dickens himself meant only David Copperfield. That small boy had never heard of Mr. John Tenniel, of Mr. Mark Lemon, of Mr. Augustus Egg, A.R.A., of Mr. Frank Stone, of Mr. Peter Cunningham, or of Mr. Wilkie Collins; but he had read and re-read David Copperfield, and he looked upon it as a purely autobiographical and most delightful piece of work. He knew Steerforth and Traddles better than he knew many of his own schoolmates; he hated Uriah Heep and the Murdstones more than he ever hated anybody else; he loved Dora and Agnes better than he ever expected, then, to love any woman but his own mother; he had gone sobbing to his little bed when he heard of David's mother's death, how "she was glad to lay her poor head on her stupid, cross, old Peggotty's arm; and she died like a child that had gone to sleep." Peggotty, with her cheeks and arms so hard and red that it was a wonder the birds didn't peck her in preference to apples, was more real to him than the Ann Hughes of his own nursery, whom no bird would be disposed to peck under any consideration; and although he had just made the grand tour for the first time, his only interest in the Cathedral of St. Paul in London lay in the fact that it was pictured, with a pink dome, on the sliding lid of Peggotty's work-box. To see this grown up David Copperfield, in the flesh, doing all sorts of ridiculous things in the farce of *Mr. Nightingale's Diary;* to feel that, perhaps, he had a letter at that very moment in his pocket from the real Micawber; and that the actual Agnes was in the wings waiting to go home with him when the play was over, was to this particular little boy the greatest treat of his young life. And he has never ceased to thank the considerate father for the blessed memory of that wonderful night in Liverpool, so many years ago.

That there existed a strong feeling of good-fellowship between Dickens and Collins from the very beginning of their acquaintance is indicated by the affectionate tone of the numerous letters which passed between them.

"Lithers" was the name of a character taken by Collins in one of the farcical afterpieces played by the company of amateurs, and "Lord Wilmot" was Dickens's part in *Not so Bad as we Seem.* Dickens was at work upon *Bleak House* when he wrote to Collins from Boulogne, in June, 1853; and when that story was finished, in October, they started out, together with Augustus Egg, upon an excursion through parts of Switzerland and Italy; Egg being the "Colonel" alluded to as invited to "assist in scattering the family dinner" in April, 1854. "The National Sparkler" was one of the many names given to Dickens by himself. *Basil, a Story of Modern Life*, published in 1852, was Collins's first marked success as a writer of fiction, and Dickens alludes to it more than once in his letters to its author.

The occasional foot-notes signed "W. W. C." are in the handwriting of Collins. The parentheses in square brackets have been on all occasions added by the editor.

Tavistock House,
Twenty-third December, 1852.

My dear Collins,—I am suddenly laid by the heels in consequence of Wills having gone blind without any notice—I hope and believe from mere temporary inflammation. This obliges me to be at the office all day today, and to resume my attendance there tomorrow. But if you will come there to-morrow afternoon—say at about three o'clock—I think we may forage pleasantly for a dinner in the City, and then go and look at Christmas Eve in Whitechapel, which is always a curious thing.

The end of this letter (cut off for an autograph-hunter) simply mentioned the receipt of an odd letter from a namesake of mine inquiring for my address.—W. W. C.

Tavistock House,
Tuesday, January Eighteenth, 1853.

My dear Collins,—If you should be disposed to revel in the glories of the eccentric British Drayma, on Saturday evening, I am the man to join in so great a movement. My money is to be heard of at the Bar of the Household Words at five o'clock on that afternoon.

Gin Punch is also to be heard of at the Family Arms, Tavistock, on Sunday next at five, when the National Sparkler will be prepared to give Lithers a bellyful if he means anything but Bounce.

I have been thinking of the Italian project, and reducing the time to two months—from the 20th October to the 20th December—see the way to a trip that shall really not exclude any foremost place, and be reasonable too. Details when we meet.

Ever faithfully, C. D.

Chateau des Moulineaux,
Rue Beaurepaire, Boulogne,
Friday, Twenty-fourth June, 1853.

My dear Collins,—I hope you are as well as I am, and have as completely shaken off all your ailings. And I hope, too, that you are disposed for a long visit here. We are established in a doll's country house of many rooms, in a delightful garden. If you have anything to do, this is the place to do it in. And if you have nothing to do, this is also the place to do it in to perfection.

You shall have a Pavilion room in the garden, with a delicious view, where you may write no end of Basils. You shall get up your Italian as I raise the fallen fortunes (at present sorely depressed) of mine. You shall live, with a delicate English graft upon the best French manner, and learn to get up early in the morning again. In short, you shall be thoroughly prepared, during the whole summer season, for those great travels that are to come off anon.

Do turn your thoughts this way; coming by South Eastern *Tidal Train* (there is a separate list for that train, the time changing every day as the tide varies), you come in five hours. No passport wanted. Mrs. Dickens and her sister send their kind regards, and beg me to say how glad they will be to see you.

W. Wilkie Collins, Esquire.

Our united remembrances to your mother and brother.

Boulogne, Thirtieth June, 1853.
Thursday.

My dear Collins,—I am very sorry indeed to hear so bad an account of your illness, and had no idea it had been so severe. I can't help writing (though most unnecessarily I hope) to say that you can't get well too soon; and that I warrant the pure air, regular hours, and perfect repose of this place to bring you round triumphantly. You have only, when you are sufficiently restored, to defy the D—octor and all his works, to write me a line naming your day and hour. My friend *Lord Wilmot* will then be found at the Custom House.

Ward's account of me was the true one. I was thoroughly disabled—in a week—and doubt if you would have known me. But I recovered with surprising quickness—positively insisting on coming here, against all advice but [Dr.] Elliotson's—and got to work next day but one as if nothing had happened.

And what was the matter with me? Sir—I find this reads like Dr. Johnson directly—Sir, it was an old, afflicted

KIDNEY,

once the torment of my childhood, in which I took cold.

Signature cut off for autograph-hunters.—W. C.

Tavistock House, Friday Night,
Twenty-fourth February, 1854.

My dear Collins, — Sitting reading tonight, it comes into my head to say that if you look into Montaigne's *Journey into Italy* (not much known now, I think, except to readers), you will find some passages that would be curious for extract. They are very well translated into a sounding kind of old English in Hazlitt's translation of Montaigne.

If you are disengaged next Saturday, March the 4th, and it should be a fine day, what do you say to making it the occasion for our Rochester trip? Faithfully yours always, C. D.

W. Wilkie Collins, Esquire.

Tavistock House, Monday,
Twenty-fourth April, 1854.

My dear Collins,—I met the Colonel at the Water Colors on Saturday, and asked him if he would assist in scattering the family dinner next Sunday at half past 5, as usual. Will you join us, Sir?

Beaucourt's house above the Moulineaux, on the top of the hill—free and windy—not so bijou-ish, but larger rooms, and possessing a back gate and a field, secured by the undersigned contracting party from the middle of June to the middle of October. I hope you will write the third volume of "that" book there.

[Chauncey Hare] Townshend coming to town on the 12th of May. Pray Heaven he may not have another choral birthday, and another frolicultural* cauliflower.

Ever faithfully, C. D.

Tavistock House,
Sixth June, 1854.

My dear Collins:

Day,	Thursday.
Hour,	Quarter past 11 A.M.
Place,	Dover Terminus, London Bridge.
Destination,	Tunbridge Wells.
Description of Railway Qualification,	Return Ticket.
(Signed)	Charles Dickens.
Entd.	

Tavistock House,
Seventh June, 1854.

My dear Collins,—Mark has got something in his foot—which is not Gout, of course, though it has a family likeness to that disorder—which he thinks will disable him to-mor-

* I think this word a bold one. It is intended for floricultural.—C. D.

row. Under these circumstances, and as this inclement season of summer has set in with so much severity, I think it may be best to postpone our expedition. Will you take a stroll on Hampstead Heath, and dine here on Sunday instead? And if yes, will you be here at 2?

Ever faithfully, C. D.

On the 22d of July, 1854, Dickens wrote to Miss Hogarth, as quoted in *The Letters:*

"Neither you nor Catherine [Mrs. Dickens] did justice to Collins's book [*Hide and Seek*]. I think it far away the cleverest novel I have ever seen written by a new hand. It is in some respects masterly. Valentine Blyth is as original, and as well done, as anything can be. The scene where he shows his pictures is full of an admirable humor. Old Mat is admirably done. In short, I call it a very remarkable book, and have been very much surprised by its great merit."

Miss Hogarth is unable to explain the allusion to the "Cowell facts," in the letter of December 17, 1854. The 'Mark' referred to in this and subsequent letters was Mark Lemon, editor of *Punch.*

Tavistock House,
Sunday, Seventeenth December, 1854.

My dear Collins,—Many thanks for your note. As I rode home in the hansom, that Gravesend night, one or two doubts arose in my mind respecting the Cowell facts; and before breakfast on the following morning I wrote to Mark, begging him to say nothing to Jerrold from me until I should have satisfied my mind. I am so sorry at heart for the working-people when they get into trouble, and have their wretched arena chalked out for them with such extraordinary complacency by small political economists, that I have a natural impulse upon me, almost always, to come to the rescue—even of people I detest, if I believe them to have been true to these poor men.

I am away to Reading to read the *Carol*, and to Sherborne, and, after Christmas Day, to Bradford, in Yorkshire. The thirtieth will conclude my public appearances for the present season, and then I hope we shall have some Christmas diversions here. I have got the children's play into shape, so far as the Text goes (it is an adaptation of *Fortunio*), but it has not been "on the stage" yet. Mark is going to do the Dragon—with a practicable head and tail. Ever yours, C. D.

On the 6th of January, 1855, at Tavistock House, Dickens, Collins, and Lemon played in *The Fairy Extravaganza of Fortunio and his Seven Gifted Sons*, by Mr. Planché, the rest of the cast comprising the Dickens children and some of their juvenile friends. "They are all agog now," Dickens wrote a few days before, "about a great fairy play which is to come off here next Monday. The house is full of spangles, gas, Jews, theatrical tailors, and pantomime carpenters."

Tavistock House,
Christmas Eve, 1854.

My dear Collins,—Here is a Part in *Fortunio* — dozen words — but great Pantomime opportunities—which requires a first-rate old stager to devour Property Loaves. Will you join the joke and do it? Gobbler, one of the seven gifted servants, is the Being "to let." There is an eligible opportunity of making up dreadfully greedy.

I am going to read the piece to the children next Tuesday, at half past 2. We shall rehearse it at the same hour every day in the following week—dress rehearsal on Saturday night, the 6th; night of performance, Monday, the 8th.

I am just come back from Reading and Sherborne, and go to Bradford on Wednesday morning, returning next day.

If you should chance to be disengaged today, here we are—Pork, with sage and inions, at half past 5.

Ever faithfully, C. D.

W. Wilkie Collins, Esquire.

Tavistock House,
Sunday, Fourth March, 1855.

My dear Collins,—I have to report another failure on the part of our friend "Williams" last night. He so confounded an enlightened British audience at the Standard Theatre on the subject of *Antony and Cleopatra*, that I clearly saw them wondering, towards the end of the Fourth Act, when the play was going to begin.

A man much heavier than Mark (in the actual scale, I mean), and about twenty years older, played Cæsar. When he came on with a map of London—pretending it was a scroll and making believe to read it—and said, "He calls me Boy"—a howl of derision arose from the audience which you probably heard in the Dark, without knowing what occasioned it. All the smaller characters, having their speeches much upon their minds, came in and let them off without the slightest reference to cues. And Miss Glyn, in some entirely new conception of her art, "read" her part like a Patter song—several lines on end with the rapidity of Charles Mathews, and then one very long word. It was very brightly and creditably got up, but (as I have said) "Williams" did not carry the audience, and I don't think the Sixty Pounds a week will be got back by the Manager.

You will have the goodness to picture me

to yourself—alone—in profound solitude—in an abyss of despair—ensconced in a small Managerial Private Box in the very centre of the House—frightfully sleepy (I had a dirty steak in the City first, and I think they must have put Laudanum into the Harvey's sauce), and played at, point-blank, by the entire strength of the company. The horrors in which I constantly woke up, and found myself detected, you will imagine. The gentle Glyn, on being called for, heaved her snowy bosom straight at me, and the box keeper informed me that the Manager who brought her on would "have the honor of stepping round directly." I sneaked away in the most craven and dastardly manner, and made an utterly false representation that I was coming back again.

If you will give me one glass of hot gin and water on Thursday or Friday evening, I will come up about 8 ( )* o'clock with a cigar in my pocket and inspect the Hospital. I am afraid this relaxing weather will tell a little faintly on your medicine, but I hope you will soon begin to see land beyond the Hunterian Ocean.

I have been writing and planning and making notes over an immense number of little bits of paper—and I never can write legibly under such circumstances.

Always cordially yours, C. D.

W. Wilkie Collins, Esquire.

Sister Rose, a story in four parts, by Collins, was printed in *Household Words*, in April and May, 1855. Mr. Pigott is Mr. Edward Pigott, an intimate friend of Collins, and the present "Licenser of Plays" in the Lord Chamberlain's office. He was in the cast of *The Frozen Deep*, produced by Dickens and Collins two years later.

Tavistock House,
Monday, Nineteenth March, 1855.

My dear Collins,—I have read the two first portions of *Sister Rose* with the very greatest pleasure. An excellent story, charmingly written, and shewing everywhere an amount of pains and study in respect of the art of doing such things that I see mighty seldom.

If I be right in supposing that the brother and sister are concealing the husband's mother, then will you look at the closing scene of the second part again, and consider whether you cannot make the indication of that circumstance a little more obscure—or, at all events, a little less emphatic: as by Rose's only asking her brother once for leave to tell her husband, or some slight alteration of that kind? The best way I know of strengthening the interest and hitting this point would be the introduction or mention, in the first instance, *of some one other person* who *might* (in the reader's divided thoughts) be the concealed person, and of whom the husband might have a latent dislike or jealousy—as a friend of the brother's. But this might involve too great a change.

If, on the other hand, it be not the mother who is visited, then it is clear that you have altogether succeeded as it stands, and have entirely misled me.

How are you getting on? Shall you be up to a day at Ashford to-morrow week? I shall be able to frank you down and up the Railway on the solemn occasion. Mark (whose face is at present enormous) is going, and Wills will tell us the story of the Bo'sen, whose artful chaff, in that sparkling dialogue, played the Devil with T. Cooke.

Talking of which feat, I wish you could have seen your servant last Wednesday beleaguer the Literary Fund. They got so bothered and bewildered that I expected to see them all fade away under the table; and the outsiders laughed so irreverently whenever I poked up the chairman that it was quite a facetious business. Virtually, I consider the thing done. You may believe that I am not about to let go, and the effect has far and far exceeded my expectations already. Mark is full of the subject and will tell you all about it. . . .

What is Mr. Pigott's address? I want to leave a card for him.

Ever faithfully, C. D.

Tavistock House,
Saturday, Twenty-fourth March, 1855.

My dear Collins,—I am charmed to hear of the great improvement, and really hope now that you are beginning to see land.

The train (an express one) leaves London Bridge Station on Tuesday at half past 11 in the forenoon. Fire and comfort are ordered to be in readiness at the Inn at Ashford. We shall have to return at half past 2 in the morning—getting to town before 5—but the interval between the Reading and the Mails will be spent by what would be called in a popular musical entertainment "the flick o' our ain firesides"—which reminds me to observe that I am dead sick of the Scottish tongue in all its moods and tenses.

You have guessed right! The best of it was that she [Mrs. Gaskell] wrote to Wills, saying she must particularly stipulate not to have her proofs touched, "even by Mr. Dickens." That immortal creature had gone over the proofs [*North and South*] with great pains—had of course taken out the stiffings—hard-plungings, lungeings, and other convulsions—and had also taken out her weakenings and damagings of her own effects. "Very well," said the gifted Man, "she shall have her own way. But after it's published shew her this Proof, and ask her to consider whether her story would have been the better or the worse for it."

When you see Millais, tell him that if he would like a quotation for his fireman picture

* ( ) Intended for "eight."—C. D.

there is a very suitable and appropriate one to be got from Gay's *Trivia*. . . .

Ever yours, CHARLES DICKENS.

I dined with an old General yesterday, who went perfectly mad at dinner about the *Times*—exudations taking place from his mouth while he denied all its statements, that were partly foam, and partly turbot with white sauce. He persisted, likewise, in speaking of that Journal as "Him."

Tavistock House,
Wednesday, Fourth April, 1855.

MY DEAR COLLINS,—I have read the article in the *Leader* on Napoleon's reception in England with great pleasure and entire concurrence. I think it is forcible and just, and yet states the real case with great moderation. Not knowing of it, I had been speaking to its author on that very subject in the Pit of the Olympic on Saturday night.

And, by-the-bye, as the Devil would have it (for I assume that he is always up to something, and that everything is his fault—I being, as you know, evangelical), I mislaid your letter with Mr. Pigott's address in it, and "didn't like" to ask himself for it. Do, like an amiable, corroded hermit, send me that piece of information again.

I hope the medical authorities will not—as I may say—cut your nose off to be revenged on your face. You might want it at some future time. It is but natural that the Doctor should be irritated by so much opposition—still, isn't the offending feature in some sort a man and a brother?

The Pantomime was amazingly good, and it really was a comfortable thing to see all conventional dignity so outrageously set at naught. It was astonishingly well done, and extremely funny. Not a man in it who wasn't quite as good as the Humbugs who pass their lives in doing nothing else. I observed at the Fund Dinner that the actors are in the same condition about it as they were when we played. Idiots!

May the Spring advance with rosy foot, and the voice of the Turtle be shortly heard in the land! Ever faithfully, C. D.

Tavistock House,
Sunday, Fifteenth April, 1855.

MY DEAR COLLINS,—Hurrah!

I shall be charmed to see you once more in a Normal state, and propose Friday next for our meeting at the Garrick, at a quarter before 5. We will then proceed to the Ship and Turtle.

I fell foul of Wills yesterday, for that in "dealing with" the second part of your story [*Sister Rose*] he had not (in two places) "indoctrinated" the Printer with the change of name. He explained to me that on the whole, and calmly regarding all the facts from a politico-economical point of view, it was a more triumphant thing to have two mistakes than none—and, indeed, that, philosophically considered, this was rather the object and province of a periodical.

Faithfully always, C. D.

Collins was at this time a constant contributor to *Household Words*, and his *After Dark* (1856) and *Dead Secret* (1857) originally appeared in that periodical. The great success of *Fortunio* inspired "Mr. Crummles, the Manager"—a name given by Dickens to himself—to attempt the production of a more serious play, and led to the writing by Collins of *The Light-house*, a drama which was afterwards seen upon the public boards of the London Olympic. On May 20 Dickens wrote to Clarkson Stanfield:

"I have a little lark in contemplation, if you will help it to fly. Collins has done a melodrama (a regular old style melodrama), in which there is a very good notion. I am going to act in it, as an experiment, in the children's theatre here [Tavistock House]. I, Mark, Collins, Egg, and my daughter Mary, the whole *dram. pers.*. . . . Now there is only one scene in the piece, and that, my tarry lad, is the inside of a light-house. Will you come and paint it?"

Nothing has been recorded concerning the acting of the author; but Carlyle, who was present as a first-nighter, compared Dickens's wild picturesqueness in the old light-house keeper to the famous figure in Nicholas Poussin's bacchanalian dance in the National Gallery. Mr. Stanfield's original sketch for the scene of the Eddystone Light-house, which hung in the hall at Gad's Hill until Dickens died, was afterwards sold for a thousand guineas.

The ticket referred to in the letter of June 24, 1855, was a card of admission to a meeting of "The Administrative Reform League," held in Drury Lane Theatre, at which Dickens made an effective speech. Colonel Waugh was at that time living in Campden House, Church Street, Kensington, a fine old mansion since destroyed by fire. It contained a private theatre, in which the Company of Amateurs gave several performances.

Tavistock House,
Friday, Eleventh May, 1855.

MY DEAR COLLINS,—I will read the play referring to the Light-house with great pleasure if you will send it to me—of course will at any time, with cordial readiness and unaffected interest, do any such thing. . . .

I hope to make Folkestone the country quar-

ters for this Autumn. At the end of October I have an idea of removing the caravan to Paris for six months. I wish you would come over too, and take a Bedroom hard by us. It strikes me that a good deal might be done for *Household Words* on that side of the water.

But we shall have plenty of leisure to talk about this at Folkestone.

I have seen nothing of —— since he disarranged the whole metropolitan supply of gas. I have a general idea that he must have been upside down ever since, in some corner—like the groom to whom the sultan's daughter was to have been sacrificed. He was indeed Great and Grand. I went about the streets all next day laughing like a Pantomime mask. I never did see anything so ridiculous.

The restless condition in which I wander up and down my room with the first page of my new book [*Little Dorrit*] before me defies all description. I feel as if nothing would do me the least good but setting up a Balloon. It might be inflated in the garden in front—but I am afraid of its scarcely clearing those little houses.

Ever faithfully, C. D.

Tavistock House,
Thursday, Twenty-first May, 1855.

My dear Collins,—Lemon assures me that the Parts and Prompt book are to arrive today. Why they have not been here two days I cannot for the life of me make out. In case they *do* come, there is a good deal in the way of clearing the ground that you and I may do before the first Rehearsal. Therefore, will you come and dine at 6 to-morrow (Friday) and give the evening to it?

Faithfully ever, C. D.

Tavistock House,
Saturday Morning, June Ninth, 1855.

My dear Collins,—I have had a communication from Stanfield since we parted last night, to the effect that he must have the Stage entirely to himself and his men on Thursday Night. I therefore write round to all the company, to remind them that Monday is virtually our last Rehearsal, and that we shall probably have to do your Play twice on that precious occasion.

Ever heartily yours, C. D.

Tavistock House,
Sunday, Twenty-fourth June, 1855.

My dear Collins,—I am delighted that I have this one ticket to spare out of six that I got for Home. If you will be at the principal door in Brydges Street a little before a quarter to 7, and will there meet my people as they come up, and go in with them, you will find your place secured. The Secretary writes me that it is necessary to be early, to avoid calling attention to this fact, as other places are *not* secured.

I am rather flustered about the thing just now, not knowing their ways, or what kind of audience they are, or how they go on at all. But I'll try them, and the best can do no more.

I have broached a move Kensingtonwards, for changing their arrangements altogether—dropping the Farce—putting their piece second—and playing *The Light-house* (Original cast and Scenery) first. I don't know whether anything may come of it, but I thought it well to make a discreet point that way. This for the present entirely between ourselves.

Will you tell your brother, with my regards, that I write to Townshend by to-morrow morning's mail? I am not *quite* sure where he is.

Ever yours, C. D.

Tavistock House,
Sunday, Eighth July, 1855.

My dear Collins,—I don't know whether you may have heard from [Benjamin] Webster, or whether the impression I derived from Mark's manner on Friday may be altogether correct. But it strongly occurred to me that Webster was going to decline the Play, and that he really has worried himself into a fear of playing Aaron.

Now, when I got this into my head—which was during the Rehearsal—I considered two things—firstly, how we could best put about the success of the piece more widely and extensively even than it has yet reached, and, secondly, how you could be best assured against a bad production of it hereafter, or no production of it. I thought I saw, immediately, that the point would be to have this representation noticed in the Newspapers. So I waited until the Rehearsal was over and we had profoundly astonished the family, and then asked Colonel Waugh what he thought of sending some cards for Tuesday to the papers. He highly approved, and yesterday morning directed Mitchell to send to all the morning papers, and to some of the weekly ones—a dozen in the whole.

I dined at Lord John's [Russell] yesterday (where Meyerbeer was, and said to me after dinner, "Ah, mon ami illustre! Que c'est noble de vous entendre parler d'haute voix morale, à la table d'un Ministre!"—for I gave them a little bit of truth about Sunday, that was like bringing a Sebastopol battery among the polite company)—I say, after this long parenthesis, I dined at Lord John's, and found great interest and talk about the Play, and about what everybody who had been here had said of it. And I was confirmed in my decision that the thing for you was the Invitation to the papers. Hence I write to tell you what I have done.

I dine at home at half past 5, if you are disengaged, and shall be at home all the evening.

Ever faithfully, C. D.

For the Christmas number of *Household Words* in 1855 Dickens and Collins wrote, together, *The Holly Tree*, Dickens

contributing *Myself*, *Boots*, and *The Bill*, according to the bibliography contained in Forster's *Life*.

Hôtel des Bains, Boulogne,
Sunday, Fourteenth October, 1855.

My dear Collins,—Behold me in our old quarters, which are as comfortable as usual. Crossed yesterday. Fine overhead, but heaving and surging sea. The Plorn [a nickname given to his youngest son, Edward Bulwer Lytton Dickens] wonderfully sick, but wonderfully good—making no complaint whatever—feeling the unreasonableness and hopelessness of the Ocean. . . .

The Ostler [in *The Holly Tree*] shall be yours, and I think the sketch involves an extremely good and startling idea. I am not, however, sure but that it trails off in the sudden disappearance of the woman without any result or explanation, and that some such thing may not be wanted for the purpose—unless her never being heard of any more could be so very strikingly described as to supply the place of other culmination to the story. Will you consider that point again?

I purpose being in town on the 13th of November. It is our Audit Day. Perhaps you will dine at the office at half past 5?

Kindest regards from all.

Ever faithfully yours,
Charles Dickens.

W. Wilkie Collins, Esquire.

Paris, 49 Avenue des Champs Elysées,
Wednesday, Twelfth December, 1855.

My dear Collins,—. . . I leave here for town on Saturday, but shall have to start for Peterborough on Monday morning. If you are free on Wednesday (when I shall return from that reading), and will meet me at the *Household Words* office at half past 5, I shall be happy to start on any Haroun Alraschid expedition.

Think of my going down to Sheffield on Friday, to read there—in the bitter winter—with journey back to Paris before me!

I thought your Christmas Story [*The Ostler*] *immensely improved* in the working out. The botheration of that No. has been prodigious. The general matter was so disappointing, and so impossible to be fitted together or got into the frame, that after I had done the Guest and the Bill, and thought myself free for a little Dorrit again, I had to go back once more (feeling the thing too weak), and do the Boots. Look at said Boots; because I think it's an odd idea, and gets something of the effect of a Fairy Story out of the most unlikely materials. . . .

Every Frenchman who can write a begging letter writes one, and leaves it for this apartment. He first of all buys any literary composition printed in quarto on tea-paper with a limp cover, scrawls upon it "Hommage à Charles Dickens, l'illustre Romancier"—encloses the whole in a dirty envelope, reeking with tobacco smoke—and prowls, assassin-like, for days, in a big cloak and an enormous *cachenez* like a counterpane, about the scraper of the outer door. Ever faithfully, C. D.

Reply as to Wednesday, in note to Tavistock House for receipt there on Sunday.

49 Champs Elysées.
Thirtieth January, 1856, Wednesday.

My dear Collins,—I hope you are "out of the wood, and holloaing."

I purpose coming to town either on Monday or Tuesday night, and returning (if convenient to you), on the following Sunday or Monday. I will write to you as soon as I arrive, and arrange for our devoting an early evening (I should like Wednesday next) to letting our united observation with extended view "survey mankind from China to Peru." On second thoughts, shall we appoint Wednesday now? Unless I hear from you to the contrary, I will expect you at *Household Words* at 5 that day.

Ever faithfully (working hard), C. D.

49 Champs Elysées, Paris.
Tuesday, Twelfth February, 1856.

My dear Collins,—I am delighted to receive your letter—which is just come to hand—and heartily congratulate you upon it. I have no doubt you will soon appear. I would recommend you, unless the Boulogne Boat serves to a marvel, to come by the Calais route—the day mail. Because in the winter there are no special trains on that Boulogne line in France, and waiting at Boulogne is a bore. The Pavilion is all ready, and is a wonder. Upon my word, it is the snuggest oddity I ever saw—the lookout from it the most wonderful in the world. . . .

We had a pleasant trip, and the best dinner at the "Bang" [Hôtel des Bains], Boulogne, I ever sat down to.

So, looking out for your next letter "advising self" of your coming,

Ever faithfully, C. D.

49 Champs Elysées, Paris,
Sunday, Twenty-fourth February, 1856.

My dear Collins,—The Post still coming in to-day without any intelligence from you, I am getting quite uneasy. From day to day I have hoped to hear of your recovery, and have forborne to write, lest I should unintentionally make the time seem longer to you. But I am now so very anxious to know how you are that I cannot hold my hand any longer. So pray let me know by return. And if you should unhappily be too unwell to write yourself, pray get your brother to represent you.

I cannot tell you how unfortunate I feel this to be, or how disconsolately I look at the uninhabited Pavilion.

Ever faithfully, C. D.

[to be continued.]

PETER IBBETSON.*

BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Part Fourth.

I GOT back to my hotel in the Rue de la Michodière.

Prostrate with emotion and fatigue, the tarantella still jingling in my ears, and that haunting, beloved face with its ineffable smile still printed on the retina of my closed eyes, I fell asleep.

And then I dreamed a dream, and the first phase of my real, inner life began!

All the events of the day, distorted and exaggerated and jumbled together after the manner of dreams, wove themselves into a kind of nightmare and oppression. I was on my way to my old abode; everything that I met or saw was grotesque and impossible, yet had now the strange, vague charm of association and reminiscence, now the distressing sense of change and loss and desolation.

As I got near to the avenue gate, instead of the school on my left there was a prison; and at the door a little thick-set jailer, three feet high and much deformed, and a little deformed jaileress no bigger than himself, were cunningly watching me out of the corners of their eyes, and toothlessly smiling. Presently they began to waltz together to an old, familiar tune, with their enormous keys dangling at their sides; and they looked so funny that I laughed and applauded. But soon I perceived that their crooked faces were not really funny; indeed, they were fatal and terrible in the extreme, and I was soon conscious that these deadly dwarfs were trying to waltz between me and the avenue gate for which I was bound—to cut me off, that they might run me into the prison, where it was their custom to hang people of a Monday morning.

In an agony of terror I made a rush for the avenue gate, and there stood the Duchess of Towers, with mild surprise in her eyes and a kind smile—a heavenly vision of strength and reality.

"You are not dreaming true!" she said. "Don't be afraid--those little people don't exist! Give me your hand and come in here."

And as I did so she waved the troglodytes away, and they vanished; and I felt that this was no longer a dream, but something else some strange thing that had happened to me, some new life that I had woke up to.

For at the touch of her hand my consciousness, my sense of being I, myself, which hitherto in my dream (as in all previous dreams up to then) had been only partial, intermittent, and vague, suddenly blazed into full, consistent, practical activity—just as it is in life, when one is wide awake and much interested in what is going on—only with perceptions far keener and more alert.

I knew perfectly who I was and what I was, and remembered all the events of the previous day. I was conscious that my real body, undressed and in bed, now lay fast asleep in a small room on the fourth floor of an "hôtel garni" in the Rue de la Michodière. I knew this per

* Begun in June number, 1891.—*The right of translation is reserved*

PREMIÈRE COMMUNION.

fectly; and yet here was my body too, just as substantial, with all my clothes on; my boots rather dusty, my shirt collar damp with the heat, for it was hot. With my disengaged hand I felt in my trousers pocket; there were my London latch-key, my purse, my penknife; my handkerchief in the breast pocket of my coat, and in its tail pockets my gloves and pipe case, and the little water-color box I had bought that morning. I looked at my watch; it was going, and marked eleven. I pinched myself, I coughed, I did all one usually does under the pressure of some immense surprise, to assure myself that I was wideawake; and I *was*, and yet here I stood, actually hand in hand with a great lady to whom I had never been introduced (and who seemed much tickled at my confusion); and staring now at her, now at my old school.

The prison had tumbled down like a house of cards, and lo! in its place was M. Saindou's maison d'éducation, just as it had been of old. I even recognized on the yellow wall the stamp of a hand in dry mud, made fifteen years ago by a day boy called Parisot, who had fallen down in the gutter close by, and thus left his mark on getting up again; and it had remained there for months, till it had been whitewashed away in the holidays. Here it was anew, after fifteen years.

The swallows were flying and twittering. A yellow omnibus was drawn up to the door of the school; the horses stamped and neighed and bit each other, as French horses always did in those days. The driver swore at them perfunctorily.

A crowd was looking on—le Père et la Mère François, Madame Liard, the grocer's wife, and other people, whom I remembered at once with delight. Just in front of us a small boy and girl were looking on, like the rest, and I recognized the back and the cropped head and thin legs of Mimsey Seraskier.

A barrel organ was playing a pretty tune I knew quite well, and had forgotten.

The school gates opened, and M. Saindou, proud and full of self-importance (as he always was), and half a dozen boys whose faces and names were quite familiar to me, in smart white trousers and shining boots, and silken white bands round their left arms, got into the omni-

bus, and were driven away in a glorified manner — as it seemed—to heaven in a golden chariot. It was beautiful to see and hear.

I was still holding the duchess's hand, and felt the warmth of it through her glove; it stole up my arm like a magnetic current. I was in Elysium; a heavenly sense had come over me that at last my periphery had been victoriously invaded by a spirit other than mine—a most powerful and beneficent spirit. There was a blessed fault in my impenetrable armor of self, after all, and the genius of strength and charity and loving-kindness had found it out.

"Now you're dreaming true," she said. "Where are those boys going?"

"To church, to make their première communion," I replied.

"That's right. You're dreaming true because I've got you by the hand. Do you know that tune?"

I listened, and the words belonging to it came out of the past and I said them to her, and she laughed again, with her eyes screwed up deliciously.

"Quite right—quite," she exclaimed. "How odd that you should know them! How well you pronounce French for an Englishman! For you are Mr. Ibbetson, Lady Cray's architect?"

I assented, and she let go my hand.

The street was full of people—familiar forms and faces and voices, chatting together and looking down the road after the yellow omnibus; old attitudes, old tricks of gait and manner, old forgotten French ways of speech—all as it was long ago. Nobody noticed us, and we walked up the now deserted avenue.

Oh, the happiness, the enchantment of it all!

I was deeply conscious of every feature in her face, every movement of her body, every detail of her dress—more so than I could have been in actual life—and said to myself, "Whatever this is, it is no dream." But I felt there was about me the unspeakable elation which can come to us only in our waking moments when we are at our very best; and then only feebly, in comparison with this, and to many of us never. It never had to me, since that morning when I had found the little wheelbarrow.

I was also conscious, however, that the avenue itself had a slight touch of the dream in it. It was no longer quite right, and was getting out of drawing, so to speak. I had lost my stay—the touch of her hand.

"Are you still dreaming true, Mr. Ibbetson?"

"I am afraid not quite," I replied.

"You must try by yourself a little—try hard. Look at this house; what is written on the portico?"

I saw written in gold letters the words, "Tête Noire," and said so.

She rippled with laughter, and said, "No; try again;" and just touched me with the tip of her finger for a moment.

I tried again, and said, "Parvis Notre Dame."

"That's rather better," she said, and touched me again; and I read, "Parva sed Apta," as I had so often read there before in old days.

"And now look at that old house over there," pointing to my old home; "how many windows are there in the top story?"

I said seven.

"No; there are five. Look again!" and there were five; and the whole house was exactly, down to its minutest detail,

"IT WAS HARD TO LOOK AWAY FROM HER."

as it had been once upon a time. I could see Thérèse through one of the windows, making my bed.

"That's better," said the duchess; "you will soon do it—it's very easy—'ce n'est que le premier pas!' My father taught me; you must always sleep on your back with your arms above your head, your hands clasped under it and your feet crossed, the right one over the left, unless you are left-handed; and you must never for a moment cease thinking of where you want to be in your dream till you are asleep and get there; and you must never forget in your dream where and what you were when awake. You must join the dream on to reality. Don't forget. And now I will say good-by; but before I go give me both your hands and look round everywhere as far as your eye can see."

It was hard to look away from her; her face drew my eyes, and through them all my heart; but I did as she told me, and took in the whole familiar scene, even to the distant woods of Ville d'Avray, a glimpse of which was visible through an opening in the trees; even to the smoke of a train making its way to Versailles, miles off; and the old telegraph, working its black arms on the top of Mont Valérien.

"Is it all right?" she asked. "That's well. Henceforward, whenever you come here, you will be safe as far as your sight can reach—from this spot—all through my introduction. No more little dancing jailers! And then you can gradually get farther by yourself.

"Out there, through that park, leads to the Bois de Boulogne—there's a gap in the hedge you can get through; but mind and make everything plain in front of you —*true*, before you go a step farther, or else you'll have to wake and begin it all over again. You have only to will it, and think of yourself as awake, and it will come—on condition, of course, that you have been there before. And mind, also, you must take care how you touch things or people—you may hear, and see, and smell; but you mustn't touch, nor pick flowers or leaves, nor move things about. It blurs the dream, like breathing on a window-pane. I don't know why, but it does. You must remember that everything here is dead and gone by. With you and me it is different; we're alive and real—that is, *I* am; and there would seem to be no mistake about your being alive too, Mr. Ibbetson, by the grasp of your hands. But you're *not;* and why you are here, and what business you have in this, my particular dream, I cannot understand; no living person has ever come into it before. I can't make it out. I suppose it's because I saw your reality this afternoon, looking out of window at the 'Tête Noire,' and you are just a stray figment of my overtired brain—a very agreeable figment, I admit; but you don't exist here just now—you can't possibly; you are somewhere else, Mr. Ibbetson; dancing at Mabille, perhaps, or fast asleep somewhere, and dreaming of French churches and palaces, and public fountains, like a good young British architect—otherwise I shouldn't talk to you like this, you may be sure!

"Never mind. I am very glad to dream that I have been of use to you, and you are very welcome here, if it amuses you to come—especially as you are only a false dream of mine, for what else *can* you be? And now I must leave you, so good-by."

She disengaged her hands, and laughed her angelic laugh, and then turned toward the park. I watched her tall, straight figure and blowing skirts, and saw her follow some ladies and children into a thicket, and she was soon out of sight.

I felt as if all warmth had gone out of my life; as if a joy had taken flight; as if a precious something had withdrawn itself from my possession, and the gap in my periphery had closed again.

Long I stood in thought, with my eyes fixed on the spot where she had disappeared; and I felt inclined to follow, but then considered this would not have been discreet. For although she was only a false dream of mine, a mere recollection of the exciting and eventful day, a stray figment of my overtired and excited brain —a *more* than agreeable figment (what else *could* she be!)—she was also a great lady, and had treated me, a perfect stranger and a perfect nobody, with singular courtesy and kindness; which I repaid, it is true, with a love so deep and strong that my very life was hers, to do what she liked with, and always had been since I first saw her, and always would be as long as there was breath in my body! But this did not constitute an acquaintance without a proper introduction, even in a dream. Even in dreams one must be polite, even to a stray figment of one's tired, sleeping brain.

And then what business had *she*, in *this*, *my* particular dream—as she herself had asked of me?

But *was* it a dream? I remembered my lodgings at Pentonville, that I had left yesterday morning. I remembered what I was—why I came to Paris; I remembered the very bedroom at the Paris hotel where I was now fast asleep, its loudly ticking clock, and all the meagre furniture. And here was I, broad awake and conscious, in the middle of an old avenue that had long ceased to exist—that had been built over by a huge brick edifice covered with newly painted trellis-work. I saw it, this edifice, myself, only twelve hours ago. And yet here was everything as it had been when I was a child; and all through the agency of this solid phantom of a lovely young English duchess, whose warm gloved hands I had only this minute been holding in mine! The scent of her gloves was still in my palm. I looked at my watch; it marked twenty-three minutes to twelve. All this had happened in less than three-quarters of an hour!

Pondering over all this in hopeless bewilderment, I turned my steps toward my old home, and, to my surprise, was just able to look over the garden wall, which I had once thought about ten feet high.

Under the old apple-tree in full bloom, sat my mother, darning small socks; with her flaxen side-curls (as it was her fashion to wear them) half concealing her face. My heart beat fast. I felt its pulse in my temples, and my breath was short.

At a little green table that I remembered well sat a small boy, rather quaintly dressed in a by-gone fashion, with a frill round his wide shirt collar, and his golden hair cut quite close at the top, and rather long at the sides and back. He seemed a very nice little boy. He had pen and ink and copybook before him, and a gilt-edged volume bound in red morocco. I knew it at a glance; it was *Elegant Extracts*. The dog Médor lay asleep in the shade. The bees were droning among the nasturtiums and convolvulus.

A little girl ran up the avenue from the porter's lodge and pushed the garden gate, which rang the bell as it opened, and she went into the garden, and I followed her; but she took no notice of me, nor did the others. It was Mimsey Seraskier.

I went and sat at my mother's feet, and looked long in her face.

"MOTHER, MOTHER!"

I must not speak to her, nor touch her—not even touch her busy hand with my lips, or I should "blur the dream."

I got up and looked over the boy Gogo's shoulder. He was translating Gray's "Elegy" into French; he had not got very far, and seemed to be stumped by the line,

"And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

Mimsey was silently looking over his other shoulder, her thumb in her mouth, one arm on the back of his chair. She seemed to be stumped also: it was an awkward line to translate.

I stooped and put my hand to Médor's nose, and felt his warm breath. He wagged his rudiment of a tail, and whimpered in his sleep. Mimsey said:

"Regarde Médor, comme il remue la queue! *C'est le Prince Charmant qui lui chatouille le bout du nez.*"

Said my mother, who had not spoken hitherto: "Do speak English, Mimsey, please."

Oh, my God! My mother's voice, so forgotten, yet so familiar, so unutterably dear! I rushed to her, and threw myself on my knees at her feet, and seized her hand and kissed it, crying, "Mother, mother!"

A strange blur came over everything, the sense of reality was lost. All became as a dream—a beautiful dream—but only a dream; and I woke.

. . . . . .

I woke in my small hotel bedroom, and saw all the furniture, and my hat and clothes, by the light of a lamp outside, and heard the ticking of the clock on the mantel-piece, and the rumbling of a cart and cracking of a whip in the street, and yet felt I was not a bit more awake than I had been a minute ago in my strange vision—not so much!

I heard my watch ticking its little tick on the mantel-piece by the side of the clock, like a pony trotting by a big horse. The clock struck twelve. I got up and looked at my watch by the light of the gas-lit streets; it marked the same. My dream had lasted an hour—I had gone to bed at half past ten.

I tried to recall it all, and did so to the smallest particular—all except the tune the organ had played, and the words belonging to it; they were on the tip of my tongue, and refused to come further. I got up again and walked about the room, and felt that it had not been like a dream at all; it was more "recollectable" than all my real adventures of the previous day. It had ceased to be like a dream, and had become an actuality from the moment I first touched the duchess's hand to the moment I awoke with a beating heart after hearing my mother's voice. It was an entirely new and utterly bewildering experience that I had gone through.

In a dream there are always breaks, inconsistencies, lapses, incoherence, breaches of continuity, many links missing in the chain; only at points is the impression vivid enough to stamp itself afterward on the waking mind, and even then it is never so really vivid as the impression of real life, although it ought to have seemed so in the dream. One remembers it well on awaking, but soon it fades, and then it is only one's remembrance of it that one remembers.

There was nothing of this in my dream.

It was something like the "camera-obscura" on Ramsgate pier: one goes in and finds one's self in total darkness; the eye is prepared; one is thoroughly expectant and wide-awake.

Suddenly there flashes on the sight the moving picture of the port and all the life therein, and the houses and cliffs beyond; and farther still the green hills, the white clouds, and blue sky.

Little green waves chase each other in the harbor, breaking into crisp white foam. Sea-gulls wheel and dash and dip behind masts and ropes and pulleys; shiny brass fittings on gangway and compass flash in the sun without dazzling the eye; gay Lilliputians walk and talk, their white teeth, no bigger than a pin's point, gleam in laughter, with never a sound; a steamboat laden with excursionists comes in, its paddles churning the water, and you cannot hear them. Not a detail is missed—not a button on a sailor's jacket, not a hair on his face. All the light and color of sea and earth and sky, that serve for many a mile, are here concentrated within a few square feet. And what color it is! A painter's despair! It is light itself, more beautiful than that which streams through old church windows of stained glass. And all is framed in utter darkness, so that the fully dilated pupils can see their very utmost. It seems as though all had been painted life-size and then shrunk, like a Japanese picture on crape, to a millionth of its natural size, so as to intensify and mellow the effect.

It is all over: you come out into the open sunshine, and all seems garish and bare and bald and commonplace. All magic has faded out of the scene; everything is too far away from everything else; everybody one meets seems coarse and Brobdingnagian and too near. And one has been looking at the like of it all one's life!

Thus with my dream, compared to common, waking, every-day experience; only instead of being mere flat, silent little images moving on a dozen square feet of Bristol board, and appealing to the eye alone, the things and people in my dream had the same roundness and relief as in life, and were life-size; one could move amongst them and behind them, and feel

THE MAJOR AND THE WATER-BEETLE.

as if one could touch and clasp and embrace them if one dared. And the ear, as well as the eye, was made free of this dark chamber of the brain: one heard their speech and laughter as in life. And that was not all, for soft breezes fanned the cheek, the sun gave out its warmth, and the scent of many flowers made the illusion complete.

And then the Duchess of Towers! She had been not only visible and audible like the rest, but tangible as well, to the fullest extent of the sensibility that lay in my nerves of touch; when my hands held hers I felt as though I were drawing all her life into mine.

With the exception of that one figure, all had evidently been as it *had* been in *reality* a few years ago, to the very droning of an insect, to the very fall of a blossom!

Had I gone mad by any chance? I had possessed the past, as I had longed to do a few hours before.

What are sight and hearing and touch and the rest?

Five senses in all.

The stars, worlds upon worlds, so many billions of miles away, what are they for us but the shiny specks on a net-work of nerves behind the eye? How does one *feel* them there?

The sound of my friend's voice, what is it? The clasp of his hand, the pleasant sight of his face, the scent of his pipe and mine, the taste of the bread and cheese and beer we eat and drink together, what are they but figments of the brain—little thrills through nerves made on purpose, and without which there would be no stars, no pipe, no bread and cheese and beer, no voice, no friend, no me?

And is there, perchance, some sixth sense embedded somewhere in the thickness of the flesh—some survival of the past, of the race, of our own childhood even, etiolated by disuse? or some rudiment, some effort to begin, to be developed into a future source of bliss and consolation for our descendants? some nerve that now can only be made to thrill and vibrate in a dream, too delicate as yet to ply its function in the light of common day?

And was I, of all people in the world—I, Peter Ibbetson, architect and surveyor

—destined to make some great psychical discovery?

Pondering deeply over these solemn things, I sent myself to sleep again, as was natural enough—but no more to dream. I slept soundly until late in the morning, and breakfasted at the Bains Deligny, a delightful swimming-bath near the Pont de la Concorde (on the other side), and spent most of the day there, alternately swimming, and dozing, and smoking cigarettes, and thinking of the wonders of the night before, and hoping for their repetition on the night to follow.

I remained a week in Paris, loafing about by day among old haunts of my childhood—a melancholy pleasure—and at night trying to "dream true," as my dream duchess had called it. Only once did I succeed.

I had gone to bed thinking most persistently of the "Mare d'Auteuil," and it seemed to me that as soon as I was fairly asleep I woke up there, and knew directly that I had come into a "true dream" again, by the reality and the bliss. It was *life*—a very ecstasy of remembrance made actual, and *such* an exquisite surprise!

There was M. le Major, in his green frock-coat, on his knees near a little hawthorn-tree by the brink, among the water-logged roots of which there dwelt a cunning old dytiscus as big as the bowl of a table-spoon—a prize we had often tried to catch in vain.

M. le Major had a net in hand, and was watching the water intently; the perspiration was trickling down his nose; and around him, in silent expectation and suspense, were grouped Gogo and Mimsey and my three cousins, and a good-humored freckled Irish boy I had quite forgotten, and I suddenly remembered that his name was Johnstone, and that he lived in the Rue Basse.

On the other side of the pond my mother was keeping Médor from the water, for fear of his spoiling the sport, and on the bench by the willow sat Madame Seraskier—lovely Madame Seraskier—deeply interested. I sat down by her side and gazed at her with a joy there is no telling.

An old woman came by, selling conical wafer-cakes, and singing, "V'là l'plaisir, mesdames—V'là l'plaisir!" Madame Seraskier bought some.

M. le Major made a dash with his net—unsuccessfully, as usual. Médor was let loose, and plunged with a plunge that made big waves all round the mare, and dived after an imaginary stone, amid general shouts and shrieks of excitement. Oh, the familiar voices! I almost wept.

Médor came out of the water without his stone and shook himself, twisting and barking and grinning and gyrating, as was his way, quite close to me. In my delight and sympathy I was ill-advised enough to try and stroke him, and straight the dream was "blurred"—changed to an ordinary dream, where all things were jumbled up and incomprehensible; a dream pleasant enough, but different in kind and degree—an *ordinary* dream; and in my distress thereat I woke, and failed to dream again (as I wished to dream) that night.

Next morning (after an early swim) I went to the Louvre, and stood spellbound before Leonardo da Vinci's "Lisa Gioconda," trying hard to find where the wondrous beauty lay that I had heard so extravagantly extolled, and not trying very successfully, for I had seen Madame Seraskier once more, and felt that "Gioconda" was a fraud.

Presently I was conscious of a group just behind me, and heard a pleasant male English voice exclaim:

"And now, duchess, let me present you to my first and last and only love, Monna Lisa." I turned round, and there stood a soldier-like old gentleman and two ladies (one of whom was the Duchess of Towers), staring at the picture.

As I made way for them I caught her eye, and in it again, as I felt sure, a kindly look of recognition—just for half a second. She evidently recollected having seen me at Lady Cray's, where I had stood all the evening alone in a rather conspicuous corner. I was so exceptionally tall (in those days of not such tall people as now) that it was easy to notice and remember me, especially as I wore my beard, which it was unusual to do then among Englishmen.

She little guessed how *I* remembered *her;* she little knew all she was and had been to me—in life and in a dream!

My emotion was so great that I felt it in my very knees; I could scarcely walk; I was as weak as water. My worship for the beautiful stranger was becoming almost a madness. She was even more lovely than Madame Seraskier. It was cruel to be like that.

"LISA GIOCONDA."

It seems that I was fated to fall down and prostrate myself before very tall, slender women, with dark hair and lily skins and light angelic eyes. The fair damsel who sold tripe and pigs' feet in Clerkenwell was also of that type, I remembered; and so was Mrs. Deane. Fortunately for me it is not a common one!

All that day I spent on quays and bridges, leaning over parapets, and looking at the Seine, and nursing my sweet despair, and calling myself the biggest fool in Paris, and recalling over and over again that gray-blue kindly glance.

My brief holiday over, I went back to London—to Pentonville—and resumed my old occupations; but the whole tenor of my existence was changed.

The day, the working-day (and I worked harder than ever, to Lintot's great satisfaction), passed as in an unimportant dream of mild content and cheerful acquiescence in everything, work or play.

There was no more quarrelling with my destiny, nor wish to escape from myself for a moment. My whole being, as I went about on business or recreation bent, was suffused with the memory of the Duchess of Towers as with a warm inner glow that kept me at peace with all mankind and myself, and thrilled by the hope, the enchanting hope, of once more meeting her image at night in a dream, in or about my old home at Passy, and perhaps even feeling once more that ineffable bliss of touching her hand. Though why should she be there?

When the blessed hour came round for sleep, the real business of my life began. I practised "dreaming true" as one practises a fine art, and after many failures I became a professed expert—a master.

I lay straight on my back, with my feet crossed, and my hands clasped above my head in a symmetrical position; I fixed my will intently and persistently on a certain point in space and time that was within my memory—namely, the avenue gate on a certain Christmas afternoon, when I remembered waiting for M. le Major to go for a walk—at the same time never losing touch of my own present identity as Peter Ibbetson, architect, Wharton Street, Pentonville; all of which is not so easy to manage as one might think, although the dream duchess had said, "Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte"; and finally one night, instead of dreaming the ordinary dreams I had dreamed all my life (but twice) I had the rapture of *waking up*, the minute I was fairly asleep, by the avenue gate, and of seeing Gogo Pasquier sitting on one of the stone posts and looking up the snowy street for the major. Presently he jumped up to meet his old friend, whose bottle-green-clad figure had just appeared in the distance. I saw and heard their warm and friendly greeting, and walked unperceived by their side through Auteuil to the "mare," and back by the fortifications, and listened to the thrilling adventures of one Fier-à-bras, which I confess I had completely forgotten.

THE STORY OF THE GIANT FIER-À-BRAS.

As we passed all three together through the "Porte de la Muette," M. le Major's powers of memory (or invention) began to flag a little—for he suddenly said, "*Cric!*" But Gogo pitilessly answered, "*Crac!*" and the story had to go on, till we reached at dusk the gate of the Pasquiers' house, where they most affectionately parted, after making an appointment for the morrow; and I went in with Gogo, and sat in the school-room while Thérèse gave him his tea, and heard her tell him all that had happened in Passy that afternoon. Then he read and summed and translated with his mother till it was time to go up to bed, and I sat by his bedside as he was lulled asleep by his mother's harp.... how I listened with all my ears and heart, till the sweet strain ceased for the night! Then out of the hushed house I stole, thinking unutterable things—through the snow-clad garden, where Médor was baying the moon—through the silent avenue and park through the deserted streets of Passy and on by desolate quays and bridges to dark quarters of Paris; till I fell awake in my tracks and found that another dreary and commonplace day had dawned over London—but no longer dreary and commonplace for me, with such experiences to look back and forward to such a strange inheritance of wonder and delight!

I had a few more occasional failures, such as, for instance, when the thread between my waking and sleeping life was snapped by a moment's carelessness, or possibly by some movement of my body in bed, in which case the vision would suddenly get blurred, the reality of it destroyed, and an ordinary dream rise in its place. My immediate consciousness of this was enough to wake me on the spot, and I would begin again, "da capo," till all went as I wished.

Evidently our brain contains something akin both to a photographic plate and a phonographic cylinder, and many other things of the same kind not yet discovered; not a sight or a sound or a smell is lost; not a taste or a feeling or an emotion. Unconscious memory records them all, without our even heeding what goes on around us beyond the things that attract our immediate interest or attention.

Thus night after night I saw reacted before me scenes not only fairly remembered, but scenes utterly forgotten, and yet as unmistakably true as the remembered ones, and all bathed in that ineffable light, the light of other days—the light that never was on sea or land, and yet the light of absolute truth.

How it transcends in value as well as in beauty the garish light of common day, by which poor humanity has hitherto been content to live and die, disdaining

through lack of knowledge the shadow for the substance, the spirit for the matter! I verified the truth of these sleeping experiences in every detail: old family letters I had preserved, and which I studied on awaking, confirmed what I had seen and heard in my dream; old stories explained themselves. It was all by-gone truth, garnered in some remote corner of the brain, and brought out of the dim past as I willed, and made actual once more.

And strange to say, and most inexplicable, I saw it all as an independent spectator, an outsider, not as an actor going again through scenes I had enacted before.

Yet many things perplexed and puzzled me.

For instance, Gogo's back, and the back of his head, when I stood behind him, were as visible and apparently as true to life as his face, and I had never seen his back or the back of his head; it was much later in life that I learned the secret of two mirrors. And then, when Gogo went out of the room, sometimes apparently passing through me as he did so and coming out at the other side (with a momentary blurring of the dream), the rest would go on talking just as reasonably, as naturally, as before. Could the trees and walls and furniture have had ears and eyes, those trees and walls and furniture that existed now only in my sleeping brain, and have retained the sound and shape and meaning of all that passed when Gogo, my only conceivable remembrancer, was away?

Françoise, the cook, would come into the drawing-room to discuss the dinner with my mother when Gogo was at school; and I would hear the orders given, and later I would assist at the eating of the meal (to which Gogo would invariably do ample justice), and it was just as my mother had ordered. Mystery of mysteries!

What a pleasant life it was they led together, these ghosts of a by-gone time! Such a genial, smooth, easy-going, happy-go-lucky state of things—half bourgeois, half bohemian, and yet with a well-marked simplicity, refinement, and distinction of bearing and speech that were quite aristocratic.

The servants (only three—Thérèse the housemaid, Françoise the cook, and English Sarah, who had been my nurse and was now my mother's maid) always wished us each good-morning and good-night — a pretty French fashion of the Passy bourgeoisie in Louis Philippe's time (he was a bourgeois king).

Our cuisine was bourgeoise also. Peter Ibbetson's mouth watered (after his tenpenny London dinner) to see and smell the steam of "soupe à la bonne femme," "soupe

LE BEAU PASQUIER DRINKS TO HIS KING.

aux choux," "pot au feu," "blanquette de veau," "bœuf à la mode," "cotelettes de porc à la sauce piquante," "vinaigrette de bœuf bouilli"—that endless variety of good things on which French people grow fat so young—and most excellent claret (at one franc a bottle in those happy days).

Sometimes, such a repast ended, "le beau Pasquier," in the fulness of his heart, would suddenly let off impossible fireworks of vocalization, ascending rockets of chromatic notes which would explode very high up and come down in soft cadences, trills, roulades, like beautiful colored stars; and Thérèse would exclaim, "Ah, q'c'est beau!" as if she had been present at a real pyrotechnic display; and Thérèse was quite right. I have never heard the like from any human throat, and should not have believed it possible. Only Joachim's violin can do such beautiful things so beautifully.

Or else he would tell us of wolves he had shot in Brittany, or wild-boars in Burgundy—for he was a great sportsman—or of his adventures as a garde du corps of Charles Dix, or of the wonderful inventions that were so soon to bring us fame and fortune; and he would loyally drink to Henry Cinq; and he was so droll and buoyant and witty that it was as good to hear him speak as to hear him sing.

But there was another and a sad side to all this strange comedy of vanished lives.

They built castles in the air, and made plans, and talked of all the wealth and happiness that would be theirs when my father's ship came home, and of all the good they would do, pathetically unconscious of the near future; which, of course, was all past history to their loving audience of one.

And then my tears would flow with the unbearable ache of love and pity combined; they would fall and dry on the waxed floors of my old home in Passy, and I would find them still wet on my pillow in Pentonville when I woke....

. . . . . .

Soon I discovered by practice that I was able for a second or two to be more than a mere spectator—to be an actor once more; to turn myself (Ibbetson) into my old self (Gogo), and thus be touched and caressed by those I had so loved. My mother kissed me and I felt it; just as long as I could hold my breath I could walk hand in hand with Madame Seraskier, or feel Mimsey's small weight on my back and her arms round my neck for four or five yards as I walked before blurring the dream; and the blur would soon pass away, if it did not wake me, and I was Peter Ibbetson once more, walking and sitting amongst them, hearing them talk and laugh, watching them at their meals, in their walks; listening to my father's songs, my mother's sweet playing, and always unseen and unheeded by them. Moreover, I soon learnt to touch things without sensibly blurring the dream. I would cull a rose, and stick it in my button-hole, and there it remained—but lo! the very rose I had just culled was still on the rose-bush also! I would pick up a stone and throw it at the wall, where it disappeared without a sound—and the very same stone still lay at my feet, however often I might pick it up and throw it!

No waking joy in the world can give, can equal in intensity, these complex joys I had when asleep; waking joys seem so slight, so vague in comparison—so much escapes the senses through lack of concentration and undivided attention—the waking perceptions are so blunt.

It was a life within a life—an intenser life—in which the fresh perceptions of childhood combined with the magic of dream-land, and in which there was but one unsatisfied longing; but its name was Lion.

It was the passionate longing to meet the Duchess of Towers once more in that land of dreams.

. . . . . .

Thus for a time I went on, more solitary than ever, but well compensated for all my loneliness by this strange new life that had opened itself to me, and never ceasing to marvel and rejoice—when one morning I received a note from Lady Cray, who wanted some stables built at Cray, their country-seat in Hertfordshire, and begged I would go there for the day and night.

I was bound to accept this invitation, as a mere matter of business, of course; as a friend, Lady Cray seemed to have dropped me long ago, "like a 'ot potato," blissfully unconscious that it was I who had dropped her.

But she received me as a friend—an old friend. All my shyness and snobbery fell from me at the mere touch of her hand.

MARY IS LATE.

I had arrived at Cray early in the afternoon, and had immediately set about my work, which took several hours, so that I got to the house only just in time to dress for dinner.

When I came into the drawing-room there were several people there, and Lady Cray presented me to a young lady, the vicar's daughter, whom I was to take in to dinner.

I was very much impressed on being told by her that the company assembled in the drawing-room included no less a person than Sir Edwin Landseer. Many years ago I had copied an engraving of one of his pictures for Mimsey Seraskier. It was called "The Challenge," or "Coming Events cast their Shadows before Them." I feasted my eyes on the wondrous little man, who seemed extremely chatty and genial, and quite unembarrassed by his fame.

A guest was late, and Lord Cray, who seemed somewhat peevishly impatient for his food, exclaimed,

"Mary wouldn't be Mary if she were punctual!"

Just then Mary came in—and Mary was no less a person than the Duchess of Towers!

My knees trembled under me; but there was no time to give way to any such tender weakness. Lord Cray walked away with her; the procession filed into the dining-room, and somewhere at the end of it my young vicaress and myself.

The duchess sat a long way from me, but I met her glance for a moment, and fancied I saw again in it that glimmer of kindly recognition.

My neighbor, who was charming, asked me if I didn't think the Duchess of Towers the most beautiful woman I had ever seen.

I assented with right good will, and was told that she was as good as she was beautiful, and as clever as she was good (as if I didn't know it); that she would give away the very clothes off her back; that there was no trouble she would not take for others; that she didn't get on well with her husband, who drank, and was altogether bad and vile; that she had a great sorrow—an only child, an idiot, to whom she was devoted, and who would some day be the Duke of Towers; that she was highly accomplished, a great linguist, a great musician, and about the most popular woman in all English society.

Ah! who loved the Duchess of Towers better than this poor scribe, in whose soul she lived and shone like a bright particular star—like the sun; and who, without

SWEET AND BITTER MUSIC.

his knowing, was being rapidly drawn into the sphere of her attraction, as Lintot called it, one day to be finally absorbed, I trust, forever!

"And who was this wonderful Duchess of Towers before she married?" I asked.

"She was a Miss Seraskier. Her father was a Hungarian, a physician, and a political reformer—a most charming person; that's where she gets her manners. Her mother, whom she lost when she was quite a child, was a very beautiful Irish girl of good family, a first cousin of Lord Cray's—a Miss Desmond, who ran away with the interesting patriot. They lived somewhere near Paris. It was there that Madame Seraskier died of cholera. . . . What is the matter, are you ill?"

I made out that I was faint from the heat, and concealed as well as I could the flood of emotion and bewilderment that overwhelmed me.

I dared not look again at the Duchess of Towers.

"Oh! little Mimsey dear, with your poor thin arms round my neck, and your cold, pale cheek against mine. I felt them there only last night! To have grown into such a splendid vision of female health and strength and beauty as this with that enchanting, ever-ready laugh and smile! Why, of course, those eyes, so lashless then, so thickly fringed today!—how could I have mistaken them? Ah, Mimsey, you never smiled or laughed in those days, or I should have known your eyes again! Is it possible—is it possible?"

Thus I went on to myself till the ladies left, my fair young companion expressing her kind anxiety and polite hope that I would soon be myself again.

I sat silent till it was time to join the ladies (I could not even follow the witty and brilliant anecdotes of the great painter, who held the table); and then I went up to my room. I could not face *her* again so soon after what I had heard.

The good Lord Cray came to make kind inquiries, but I soon satisfied him that my indisposition was nothing. He staid on, however, and talked; his dinner seemed to have done him a great deal of good, and he wanted to smoke, which he had not been able to do in the dining-room on account of some reverend old bishop who was present. So he rolled himself a little cigarette, like a Frenchman, and puffed away to his heart's content.

He little guessed how his humble architect wished him away, until he began to talk of the Duchess of Towers—"Mary Towers," as he called her—and to tell me how "Towers" deserved to be kicked, and whipped at the cart's tail. "Why, she's the best and most beautiful woman in England, and as sharp as a needle! If it hadn't been for her, he'd have been in the bankruptcy court long ago," etc. "There's not a duchess in England that's fit to hold the candle to her, either for looks or brains, or breedin' either. Her mother (the loveliest woman that ever lived, except Mary) was a connection of mine; that's where she gets her manners!" etc.

Thus did this noble earl make music for me—sweet and bitter music.

Mary! It is a heavenly name, especially on English lips, and spelled in the English mode with the adorable *y!* Great men have had a passion for it—Byron, Shelley, Burns. But none, methinks, a greater passion than I, nor with such good cause.

And yet there must be a bad Mary now and then, here or there, and even an ugly one. Indeed, there was once a Bloody Mary who was both! It seems impossible.

Mary, indeed! Why not Hecuba? For what was I to the Duchess of Towers?

When I was alone again I went to bed, and tried to sleep on my back, with my arms up; but sleep would not come, and I passed a white night, as the French say. I rose early and walked about the park, and tried to interest myself in the stables till it was breakfast-time. No body was up, and I breakfasted alone with Lady Cray, who was as kind as she could be. I do not think she could have found me a very witty companion. And then I went back to the stables to think, and fell into a doze.

At about twelve I heard the sound of wooden balls, and found a lawn where some people were playing "croquet." It was quite a new game, and a few years later became the fashion.

I sat down under a large weeping-ash close to the lawn; it was like a tent, with chairs and tables underneath.

Presently Lady Cray came there with the Duchess of Towers. I wanted to fly, but was rooted to the spot.

Lady Cray presented me, and almost immediately a servant came with a message for her, and I was left with the One Woman in the World! My heart was in my mouth, my throat was dry, my pulse was beating in my temples.

She asked me, in the most natural manners, if I played "croquet."

"Yes—no—at least sometimes—that is, I never heard of it—oh—I forget!" I groaned at my idiocy, and hid my face in my hands. She asked if I were still unwell, and I said no; and then she began to talk quite easily about anything, everything, till I felt more at my ease.

Her voice! I had never heard it well but in a dream, and it was the same—a very rich and modulated voice—low—contralto, with many varied and delightful inflexions; and she used more action in speaking than the generality of English women, thereby reminding me of Madame Seraskier. I noticed that her hands were very long and very narrow, and also her feet, and remembered that Mimsey's were like that—they were considered poor Mimsey's only beauty. I also noticed an almost imperceptible scar on her left temple, and remembered with a thrill that I had noticed it in my dream as we walked up the avenue together. In waking life I had never been near enough to her to notice a small scar, and Mimsey had no scar of the kind in the old days; of that I felt sure, for I had seen much of Mimsey lately.

THE INTRODUCTION.

I grew more accustomed to the situation, and ventured to say that I had once met her at Lady Cray's in London.

"Oh yes; I remember. Giulia Grisi sang the 'Willow Song'!" And then she crinkled up her eyes, and laughed, and blushed, and went on: "I noticed you standing in a corner, under the famous Gainsborough. You reminded me of a dear little French boy I once knew who

was very kind to me when I was a little girl in France, and whose father you happen to be like. But I found that you were Mr. Ibbetson, an English architect, and, Lady Cray tells me, a very rising one."

"I *was* a little French boy once. I had to change my name to please a relative, and become English—that is, I was always *really* English, you know."

"Good heavens, what an extraordinary thing! What *was* your name, then?"

"Pasquier—Gogo Pasquier!" I groaned, and the tears came into my eyes, and I looked away. The duchess made no answer, and when I turned and looked at her she was looking at me, very pale, her lips quite white, her hands tightly clasped in her lap, and trembling all over.

I said, "You used to be little Mimsey Seraskier, and I used to carry you pickaback!"

"Oh don't! oh don't!" she said, and began to cry.

I got up and walked about under the ash-tree till she had dried her eyes. The croquet-players were intent upon their game.

I again sat down beside her; she had dried her eyes, and at length she said:

"What a dreadful thing it was about your poor father and mother, and *my* dear mother! Do you remember her? She died a week after you left. I went to Russia with papa—Doctor Seraskier. What a terrible break-up it all was!"

And then we gradually fell to talking quite naturally about old times and dead people. She never took her eyes off mine. After a while I said:

"I went to Passy, and found everything changed and built over. It nearly drove me mad to see. I went to St. Cloud, and saw you driving with the Empress of the French. That night I had such an extraordinary dream! I dreamed I was floundering about the Rue de la Pompe, and had just got to the avenue gate, and you were there."

"Good heavens!" she whispered, and turned white again, and trembled all over, "what do you mean?"

"Yes," I said, "you came to my rescue. I was pursued by gnomes and horrors."...

She. "Good heavens! by—by two little jailers, a man and his wife, who danced and were trying to hem you in?"

It was now my turn to ejaculate "Good heavens!" We both shook and trembled together.

I said: "You gave me your hand, and all came straight at once. My old school rose in place of the jail."

She. "With a yellow omnibus? And boys going off to their première communion?"

I. "Yes; and there was a crowd—le Père et la Mère François, and Madame Liard, the grocer's wife, and—and Mimsey Seraskier, with her cropped head. And an organ was playing a tune I knew quite well, but cannot now recall."...

She. "Wasn't it 'Maman, les p'tits bateaux'?"

I. "Oh, of *course!*

> "'Maman, les p'tits bateaux
> Qui vont sur l'eau,
> Ont-ils des jambes?'"

She. "That's it!

> "'Eh non, petit bêta,
> S'ils n'avaient pas
> Ils n'march'raient pas!'"

She sank back in her chair, pale and prostrate. After a while:

She. "And then I gave you good advice about how to dream true, and we got to my old house, and I tried to make you read the letters on the portico, and you read them wrong, and I laughed."

I. "Yes; I read 'Tête Noire.' Wasn't it idiotic?"

She. "And then I touched you again, and you read 'Parvis Notre Dame.'"

I. "Yes! and you touched me *again*, and I read 'Parva sed Apta'—small but fit."

She. "Is *that* what it means? Why, when you were a boy, you told me *sed apta* was all one word, and was the Latin for 'Pavilion.' I believed it ever since, and thought 'Parva sed Apta' meant 'petit pavillon!'"

I. "I blush for my bad Latin! After this you gave me good advice again, about not touching anything or picking flowers. I never have. And then you went away into the park—the light went out of my life, sleeping or waking. I have never been able to dream of you since. I don't suppose I shall ever meet you again after to-day!"

After this we were silent for a long time, though I hummed and hawed now and then, and tried to speak. I was sick with the conflict of my feelings. At length she said:

"Dear Mr. Ibbetson, this is all so extraordinary that I must go away and think

it all over. I cannot tell you what it has been to me to meet you once more. And that double dream, common to us both! Oh, I am dazed beyond expression, and feel as if I were dreaming now—except that this all seems so unreal and impossible—so untrue! We had better part now. I don't know if I shall ever meet you again. You will be often in my thoughts, but never in my dreams again—that, at least, I can command—nor I in yours; it must not be. My poor father taught me how to dream before he died, that I might find innocent consolation in dreams for my waking troubles, which are many and great, as his were. If I can see that any good may come of it, I will write—but no—you must not expect a letter. I will now say good-by and leave you. You go to-day, do you not? That is best. I think this had better be a final adieu. I cannot tell you of what interest you are to me and always have been. I thought you had died long ago. We shall often think of each other—that is inevitable—but never, never dream. That will not do.

A FAREWELL.

"Dear Mr. Ibbetson, I wish you all the good that one human being can wish another. And now good-by, and may God in heaven bless you!"

She rose, trembling and white, and her eyes wet with tears, and wrung both my hands, and left me as she had left me in the dream.

The light went out of my life, and I was once more alone—more wretchedly and miserably alone than if I had never met her.

I went back to Pentonville, and outwardly took up the thread of my monotonous existence, and ate, drank, and worked, and went about as usual, but as one in an ordinary dream. For now dreams—true dreams—had become the only reality for me.

So great, so inconceivable and unexampled a wonder had been wrought in a dream that all the conditions of life had been altered and reversed.

I and another human being had met—actually and really met—in a double dream, a dream common to us both, and clasped each other's hands! And each had spoken words to the other which neither ever would or ever could forget.

And this other human being and I had been enshrined in each other's memory for years—since childhood—and were now linked together by a tie so marvellous, an experience so unprecedented, that neither could ever well be out of the other's thoughts as long as life and sense and memory lasted.

Her very self, as we talked to each other under the ash-tree at Cray, was less vividly present to me than that other and still dearer self of hers with whom I had walked up the avenue in that balmy dream atmosphere, where we had lived and moved and had our being together for a few short moments, yet each believing the other at the time to be a mere figment of his own (and her) sleeping imagination; such stuff as dreams are made of!

And lo! it was all true—as true as the common experience of every-day life—more (ten times more), because through our keener and more exalted sense, perceptions, and less divided attention, we were more conscious of each other's real inner being—linked closer together for a space—than two mortals had probably ever been since the world began.

That clasp of the hands in the dream—how infinitely more it had conveyed of

one to the other than even that sad farewell clasp at Cray!

In my poor outer life I waited in vain for a letter; in vain I haunted the parks and streets—the street where she lived—in the hope of seeing her once more. The house was shut; she was away—in America, as I afterward learned—with her husband and child.

At night, in the familiar scenes I had learned so well to conjure up, I explored every nook and corner with the same yearning desire to find a trace of her. I was hardly ever away from "Parva sed Apta." There were Madame Seraskier and Mimsey and the major, and my mother and Gogo, at all times, in and out, and of course as unconscious of my solid presence as though I had never existed. And as I looked at Mimsey and her mother I wondered at my obtuseness in not recognizing at the very first glance who the Duchess of Towers had been, and whose daughter. The height, the voice, the eyes, certain tricks of gait and gesture—how could I have failed to know her again after such recent dream opportunities?

And Seraskier, towering among them all, as his daughter now towered among women. I saw that he lived again in his daughter; *his* was the smile that closed up the eyes, as *hers* did; had Mimsey ever smiled in those days, I should have known her again by this very characteristic trait.

Of this daughter of his (the Mimsey of the past years, not the duchess of to-day) I never now could have enough, and made her go through again and again all the scenes with Gogo, so dear to my remembrance, and to hers. I was, in fact, the Prince Charmant, of whose unseen attendance she had been conscious in some inconceivable way. What a strange foresight! But where was the fée Tarapatapoum? Never there during this year of unutterable longing; she had said it; never, never again should I be in her dream, or she in mine, however constantly we might dwell in each other's thoughts.

So sped a twelvemonth after that last meeting in the flesh at Cray.

. . . . . .

And now, with an unwilling heart and most reluctant pen, I must come to the great calamity of my life, which I will endeavor to tell in as few words as possible.

The reader, if he has been good enough to read without skipping, will remember the handsome Mrs. Deane, to whom I fancied I lost my heart, in Hopshire, a few years back.

I had not seen her since—had, indeed, almost forgotten her—but had heard vaguely that she had left Hopshire, and come to London, and married a wealthy man much older than herself.

Well, one day I was in Hyde Park, gazing at the people in the drive, when a spick-and-span and very brand-new open carriage went by, and in it sat Mrs. Deane (that was), all alone in her glory, and looking very sulky indeed. She recognized me and bowed, and I bowed back again, with just a moment's little flutter of the heart—an involuntary tribute to auld lang-syne—and went on my way, wondering that I could ever have admired her so.

Presently, to my surprise, I was touched on the elbow. It was Mrs. Deane again—I will call her Mrs. Deane still. She had got out and followed me on foot. It was her wish that I should drive round the park with her and talk of old times. I obeyed, and for the first and last time found myself forming part of that proud and gay procession I had so often watched with curious eyes.

She seemed anxious to know whether I had ever made it up with Colonel Ibbetson, and pleased to hear that I had not, and that I probably never should, and that my feeling against him was strong and bitter and likely to last.

She appeared to hate him very much.

She inquired kindly after myself and my prospects in life, but did not seem deeply interested in my answers—until later, when I talked of my French life, and my dear father and mother, when she listened with eager sympathy, and I was much touched. She asked if I had portraits of them; I had—most excellent miniatures; and when we parted I had promised to call upon her next afternoon with these miniatures.

She seemed a languid woman, much ennuyée, and evidently without a large circle of acquaintance. She told me I was the only person in the whole park whom she had bowed to that day. Her husband was in Hamburg, and she was going to meet him in Paris in a day or two.

I had not so many friends but what I felt rather glad than otherwise to have met her, and willingly called, as I had promised, with the portraits.

She lived in a large, new house, mag-

nificently upholstered, near the Marble Arch. She was quite alone when I called, and asked me immediately if I had brought the miniatures; and looked at them quite eagerly, and then at me, and exclaimed:

"Good heavens, you are your father's very image!"

Indeed, I had always been considered so.

Both his eyebrows and mine, especially, met in a singular and characteristic fashion at the bridge of the nose, and she seemed much struck by this. He was represented in the uniform of Charles X.'s "gardes du corps," in which he had served for two years, and had acquired the nickname of "le beau Pasquier." Mrs. Deane seemed never to tire of gazing at it, and remarked that my father "must have been the very ideal of a young girl's dream" (an indirect compliment which made me blush after what she had just said of the likeness between us. I almost began to wonder whether she was going to try and make a fool of me again, as she had so successfully done a few years ago).

Then she became interested again in my early life and recollections, and wanted to know whether my parents were fond of each other. They were a most devoted and lover-like pair, and had loved each other at first sight and until death, and I told her so; and so on until I became quite excited, and imagined she must know of some good fortune to which I was entitled, and had been kept out of by the machinations of a wicked uncle.

For I had long discovered in my dreams that he had been my father's bitterest enemy and the main cause of his financial ruin, by selfish, heartless, and dishonest deeds too complicated to explain here—a regular Shylock.

I had found this out by listening to long conversations between my father and mother in the old drawing-room at Passy, while Gogo was absorbed in his book; and every word that had passed through Gogo's inattentive ears into his otherwise preoccupied little brain had been recorded there as in a phonograph, and was now repeated over and over again for Peter Ibbetson, as he sat unnoticed among them.

I asked her, jokingly, if she had discovered that I was the rightful heir to Ibbetson Hall by any chance.

She replied that nothing would give her greater pleasure, but there was no such good fortune in store for either her or me, but that she had discovered long ago that Colonel Ibbetson was the greatest blackguard unhung, and nothing new she might discover could make him worse.

I then remembered how he would often speak of her, even to me, and hint and insinuate things which were no doubt untrue, and which I disbelieved. Not that the question of their truth or untruth made him any the less despicable and vile for telling.

She asked me if he had ever spoken of her to me, and after much persuasion and cunning cross-examination I told her as much of the truth as I dared, and she became a tigress. She assured me that he had managed so to injure and compromise her in Hopshire that she and her mother had to leave, and she swore to me most solemnly (and I thoroughly believe she spoke the truth) that there had never been any relation between them that she could not have owned to before the whole world.

She had wished to marry him, it is true, for his wealth and position; for both she and her mother were very poor, and often hard put to it to make both ends meet and keep up a decent appearance before the world; and he had singled her out and paid her marked attention from the first, and given her every reason to believe that his attentions were serious and honorable.

At this juncture her mother came in, Mrs. Glyn, and we renewed our old acquaintance. She had quite forgiven me my school-boy admiration for her daughter; all her power of hating, like her daughter's, had concentrated itself on Ibbetson; and as I listened to the long story of their wrongs and his infamy, I grew to hate him worse than ever, and was ready to be their champion on the spot, and to take up their quarrel there and then.

But this would not do, it appeared, for their name must nevermore be in any way mixed up with his.

Then suddenly Mrs. Glyn asked me if I knew when he went to India.

I could satisfy her, for I knew that it was just after my parents' marriage, nearly a year before my birth; upon which she gave the exact date of his departure with his regiment, and the name of the transport, and everything; and also, to my surprise, the date of my parents' marriage at Marylebone Church, and of my baptism there a year later. I was grow-

ing quite bewildered with all this knowledge of my affairs, and wondered more and more.

We sat silent for a while, the two women looking at each other and at me and at the miniatures. It was getting grewsome. What could it all mean?

Presently Mrs. Glyn, at a nod from her daughter, addressed me thus:

"Mr. Ibbetson, your uncle, as you call him, though he is not your uncle, is a very terrible villain, and has done you and your parents a very foul wrong. Before I tell you what it is (and I think you ought to know) you must give me your word of honor that you will do or say nothing that will get our name publicly mixed up in any way with Colonel Ibbetson's. The injury to my daughter, now she is happily married to an excellent man, would be irreparable."

With a beating heart I solemnly gave the required assurance.

"Then, Mr. Ibbetson, it is right that you should know that Colonel Ibbetson, when he was paying his infamous addresses to my daughter, gave her unmistakably to understand that you were his natural son, by his cousin, Miss Catherine Biddulph, afterward Madame Pasquier de la Marière!"

"Oh, oh, oh!" I cried, "surely you must be mistaken—he knew it was impossible—he had been refused by my mother three times—he went to India nearly a year before I was born—he—"

Then Mrs. Deane said, producing an old letter from her pocket:

"Do you know his handwriting and his crest? Do you happen to recollect once bringing me a note from him at Ibbetson Hall? Here it is," and she handed it to me. It was unmistakably his, and I remembered it at once, and this is what it said:

"For Heaven's sake, dear friend, don't breathe a word to any living soul of what you were clever enough to guess last night! There is a likeness, of course.

"Poor Antinoüs! He is quite ignorant of the true relationship, which has caused me many a pang of shame and remorse. . . .

"'Que voulez-vous? Elle était si ravissante!'. . . . We were cousins, much thrown together; 'both were so young, and one so beautiful!'. . . . I was but a penniless cornet in those days—hardly more than a boy. Happily an unsuspecting Frenchman of good family was there who had loved her long, and she married him. 'Il était temps!'. . . .

"Can you forgive me this 'entraînement de jeunesse?' I have repented in sackcloth and ashes, and made what reparation I could by adopting and giving my name to one who is a perpetual reminder to me of a moment's infatuation. He little knows, poor boy, and never will, I hope. 'Il n'a plus que moi au monde!'

"Burn this as soon as you have read it, and never let the subject be mentioned between us again.

R. ('Qui sait aimer')."

Here was a thunder-bolt out of the blue.

I sat stunned and saw scarlet, and felt as if I should see scarlet forever.

After a long silence, during which I could feel my pulse beat to bursting-point in my temples, Mrs. Glyn said:

"Now, Mr. Ibbetson, I hope you will do nothing rash—nothing that can bring my daughter's name into any quarrel between yourself and your uncle. For the sake of your mother's good name, you will be prudent, I know. If he could speak like this of his cousin, with whom he had been in love when he was young, what lies would he not tell of my poor daughter? He *has*—terrible lies! Oh, what we have suffered! When he wrote that letter I believe he really meant to marry her. He had the greatest trust in her, or he would never have committed himself so foolishly."

"Does he know of this letter's existing?" I asked.

"No. When he and my daughter quarrelled she sent him back his letters—all but this one, which she told him she had burned immediately after reading it, as he had told her to do."

"May I keep it?"

"Yes. I know you may be trusted, and my daughter's name has been removed from the outside, as you see. No one but ourselves has ever seen it, nor have we mentioned to a soul what it contains, as we never believed it for a moment. Two or three years ago we had the curiosity to find out when and where your parents had married, and when you were born, and when *he* went to India. It was no surprise to us at all. We then tried to find *you*, but soon gave it up, and thought it better to leave matters alone. Then we heard he was in mischief again—

just the same sort of mischief; and then my daughter saw you in the park, and we concluded you ought to know."

Such was the gist of that memorable conversation, which I have condensed as much as I could.

When I left these two ladies I walked twice rapidly round the park. I saw scarlet often during that walk. Perhaps I looked scarlet. I remember people staring at me.

THE FATAL LETTER.

Then I went straight to Lintot's, with the impulse to tell him my trouble and ask his advice.

He was away from home, and I waited in his smoking-room for a while, reading the letter over and over again.

Then I decided not to tell him, and left the house, taking with me as I did so (but without any definite purpose) a heavy, loaded stick, a most formidable weapon, even in the hands of a boy, and which I myself had given to Lintot on his last birthday. Ανάγκη!

Then I went to my usual eating-house near the circus and dined. To the surprise of the waiting-maid, I drank a quart of bitter ale and two glasses of sherry. It was my custom to drink water. She plied me with questions as to whether I was ill or in trouble. I answered her no, and at last begged she would leave me alone.

Ibbetson lived in St. James's Street. I went there. He was out. It was nine o'clock, and his servant seemed uncertain when he would return. I came back at ten. He was not yet home, and the servant, after thinking a while, and looking up and down the street, and finding my appearance decent and by no means dangerous, asked me to go up stairs and wait, as I told him it was a matter of great importance.

So I went and sat in my uncle's drawing-room and waited.

The servant came with me and lit the candles, and remarked on the weather, and handed me the *Saturday Review* and *Punch*. I must have looked quite natural—as I tried to look—and he left me.

I saw a Malay creese on the mantelpiece and hid it behind a picture-frame. I locked a door leading to another drawing-room where there was a grand piano, and above it a trophy of swords, daggers, battle-axes, etc., and put the key in my pocket.

The key of the room where I waited was inside the door.

All this time I had a vague idea of possible violence on his part, but no idea of killing him. I felt far too strong for that. Indeed, I had a feeling of quiet, irresistible strength—the result of suppressed excitement.

I sat down and meditated all I would say. I had settled it over and over again, and read and reread the fatal letter.

The servant came up with glasses and soda-water. I trembled lest he should observe that the door to the other room was locked, but he did not. He opened the window and looked up and down the street. Presently he said, "Here's the colonel at last, sir," and went down to open the door.

I heard him come in and speak to his servant. Then he came straight up, hum-

ming "la donna è mobile," and walked in with just the jaunty, airy manner I remembered. He was in evening dress, and very little changed. He seemed much surprised to see me, and turned very white.

"Well, my Apollo of the T square, 'pourquoi cet honneur?' Have you come, like a dutiful nephew, to humble yourself and beg for forgiveness?"

I forgot all I meant to say (indeed, nothing happened as I had meant), but rose and said, "I have come to have a talk with you," as quietly as I could, but with a thick voice.

He seemed uneasy, and went toward the door.

I got there before him, and closed it, and locked it, and put the key in my pocket.

He darted to the other door and found it locked.

Then he went to the mantel-piece and looked for the creese, and not finding it, he turned round with his back to the fireplace and his arms akimbo, and tried to look very contemptuous and determined. His chin was quite white under his dyed mustache—like wax—and his eyes blinked nervously.

I walked up to him and said:

"You told Mrs. Deane that I was your natural son."

"It's a lie! Who told you so?"

"She did—this afternoon."

"It's a lie—a spiteful invention of a cast-off mistress!"

"She never was your mistress!"

"You fool! I suppose she told you that too. Leave the room, you pitiful green jackass, or I'll have you turned out," and he rang the bell.

"Do you know your own handwriting?" I said, and handed him the letter.

He read a line or two and gasped out that it was a forgery, and rang the bell again, and looked again behind the clock for his creese. Then he lit the letter at a candle and threw it in the fireplace, where it blazed out.

I made no attempt to prevent him.

The servant tried to open the door, and Ibbetson went to the window and called out for the police. I rushed to the picture where I had hidden the creese, and threw it on the table. Then I swung him away from the window and told him to defend himself, pointing to the creese.

He seized it, and stood on the defensive; the servant had apparently run down stairs for assistance.

"Now, then," I said, "down on your knees, you infamous cur, and confess; it's your only chance."

"Confess what, you fool?"

"That you're a coward and a liar; that you wrote that letter; that Mrs. Deane was no more your mistress than my mother was!"

There was a sound of people running up stairs. He listened a moment and hissed out:

"They *both* were, you idiot! How can I tell for certain whether you are my son or not? It all comes to the same. Of course I wrote the letter. Come on, you cowardly assassin, you bastard parricide!" . . . and he advanced on me with his creese low down in his right hand, the point upward, and made a thrust, shrieking out, "Break open the door! quick!" They did; but too late!

I saw crimson!

He missed me, and I brought down my stick on his left arm, which he held over his head, and then on his head, and he fell, crying:

"Oh my God! Oh Christ!"

I struck him again on his head as he was falling, and once again when he was on the ground. It seemed to crash right in.

That is why and how I killed Uncle Ibbetson.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"BASTARD! PARRICIDE!"

GLIMPSES OF WESTERN ARCHITECTURE.

BY MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER.

CHICAGO.—II.

WE have been speaking, of course, of the better commercial edifices, and it is by no means to be inferred that Chicago does not contain "elevator buildings" as disunited and absurd and restless as those of any other American town. About these select few, also, there is nothing especially characteristic. It is otherwise with the commercial buildings designed by Messrs. Burnham and Root. With the striking exception of Mr. Richardson's Field building, the names of these designers connote what there is of characteristically Chicagoan in the architecture of the business streets, so that, after all, the individuality is not local, but personal. The untimely and deplorable death of John Wellborn Root makes it proper to say that the individuality was mainly his. It consists largely in a clearer perception than one finds elsewhere of the limitations and conditions of commercial architecture, or in a more austere and self-denying acting upon that perception. This is the quality that such towering structures as the Insurance Exchange, the Phœnix Building, and "The Rookery" have in common, and that clearly distinguishes them from the mass of commercial palaces in Chicago or elsewhere. There is no sacrifice to picturesqueness of the utilitarian purpose in their general form, as in the composition of the Owings building, and no denial of it in detail, as in the irrelevant arcade of the Studebaker building. Their flat roofs are not tormented into protuberances in order to animate their sky-lines, and those of them that are built around an interior court are frankly hypæthral. Nor is there in any of them any incongruous preciousness of material. They are of brick, brown or red, upon stone basements, and the ornament is such, and

CORNER OF INSURANCE EXCHANGE.
Burnham and Root, Architects.

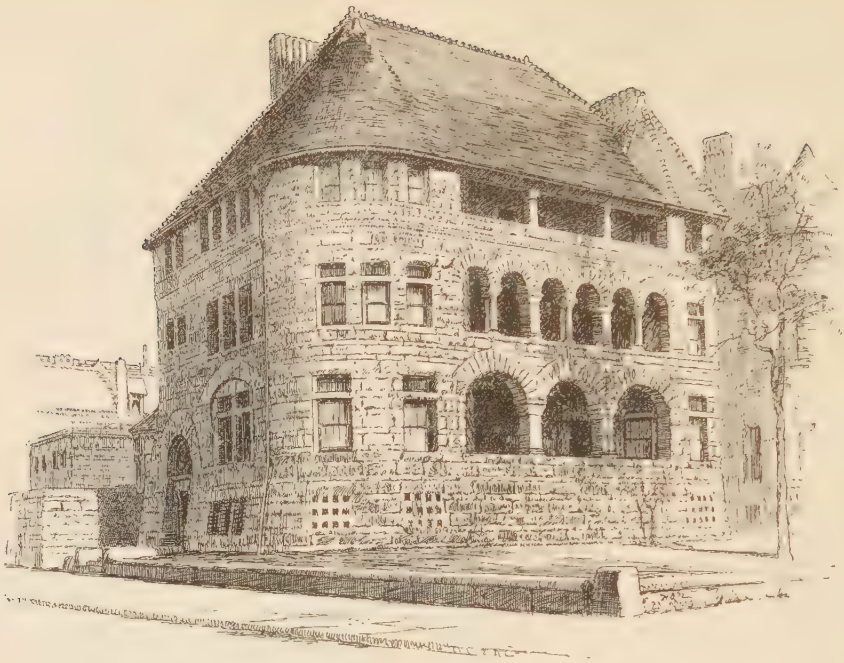
ENTRANCE TO THE PHŒNIX BUILDING.
Burnham and Root, Architects.

only such, as is needed to express and to emphasize the structural divisions and dispositions. These are negative merits, it is true, but, as our commercial architecture goes, they are not less meritorious on that account, and one is inclined to wish that the architects of all the commercial palaces might attend to the preachments upon the fitness of things that these edifices deliver; for they have very positive merits also. They are all architectural compositions, and not mere walls promiscuously pierced with openings, or, what is much commoner, mere ranges of openings scantily framed in strips of wall. They are sharply and unmistakably divided into the parts that every building needs to be a work of architecture, the members that mark the division are carefully and successfully adjusted with reference to their place and their scale, and the treatment of the different parts is so varied as to avoid both monotony and miscellany. The angle piers, upon the visible sufficiency of which the effectiveness, especially of a lofty building, so largely depends, never fail in this sufficiency, and the superior solidity that the basement of any building needs as a building, when it cannot be attained in fact by reason of commercial exigencies, is suggested in a more rugged and more massive treatment not less than in the employment of a visibly stronger material. These dispositions are aided by the devices at the command of the architect. The angle piers are weighted to the eye by the solid corbelled pinnacles at the top, as in the Insurance Exchange and the Rookery, or stiffened by a slight withdrawal that gives an additional vertical line on each side of the arris, as in the Phœnix, while the same purpose is partly subserved in the Rookery by the projection from the angle of the tall metallic lantern standards that repeat and enforce this line. The lateral division of the principal fronts is similar in all three structures. A narrow central compartment is distinguished in treatment, by an actual projection or by the thickening of the pier, from the longer wings, while the coincidence of this central division with the main entrance relieves the arrangement from the unpleasant look of an arrangement obviously forced or arbitrary. In the Insurance Exchange the centre is signalized by a balconied projection over the entrance, extending through the architectural basement—the dado, so to speak, which is here the principal division—by a widening of the piers and a concentration of the central openings in

the second division, and above by an interruption of the otherwise unbroken arcade that traverses the attic. In the Rookery it is marked by a slight projection, which above is still further projected into tall corbelled pinnacles, and the wall thus bounded is slightly bowed, and its openings diminished and multiplied. In the Phœnix Building this bowing is carried so much further as to result in a corbelled oriel extending through four stories, and repeated on a smaller scale at each end of the principal front and in the centre of each shorter front. This feature may perhaps be excepted from the general praise the buildings deserve of a strict adherence to their utilitarian purpose. Not that, even in Chicago, a business man may not have occasion to look out of the window, nor that, if he does, he may not be pardoned for desiring to extend his view beyond the walls and windows of over the way. An oriel-window is not necessarily an incongruity in a "business block," but the treatment of these oriels is a little fantastic and a little ornate for their destination, and it is not in any case fortunate. The entrances, to be sure, are enriched with a decoration beyond the mere expression of the structure which has elsewhere been the rule, but they do not appear incongruous. The entrance to a building that houses the population of a considerable village must be wide, and if its height were regulated by that of the human figure, it would resemble the burrow by which the Esquimau gains access to his snow hut, and become a manifest absurdity as the portal of a ten-story building. It must be large and conspicuous, and it should be stately, and it were a "very cynical asperity" to deny to the designer the privilege of enhancing by ornament the necessary stateliness of the one feature of his building which must arrest, for a moment at least, the attention of the most preoccupied visitor. It cannot be said that such a feature as the entrance of the Phœnix Building is intensely characteristic of a modern "business block," but it can be said that in its place it does not in the least disturb the impression the structure makes of a modern "business block." If beauty be its own excuse for being, this entrance needs no other, for assuredly it is one of the most beautiful and artistic works that American architecture has to show, so admirably proportioned it is, and so admirably detailed, so clear and emphatic without exaggeration in the expression of the structure, and so rich and refined the ornament. Upon the whole these buildings, by far the most successful and impressive of the business buildings of Chicago, not merely attest the skill of their architects, but reward their self-denial in making the design for

ORIEL, PHŒNIX BUILDING.
Burnham and Root, Architects.

a commercial building out of its own elements, however unpromising these may seem — in permitting the building, in a word, to impose its design upon them, and in following its indications, rather than in imposing upon the building a design derived from anything but a consideration of its own requirements. Hence it



DWELLING ON LAKE SHORE DRIVE.
H. H. Richardson, Architect.

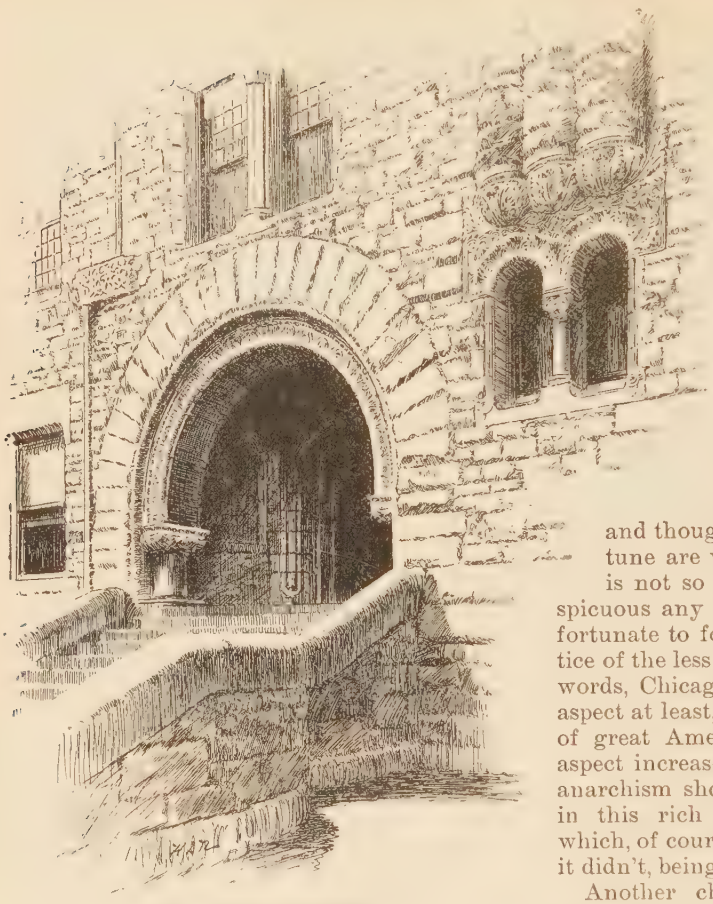
is that, without showing anywhere any strain after originality, these structures are more original than structures in which such a strain is evident. "The merit of originality is not novelty; it is sincerity." The designer did not permit himself to be diverted from the problem in hand by a consideration of the irrelevant beauties of Roman theatres or Florentine palaces or Flemish town-halls, and accordingly the work is not reminiscent of these nor of any previous architectural types, of which so many contemporary buildings have the air of being adaptations under extreme difficulties. It is to the same directness and sincerity in the attempt to solve a novel problem that these buildings owe what is not their least attraction, in the sense they convey of a reserved power. The architect of a commercial palace seems often to be discharging his architectural vocabulary and wreaking his entire faculty of expression upon that contradiction in terms. Some of the buildings of which we have been speaking exhibit this prodigality. There is something especially grateful and welcome in turning from one of them to a building like one of those now in question, which suggests by comparison that after he had completed the design of it the architect might still have had something left in his portfolios and in his intellect.

In considering the domestic architecture of Chicago it is necessary to recur to the topographical conditions, for these have had as marked an influence upon it as they have had upon the commercial quarter, although this influence operates in almost the opposite direction. The commercial centre—the quarter of wholesale traffic and of "high finance"—is huddled into the space between the lake and the river. But when this limit is once passed there is no natural limit. No longer pent up, the whole boundless continent is Chicago's, and the instinct of expansion is at liberty to assert itself in every direction but the east, where it is confronted by Lake Michigan. There is thus no east side in Chicago to supplement the north and the west and the south sides, among which the dwellings of the people are divided, but there is no natural obstacle whatsoever to the development of the city in these three directions, and no natural reason why it should expand in one rather than in another, except what is

again furnished by the lake. To the minority of people who live where they will and not where they must, this is a considerable exception, and one would suppose that the fashionable quarter would be that quarter from which the lake is most accessible. This is distinctly enough the north side, which a stranger, without the slightest interest, present or prospective, in Chicago real estate, may be pardoned for inferring to be the most desirable for residence. For it happens that the dwellers upon the south side are cut off from any practical or picturesque use of the lake by the fact that the shore to the south of the city is occupied by railroad tracks, and the nearest houses of any pretensions are turned away from the water, of which only the horses stabled in the rear are in a position to enjoy the view. The inference that the north is the most eligible of the sides one finds to be violently combated by the residents of the south and the west, and he finds also that instead of one admittedly fashionable quarter, as in every other city, Chicago has three claimants for that distinction, to the conflict between whose claims may be ascribed the otherwise not very explicable delay in fixing a site for the World's Fair. Each of these quarters has its centre and its dependencies, and between each two there is a large area either unoccupied, or occupied with dwellings very much humbler than those that line the avenues that are severally the boasts of the competing sides. The three appear to have received nearly equal shares of municipal attention, for there is a park for each—nay, there are three parks for the west side, though these are thus far well beyond the limit of fashion if not of population, and nominally two for the south side, though even these bear more the relation to the quarter for which they were provided that the Central Park bore to New York in 1870 than that which it bears in 1891; they are still, that is to say, rather outlying pleasure-grounds accessible to excursionists than parks in actual public use. Lincoln Park, the park of the north side, is the only one of the parks of Chicago that as yet deserves this description, and the north side is much to be congratulated upon possessing such a resort. It has the great advantage of an unobstructed frontage upon the lake, and it is kept with the same skill and propriety with which it was planned.

It will be evident from all this that in the three residential quarters of Chicago there is plenty of room, and it is this spaciousness that gives a pervading characteristic to its domestic architecture. The most fashionable avenues are not filled with the serried ranks of houses one expects to see in a city of a million people. On the contrary, in Michigan Avenue and Prairie Avenue, on the south side, and in the corresponding streets in the other quarters, there is commonly a considerable strip of sward in front of the house, and often at the sides as well. The houses are often completely or partly detached, and they are frequently of a generous breadth, and always of a moderate height. Three stories is the limit, which is rarely exceeded even in the costliest

DWELLING IN PRAIRIE AVENUE.
H. H. Richardson, Architect.



JANUA RICHARDSONIENSIS.
N'Importe Qui, Architect.

dwellings. Conditions so different prevail in all the Eastern cities, even in Philadelphia, the roominess of which is one of its sources of local pride, that to the inhabitant of any one of them the domestic building of Chicago indicates a much less populous city than Chicago is, and its character seems rather suburban than urban. In the main this character of suburbanity is heightened by the architectural treatment of the dwellings. There are exceptions, and some of them are conspicuous and painful exceptions; but the rule is that the architect attempts to make the house even of a very rich man look like a home rather than like a palace, and that there is very little of the mere ostentation of riches. Even upon the speculative builder this feeling seems to have imposed itself; and however crude and violent his work may be in other ways, it does not very often offend in this particular direction. The commercial palace against which we have been inveighing is by no means so offensive as the domestic sham palace, and from this latter offence Chicago is much freer than most older American cities. The grateful result is that the houses in the best quarters are apt to look eminently "livable"; and though inequalities of fortune are visible enough, there is not so visible as to be conspicuous any attempt of the more fortunate to force them on the notice of the less fortunate. In other words, Chicago is, in its outward aspect at least, the most democratic of great American cities, and its aspect increases one's wonder that anarchism should have sprung up in this rich and level soil — to which, of course, the answer is that it didn't, being distinctly an exotic.

Another characteristic of the domestic architecture of Chicago there is—less prevalent than this absence of pretentiousness and mere display, but still prevalent enough to be very noteworthy—and that is the evidence it affords of an admiration for the work of Mr. Richardson, which, if not inordinate, is at least undiscriminating and misapplied. What region of our land, indeed, is not full of his labors, done vicariously, and with a zeal not according to knowledge? In Chicago his misunderstood example has fructified much more in the quarters of residence than in the business quarters, insomuch that one can scarcely walk around a square either in the north or in the south side without seeing some familiar feature or detail, which has often been borrowed outright from one of his works, and is reproduced without reference to its context. Now the great and merited success of Richardson was as personal and incommunicable as any artistic success can be. It was

due to his faculty of reducing a complicated problem to its simplest and most forcible expression. More specifically, it was due to his faculty for seizing some feature of his building, developing it into predominance, and skilfully subordinating the rest of his composition to it, until this feature became the building. It was his power of disposing masses, his insistence upon largeness and simplicity, his impatience of niggling, his straightforward and virile handling of his tasks, that made his successes brilliant, and even his failures interesting. Very much of all this is a matter of temperament, and Richardson's best buildings were the express image of that impetuous and exuberant personality that all who knew him remember. He used to tell of a tourist from Holland in whom admiration for his art had induced a desire to make his acquaintance, and who upon being introduced to him exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Richardson, how you are like your work!" "Now wasn't that a Dutch remark?" Richardson concluded the story. Indeed the tact of the salutation must be admitted to have been somewhat Batavian, but it was not without critical value. One cannot conceive of Richardson's work as having been done by an anæmic architect, or by a self-distrustful architect, or by a professor of architecture, faithful as his own professional preparation had been. There is a distinction well recognized in the art to which architecture has more or less plausibly been likened that is no less valid as applied to architecture itself—the distinction between "school music" and "bravura music." If we adopt this distinction, Richardson must be classed among the bravura performers in architecture, who are eligible rather for admiration than for study. Assuredly designers will get nothing but good from his work if they learn from it to try for largeness and simplicity, to avoid niggling, and to consider first of all the disposition of their masses. But these are merits that cannot be transferred from a photograph. They are quite independent of a fondness for the Provençal Romanesque, and still more of an exaggeration of the depth of voussoirs and of the dwarfishness of pillars. These things are readily enough imitable, as nearly every block of dwellings in Chicago testifies, but they are scarcely worth imitating. In Richardson's best work there is apt to be some questionable detail, since the success or failure of his building is commonly decided before the consideration of detail arises, and it is this questionable detail that the imitators are apt to reproduce without asking it any questions. Moreover, it will probably be agreed by most students that Richardson's city houses are, upon the whole, and in spite of some noteworthy exceptions, the least success-

ORIEL OF DWELLING.
R. M. Hunt, Architect.

FRONT IN DEARBORN AVENUE.
John Addison, Architect.

ful of his works. As it happens, there are two of them in Chicago itself, one on the north side and one on the south, and if their author had done nothing else, it is likely that they would be accepted rather as warnings than as examples. The principal front of the former has the simple leading motive that one seldom fails to find in the work of its architect, in the central open loggia of each of its three stories, flanked on each side by an abutment of solid wall, and the apportionment of the front between voids and solids is just and felicitous. Three loggie seem an excessive allowance for the town house of a single family; but if we waive this point as an affair between the architect and his client exclusively, it must be owned that the arrangement supplies a motive susceptible of very effective development. In this case it cannot be said to have been developed effectively; nay, it can hardly be said to have been developed in an architectural sense at all, and the result proves that though a skilful disposition of masses is much, it is not everything. We have just been saying that the success or failure of Richardson's work was in a great degree independent of the merit of the detail, but this dwelling scarcely exhibits any detail.

This is the more a drawback because the loggia is a feature of which lightness and openness are the essential characteristic, and which seems, therefore, to demand a certain elegance of treatment, as was recognized alike by the architects of the Gothic and the Renaissance palaces in Italy, from which we derive the feature and the name. It is, indeed, in the contrast between the lightened and enriched fenestration of the centre and the massiveness of the flanking walls that the potential effectiveness of the arrangement resides. Here, however, there are no lightening and no enrichment. Rude vigor characterizes as much the enclosed arcades as the enclosing walls, and becomes as much the predominant expression of the front of a dwelling of moderate dimensions as of the huge façades of the Field warehouse. Such modelling as is introduced tends rather to enforce than to mitigate this expression, for the piers of the lower arcade are squared, and the intercalated shafts of the upper are doubled perpendicularly to the front, as are the

shafts of the colonnade above, so as to lay an additional stress upon the thickness of a wall that is here manifestly a mere screen. The continuation of the abacus of the arcade through the wall and its reappearance as the transom of the flanking windows is an effective device that loses some of its effectiveness from its introduction into both arcades. It scarcely modifies the impression the front makes of lacking detail altogether. The double-dentilled string-course that marks off and corbels out the attic is virtually the only moulding the front shows. Yet the need of mouldings is not less now than it was in the remote antiquity when a forgotten Egyptian artist perceived the necessity of some expedient to subdivide a wall, to mark a level, to sharpen or to soften a transition. For three thousand years his successors have agreed with him, and for a modern architect to abjure the use of these devices is to deny himself the rhetoric of his art. The incompleteness that comes of this abjuration in the present instance must be apparent to the least-trained layman, who vaguely feels that "something is the matter" with the building thus deprived of a source of expression, for which the texture given to the whole front by the exhibition of the bonding of the masonry, skilful and successful as this is in itself, by no means compensates. The sensitive architect must yearn to set the stone-cutters at work anew to bring out the expression of those parts that are especially in need of rhetorical exposition, to accentuate the sills of the arcades, to define and refine their arches, to emphasize the continuous line of the abacus, and especially to mark the summit of the sloping basement, which now is merged into the plane of the main wall without the suggestion of a plinth. It is conceivable that an architect might by the skilful employment of color so treat a front, without the least projection or recess from top to bottom or from end to end, as to make us forget to deplore the absence of mouldings. Some interesting attempts in that direction have, in fact, been made, and complete success in such an attempt would be entitled to the praise of a *tour de force*. But when in a monochromatic wall the designer omits the members that should express and emphasize and adorn his structural dispositions without offering any substitute for them, his building will appear, as this dwelling appears, a work merely "blocked out" and left unfinished; and if it be the work of a highly endowed and highly accomplished designer like Richardson, the deficiency must be set down merely as an unlucky caprice. We have been speaking exclusively of the longer front, since it is manifest that the shorter shares its incompleteness, without the partial compensation of a strong and striking composition, which would carry off much unsuccessful detail, though it is not strong enough to carry off the lack of detail, even with the powerful and simple roof that covers the whole—in itself an admi-

A HOUSE OF BOWLDERS.
Burnham and Root, Architects.

A BYZANTINE CORBEL.
Henry Ives Cobb, Architect.

rable and entirely satisfactory piece of work.

Capriciousness may with as much justice be charged upon the only other example of Richardson's domestic architecture in Chicago, which, even more than the house we have been considering, arrests attention and prevents apathy, but which seems even more from the purpose of domestic architecture. Upon the longer though less conspicuous front it lacks any central and controlling motive; and on the shorter and more conspicuous, this motive, about which the architect so seldom leaves the beholder in any doubt, is obscured by the addition at one end of a series of openings irrelevant to it, having no counterpart upon the other, and serving to weaken at a critical point the wall the emphasis of whose massiveness and lateral expanse may be said to be the whole purport of the design, to which everything else is quite ruthlessly sacrificed. For this the building is kept as low as possible, insomuch that the ridge of its rather steep roof reaches only the level of the third story of the adjoining house. For this the openings are diminished in size upon both sides, insomuch that they become mere orifices for the admission of light; and in number upon the long side, insomuch that the designer seems to regard them as annoying interruptions to his essay in the treatment of blank wall. A granite wall over a hundred and fifty feet long, as in the side of this dwelling, almost unbroken, and with its structure clearly exhibited, is sure enough to arrest and strike the beholder; and so is the shorter front, in which the same treatment prevails, with a little more of ungracious concession to practical needs in the more numerous openings; but the beholder could scarcely accept the result as an eligible residence. The treatment is even more strictly than in the house on the north side an exposition of masonry. There is here, to be sure, some decorative detail in the filling of the head of the doorway and in the sill above it, but this detail is so minute, in the case of the egg-and-dart that adorns the sill so microscopic, that it does not count at all in the general effect. A moulding that does count in the general effect, and that vindicates itself at the expense of the structural features not thus developed, is the main cornice, an emphatic and appropriate profile. In this building there seems to be a real attempt to

supply the place of mouldings by modifications of the masonry, which in the other forms an unvaried reticulation over the whole surface. In this not only are the horizontal joints accentuated, and the vertical joints slurred so as to assist very greatly in the emphasis of length, but the courses that are structurally of unusual importance, the sills and lintels of the openings, are doubled in width, thus strongly belting the building at their several levels. Here again a device that needs only to be expressed in modelling to answer an artistic purpose fails to make up for the absence of modelling. The merits of the building as a building, however, are much effaced when it is considered as a dwelling, and the structure ceases to be defensible, except, indeed, in a military sense. The whole aspect of the exterior is so gloomy and forbidding and unhomelike that, but for its neighborhood, one would infer its purpose to be not domestic, but penal. Lovelace has assured us that "stone walls do not a prison make," but when a building consists as exclusively as possible of bare stone walls, it irresistibly suggests a place of involuntary seclusion, even though minds especially "innocent and quiet" might take it for a hermitage. Indeed, if one were to take it for a dwelling expressive of the character of its inmates, he must suppose it to be the abode of a recluse or of a misanthrope, though when Timon secures a large plot upon a fashionable avenue, and erects a costly building to show his aversion to the society of his kind, he exposes the sincerity of his misanthropical sentiments to suspicion. Assuming that the owner does not profess such sentiments, but is much like his fellow-citizens, the character of his abode must be referred to a whim on the part of his architect—a Titanic, or rather a Gargantuan freak. For there is at least nothing petty or puerile about the design of these houses. They bear an unmistakably strong and individual stamp, and failures as, upon the whole, they must be called, they really increase the admiration aroused by their author's successes for the power of design that can make even wilful error so interesting.

That romantic architecture is not inconsistent with the suggestion of a home, or with the conditions of a modern town-house, is shown, if it needed any showing, by a dwelling that adjoins the first of the Richardson houses, and that nobody who is familiar with Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's house or with the Marquand houses in New York would need to be told was the work of Mr. Hunt. It recalls particularly the Vanderbilt house, being in the same monochrome of light gray, and repeating, though with a wide variation, some of the same features, especially the corbelled tourelle. This is here placed to much better advantage at a salient instead of a re-entrant angle; it is more happily proportioned; the corbelling, not continuous, but broken by the wall of the angle, is very cleverly managed, and the whole feature is as picturesque and spirited as it is unmistakably domestic in expression. The house does not exhibit the same profusion of sculptural ornament as the earlier work it recalls, nor is there so much of strictly architectural detail. By this comparison, indeed, one would be inclined to call this treatment severe; but it is prodigality itself in comparison with its neighbor. This latter comparison is especially instructive because in the block, as a matter of mere mass and outline, Mr. Richardson's composition, considerably simpler, is also pretty distinctly more forcible than that of Mr. Hunt, by reason of its central and dominating feature, and especially by reason of the completeness with which it is united by the simple and unbroken roof; whereas the criticism often passed upon the Vanderbilt house, that it grows weak above the corniceline, is applicable, though in a less degree, to its author's later work. The various roofs required by the substructure, and carried to the same height, have been imperfectly brought into subjection, and their grouping does not make a single or a total impression. Taking the fronts by themselves, considering them with reference to the distribution of voids and solids, we must omit the minor front of Mr. Richardson's work as scarcely showing any composition; but the principal front is much more striking and memorable, assuredly, than either elevation of Mr. Hunt's design, carefully and successfully as both of them have been studied. Yet there is no question at all that the latter is by far the more admirable and effective example of domestic architecture, because the possibilities of expression that inhere in the masses are in the one case brought out, and left latent in the other.

Of course Mr. Hunt's work is no more characteristically Chicagoan than Mr. Richardson's, and, of course, the dwellings we have been considering are too large and costly to be fairly representative of the domestic architecture of any city. The rule, to which there are as few exceptions in Chicago as elsewhere, is that architecture is regarded as a superfluity that only the rich can afford; whereas a genuine and general interest in it would require the man who was able to own a house at all to insist upon what the tailors call a "custom-made" dwelling, and would lead him equally to reject a ready-made residence and a misfit. In that case we should see in single houses of moderate size and moderate cost the same evidence of affectionate study as in houses of greater pretensions, even though the design might be evinced only in the careful and thoughtful proportioning and adjustment of the parts. Chicago has its share, but no more than its share, of instances in which the single street front of a modest dwelling has been thought worthy of all the pains that could be given to it. Of one such instance in Chicago an illustration is given, and it is somewhat saddening to one who would like to find in it an evidence of intelligent lay interest in architecture to be informed that it is the residence of its architect.

Upon the whole, the domestic architecture of the town has few local characteristics, besides those already mentioned, which are due to local conditions rather than to local preferences. The range of building material is wide, and includes a red sandstone from Lake Superior that has not yet made its way into the Eastern cities, of a more positive tint than any in general use there. On the other hand, the whole continent has been laid under tribute for Chicago. The green "Chester serpentine" which one encounters so often in Philadelphia—and generally with regret, though in combination it may become very attractive—almost unknown in New York as it is, is not uncommon in the residential quarters of Chicago. Another material much commoner here than elsewhere is the unhewn bowlder that Mr. Richardson employed in the fantastic lodge at North Easton, which was one of his happiest performances. In a long and low structure like that the defects of the material are much less manifest than when it is attempted to employ it in a design of several stories. The architect, in the example shown in our illustration, has wisely simplified his design to the utmost to conform to the intractability of his material, and with equal wisdom has marked with strong belts the division of his stories. But in spite of its ruggedness the wall looks weak, since it is plain that there is no bonding, and that it is not properly a piece of masonry, but a layer of highly magnified concrete, which owes its stability only to the cohesion of the cement, and to give the assurance of being a trustworthy wall needs to be framed in a conspicuous quoining of unquestionable masonry.

One other trait is common enough among such of the dwellings of Chicago as have architectural pretensions to be remarked, and that is the prevalence of Byzantine carving. This is not really a Chicagoan characteristic. If it is especially noticeable here, it is because Chicago is so new, and it is in the newer quarters of older towns that it is to be seen. It is quite as general on the west side of New York. Its prevalence is again in great part due to the influence of Richardson, and one is inclined to welcome it as at least tending to provide a common and understood way of working for architectural carvers, and the badge of something like a common style for buildings that have little else in common. The facility with which its spiky leafage can be used for surface decoration tempts designers to provide surfaces for its decoration, in such structural features as capitals and corbels, at the cost of the modelling which is so much more expressive and so much more troublesome, when a mere cushion will do better as a basis for Byzantine ornament.

For the rest, the clever and ingenious features which one often comes upon in the residential streets of Chicago, and the thoroughly studied fronts that one comes upon so much more seldom, would excite neither more nor less surprise if they were encountered in the streets of any older American town. But from what has been said it will be seen that in every department of building, except only the ecclesiastical, Chicago has already examples to show that should be of great value to its future growth in stimulating its architects to produce and in teaching its public to appreciate.

A WHEAT-FIELD IDYL.

BY ELIZABETH STODDARD.

MRS. JAMES JONES, the inhabitant of a good house in the city, while on a visit to her native village, Syncliff, and taking a morning walk with her niece, Lucy Bowdon, also an inmate of the good house, remarked that writers describing a landscape sometimes called it a smiling one. It struck her as being true of this before them, especially of the wheat fields along both sides of the road.

"Indeed yes," chirped Lucy; "and so fashionable in tone—old-gold. 'Jocund' is the suitable word, too; the wheat stalks nibble each other's ears, and they seem wagging their beards with gladness. But does it not strike you that a sentiment of the monotonous prevails here? Yet the Simmons family we stay with don't feel it. They are happy in believing themselves superior to all outsiders—those different from themselves. They ply me with questions, in view of arguing, pushing me to the wall concerning matters I never hear of at home, from cholera, mad dogs, riots, to the great generals and public speakers I ought to but never do meet."

"My dear, the rural population are influenced by newspapers; they have never seen a reporter. I think what you call egotism is simplicity."

"They value what they name their 'privileges.' At the table Grand'ther Simmons quavers out, 'You haven't tasted any water yet in our milk, have ye?' and his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Simmons, follows with, 'Nor at my table will you find ollymargirine.' Even little Jo, whom I like for his cuteness, piped up at breakfast this morning, 'You needn't shet your eyes when you crack your eggs, if you've a mind to, 'cause we keep the feathers in the barn.' Mrs. Simmons is an artist in bread-stuffs, but I cannot persuade her to leave her floury ways to care for flowers—they mess up the rooms so! Aunt, how shall we pass our time? The lanes here have no turnings."

"We are here for a purpose. The farm once belonged in our family."

Lucy interrupted her. "Do you mean to say that Uncle James Jones means to buy it? Green moss oozes from every crevice in the walls, crops of mushrooms may be gathered on the front steps daily, and there is a smell of ghosts over the premises. Like Hamlet, you can nose them in the closets as you pass."

Mrs. James drew herself up with dignity. "Don't be absurd, Lucy. We feel a life of partial retirement is necessary. I am growing old. Gray hairs and the frivolities of society do not harmonize."

"Forty years old," commented Lucy; "and yesterday I found one silver thread in her lovely hair!"

"Moreover, Lucy, if your uncle wills it, what can I do?"

"Oh, I know; Medes and Persians are nowhere when he makes his mind up."

And then they smiled, for Mr. James was the most amiable and yielding of men.

"Lucy, I do not enjoy your society when you are witty or sarcastic."

"Will it be easy to uproot Grand'ther Simmons from the place where, he tells me, he has used elbow-grease nigh on to forty year, and where Jo has three grandmas buried?"

"I have yet to see a good bargain thrown over by men like him. To bargain is to cheer the sharp rustic mind. A vision of gain or of 'getting even' is a comforting stimulant."

The silence of a hot noontide was upon the land, the beautiful cloud shadows floated over the stirless grain fields, and Mrs. James and Lucy were as silent, as they still sauntered along. They came to an angle in the highway, from which an embowered lane started. Mrs. James suggested they might come across a turning. At any rate, it would afford shade. It was bordered on either side with a thicket lush in leaf and flower, and steeped in the odors of wild flowers; colonies of birds were busy with their young; a little thrush whirred from the ground so near that Lucy tried to seize it.

"Birds know how to choose a dwelling-place. If we are to live in Syncliff, let us nest in a thicket."

Peering into the green maze, she spied roses, and struggled through it, to come out in the condition of the wise man who jumped into a bramble-bush and out—scratched.

"We will omit thorns in our ideal thicket. Aunt, just smell these roses."

But Mrs. James was in advance, and had come upon something which engaged her attention. When Lucy approached, she made a gesture of silence.

"Is it snakes?" Lucy whispered, gathering in her skirts.

Mrs. James signalled towards the gap in the thicket between the lane and a wheat field. Lucy slipped under the protection of a buckthorn-tree, Mrs. James framed her face in an alder-bush, and both gave their attentions to a group in the corner of the field, among the sheaves piled about a maple. There were four persons — a sleeping baby on a sheaf, a young woman in a sun-bonnet watching beside it; against the tree a small impish-looking girl stood; near her a young man, his legs across a sheaf, was leisurely eating his "piece."

Naturally Lucy observed him first. He looked the proper protector of a young family, but very indifferent. He stopped eating to gaze at the sky and the hills. "He seems to have a poor appetite," she thought. "And yet what beautiful hair —as golden as the wheat!" Lucy's hair being silky black perhaps accounts for her admiration of the stranger's tresses.

Something familiar about the woman in the sun-bonnet puzzled Mrs. James. "It must be, I think," she murmured. Naturally the woman turned her face towards Mrs. James, who uttered an exclamation so loud that the whole party gazed at the gap. Mrs. James moved aside. "Come, Lucy, we must leave this pretty tableau."

Lucy skipped across the gap. "We have found quite a turn in our lane, aunt. Long cultivation in cereals, yearly 'corners' in wheat, as we have seen, act like hair-dye. No Paris blonde was ever more lovely in tresses than that young man. Mrs. Simmons does not like us late, and consequently to have 'vittles het over'," and they hurried home.

Mrs. Simmons made no complaint on their return, however, merely remarking that they could not set much "vally" on shoe-leather.

Mrs. James had been nearly twenty-four hours in Syncliff before it was discovered at what age she left it, for Mrs. Simmons remarked she had found her boarders close-mouthed. At the dinner table that day Mrs. James was disposed to open hers. She asked Grand'ther Simmons if he could tell her anything concerning Parson Shirley and his family; she was sure that she had seen some of the family in their walk.

"And such beautiful hair!" interposed Lucy; "and such a picture of happy rural life as we saw!"

"So you want to hear about that 'ere family?" grand'ther inquired.

"Yes; I left Syncliff soon after his troubles; his oldest daughter was a friend of mine all our school days."

"Parson had to go; he was stiff on doctrine, and put us through, but he jawed us farmers for loading hay Sundays. His religion didn't work at home. He never got the upper-hand of his children."

"Why, father," Mrs. Simmons bawled, "what ever ailed George Shirley? As for his sister Julia, I desire to say nothing."

"I remember she was an imp of mischief," said Mrs. James.

Mrs. Simmons's desire did not restrain her from expressing further opinion: "That she was and is, and whoever stands in her light will be snuffed out, if she can compass it. She ran off with a chap who came here in a fancy wagon with patent-medicines and perfumes. Old Mr. Shirley broke down then, resigned his pulpit, let his farm, and went West. Afterwards George, the youngest, comes back, takes the farm, says nothing to nobody—"

"Jenks was the man that hired it," interrupted grand'ther. "He planted terbaccy, which pizens the sile. Jenks was a poor shoat."

"Well," began Mrs. Simmons again, "George gets things to going, when one day Julia Dorset happens along with a child. George takes them in, gives up everything in the house to her, and I say"—pounding her fist on the table—"I say George Shirley is a Christian."

"He looked like a comfortable one to-day," Lucy remarked, the halo of the yellow hair still staining her memory. "Is he a gentleman?"

"Lucy, my dear!" said her aunt.

Mrs. Simmons's eyes flashed. "Maybe a farmer can't be called one. I hope you may have a chance to see for yourself, Miss Lucy."

"Sho, sho, now!" spoke grand'ther; "you know what the poet said—'A man's a man.' Put all them things together. George has had a hard row to hoe."

Here Jo happily made a boisterous entrance from the post-office: "Gimme my dinner, ma. Miss Allen has borrered the

Gospel Banner, and told me to run home with the letters."

He took two from his pocket. One he gave to grand'ther; the other, impaled on a fish-hook, diverted his mother from seeing grand'ther hobbling out with his, and muttering that the barn needed tending to.

When Mrs. James and Lucy went up to their rooms for the afternoon, Lucy said destiny was in the air, and that both letters were from her uncle, she was sure.

"I dare say," Mrs. James answered, composedly. "Open the blinds that I may see to read mine."

Lucy climbed into the deep window-seat, which, besides a distant stretch of field, upland, and river, commanded a near view of the barn. Its great door was open, and she saw grand'ther beneath the hay-mow, on a three-legged stool, busy over his letter. Mrs. James soon finished hers.

"The matter will be settled directly. Your uncle is very nice about it."

"Uncle is always nice when he knows he is going to have things his way."

"Lucy, the rôle of chorus comes easy to you."

"Evidently grand'ther thinks uncle is nice too; he is champing his jaws as if biting at a bargain. I wish you would look out and tell me how our land to be extends. I wonder if ever anything could attach me to this country? What possible interest can it take on?"

"You bid me discourse on that which is as blind as fortune. I do not know the bounds of the farm, except that the river is one of the boundaries."

"The hills are as blue as a plum to-day; in a month they will be of as many colors as a crazy bedquilt in a fair. The landscape is full of quivering shades in this afternoon sun. I must learn the points of the compass, too. Here is Jo again."

A knock on the door, which he immediately followed.

"Ma sent you this mellen, marm and Miss Lucy, as ripe as anything. Grand-'ther hired me not to steal any, and I haven't had a mite this summer."

"Jump up here beside me, and show the way we walked this morning, then you shall have a big slice," ordered Lucy.

Jo sighed at the delay, as he put his leg over the sill. "I know east and west, but I don't know the compass. It's bursting ripe, ain't it?"

Lucy shook her finger at him.

"Go down the river," pointing his finger, "Pips dam comes first."

"Yes."

"Now stop at the pool just beyond, where the cattle drink. See?"

"Yes."

"On t'other side, by the willows, way up, Bush Lane starts, where you saw the Shirleys to-day, and t'other side George Shirley's fields begin. Hey! I see the top of his chimney. Wish you could see his garding. *She* talks about it."

"What she?"

"Never mind. Folks say he plants more flower seed than corn. Now my mellen."

Lucy gave him a huge cantle.

"He got a prize," continued Jo, "at the county fair for an ockid."

"Orchids here!" Mrs. James exclaimed.

"They ain't alive; only strange flowers. Oh, gracious!" his eyes lighting on Lucy's trout pole. "Did you bring that j'inted thing? I know every trout hole in Sandown River."

"Then we will go fishing, Jo."

"Won't we? Ma won't dare say no if you ask." He looked at Mrs. James, who had taken up her letter again. "Grand-'ther is going to write a letter; he and ma have been hollering about it, and I have got to go and buy a sheet of paper."

"Will uncle be here soon?" Lucy asked as Jo went out.

"Not yet, if at all. No change will be made at present. This winter at home you can make your annual crop of hay while the gas flickers."

"Or chaff."

"You refuse all chances. Why did that nice young Pelham, from Chicago, leave so suddenly?"

"The one in flour? He bolted."

"I was married at nineteen, and you are twenty-five."

"Why must I settle? I want to live life on my own account. Never will I have a newspaper church wedding. Oh, how I hate the Brussels lace business! The real things are false, and the false things real. Let me remain here, and bourgeon into naturalness."

"Be natural if you can," said Mrs. James, resignedly.

The next morning, before the spiders' gossamer webs vanished from the grass, Lucy and Jo, with rods and lunch basket, started for the river. Jo eyed with disfa-

vor and longing her elaborate gear; his was but a birch sapling, and a few worms in his pocket.

"Didn't know afore that wimmen went fishing."

"Lots, Jo."

"Guess they don't catch much but shiners and bull-heads."

Lucy was surprised to see the change in the boy. Indifferent, rather lazy, at home, he brightened at every point; he knew every bird that flew, every creature that crawled; he grew confidential and friendly. Lucy also felt wonderfully light-hearted; but Jo caught all the trout.

After whipping the pools for some time, Lucy proposed a rest by a shelving bank overhung by old willows.

"Most girls is fools," said Jo, continuing a train of remarks. "I know one that lives up there," indicating the hills.

"Are we near any houses?"

"There's farms all round here; none very near."

It was about noon. Lucy was in such contentment that she was disposed to be quiet, but Jo grew restless.

"I know a good place up the bank, Miss Lucy, for our dinner, under Runnygate's Oak."

They climbed the bank, the border of a great field.

"Is Runnygate an animal, Jo?"

"He was a hermit-man, and lived in the hollow years ago."

It was a fine oak, a grassy mound round its bole; boughs fallen from age lay about it. Jo took one for a table, and arranged the lunch. Lucy burst into song as she ate:

> "Under the greenwood tree,
> Who loves to lie with me?"

A shower of acorns fell upon them. Jo darted behind the tree. Lucy heard a shrill laugh, and Jo reappeared, pulling along a young girl Lucy recognized as the one she had seen the day before.

"Ain't you ashamed flinging acorns on strangers? What are you rummaging round here for, Lotty Nelson?"

"It's a wet moon, and the men said it would rain 'fore night, and we went down the medder to load up."

"You are the little girl I saw yesterday," said Lucy.

"I am 'leven years old and eight days, and I can do a good deal."

"Mischief," said Jo, looking so belligerent that Lucy hastened to offer cake to both.

"Oh, thank you," said Lotty; and taking a piece, she nibbled at it with an expression of disgust, keeping her eye on Jo. "My, reely, now, it's good, if your ma did make it."

He looked so red and angry that Lucy could not help laughing, which inspired Lotty to go on.

"Hum!" loudening her voice. "Mis' Dorset saw all along your folks watching us yesterday by the buckthorn gap, and didn't she jeer at Mr. Shirley afterwards, and said, 'There's another cap set at you.'"

"Now, Lotty, shut right up," said Jo, "or you'll get something you don't like."

"She s'posed he'd be going to Simmons' to look up a rich girl, and, says she"—here Lotty evidently imitated Mrs. Dorset—"'Go, George, cert'nly; can I do anything to forrard your plans?' and then she wakes up baby, and says, 'Riches is nothing to us, baby, if they belong to such like, be they?' and now," concluded Lotty, "I've been and done it, and don't care. Mis' Dorset needn't rile everybody so."

"Now go off," suggested Jo. Somebody called. "It is Mis' Dorset after you."

"I sha'n't stir, Jo Simmons." But she made runs forward and back round the oak, till Mrs. Dorset came face to face with her.

"You are never to be trusted, and need watching," she said; and then seeing Lucy, added, "I was not aware of strangers."

"Mr. Shirley said I might go down the road-side for cardinal-flowers," said Lotty.

"Perhaps I have detained her," said Lucy.

"Perhaps she is quite ready to serve those who like to be served, and may have something to offer her. I saw you yesterday. Were you out sketching? My brother is a victim to artists, from the travelling photographer to lady tourists."

"You must come in for your share of suffering, for you look like him," Lucy said.

"Not at all; George hates any publicity for women."

Lucy remembered certain pictures of herself taken in the costume of her private theatricals the previous winter.

"You did observe us, then," continued Mrs. Dorset. "I tried to convince George

you did; he said you could only have got a bird's-eye view of us."

Mrs. Dorset laughed. Her laugh was not mirthful nor her voice agreeable. Jo had been silent since her advent; he now shook out a napkin vindictively.

"You do nicely, Jo," called Mrs. Dorset. "Get your ma to stuff you into the city livery; you will make a good Buttons."

Jo did not understand her; but feeling that she wanted to hurt him, rattled his cups and plates with angry energy.

A cheerful whistling came down the fields, and Mr. Shirley appeared in his shirt sleeves, a coil of rope on his shoulders. His astonishment as he looked at Lucy made her smile. He went up to her quickly, hat in hand. "Are you scouring the county, and have found our famous oak. Jo is a good guide. May I introduce myself to-day? You fled yesterday, after paralyzing me with the vision of a dryad."

Lucy blushed as she answered that it was not necessary. She recalled her question yesterday, whether he was a gentleman.

"She can blush," he said, with an inward joy. "What luck have you had, Jo? I see the rods."

Jo's face cleared; he liked Mr. Shirley, but he hesitated; he did not want to expose Miss Lucy.

"Tell him you caught all the trout."

"I don't care, Miss Lucy, they are very small ones."

Mrs. Dorset ordered Lotty to go after the cardinal-flowers, and followed her presently.

"We have had a rare day," said Lucy. "All pleasant days are not beautiful, you know."

"And this has been one of the beautiful days?"

He ventured to sit on the bough near her, and let the coil of rope slip from his shoulder. Jo sprinkled some grass for his trout basket down the bank, where he found Lotty, who came back to him.

"Ain't they like a story-book on them boughs? I know, if I had three wishes, what two would be."

"Oh, go away, or *she'll* be hollering."

"She's fishing below. I wish she'd fall in."

Lucy and Mr. Shirley might well illustrate the story with the old, old title. They were both picturesque and very different. Mr. Shirley, in his careless dress, was very handsome; as for Lucy, no gale of wind, or scramble in a thicket, or a long day's tramp could disarrange her looks. Her hat hung on a branch, and her dark hair was as smooth as satin. There was not a wrinkle in her soft gray dress. Mr. Shirley was keenly aware of this. Suddenly he said, looking at his boots and the tucked-in trousers,

"I ought to be ashamed."

"But you are not," she said, quickly.

"How was yesterday for one of the days off-color?"

"You laugh at me."

"No, I shall know them hereafter; I shall not forget."

Lucy was startled by the sudden approach of Mrs. Dorset behind her, who was retying her sun-bonnet as if something choked her.

"I hope we are not trespassing on Runnygate's domain, Mrs. Dorset?"

"This is a free country," she replied. "George, what use had you for this rope? To hang yourself in case of any disappointment?"

Lucy did not hear Mr. Shirley's reply. She went to Jo and proposed going home at once, but Mr. Shirley was at her elbow.

"Miss Lucy, I know a short-cut across the fields," said Jo, shouldering his baskets.

Mr. Shirley was dumb. Lucy looked down the bank, and then at him.

"Good-afternoon," she said, sweetly.

He stood there till she was out of sight; then he banged his hat, which he had forgotten to raise, on his head. "Get back to your field, Master George; there's nothing for you to reap here. Good heavens! is there really such undoing in a girl's face that I am babbling to myself?" As he passed Mrs. Dorset and Lotty, he said, "I have saved the rope, you see," and for once she held her tongue.

Jo guessed Miss Lucy was tired. She didn't act as if she saw everything along the road now. She did not. She was describing in her mind the expression in the young man's eyes. Her "good-afternoon" never proved so potent before.

"Did I see—" she said aloud, and stopped.

Jo stopped also, and looked about him. "What do you see, Miss Lucy?"

"Oh, nothing, Jo, nothing;" and they went on again.

She saw him offering his hand at parting.

Jo disappeared into the bushes occasionally, after any tidbits in his line.

"You are in better spirits, Jo, than under the oak."

"It was all her."

"Lotty?"

"I'm scared of Mrs. Dorset. She knows how to pizen things. Mr. Shirley took Widow Nelson's Lotty to bring up to his house, because the widow had no property but a house and a field and two cows, and Mrs. Dorset was so mad 'cause she had to keep Lotty, she pizened them."

"Oh no!"

"What made 'em die to once? But he does keep Lotty all the same, and *she* says he gives Mrs. Dorset Hail Columby."

"Now I declare," said Mrs. Simmons, "you are clean beat out," meeting Lucy at the door.

At the supper table Jo told the day's adventures.

"It beats all that you should come across them to-day again; but Julia Dorset is always tagging after George Shirley," said Mrs. Simmons.

"Is it possible you met those people?" Mrs. James asked when alone with Lucy.

"It is. I did. Mrs. Dorset comes up to all that Mrs. Simmons says of her."

"Some one was here to-day speaking of his attempt to restore his father's place. Is he so very handsome?"

"He is very handsome."

"His mother was related to the great family of the Blennerhassetts of Rye."

"I saw how hereditary his hands looked to-day—no mark of labor on them. Meeting him at a tree instead of the opera, it was surprising to see such a pair, wasn't it?"

Again the thought of his holding his hand out to her gave her a curious twinge there was no accounting for. Mrs. James thought best to drop the subject.

Lucy's trip was on Saturday. Sunday was a day celebrated by grand'ther's calling early and often for hot water to shave with and other preparations. When finished, he appeared with a huge shirt collar and a pair of boots with a squeak. Long before it was necessary he worried Mrs. Simmons about tackling up; he didn't want to drive like Jehu to meeting.

"You will see what will happen when we are ready to start," said Mrs. Simmons. "We go through with this performance pretty much every Sunday."

The church was a mile away, and it was not the fashion to walk in Syncliff. Lucy's proposal to do so was ignored, and she climbed into an immense carry-all, whose top was gray with dust and bristling with wisps of hay. It was by grand'ther's wish that they went to the barn to get into this vehicle—to save turning, he said; they could jog right out by the barn-yard. Jo, miserable in Sunday clothes, Mrs. Simmons, tied and pinned tightly in her black silk, a great fan in her hand, Mrs. James, and Lucy filed in. Grand'ther, in advance, was twisting the horse to and fro.

"This 'ere breeching is kinder rotten," he called. "The load is pretty heavy. I guess Jo may drive on. I can foller if I have a mind to."

"Well, father, we'll excuse you, and if you think it will tire you to walk, do stay behind," said Mrs. Simmons.

The carry-all lumbered out, leaving grand'ther with his success and his chew of "tabaccy."

Rising an upland that overlooked the valley, Jo pointed his whip to Runnygate's Oak. Its flat umbrageous tower dominated the distant landscape. They looked at it, and Mrs. James again saw the expression of last night in Lucy's face.

The voices of the choir from the old church were all that broke the Sabbath quiet; the hills, the fields, and the river were flooded with the summer sunshine, steeped in its quivering heat. Tears came into Mrs. James's eyes.

"Oh, the old, old days!" she said to Mrs. Simmons, who understood her, and who said,

"You dear!"

The congregation were rising to prayer —and, according to custom, turned their backs to the pulpit—when Mrs. Simmons conveyed her party up the broad aisle into a side pew. Many eyes dropped on Lucy gliding up, self-possessed, cool as a water-lily, and as graceful; her dress of red silk and black lace, her hat the size of a bird's-nest, which left the lines of her hair and face all in sight, became her. The young women looked at her with tightened lips and a shrug as they exchanged glances; the young men stirred, shuffled their feet, and looked only at her. Lucy recognized Mrs. Dorset in widow's black at the door of her pew. The prayer over, a hymn was read, and the congregation rose, turning their backs now to

the choir. Mrs. Simmons's pew was situated for side views, and Lucy saw in the gallery, among the singers, Mr. Shirley in white—a choir singer!

Pride pricked her like the sting of a wasp; a revulsive feeling made her face burn.

Jo kept his hand on the button of the pew door, and escaped with the "Amen," but Mrs. Simmons lingered to speak to her friends. The congregation were streaming down the road when they got to the steps. Mr. Shirley, Mrs. Dorset by his side, wheeled past in their carry-all. He lifted his hat as he wheeled by, and Lucy not only caught the glint of the sunshine on his golden head, but a glint from his eye, which had a subduing effect. She forgot the sting of the wasp. Mrs. Dorset's regards were fixed on his beautiful black horse. Mrs. Simmons sustained the burden of the conversation, hoping the beans were not overdone, observing that the sermon was not as doctrinal as usual, and wondered why certain folks failed to appear at meeting. She believed, too, that George Shirley didn't open his mouth in the gallery; that he went there to get out of the way of his sister's watchfulness.

"Not that he ever sets a cap at any girl, and I will say she keeps George spick-and-span."

"Spick-and-span means clean?" asked Lucy, with another little prick.

"He favors his ma, who was a Blennerhassett of Rye. Old Mrs. Somers, two pews back, told me this very day that Julia was making a set at George to pick up the connection again."

"She never will," said Lucy, with energy.

Mrs. James, in surprise, looked at her. "At all events, the family is a general topic of interest, and I see Lucy begins to join in it."

"You know I like to be in the swim everywhere, aunt."

She proved this the following days; she was restless everywhere. When not with her aunt, she hovered round Mrs. Simmons, or went over the premises with grand'ther to see him poke with his cane the "Jarseys," and the "Berkshears"; he called her a good solid gal, who didn't holler when she saw a mouse. Mrs. James was quite willing that she should gain such experience of rural life; it was a new broom she would be the first to fly from after she had sufficiently witched with it. Lucy and Jo were very "thick"; his last scheme was to raise a flock of purely white pigeons, so that when they flew round, folks would say, "There's Simmons's pigeons overhead." She told him stories of carrier-pigeons, and made him a drawing of a dove-cot like those of the grand châteaux of the French people in the old days. Grand'ther laughed at it, and said it was like the peaked pigsty he pulled down forty years ago; but he was pleased with her kindness to the boy, and promised, with a knowing squint at her, that next year, if they were here, he would build one for Jo, though he didn't know as the peaks would pay for the corn the pigeons must have.

She and Jo were down by the spring-house one morning digging ferns, when he remarked it was a good day to go to Selden's Weir, slyly adding she hadn't caught any trout yet.

"Where is it, Jo?"

"Didn't you hear Mr. Shirley ask me t'other day if we had fished there; it's mostly where he goes."

"No. Is it far?"

"Come on the ridge above, you'll see it; in the marsh below I can get the marigolds you want."

He piloted her up to a noble prospect, where the river narrowed between the hills, an outlet widened into a basin, on its border an old mill stood. Above the basin another range of hills bounded the horizon; their crests of crag and wood rose against the sky. While they watched the view, a long-legged bird, with lopping wings, flew over the basin.

"A blue crane," shouted Jo. "Oh, Miss Lucy, we must go there!"

"Yes, yes, very soon."

"Just you see me get the marigolds down there!"

From the marshy strip he brought her a blazing heap of the yellow and black blossoms, and Lucy, like

> "Proserpine gathering flowers,
> Herself a fairer flower,"

went home in a cloud of color.

A morning soon after, she was roused from her slumbers by a persistent knocking below her window; she put out her head to behold Jo's eager upturned face.

"What is the matter?"

He pointed to the grass, white with the webs of those early spiders whose enterprise is not recognized in any collection of proverbs.

"What of it, you foolish boy?"

He pointed to the sky, filmy also with a gray veil.

"Oh," thought Lucy, "he means a southerly wind and a trouty morning"; but she asked again, "What of that?"

He held up a tin can. "I digged 'em afore sunrise for us to go to Selden's Weir. Ma made pound-cake doughnuts last night for us. I killed the chickens too; she frying 'em. Breakfast's 'most ready, and we can get down the river 'fore the sun busts out."

Quite willing, Lucy dressed without disturbing Mrs. James, and went down to find Mrs. Simmons flustered by Jo's haste and joy.

"That boy sets his heart on you, Miss Lucy."

"*And* his own way," added grand'ther, knocking the ashes from his pipe to take his seat at the table. "I tell Clarissy he's only a boy yet, and his troubles will come soon enough. Now, Clarissy, put up something that will really stay their stomachs. It's a long way, and I've noticed that this gal is a good fist at a knife and fork."

"Oh, father, you forget your manners. But, my dear, it ain't a clear morning, and this time of year we have sudden tempests. Jo must tie your Ingy-rubber cloak to one of the baskets."

"Just so; and we have had a drouth lately," added grand'ther. "I remember Selden's Weir."

With messages to her aunt, and admonitions to Jo from Mrs. Simmons, Lucy started on her second trouting expedition.

The route was not the same. Instead of skirting the river, Jo struck across country to shoulder Ouse Mountain, the highest land in the county. When they were in the narrow road, he remarked that shouldering was not what it was cracked up to be; but it was beautiful to Lucy, and she stopped to rest, which Jo thought wise, as he "sweated terrible." The precipice below the road was wooded with chestnut and oak, a green waving sea.

"Why," said Jo, "if the wind ain't coming round norrard! The trees are blowing that way."

Another hour brought them to the mill, a ruin. The walls gaped, and the roof; the dam had fallen in upon itself, the wheel was broken, and the water trickled over both feebly; but it was a good place for trout.

This time Lucy was successful. Before two o'clock her basket had more than one two-pounder.

Jo set up a board for a table—nicer than a bough, he said—and in the shade of the mill the fried chicken vanished. The pound-cake doughnuts Jo found a gulf for.

"I am so full of ma's doughnuts I don't know what to do," he gasped.

Lucy told him to walk about a while. She would wait for him.

Alone, she began to dream, and remained so still that she heard the flutter of wings about her; a phœbe-bird sent its call, and a song-sparrow dropped on the crumbs by her.

"I am all right now, Miss Lucy. I begin to feel holler, and the wind is norrard. We'd better go back now."

Lucy looked at her watch. "How dark the sky is!"

"Yes, 'm. The wind drives the clouds up." And as they came on to the highway from the Ouse Mountain, a gust of wind and dust whirled round them, and the sky grew lurid rapidly.

"Jo, you are not as weatherwise as your mother; she thought of a storm this morning."

"I did not mind we had to go so far, and I thought the wind would keep to the southerd."

"All sorts of weather may happen on a summer's day, and winds will change, Jo."

A ribbon of lightning darted down from the same "norrard" cloud, followed by a growl of thunder still distant. Jo stopped and looked round him; no house in sight, no men in the fields, nothing in the winding roads.

"I am afraid our fish will get wet," Lucy said, perceiving his dismay. "I don't mind a wetting."

"But, oh, I forgot the cloak ma told me to bring."

It crossed her mind that a cotton dress and Suède shoes were not a proper preparation for a long walk in a shower, but the aid of chance was rapidly advancing. At a click of wheels they looked behind to see Mr. Shirley driving up. He pulled up astonished. Jo, in his delight, turned a somerset, and Lucy was glad also.

"You see us tramps on the highway, Mr. Shirley."

"How—why are you here?" he made out to say.

"Why," she said, shyly, "didn't you tell Jo what Selden's Weir was for trout?"

"Really, truly, did you— Jo, go to Dido's head." He sprang out, and in an instant Lucy was in the wagon. "Jump in behind with your baskets, Jo; a squall is coming up; my house is the nearest. Up, Dido!" But Dido pawed the air with her slim forelegs before condescending to go on.

"Your Dido is queenly!" said Lucy.

"It's her way of waving her love to Carthage. She has just left her mate."

Some little talk followed on horses, and Jo listened. "Ain't he as polite as pie to her?" he thought.

"We are passing Bush Lane now, Miss Bowdon, where you came upon a pastoral scene lately. How did it strike you?"

"I was reminded of *my* dinner when I saw you neglect yours, and other things."

How glad he was that he did not happen to appear as hungry as usual! A plash of rain fell, and he sent Dido spinning into his avenue of overarching elms, which Lucy exclaimed at being beautiful.

"It is like a cathedral in its high arching. I often come here; I love its dark silence."

"Now we be at the house," called Jo. "But, Mr. Shirley, Miss Lucy don't want to stop."

Mrs. Dorset was on the bench in the porch, her basket of mending by her; before Jo could slip down she was by Dido's head. The rain was falling now, with intermittent thunder; if she made any salutation, it was not heard in its rumble. Her welcome was in holding the check-rein. Lucy rose to take Mr. Shirley's extended hand, but fell back on the seat. For Dido reared; she broke from Mrs. Dorset, and tore madly round the house down the way to the barn. Mr. Shirley felt the hind wheel graze his foot as she flew by; the blood rushed to his head so that for an instant he was paralyzed, and then he flew after her. Mrs. Dorset stood with clinched hands. Jo's legs refused to propel him, but his arms waved like a windmill, and he stared at Lotty, whose mouth was wide open. With a sob he clutched her shoulder.

"See what we have got by coming to this house; if she is killed, you will all be hung."

"It's a chance if you don't get something more. But she'll jump on the old hay-stack, maybe."

There was a hedge of Osage orange on one side of the yard, where Mr. Shirley knew Dido must turn, and where some farm implements were, and the remains of an old hay-stack. He found Lucy and the wagon seat there. Dido had gone on with the traces, and stood with her nose against the bar of the barn door, panting and trembling. Mr. Shirley lifted Lucy, with a groan. She was only dazed with the shock, and in a moment said she was not hurt.

"Wheat sheaves yesterday and a hay-stack to-day," she laughed.

All that he could say, with shaking voice, was that he was thankful. His eyes were so eloquent, his face so near hers, that she thought it wise to get back to the house; but when she attempted to walk, she was so giddy that he put his arm round her, and she did not resist.

"I have not saved you from a wetting, after all," he said.

"The rain revives me. Here comes Jo, crying too," she said.

"Oh, Miss Lucy, be you broke to pieces? I wish it was me, all over," he moaned, the tears streaming down his face.

"I want to cry too," said Mr. Shirley. "And we have no umbrella; we must hurry up. Well?"—to Lotty, who appeared in the rear.

"Mrs. Dorset is too scared to move. She feels it in her bones no damage 's done, cos I told her Dido knew the hay-rick. She wants to know if one of the men shall tackle up a team horse to take the young lady to her anxious aunt right off."

"That will do nicely, Lotty." And Lotty fled like a lapwing to announce their coming.

"You are sure you are not hurt?" he asked again. "How can I forgive myself?"

"You may and you must forgive Dido. She was simply panic frightened."

Mrs. Dorset was reclining in a rocking-chair. She asked to be excused for keeping her seat. She was surprised that George should think of taking any one to drive behind Dido in a thunder-storm.

"He knows how nervous she is—as nervous as I am."

"The first time she has shown herself beyond control," he said.

"A good thing the baby slept through

it all. You saw him yesterday, Miss Bowdon. Did you notice his likeness to his uncle? Or didn't you observe *him?*"

"I observed you all, and thought it very pretty. But, Mr. Shirley, the storm is nearly over; I am anxious to return."

"Are you afraid to go again with Dido?"

"Oh no."

He left the room immediately, and went to the barn. His man was rubbing Dido down. "Does anything ail her, Bill? She has been dangerously frisky to-day."

"She is like a lamb now. Was she plagued on the road? There's a swarm of biting creatures this weather, and something's hurt her nose."

Mr. Shirley looked into her nostril, was silent a moment, and then gave his order. "I see. Put her in the buggy; don't use the snaffle-rein; and tell Charles to take Simmons's boy home in the light wagon at once."

Lucy felt her courage sink when Mr. Shirley left the room. Why did her sense of fun fail her? Her upset had upset her indeed. There are other duels fought than those with sword and pistol—duels of intention, with the eye, the voice, the tongue. Lucy looked out of the window, vexed and weary. Mrs. Dorset opened the field:

"I have been waiting for an accident. George is careless, and Dido is hardly broken in."

"What do you impute this accident to? It was not an uncommon one. I have been upset before in our park."

"Dido is cunning; she knew George was not in the wagon, and played him a trick. She was not aware how polite he intended to be. How is Mrs. James—her troubles have not aged her?"

"I never knew she had any."

"I wonder if she remembers the time George had to leave Syncliff? My sister said she was here then, and had a good deal of sympathy for him."

"I hope that it wasn't anything criminal?"

"Oh no; the crime was on the other leg—I mean the boot; he was so young then. A rich girl will have her hands full to subdue him now. Still, you know what any girl can do when she is desperate."

"So far my experience has been limited, Mrs. Dorset. My prey has been easy to catch. If my man-eating area is enlarged, I dare not think what my prowling might amount to."

Mrs. Dorset grew very red. "I *am* glad I haven't given up *my* chances in vain."

Mr. Shirley opened the door; he looked sharply at Mrs. Dorset, who tossed her head, and was about to speak, when he turned to Lucy, who rose instantly.

"Dido is at the door again, and perfectly quiet, Miss Bowdon."

"I am quite ready"—bowing to Mrs. Dorset.

"Oh, I am going to see how Dido looks after her behavior"—springing from her chair to follow them. One of Mr. Shirley's men held Dido, who turned her head when she heard them coming. At the sight of Mrs. Dorset she threw up her head, snorted, and shivered so that her harness rattled.

"There! I thought so; she is not safe yet," Mrs. Dorset exclaimed.

"She is all right, marm," replied the man; "Mr. Shirley will find her so on the road."

But as he took his seat, Lucy heard him mutter that it was "unaccountable." The west was red with sunset as they drove out of the avenue; the rain-drops glittered on every leaf; the air was full of woodland odors. Both felt it to be delightful, but were silent. Lucy fixed her eyes on Dido's ears, and Mr. Shirley gazed furtively on Lucy. Presently she perceived the road was not the same he had driven her to his house, and mentioned it.

"Will you object to one more roundabout?"

She thought she would object, but she said that it was not late, and was delightfully cool. It was not the cool of the evening to him, nor sunset; the sunrise of love was in his sky. He gave a delighted slap of the reins, which Dido, now entirely gentle, paid no attention to.

"How kind you are!" he said.

Lucy doubted her kindness: but then the situation! What is to be done when to the kindness of nature is added the seductiveness of opportunity? They were silent again. Mr. Shirley was only inspired with this new and wondrous change, but Lucy began to think. She was like a vessel that had lost its "steerageway"; a storm was breaking upon her which threatened to devastate all that she had been, in training, habits, and wishes; while he, simple man, was waiting to surrender himself to a power which freed him from all that he had been in training, habits, and wishes.

Meantime Dido ambled along at her own will, going slower and slower, till a green branch drooping across the road tempted her to stop entirely. The drops tinkled from leaf to leaf; a sleepy bird chirped to its nested mate from the depths of the wood; dusk crept along the valley; the quiet of eve settled over the farms; above the fading crimson clouds the sickle moon looked down upon them, and beside it—Venus.

When they passed through the farm gate, Lucy gave an unconscious sigh, which Mr. Shirley heard.

"Give me your hand," he said, passionately.

She hesitated; again the remembrance of his face when he offered his hand by the oak flashed across her mind, and she put her hand in his. With its firm clasp her heart gave a convulsive bound, which astonished her then and afterwards; it was her first knowledge of such an organ. He kissed her hand, and she tried to laugh as she said,

"How good Dido has grown!"

"Tell me if I may come to you soon."

They were before the door now, and he had checked Dido, but he did not stir. Lucy felt that he was inflexible, that upon her answer everything depended. Besides, she knew that they were all looking out of the window.

"Soon," she said, faintly.

"Very soon, Lucy?"

"Very soon."

With this promise he disappeared.

They were all gathered in the common room when Lucy entered. They had had the story from Jo. Mrs. James's face was a study. Lucy went up to her, put her arms round her neck, said, "My whole life is upset," and burst into tears. Mrs. James took her up stairs at once.

"'Clare for it!" said grand'ther—"'clare for it if I 'ain't broke my pipe! I guess George Shirley will come riding back to wipe them tears away. She's wuth it."

Mrs. Simmons wiped her eyes.

"They are both as handsome as picters. We can't be young but once, father."

"Speak for yourself, Clarissy."

It was many a day before affairs were adjusted between Lucy and Mr. Shirley, for there were opposing interests on both sides.

Meantime the fights and friendships were kept up between Jo and Lotty, and confidences exchanged. Meeting one day in a ramble, Lotty remarked that she wouldn't mince matters, whoever they might be.

"I guess," said Jo, "there was a good deal of mince round the day of the thunderstorm. Mr. Shirley never took eyes off Miss Lucy but once after she was upset; that was to look at Mrs. Dorset, and there was sparks in his eyes."

"Too late for sparks then, Jo. The needle Mrs. Dorset stuck in Dido's nose was not lost in the old hay-stack, for I found it at the bottom of the steps, where she had been darning her stockings. Deliver us from temptation."

GERMANY, FRANCE, AND GENERAL EUROPEAN POLITICS.

BY MR DE BLOWITZ.

IN the following pages I propose neither to make revelations nor to hazard prophecies. Revelations are always contradicted; they can but seldom be vindicated by the production of authentic documents, and one consequently passes for a political romancer. Prophecies are often slow in being realized, and when they are accomplished, the prophet, ridiculed in his lifetime, is frequently no longer present to triumph over those who had trampled on him.

What, therefore, I propose to do is to sum up the observations which force themselves on my professional position, and to forecast and trace the future politics of Europe until the new cataclysm, which is bound to happen, and which will again change its face, according to the issue of the combats which will then be fought out.

I wish the reader who follows me to the end to obtain as a reward of his patience a logical acquaintance with the exciting political situation of Europe, and so to be able to anticipate the great events which will take place at a period which I shall clearly indicate, though I cannot, of course, specify the exact date. I wish that reader to comprehend why the crushing armaments with which Europe has loaded herself will neither accelerate nor retard by a single hour the inevitable ca-

tastrophe; why the war will break out against the will of Europe, yet by the spontaneous action of all; and why the alliances now contracted will do nothing to prevent the war, and will no longer exist when it breaks out. It is because the pages I am writing contain truths which people could not or dare not yet utter that I feel bold enough to write them, being convinced that even if I am contradicted, I shall have brought to light some things which it is well should be known, and others for which it is well people should be prepared.

I.

To-day, as yesterday, as to-morrow, and as for a long time to come, the situation of France and Germany forms the great subject of anxiety which is imposed upon the meditation of all European statesmen. At no other point is it foreseen that war can break out. Russia has great ambitions, and Italy has strong desires; but Russia is for years doomed merely to cherish ambitions, for she cannot realize them single-handed, and it does not depend upon her to provoke a general war, which would be one result of her combined action with France; while as for Italy, she will never venture to give the signal of war, for if she did, she would be left to herself, and would be speedily crushed. It could be solely as the result of a general war that Italy could obtain her share, and in the present state of her alliances she could take that share only from France, so that a general war alone could procure it for her, inasmuch as, if she were left single-handed, she would not be able to overcome France. Neither Austria nor England dreams of war. It is therefore still, as twenty years ago, France and Germany who could occasion war; because, whatever may be alleged, whatever may be proclaimed, or whatever may be concealed, these two nations desire war—war, first for its own sake, and next for the rest; and if, in order to have done with this everlasting Franco-German nightmare, Europe could now promise to fold her arms, and afterwards to intervene merely as arbiter, war would break out to-morrow between France and Germany, for the fatality of war haunts and overrides both nations. An end should be put once for all to the fiction which everybody affects to believe, but which is believed by nobody who is accustomed to search for the truth of things by probing human depths: it is not true that the Alsace-Lorraine question is what places France and Germany face to face with hatred in their eyes.

I have long been tormented by the desire of telling the simple, real, and undisguised truth on this subject. What makes the Germans and French implacably confront each other is the unexpected defeat of the latter and the crushing victory of the former. Alsace and Lorraine are objects of grief and pride chiefly because they are the signal and tangible testimony of the triumph of one party and the overthrow of the other. By this I do not mean that the French do not love Alsace and Lorraine. I only mean that they love them all the more because by recovering them they would at the same time restore their prestige. Nor do I mean that the Germans do not set great store on them, seeing that by keeping them they remain at the same time victors holding the front rank. Thus Alsace and Lorraine, dear to the one, precious to the other, are for both, above all things, the symbol of defeat and the symbol of victory. Their restitution pure and simple would not suffice those who have lost them. It would not efface the bitterness of the vanquished or the pride of the victor; it would leave untouched, despite protocols and treaties, the irremediable antagonism which separates the two nations; and this feeling is such, I venture to affirm at the risk of appearing paradoxical, that, if this were not an absurd hypothesis, the French would be more easily resigned to leaving the Germans Alsace and Lorraine after openly defeating them, just as the Germans would suffer less from a surrender of these two provinces after winning a fresh victory over the French. For if at this moment France is anxious to prove that it was the empire much more than herself which was vanquished, Germany, if the case arose, would like to demonstrate that it was France herself which she vanquished in overthrowing the empire. The conclusion to be drawn from this is that the question remains intact between France and Germany, that no compromise can settle it, and that when the time comes, the battlefield, the fate of arms, can alone decide afresh the antagonism of centuries which separates the Gaulish from the Germanic race.

Till 1870 France held the supreme control of the peace of the world. No sword could be unsheathed in Europe without her consent. Napoleon III. was the great arbiter. A frown from him darkened the horizon. The day after he expressed regret to Baron Hubner at not being in accord with Austria, the stock exchanges were in a panic, and Austria and Prussia concluded a hasty peace before the master had time to show dissatisfaction. Since the war of 1870 this rôle has ceased to belong to France. Germany has usurped it, and her claim to it is what has revolted the Czar, who remains alone, striving by his deliberate isolation to neutralize the unwelcome supremacy of Germany, allowing France to render him apparent homage in order to emphasize his attitude, but really knowing himself to be doomed to immobility as long as he remains outside the allied empires. We may rest assured that what weighs upon the heart of France is the inversion of authority, the lost place in the front rank of Europe, her supremacy questioned, the victor for twenty years regulating the march of events, the settlement of which till then belonged without dispute to the supreme will of France. This is what she cannot bear. Those who dream of settling the Franco-German question by a compromise must, alas! resign themselves to this. Never will this question be settled in the pure and Christian atmosphere of peace. If Germany now agreed to restore Alsace and Lorraine to France in return for a pledge of everlasting peace, France would agree to such an arrangement with the greatest repugnance, and would avert her eyes forever from the mocking deliverer who at such a price bade her sheathe her sword. She has not, however, to dread any such mortification, for Germany would fly to arms a hundred times sooner than lose her conquered prey; and notwithstanding her past victory, she, too, dreams of confirming it afresh. No, peace is not concluded between the two nations. No, the era of combats between them is not over, and the sword is what must again and again decide, until the unknown time when a new morality shall govern the world, and when the God of peace shall be universally acknowledged.

II.

Judging things thus, it would seem that war should break out between the two nations to-day, to-morrow, or very soon. Not so, however. Entire generations will doubtless pass away without the inevitable combat arising, without the two nations coming to blows, and stupendous armaments will crush them for a long time to come without their being delivered from them by fresh agreements resulting from fresh combats. I will endeavor to explain this apparent anomaly, and to show through what internal causes the collision contemplated on both sides will be long in happening.

III.

If I had to depict figuratively in a manner that would be striking to the eye the present state of parties in France, I should draw a large circle in which would be represented five lions. France is prostrate in the middle of the circle. The largest of the lions—the present republic, moderate, reassuring, but yet uneasy—extends her two immense paws over the body of France. This lion has its head erect, its eye wide open and anxious; it dares not lower its head to devour its prey for fear of seeing the others rush upon it to dispute its booty. On the left, its right paw almost touching France, is the radical lion. The aspect of this lion is less reassuring. It has already drawn near enough to touch the body of France, but has not yet ventured to place its paw on the coveted prey. It prevents the republican lion from setting its teeth into the flesh. It is waiting and watching. At the first sleep of the republican lion it will with a bound seize on the booty, ready to show its teeth and to drive off the present republic. The lion of anarchy of all shades, from radicalism to socialism, to permanent revolution, to confiscation, to political murder, to spoliation, to the complete ruin of the country, is watching behind the radical lion for a moment of weakness in order to seize on France and inflict on it a mortal wound. Facing it, the patient and resigned lion of monarchy looks on from a distance, watching without ardor or conviction, lying in ambush without hope. Hungrier and yet further off is the lion of the empire, lean and famished, awaiting the moment when France, abandoned and unresisting, will roll towards it, having no longer the strength to snatch herself from its grasp, the inert prey of whoever is ready to seize on it. Yet in reality, de-

spite the metaphor of the five lions, there are, besides the moderate republican party in power, only two parties aspiring to office—the monarchy and the empire. The radical party would maintain the effigy of the republic, but would compromise its existence by disturbing security, alarming interests, provoking and strengthening the reaction, and giving the levelling socialist party, the anarchist party, and the permanent revolutionary party a force and an audacity which would throw the immense majority of the nation into the arms of reaction. The republic cannot last and take root except by remaining for some generations reassuring as well as progressist. Any violent policy would destroy it, and thus, under the radical ministry of M. Floquet, the Boulangists, composed of all the scum of other parties, having no programme but the satisfaction of famished appetites, all but seized upon France, with a charlatan's *panache* as a flag, and with 10,000,000 francs as an army of conquest. When the Boulangist party fell to pieces its staff became amalgamated with the dregs of the anarchists and Bonapartists. Those monarchists who had joined it have returned to monarchy, though too discredited to cut any figure, despite their efforts to efface the recollection of the bad company with which they have mixed.

But at this moment France almost ignores the old parties. She pays any attention only to the republican party under its various forms. Such is her indifference for the old parties, royalist or Bonapartist, that the death of Prince Napoleon, the head of the Bonapartist party, and the accession of his son, who is styled Prince Victor, did not for an instant rouse her from her distraction, and that the Comte de Paris appointed the Comte d'Haussonville in the place of M. Bocher as leader of the royalist party in France without anybody—I venture to say anybody—taking the slightest notice of this important change. Yet such are the unconscious roots of the last two dynasties still vegetating in the French heart, such is the implacable attitude of these two parties, that the republic, which is obeyed, which is voted for, to which taxes are paid without resistance, which has existed in name for twenty-one years and in fact for more than twelve, is not regarded by the immense majority of the nation as the definitive government of France, and that nobody, or almost nobody, in France and in Europe would be much surprised if through some radical event the republican ensign were superseded by another. This arises first of all because the French nation is still ignorant of the practice of true liberty, because there always exist here oppressors and oppressed, because France oscillates from license to equality —the measured rhythm of real practical liberty disappearing in the violence of these two great social tides, license which insults and equality which abases. It also arises from the intolerance of those in power, who prefer repressing their adversaries to winning them over, and who render implacable those they condemn to remain outside the party governing and enjoying. The result is that the present republic, not enlisting its new adherents among the conservative parties, is forced to enlist them among the radicals, thus fatally alienating the reassuring elements, and that, more and more execrated and attacked by these reassuring elements in the country, it remains, despite its age and rule, encamped, as it were, in the midst of France and Europe.

The consequence of this situation is one which nobody yet ventures to anticipate or to proclaim, yet which is indisputable, and which makes the republic not unwelcome in the thoroughly monarchical Europe surrounding it. The republic in its present state cannot make war without risking its existence, because if beaten it would be overwhelmed and borne away by anarchy, whereas if victorious it would be carried off by the wave of Cæsarism which would install the triumphant general. Those in power are well aware of this, and in the foreign offices of Europe the republic is regarded as pacific because it cannot be warlike without risk to itself.

Imagine the French Republic raising armies and directing them against the enemy! The spirit of the reaction whispers to the soldier that the unanimous cry of "Vive la République!" cannot inspire the sacred fever of enthusiasm. It whispers that the soldier offering his breast to cannon shot will not shed his blood to the cry of "Vive Carnot!" or "Vive Ribot!" or "Vive Freycinet!" or "Vive Floquet!" and I appeal to all living here to say whether any of these cries can rouse a French army. But I shall be told the cry will be "Vive la France!" This is

possible, but in the mouths of those uttering it this cry would now be a protest against the republic, and would show this fiction to be insufficient to inspire the soldier's heart with heroism. But let us assume that this cry of "Vive la France!" or even "Vive la République!" is raised, and that fortune again turns away from the arms of France, can we not conceive the confused clamor that would result—that same clamor which on the 4th September, 1870, overturned the Second Empire? Where are the men who will be able to stem the tide raised by the antagonists of above and of below who make the present republic an accident, a pause, a stop-gap? Where is the personage who will emerge from the anonymous flood, stop the mob, and save the republic? Nothing will be able to save it, and generations must pass before a revolution issuing from defeat can be stopped by its abstract flag. But if, on the contrary, a victor, a Gallifet, a Saussier, a Lewal, a Lassalle, a Miribel, brings back recovered glory, and re-enters this capital in a frenzy of triumph? Ah! then in vain will he resist, in vain will he declare himself the simple and loyal servant of the republic alone: his army, scorning the civil power, will have already acclaimed him, and the excited mob, seeing before it merely magistrates without prestige or glory, will, against his will and against its own, greet him as Cæsar and make him Emperor. If, however, in view of the intoxication produced by his glory, the defenders of the republic try to stop the victorious general in the midst of his career; if, feeling the danger that menaces them, they supersede him in the command of the army before the campaign is over; if, to muzzle the mob acclaiming him at a distance and awaiting his return to acclaim his entry into the capital, one of those clumsy and pernicious measures is taken which encourage aggressions by betraying the terror of its authors; if the state of siege is proclaimed to celebrate the victory; if the triumphant army is stopped before entering Paris; if peace is surreptitiously signed before the victor has entirely accomplished his glorious task; if the army and the capital are cheated of a triumphal entry—if, in short, anxiety for the republican form of government is seen to override national pride, those venturing to protect their power at the price of such a device, abandoned by the irritated army, assailed by the disappointed population, would collapse still more violently than if they had openly grasped the laurels of the victory, and had openly immolated the triumphant army to the restless jealousy of the civil power. Not to take into account that at such times party hatred is aroused, more furious and bitter than ever, and that famished competitors amid the excited mob fan the breeze of revolution, and endeavor to overturn what exists, subject to assaulting what will succeed it. Let me not be told that I am calumniating, and that in hours of defeat or hours of victory the patriotism of all Frenchmen would think solely of mingling their sorrow or their joy. The 4th of September, 1870, is there to prove the contrary. On that day the Emperor, who, already doomed, had been hoisted on his battle-horse, suffering from the malady that was destined to carry him off, before suffering from the still more terrible malady of defeat—on that day the Emperor was vanquished; his son was away learning the trade of a soldier; his wife, intrusted to the nation, was watching and weeping at the Tuileries. Everything dictated the continuance of the conflict under the flag of the empire, subject to settling accounts afterwards. To meet the emergency it was necessary to go on without losing an hour. With the cry, "The Emperor is a prisoner, let us deliver the Emperor," the country might have been roused, rallied round the Prince and his mother, and the chivalrous traditions of France, shrinking from no ransom to deliver her chiefs, might have been revived. This was not done. The coalesced adversaries of the empire, those whom defeat rallied to them, combined in a single party, and among the national guards who invaded the Corps Législatif, the Tuileries, the Hôtel de Ville, and who proclaimed the republic, the Government of National Defence—some other government, in short—on the ruins of the empire overthrown in the midst of war, were seen the Duc Decazes and the Duc d'Audiffret Pasquier as National Gardes, taking part in this bacchanalia of the opposition which was profiting by the defeat of France to organize the victory of the parties hostile to the empire. It must also be noted that the empire had this immense advantage over the republic, that it could not collapse except by defeat, for if victorious the Emperor himself would have entered

triumphantly and renewed a long lease between France and the empire, whereas the republic as it now exists succumbs, I repeat, to victory as to defeat. Hence it is not the republic which at this moment can declare war, unless, the honor of France being affronted, it is forced into combat, the entire nation being roused at one bound, without the republic having either the will or the power to thwart this national fervor.

IV.

When I lay down these two conclusions, that what France wants is to defeat Germany even more than to recover the lost provinces, and that the republic cannot declare war without imperilling its very existence, I state truths which have not been uttered, which may perhaps have been thought without the thinkers having the courage to speak them, and which I proclaim because every publicist ought to open the hand which contains a truth, or what he believes to be a truth. These truths may, as usual, be met by insult, but not by argument. This prospect does not disturb or stop me. I do not fear insult, for I despise that popularity which is gained only by the sacrifice of independence, and which condemns a man to flatter the multitude instead of enlightening it. Hence, I repeat, logically speaking, France, without ever abandoning the dream, will still wait a long time for the moment of restoring her military prestige and regaining her rank among the nations. This is enough to enable us, calling reason to our aid, to anticipate a long period of peace. It will be objected that only a few months ago the Emperor of Germany ordered preparations for the mobilization of six army corps, that the officers, note-book in hand, posted themselves at the railway stations, that the order of the trains was settled, that the soldiers were ready in the barracks or ordered not to leave home, and that at the slightest insult to the Empress Victoria the army was going to cross the frontier. To this I reply that mad actions on both sides baffle all logic, and that no human force can stop the ravages of a cyclone. But the proof that neither side wanted war is that the Empress was not allowed to be insulted, and was not insulted, that the preparations of Germany remained unknown, and that the Emperor William was and is still angry with his mother for having remained ten days in Paris, whereas she should have staid there only three days. The first three days, indeed, did good. It was only after this that Russian agents incited the Boulangist element, and that the campaign commenced which might at the same time have brought a German army on the east and an English fleet, as the Germans believed, before Calais; for this mother of the German Emperor was also the daughter of the Empress of India. When the campaign against the Empress Victoria at Paris began, a Russian said to me, "You must understand that if France draws near to Germany, Russia has no longer any mission here." When, some days later, I asked the Russian what his government would have done if war had broken out, he replied, "We should in any case have waited, for we could not have sided with those who had insulted a woman." Thus, despite the hand of Russia in the affair, despite the hysterical incitements of the Boulangists, whose sorry leader repaired to Brussels, and who descried I know not what sudden return of fortune in the breaking out of a combat, despite the morbid aggressions of certain journals, despite the juvenile fits of passion of an Emperor who felt that he himself was really aimed at in the attacks directed against his mother, war did not break out, and the twenty *gamins* who might have aroused it remained invisible, while the Empress openly drove from the German Embassy to the Gare du Nord.

The reason is that Germany, who looks forward to war as inevitable, does not want it at this moment any more than France does. The reason is that war would now take nobody by surprise, and that an Emperor, generalissimo of his army, would not again be seen inditing that famous despatch which explains and almost justifies all defeats: "*Nous avons été surpris en pleine formation. L'ennemi avait aussi des mitrailleuses.*" No, at this moment nobody would be taken by surprise while collecting troops together; neither side would have weapons of the existence of which the adversary was ignorant. Millions of men are ready to attack at the first signal. The weapons are furbished, the arsenals are full; it is nation rushing against nation; it is the supreme contest to decide whether Teuton or Frank shall henceforth govern Europe, and until one of the two has placed his knee on the breast of the other the combat will not

stop. Internal affairs will be settled afterwards. Here, the victorious general will be proclaimed Emperor; there, colossal statues will be raised to the living Emperor. Either, vanquished here, the general will disappear in the ruins of the republic, or, vanquished there, the Rhine will at last become a conquered frontier, the empire will crumble into hostile fragments, and the Emperor of yesterday will sink into nothingness in the dry sandy subsoil of Brandenburg. This is the second part of the bloody drama. The first is the combat itself, immense, terrifying, and so formidable that, as France, thirsty for revenge, does not embark in it, why should the young Emperor do so? Why, by what right, should he risk his inheritance on the throw of a die? How could he bid that nation to which those preceding him have bequeathed conquered provinces, stupendous ransoms, signal victories, a reconstituted empire, the greatest power which Germany has reached since Charlemagne—how could he bid it resume the conflict merely in order to add personal glory to the glory which he has inherited? That he should be ready for the combat is conceivable, that he should accept or submit to it is comprehensible, but that he should provoke it—he who boasts conquests and victories—would be simple madness, whatever his ambition for confirming the victories of others by a decisive victory won by himself. "When what we have gained has been gained," Prince Bismarck said to me, "it is not to be risked on a single card, and on the eve of a battle nobody can predict who will be the victor." Some, it is true, insist on regarding this young German Emperor, who has dismissed Prince Bismarck, and has not shrunk from what they call a "sacrilegious audacity," as a madman, a man of sudden resolutions, in whose eyes his own will is a supreme law. This is a mistake, and I shall show one of these days that William II., in dismissing the Chancellor, merely followed the advice, and indeed almost the orders, of William I., and that in this harshly provoked fall of Bismarck his filial piety acted in concert with his state reasons as much as with his desires. Italy, who under Crispi might have wished not to attack France, but to be attacked by her, must have of late changed inclinations or dreams.

Neither Germany nor Austria has just now anything to gain by war, and if Italy alone could regard it as beneficial for her on condition of its being general, neither her treaties nor the temper of her allies warrant the supposition that Germany and Austria would take up arms with a view to serving her. An incident lately happened which seems to have opened many French eyes, though strangely late in the day. A revelation made in the name of the late Prince Napoleon notified France that England, without having signed any treaty, would not allow Italy to be attacked in her Mediterranean possessions. This produced a kind of stupefaction in France. Yet a glance at the map of the Mediterranean basin is enough to show that England, forced to sail round France and Spain to pass the narrow passage of Gibraltar and reach her true, great, and essential highway to India, cannot allow the coasts of the Mediterranean to undergo a change, the consequences of which would be incalculable. But France forgets that in this state of the question England could not, on the other hand, allow the Italians to seize on Tripoli, and thus extend their power to the coast nearest Egypt, and that consequently if Italy were the aggressor, England, despite her present friendship, would immobilize the Italian fleet, just as in the contrary case she would impose immobility on the French fleet. As the triple alliance stands, therefore, the assailed party alone being able to call for help, and England, watchful but unfettered, maintaining immobility at sea, Italy, the only power to which an early but general war could bring advantages, remains *nolens volens* pacific, and not being attacked, cannot originate the conflict. Against whom could Austria stir up war, unless against Russia? And why should she make war against Russia, seeing that in that case her two allies would confine themselves to immobilizing France? But the latter, if she attacked, would be one against three; and if in this situation she did not venture to attack, she would leave Austria single-handed against Russia for a combat the aim of which cannot be explained or guessed. If, on the contrary, it is Russia who attacks, the situation is the same in the West, but is quite different in the East, where, with trivial exceptions, the entire Balkans, from the Bosporus to the Danube, from the Adriatic to the Black Sea, would rise at the cry of alarm of attacked Austria to struggle desperately against

the descent of the Muscovite yoke on all eastern Europe. It is clear, therefore, that if France, who by her recent defeats, by her lost provinces, and especially—yes, especially—by her dimmed glory and impaired prestige, feels an irresistible thirst for war, inasmuch as she naturally counts on victory—if France, as I say and as I demonstrate, sees fit to put off that war, nobody at this moment can, will, or ought to provoke it. France has not to fear an internal revolution. The republic, although still combated and hated, is nevertheless established, apart from the eventuality of war already spoken of, and will last so long as it remains reassuring. Even if by unexpected chance the elections returned a conservative majority, that majority would not be homogeneous enough to venture to seek to overthrow the republic. It would at most recall the princes, which would be the best way of making their accession impossible, for their exasperated action would be turned against each other, royalists and Bonapartists fighting more bitterly than they now fight against the republic. But this contingency is not to be counted upon. Successive generations have less and less aversion for the republic.

The Comte de Paris has tarnished the flag of royalty by dipping its folds in the gutter of Boulangism, and Prince Victor has entered political life by a door which does not mark great vocations nor lead to great destinies. A few more generations and the republic, with its healthy oscillations, with its changes, which are sometimes disquieting, but which are ultimately rectified by popular common-sense, will have become the nation itself. Everybody will take his share in it—his share of burdens, glory, and benefits—and the memory of monarchical rivalries, relegated to a few isolated and obstinate hearts, will be drowned in the current of a republic which will have become national. At that moment defeat in case of war will be the defeat of the nation, and victory will be the victory of entire France. The general leading troops to battle will fall alone if vanquished; and if on the path of ambition he dreamed of some return to Cæsarism on bringing back victory, he would find the entire nation attached to the symbol of republican liberty. If at that moment France, as may be supposed, having till then remained at peace, wished again to bring down German pride, and resume her former place, the considerations now holding the republic back would no longer exist. Other causes would have to intervene to prevent her from recommencing the war of which she now dreams, and of which no doubt she will dream later on, and, I venture to say, always.

V.

Judging by the foregoing papers, Europe would appear to be enjoying the prospect of an indefinite period of peace, and the enormous armaments in which it is indulging would therefore seem to be acts of prodigality and madness. This is a mistake. Despite all that I have said, despite all the logic and truth there may be in what precedes, there is an inevitable and fatal event which may happen to-day, to-morrow, in ten years, or even later—nobody knows—and which at once imperiously, without there being any possibility of staving off or preventing it, will let loose war over the entire surface of Europe, and place the sword in the hand of all the great Continental powers. I have frequently for two years endeavored to ascertain whether European diplomacy thinks of this event, whether it is weighing the imperative consequences, whether it is preparing for it. I have been stupefied at seeing that among those who ought to scan the future not one has fixed a steady eye on the mysterious horizon that conceals the thunderclap which must one day awake and startle Europe; and when, seeing them absorbed in their present task, I have pointed out to some of them the eventualities which will then arise, I have seen them shudder and draw back as if terrified from the problem which forced itself on their meditation, and which seems to me to have no other issue than war—war from one end of Europe to the other.

This unavoidable eventuality has not been long in existence. It sprung suddenly into being, with all its tragical consequences, from the Meyerling drama. It was originated by the revolver which put an end to the life of the Crown Prince Rudolf, and left the Emperor Francis Joseph without direct heir. The catastrophe I speak of, which will cause an inevitable, fatal, and general war, is the death of Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria-Hungary. Since the death of his only son my mind has been haunted by

the consequences of that suicide. I have asked myself whether that unfortunate Prince, at the moment he rushed into eternity, descried the impenetrable gulf which he opened under his feet, whether he saw the terrible collapse to which he was exposing the Hapsburg family, which would thenceforth drift in the mortal uncertainties of indirect, disputed, unpopular successions. I have inquired and scrutinized and made every endeavor to acquire a thorough knowledge of those who are destined to the succession of Francis Joseph, and I have recoiled with terror in proportion as I have got to know those whose task it will be to prevent the crumbling to pieces of that factitious and heterogeneous combination styled the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Twenty-five years ago, when Austria was excluded from Germany by the Treaty of Prague, and was left to its own resources, without colonies, without conquests to make, without any possible expansion but that factitious and impracticable impulse styled "der Drang nach dem Osten," a single duty was incumbent on it in order to save its future, viz., to unify, to coagulate, to dovetail, so to speak, and to stifle all the "particularist" or provincial agitation by which it was divided. The romantic genius of Count Beust did just the contrary. By creating the Austro-Hungarian dualism, which he made his boast, he prepared and planned the future falling to pieces of the Austrian Empire. Particularism now reigns everywhere, antagonism is ripe on all sides, and the only prop which keeps up the artificial unity of the empire is Francis Joseph. When he disappears, his successor must be adored like a god—nay, he must be a god indeed—if he is to save this empire, dislocated by the Emperor's death, from wiping itself out from the list of empires.

When I have conversed with intelligent Austrians on their country's destinies, I have often heard them say, "Yes, neither Francis of Este, the presumptive heir, nor his brother Otho should or can reign; but the Emperor Francis Joseph is only sixty-one; he is still robust, and may live a long time." "The Emperor Francis Joseph is only sixty-one; he is robust, and may live a long time"—nothing gives a gloomier idea of the hopelessness of those anxious for the future of Austria-Hungary than this phrase. They reckon on the longevity of Francis Joseph, who, it is stupefying to think, still lives. History furnishes strange surprises of this kind, and offers comparisons which thrill whoever studies it, but which the unthinking multitude pass by without suspecting their existence. At this moment two historical and royal personages who are crossing the stage of the world seem to be stamped by the fatality of the ancients. They are like two evocations of Æschylus or Euripides. They suggest Œdipus and Jocasta. One is the Emperor Francis Joseph; the other, the Empress Eugénie. On both a crushing fatality seems to rest.

One, mounted on the throne, saw herself precipitated from it in the midst of its greatest lustre. Struck to the heart by those mortal blows, Reichshofen, Spicheren, Sedan, she saw her husband led away a prisoner after having surrendered his army to the victor; she saw her palace invaded by the threatening mob; and deserted by the flood of courtiers, she was accompanied to her exile only by that American citizen, by that Thomas W. Evans, who alone was faithful in misfortune. She saw her husband, prostrated by pain and adversity, die inglorious in that exile; and finally her son, her only son, on whose head centred all her pride, all her hope, perished in a barbarous and lonesome land, far from Europe, far from all that could cast a last ray on his premature grave. And yet she lives, she goes about, she talks, she revisits Paris, she goes to see its monuments, she even enters that Palace of Industry which she inaugurated, and which even years ago was looked upon as a Babylonian dream, and she passes, an incarnation of fatality, under the astonished eyes of the people who gaze upon her. The other is Francis Joseph. He ascended the throne amid the noise and trepidation of a fearful storm. He successively received at the heart those triple poniard thrusts Magenta, Solferino, Sadowa. He signed, howling with rage, that Treaty of Prague which snatched from his brow the German imperial crown; then, amid the gloomy solitude which made his domestic hearth a desert, he learned the mysterious catastrophe which deprived him of his only son, the heir of his crown, the only future and the supreme hope of the empire.

The mind can scarcely conceive how human hearts thus struck can still beat in human breasts, yet it is on Francis Joseph and on his longevity that the Aus-

trians reckon to insure their to-morrow! This shows the degree to which the heirs who are waiting at the foot of his throne already alarm and trouble them. And indeed never were fears more reasonable, and never did anxiety seem more justified. Francis Joseph has a brother, Charles Louis, who is the father of Francis Ferdinand Charles Louis Mary of Este, now considered presumptive heir of the Austro-Hungarian throne. Francis Ferdinand is twenty-eight years of age. He is unmarried. He is not known to have any friend of either sex. He is almost always seen alone. He has the long wan face of the Hapsburgs, sheepish, and without character; a leaden eye, a thin and expressionless mouth, a slow and tired gait. His physiognomy is at once timid, sly, and malicious. He hunts, he rides, he drives a four-in-hand, and that is about all he does. He is one of the most ignorant princes of the day. He can scarcely write even German; he writes meagre and worse than ordinary French; he has never been able to speak a word of English; and he is ignorant of all the various languages spoken on the soil of Austria. At eighteen, when he was emancipated, and when his professors bade him adieu, he burnt all his books, vowing that he would never touch another book in all his life, and he has so far kept his word. While in garrison at Linz one day, after a hearty lunch, he galloped across the fields, followed by a few officers who had been his guests. On the way he met a coffin carried by four peasants. He ordered it to be set on the ground, and made his horse leap over it, indulging in this horrible steeple-chase in the presence of the bereaved family. The Bishop of Linz was angry, and went to complain to the Emperor. The latter sent for his nephew, struck him, and fined him two thousand florins for the benefit of the outraged family, and the same sum for the church, and banished him from court for twelve months. He was then eighteen. His brother Otho, who is younger than Ferdinand, but already married, is even worse. He too, following the example of his elder brother, burnt his books at eighteen, vowing not to touch them again, and he too has kept his word. Of Otho this story is told: After a dinner, followed by the officers of his regiment, he wanted to enter the room where his wife was in bed to have tea made there. The commandant of the town objected to this unmannerly invasion. Otho complained. The Emperor approved the general. Thereupon Otho seized a dish of spinach and poured it over the bust of the Emperor which was in his dining-room. Summoned before the Emperor, he received the same treatment as his brother—the Emperor struck him, and banished him from court.

Such are the two brothers the elder of whom is to ascend the throne of the Hapsburgs, while the younger stands next in succession. I will not dwell on the anecdotes just related, notwithstanding their perfect accuracy. The Archduke Charles Louis, the father of these princes, has had three wives. He had no children by the first. By the second, Maria Annonciata, Bourbon of the Two Sicilies, he had three sons, Francis Ferdinand and Otho, already spoken of, and Ferdinand Charles, who at twenty-three is superior to the others, but has no prospect of the succession, Otho having already a son four years old. By his third marriage, with Maria Theresa, Duchess of Braganza, Charles Louis has two sons. This Maria Theresa has been anything but a good step-mother to the second wife's children. She is ambitious, and since the Crown Prince's death she dreams of the throne, and makes no secret of it. Her husband is a bigoted Russophil, two centuries behind his age, and the only maxim which he inculcated in his sons was this: "Middle-class morality does not apply to you; you need take no account of it; the only opinion which you have to study is that of your family."

Finally, it may be added, these three princes were educated by the Jesuits. In such conditions—namely, Jesuit education, paternal precepts such as the one just quoted, the harsh treatment of a step-mother, and the influence of an extremely Russophil father—were these three young men brought up and developed into princes who would make even the firmest throne totter; and yet these are the princes who will be called upon to maintain a throne which for forty years has been threatening to collapse amid a general break-up of the empire. I will not be so cruel as to dwell on the alarming inaptitude of these eventual successors to the Hapsburg throne; I simply point out the strange fatality which places a revolver in the hands of Ru-

dolf, and names as successor Francis Ferdinand of Este or his brother Otho. Attempts have been made recently to give Francis Ferdinand the demeanor of an heir to the crown; but his nature, refractory to all constraint, disheartens the most persevering; and the Emperor Francis Joseph, who tried to educate him politically, after a year's heroic persistency had to abandon the task. He perceives clearly enough that this young ignoramus, who eschews every lofty and serious thought, is destined to deal a deadly blow to the inheritance which may one day be his, and with resigned fatalism he contemplates the chaos which will spring from his tomb.

In the face of these nullities, antipathetic and apathetic, ignorant and retrograde, unpopular and scornful, incapable and haughty, imagine this Austro-Hungarian Empire, a mosaic of eighteen or twenty provinces, districts, kingdoms, or duchies, in which one hostile race elbows another—Magyar and Czech, Transylvanian and Carinthian, Illyrian and Tyrolian, German and Croatian—differing more widely than the poles in aspect, manners, habits, and language, and you will be able to form an idea of the outburst which will be imminent the day when Francis Joseph, the only now recognized symbol of unity, who ascended the throne at the eleventh hour of feudalism, shall have disappeared from this confusedly composed monarchy. Imagine Germany, who reckons among these motley nationalities 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 of her own people lost among these Sclav races, hostile to them, and execrated by them in return—imagine Germany, who has long been dreaming of the annexation of this fine kingdom of Premysl and Libussa, ready to open her arms to the willing arms of the Germans of upper Austria; imagine Italy, who has been demanding so long to extend her power from Venice to Triest, to turn round the Adriatic, to complete her maritime circle, and to carry it to the extreme limits of the Dalmatian coast; imagine Russia, like an immense siphon, sucking in the Sclav elements contained in Austro-Hungary, and from the banks of the Danube dreaming of carrying her dominions to the wild and broad banks of the Save, or at least of creating a Sclav kingdom of which holy Russia would be the protector and patron; above all, imagine Russia ridding herself of that Austro-Hungary which watches like a sentinel on the threshold of the Bosporus! And to resist all these strivings and yearnings of the nations, what have we? Two unknown and ignorant nullities, Francis Ferdinand and Otho.

Will any man gifted with reason venture to maintain that in circumstances such as these a cataclysm can be avoided? Is it not evident that Russia, Germany, and Italy will immediately constitute a formidable band and league for dividing among themselves the spoils of the Hapsburgs, even if they have to give a share to the Magyars and the Roumanians, and to shatter by a single grip of their immense hand the Lilliputian resistance of the Bulgarians? At that moment France and England alone will remain without covetousness, because they will have no hand in the division of the spoil. Poland will agitate in vain, and her fate will remain in suspense until the time of the definitive settlement, when France and England, united by the force of common interests and common fears, will at best be able only to mitigate the insatiable fury of the spoilers, and to reconstitute, on a basis not traced by themselves, a new Europe, in which they will have perhaps but an accessory rôle.

AN UNTOLD STORY OF THE FLORIDA WAR.

BY HARRIET PINCKNEY HUSE.

LOOKING over some old "HARPER'S" of twenty years ago the other day, and reading an article or a story now and then, as the humor took me, moreover finding a great deal to enjoy, I came across a series of papers entitled, "Along the Florida Reef." These were especially pleasant reading to one who has been familiar with that part of the world since very early childhood, and I read them all.

In one of these papers Indian Key is mentioned, and the frightful work of the Seminoles there during the Florida war. The writer then refers briefly to the murder of Dr. Perine, and says, "The family made their escape in a boat, I believe."

So they did; but just how these fugi-

tives made this 'escape in a boat' has, I am very sure, never been fully told, if told at all, to the world, and it is quite as well worth knowing, and of being "storyed" up in our annals of Indian warfare, as is any other of the marvellous escapes we elderly folk used to read about in our "Peter Parley."

For such persons as have not read "Along the Florida Reef," it may be well to give some account of what and where the island in question is.

Indian Key is one of the smallest links of the long chain of coral islands which, beginning at Cape Florida, or Key Biscayne, follows the coast, bending around the end of the peninsula, and ends with the Tortugas group; in all, a length of one hundred and fifty miles.

Some of these islands are classed together in groups, some are large, some small, some merely banks of sand just peering above the water; but large or small, in groups or alone, each has its own individuality and a name, and the old "wreckers" about Key West know every one of them. Many among them have gathered to themselves a respectable covering of soil from the various sorts of sea-drift and the wearing and washing away of the coral rock, and have become most lovely in their greenness and variety of color.

Indian Key rises some twelve or fourteen feet above the water, and at the time of my story was an earthly paradise. Everything grew with a rampant luxuriance that made a rather wild garden of the half-dozen acres of which it consists. The long waving leaves of plantains and bananas were seen everywhere, their brilliant green glistening in the perpetual sunshine; everywhere, too, there were cocoanuts to ripple in the breeze that always blew, through the day coming from the sea, and at night off the land.

For other coloring there were oleanders, lime and lemon trees, laden with blossoms, flinging out their sweetness day and night to the "heavy-winged thieves."

Add to this the perfect tone of the climate and the constant rush and rustle of the tide on the hard, white, shelly beach, coming up or going out, and you have something of the charm of this tiny isle of the Gulf. The surrounding water is of a pale green, which, some distance out, takes on a darker shade, with a tint of red, marking the line of encircling reef which separates and protects the islet from the fierce rush of the Gulf of Mexico out beyond.

Three or four families, with their negro servants, had settled on Indian Key; these made the entire population. There was no intercourse with other places, except that occasionally a trip in a little sloop or 'smack' would be made to Key West, about sixty miles distant, for supplies such as old ocean did not furnish.

Sometimes one of the little vessels belonging to the "Mosquito Fleet" would run in, wanting water perhaps, or fresh fruit, or to learn if there were any Indian news; or a pilot-boat or "wrecker" from Key West would stray in now and then; but there was never any reason to *expect* anything.

The "Mosquito Fleet" consisted of small vessels, generally schooners of light draught, fitted to run in and out of the shallow passages between the islands. They were commanded and officered exclusively by young men, and among them were the two Rodgers — since Admiral John and Admiral Raymond Rodgers — Lieutenant Herndon, and others whom the world has known since then.

To this lovely, beautiful island, set in changeful, many-hued waters, came, late in the "thirties," Dr. Perine, a broad-minded man of wide culture and a good deal of scientific attainment, filled with enthusiastic hopes for the success of an enterprise which was to result in untold benefit to the country.

He had been consul in Central America for many years, where, student as he was, he had made himself familiar with the flora of that region. The idea of introducing certain of those tropical plants, the *Agave americanus* and others, into the southern part of Florida had taken strong hold of him, and to carry this out he had obtained from Congress a large grant of land at the extreme end of the Florida peninsula. Here was his plantation; his dwelling was fixed on Indian Key, the journeys to and fro being made by sail-boat.

To his tropical plants Dr. Perine added *Morus multicaulus* trees, as he was a firm believer in silk-worm culture as a future industry in the South. There are always people to sit in the seats of the scorners, and so there were some in Key West who shrugged their shoulders and smiled at Dr. Perine's "visionary projects," and called him "Dr. Morus Multicaulus."

But at one house he met with ready sympathy. My father, himself a physician, could meet the doctor on his own ground, and although a child at the time, I well remember what interesting talks were held at the table, when, on his occasional visits to Key West, Dr. Perine would dine with us, for he was always a welcome and an honored guest at our house.

The Florida war was carried on very much as the Indian conflicts are now. There were long intervals of peace, when the Seminole chiefs would make friends with families and individuals, and the settlers would be led to trust in a permanent peace; then would follow an outbreak of savagery, and all the horrors of slaying, scalping, burning, and the rest of it would come upon every white man, woman, and child within reach.

The coming of the Perines was during one of these peace times. The Indians were keeping very much within the Everglades, although on some of his visits to his plantation Dr. Perine had met several of the chiefs, and had become quite friendly with them in his *métier* as physician; he also rendered them good service on occasion, so they knew and respected him as a "medicine-man."

An Indian or two would now and then stray over to the island in a canoe, but no one ever feared their coming as a "hostile force" at all.

The Perine family consisted of the doctor and Mrs. Perine, two young daughters, and a son—a lad of twelve or fourteen years.

Like many of the houses of those islands, the Perine house was built out over the water, on stout piles driven deep into the sand, and was approached by a bridge or causeway, in which now and then there would be a sort of break or cut-off of a few inches. By this means entire freedom is secured from all the troublesome vermin one encounters in those warm countries.

This mode of building also gives the luxury of a large bathing-house under the whole house, which is reached by a trap-door and a flight of steps into the water. The whole space is protected against the invasion of fish of any size by a sort of stockade made of poles or posts very much slighter than the heavy piles on which the house rests. Adjoining this, but quite outside the house, and separated from it by one side of the stockade, was a similar enclosure used as a turtle-kraal, a sort of preserve for turtle and fish, which in those islands was then as necessary as a poultry-yard or a pigpen; in these later days "markets" have probably crept in with advanced civilization. The kraal was also useful as a wharf at times, and was covered with a flooring of thick plank laid on strong beams.

"It is the unexpected that happens," and so, at last, one midnight, as Dr. Perine was watching by the bed of a daughter who was ill, through the perfect stillness came the Seminole war-whoop, like the yelling of ten thousand demons—as it was!

Realizing in a moment the situation, Dr. Perine instantly extinguished the light, roused the other members of the family—who had gone to bed—and hurried them all to the bath-house. Refusing all their entreaties that he would remain with them, he left them, saying that "the chiefs would never harm a 'medicine-man,' and that he must talk to them, and try to stop the fiend's work they were after."

As he left them and closed the trap, they heard him throw a heavy sail over it. Then he went to the platform on the top of the house, and spoke to the Indians in Spanish. For a few moments they listened quietly, and the trembling women were somewhat reassured; but then a shot, the war-whoop, the doctor's voice ceased, and they knew what had happened.

Then the house was easily entered, and they heard the rush to the roof to secure the cruel trophy; then the eager search through the house for the other victims, and the cries of anger and disappointment when none were found.

They heard stealthy steps above their heads, and then the sail was pulled away, the trap-door was lifted, and an Indian peered down into the bath-house. In the dim moonlight the four figures cowering together in a far corner escaped him, and he closed the trap-door and went away. Then the house was set on fire and the place became unsafe, so the young lad and his sister succeeded in removing one of the stakes from the side of the turtle-kraal, and almost carrying the sick girl, they succeeded in passing through into the kraal.

Some of the chiefs came and sat upon the planks above their heads, and talked about the absence of "the white women," while they hardly dared to breathe, knowing how slight a movement might betray

them, that even a quicker ripple of the water would be detected by Indian ears.

The two or three hours that passed thus were like days of agony to those women. They heard every shriek of terror and despair, every cry for mercy to those who never spared, the roar of the flames, the yells of the savages. All these horrors made them nearly insensible to their own personal sufferings until at last the wharf over their heads began to burn. The heat soon became intolerable. They covered their heads with marl, digging it from the bottom with their hands, and went out to the extreme end of the kraal, where they stood, nearly up to their necks, in the water.

This suffering soon became insupportable, and young Perine declared that he would "rather be killed outright by the Indians," so breaking out one of the stakes of the kraal, he tore himself from the grasp of mother and sisters, and went forth and stood upon the beach just as the day began to shine over the sea. The savages, busy with their work of plundering and slaying, did not see the young lad. After a moment or two he pulled himself together, and glancing around, saw close by him, partly in the water, a boat with the oars in the bottom.

Quick as thought, with all his wits about him, he shoved it into the water, and quietly and quickly dragged it around to the end of the little wharf, where it would be out of the sight of the Indians. To break out a stake for the three ladies to get through the opening was the work of but a few moments, and then the little canoe was speeding away over the water —where?

They were out some little distance before they were discovered. Then there were fierce yells of fury, shots were fired at them, while some of the Indians hurried to get out a canoe to pursue them.

Fortunately this required a little time, as the canoes were all beached over on the other side of the island. Meanwhile the young lad and his sister—as though filled with a strange confidence, or a something that drove them or led them onward, for there was literally nowhere to go—there was, to all appearance, no help anywhere—rowed with a strength in their young arms that afterward seemed to them miraculous. The little boat sped on, fleeing from horrors infinitely worse than death—sped on out into the wide beautiful bay, out toward the open sea, with now a large canoe in pursuit, driven swiftly forward by the powerful strokes of six or eight brawny savages intent upon adding four victims more to their account of ruthless deeds. How can these two children hope to escape them?

Still instinctively they do their utmost. Suddenly in the distance, rounding the point of the island, a vessel comes in sight, flying the United States flag at her peak. The boy tore off his shirt, bound it to the oar, and waved it as high as he could reach in the air.

By God's great mercy it was instantly seen. The vessel bore down directly toward them. A gun was fired, and in a very few moments the fugitives were on board the United States schooner *Otsego*, Lieutenant-commanding, Francis Key Murray.

The family of Dr. Perine came North immediately, and the present chronicler has heard this story of infinite peril and miraculous deliverance told with vivid picturing by one of the actors in this life drama.

After this the "Indian business" was most vigorously prosecuted by the combined forces of army and navy. "Billy Bowlegs" and several of the other chiefs were captured, and, a good deal broken by this, the larger portion of the tribes consented to go West to the reservation.

Old Micanopy, however, refused to go West, and with a small remnant of the tribe he withdrew into the "Okeechobee."

The Okeechobee is a large swamp which forms the northern end of the Everglades, and here these Indians live on some of the islands, hidden away in the far recesses of this great mystery. Old Micanopy died years ago, and was succeeded by his son or grandson, Young Tiger-tail.

Now and again some Indian woman appears in some village street, sells her few simple wares, and vanishes as quickly as she came; or an Indian hunter comes to sell his deer or wild-fowl. Hunters following their game just within the borders of the "grass water" have seen smoke rising above the tops of the tall oaks and palmettoes far within; but the Florida Everglades keep the secret of their children well, and though estimates are frequently made, none know how many, with any certainty, or how few may be left of the tribe of "Osceola of the Sweet Voice."

CHINESE SECRET SOCIETIES.

BY FREDERICK BOYLE.

THIS subject is not only curious; from day to day it may become most gravely pressing. The secret societies of China are innumerable; and although the very great majority have no concern with public affairs, since most of them are persecuted, not one, perhaps, is friendly to the government. But the great leagues are furiously hostile. Expulsion of the Tartar, and, as we should say, China for the Chinese, are their passwords and mottoes. They work without ceasing to overthrow the dynasty; every year they raise revolts, and at intervals they break out in a grand rebellion. Schlegel satisfied himself that the Taiping movement was the work of the T'ien-Ti-Hwey, and no man has such authority to pronounce. It is certain, at least, that the troubles which began that tremendous outbreak in 1849 were directed by Hung-siu-Tsuien, a Grand Master of the T'ien-Ti. Wherever Chinamen dwell they have their secret societies, affiliated to the parent Hwey, and the professed object always is to overthrow the imperial line. It may be doubted whether the emigrants of San Francisco or Melbourne trouble themselves about home politics, but a percentage of their subscriptions is transmitted to the mother lodge. In brief, those acquainted with the state of things would feel no surprise if to-morrow's newspaper announced a revolution in China.

First of these societies in every point of view is the T'ien-Ti-Hwey—I adopt the spelling now approved by Chinese scholars. Dr. Milne drew attention to it so far back as 1825. His book *Some Account of a Secret Society in China* attracted the notice of Gustav Schlegel, interpreter to the government of Netherlands India; also of Dr. Joseph Schauburg, a learned and enthusiastic Freemason of Zurich. I shall have no room to dwell upon the striking resemblance of the usages and ritual of the T'ien-Ti to those of Freemasonry, and I cite Dr. Schauburg's name only to put inquirers on the track. Schlegel's personal investigations were started by a lucky chance. A Chinaman dwelling at Padang, in Sumatra, was suspected of theft, and the police searched his house. They found there a quantity of books and papers showing that a lodge of the T'ien-Ti was established at Padang, with two hundred members. Schlegel obtained these documents; and all other evidence, past and future, bearing on the subject was placed at his disposal by the government. Upon these he published his famous work *The Thian-Ti Hwey, or Hung League*, in 1866; but he obtained no assistance whatever from Chinamen. "I could not find one among them," he says, "to confirm or deny any single article of my discoveries." At a later date, however, Mr. W. A. Pickering, Protector of Chinese and Registrar of Secret Societies in Singapore, won such confidence among the leaders of the Hung there, that they allowed him even to attend their meetings. But he does not flatter himself with the notion that the rites performed in his presence were those that would have been held under other circumstances.

The T'ien-Ti, or Hung League, claims an immemorial antiquity. "Since the foundations of the earth were laid," says its catechism, "we bear the name of Hung." Again, "Yin and Yang, Heaven and Earth, accoupled, produced the sons of Hung in myriads leagued." But the only distinct evidence with which I am acquainted lies in the honor paid to Liu-pi, Chang-fi, and Kwan-yü, heroes who flourished, as they say, about 184 A.D. The fact is that we should not expect to hear of the T'ien-Ti before the Manchu conquest. In those early days its motto was, "Obey Heaven and do Righteousness." That motto still heads every page of its hand-books, but in practice it is overruled by the eternal "Hoan Cheng, Hok Beng"—Drive out the Tartar, restore the native line. The league in its present form dates from 1664 A.D., twenty years after the conquest. At that time the Eleuth or Olot Tartars revolted against their Manchu suzerain, and reduced him to the greatest straits. This is history. By the tradition of the T'ien-Ti, a certain Buddhist abbot saved the empire, taking the field with his monks. The grateful monarch made them such presents that Tang-sing, his favorite, determined to ruin them. By false reports he obtained an edict commanding him to destroy those traitors, and he fired the monastery. Five inmates alone escaped, by a series of

miracles; they are now reverenced as the "five ancestors." For years they were hunted over the province of Hok-kien. At length, walking on the banks of the Sam-ho River, they beheld a censer floating, on the bottom of which was inscribed the new motto, "Overthrow the Ching [the Manchu], restore the Ming [the native dynasty],"—in the Hok-kien dialect, "Cheng" and "Beng." With this watchword they took up arms. Many thousands joined them, and they routed the imperial army. But their hero Bang-lung fell. Thereupon the second in command dismissed every man to his home, there to enlist recruits and to preach eternal hatred to the Tartar. Thus the Hung League was formed.

We may venture to believe this story in the main. Putting romance and marvels aside, it tells how a benevolent association was transformed into a ruthless conspiracy by persecution. Thus one of the Vanguard General's replies in the book of ritual may be understood. The Master asks him, "Do you know that there is a Greater and a Less T'ien-Ti?" He answers: "Yes. The Greater was founded in Heaven; the Less at the waters of the Three Rivers"—that is, on the banks of the Sam-ho.

T'ien-Ti-Hwey means association of Heaven and Earth. Its symbol is the triangle, "Man" forming the base. The unity of God and His intimate relations with mankind are tenets so much insisted on that Schlegel almost believes it a survival of the monotheistic creed displaced by Buddhism. Its moral code is not less pure. The equality of all men, the duty of benevolence, the forgiveness of injuries, are inculcated again and again. What is the practice we shall see.

The society recognizes another name, Sam-hap, translated "Triad," by which it is better known among foreigners generally; but the meaning is the same—Heaven, Earth, Man. More practically significant is the title "Hung League." "Hung" stands for "Water," also for "Many"—that is, "Deluge," and figuratively, "Universal." Upon the strength of this title the society claims allegiance from all of Chinese blood. It holds itself justified in taking any means to secure a convert to further its ends, to punish those who reject it. The "rights" of the Catholic Church in the Middle Ages are an exact parallel. Thus initiation generally is enforced, not willing. Each lodge has a varying number of Tai-ma, whose duty it is to hunt up recruits. Marking down a person who seems desirable, for one reason or another, they order him, by a written notice, to repair to such or such a spot. He who neglects to do so had best quit the neighborhood, concealing his new address. A savage beating or a false accusation will assuredly follow, and he may congratulate himself if no worse happen. But a man never refuses, unless he prefer exile. After all, if it must be, membership offers compensations. Or the fated initiate is stopped in a public place, and told to follow there and then. Not infrequently he is abducted by main force, if occasion serve. A favored trick is to slap him in the face; he pursues the assailant, and a number of sympathizing passers-by join the chase, which leads them to a solitary spot, where on a sudden they fall upon him.

In all countries where the T'ien-Ti is established, excepting the Straits Settlements—there also, perhaps, since the suppression—its lodges are held in a secret place, the most difficult of access that can be found. Every approach is defended by traps and pitfalls under charge of armed men, posted in the trees or hidden in the brushwood—that is, of course, when the brethren are assembled. The first gate of the lodge is called "Ang," where the Executioner abides. It is his duty to behead any stranger who cannot recite the distich which gives admittance. Mr. Pickering, no unfriendly witness, allows that "the punishments of the league were carried out in their integrity forty years ago," even in Singapore. "On one occasion some strangers were actually beheaded for intruding on a meeting held in the jungle." Elsewhere, by all accounts, there is no need to use the past tense. Beyond the Ang Gate lies the eastern portal, with its garrison of armed men, sentries and officers. North, south, and west are equally protected, each gate under its proper General, whose flag flies above it. The inscriptions are so curious and symbolical that I regret my space does not allow me to quote them. Entering from the east we come to the Red Flowery Pavilion, where water of the Sam-ho River is provided to cleanse the soul. Thence we pass through the Circle of Heaven and Earth to the Two-planked Bridge, by which sits the "Red Youth,"

armed with a spear to destroy any unworthy member who has escaped the vigilance of the So-Ang-Kuang at the Gate of Execution. "According to the testimony of the Headman," Mr. Pickering says, "many victims have fallen to his spear in Singapore." Beyond the Bridge lies the Market of Universal Peace and the Temple of Peace and Happiness. This is the City of Willows, or the Peach Garden; in the Straits, the Pear Garden, the Lodge itself.

One who reads of these impediments and precautions with the idea of a four-walled building in his mind may think them rather childish make-believe. So they are, or rather were, in Singapore, where the societies had built handsome structures. But elsewhere it is all gravest reality—the gates solid, the bridge dangerous, the swords sharp, and the guards only too ready to use them. "A lodge of the T'ien-Ti," says Schlegel, "is a little encampment." From the Ang Gate to the City of Willows may be several miles, with peril for the uninitiated at every step. If descriptions of the great Shan-Ling Lodge may be trusted, the rock called "Heaven Screen Pass" lies fifty miles from the Island, which is the Central Magazine of the Brotherhood. I do not recognize these names.

To detail the ceremonies of initiation, most striking in themselves, and, above all, interesting from their resemblance to Freemasonry, would demand all my space. In brief, a novice is received by the General of the Vanguard outside the Gate of Execution. He must be attired in new white clothes, or, by dispensation, in clothes newly washed. His pigtail is loosened, in sign of renouncing allegiance to the Manchu Empire; his pockets emptied; his right shoulder and his knees bared. Thus arrayed, he gives in his name, birthplace, and so on to the Registrar, pays a fee of three dollars and fifty cents, and kneels expectant. The General of the Vanguard meanwhile has begged permission of the Master to introduce a neophyte, who is brought within the gate presently, under an arch of swords, and so, with formalities innumerable, to the City of Willows. The spectacle here is tremendously impressive; I regret that I have not space to describe it. After taking a solemn vow in thirty-six articles of obedience to the rules of the league, the novice declares that all his kinsfolk are dead, because a member acknowledges no earthly bond. He lies prostrate before the Master's throne, with the swords of the eight Councillors resting on his bare shoulder, until formally accepted. Then a cup of arrack is given him, he scratches his arm, and lets a few drops of blood fall into it, and drinks. Next day the Secretary of the lodge explains the simpler passwords and tokens, and gives him a book of instruction; but, as in Masonry, there is no end to the secrets which the initiated may learn by study.

It appears to be certain that there is no Supreme Grand Master of the T'ien-Ti, but it has a central government. There are five Grand Lodges — in Fuk-kien, Kwang-tung, Yun-Nan, Hunan, and Che-Kiang—to one of which all branches are subordinate. The Masters of these, in some sort of council, direct the society in all parts of the world—such is the theory, at least. Every local lodge has its President, two Vice-Presidents, a Master, two Introducers, a Cashier, and thirteen Councillors, of whom eight form a "quorum." As for the roll of membership, it must be reckoned by millions. We gain some information on this point by observing that more brethren were registered in the Straits Settlements in the year 1887 than the census return admits for the whole Chinese population. The actual number was 156,440.

Having traced the history of the T'ien-Ti, glanced at its organization, and observed too briefly the objects it professes, we have to consider what in effect is its influence. Certain articles of the oath assist us here. The first, after enjoining obedience, commands every member to mind his own affairs; the second forbids him, under direct penalties, to confide in any uninitiated person whatsoever; the thirty-fourth sentences him to a cruel death if he calls upon police, magistrates, or jurisdiction of any kind, under any circumstances; the thirty-fifth pronounces an awful doom if he gives evidence in a court of law, unless, be it understood, by direction of his superior—that is, generally false witness. In the Master's address to candidates after initiation, he tells them to lay before him any wrong or grievance they may have, and justice shall be done. These principles, the repudiation of all jurisdictions, and the assumption of their power by an irresponsible tribunal, constitute an *imperium in imperio*, the foulest, the

bloodiest, the most oppressive, of which there is record, on such a scale. Schlegel says, "The Hung League has carried civil war and murder wherever it has gone." Milne says, "They engage to defend each other against the police, to hide each other's crimes, to assist detected members in making their escape from justice." Pickering says the T'ien-Ti is a "combination to carry out private quarrels, and to uphold the interests of the members in spite of law; and lastly, to raise money by subscription, or by levying fees on brothels or gaming-houses." The Inspector-General of Police for Singapore says, "They are a standing danger to the peace of the Settlement." And so on. Their government is a Reign of Terror, which the law itself maintains in its own despite; for if it be not thought advisable to take active steps against one who has incurred the ill will of the society, such as murder, torture, a pitiless beating, a false charge is brought, and supported, if needful, by a thousand witnesses.

The colonial branches of the T'ien-Ti are murderously hostile among themselves. They have, in fact, no *raison d'être*—beyond that enmity to the Manchu, very vague in practice—save internecine war. Their chiefs accumulate enormous wealth. Chang Ah Kwi, a leading member of the Gin-Seng branch at Penang, was proved to possess two millions sterling when tried for murder. His fellow-prisoner, Chin Ah Yam, was said to be as rich. The District Grand Master, Khu-Tan-Tek, who was actually sentenced by the Supreme Court, declared that the government dared not hang him, and he proved right, so far, at least, that the government did not. These cases arose out of the tremendous riot which I must refer to presently, when the town was occupied for more than a week by warring Hweys, forty thousand strong. This disturbance is especially notable because it led to our occupation of Perak, and therefore I cite it. Both Penang and Singapore had beheld troubles almost as grave. Perak was a native state at the time, rich in antimony mines, which had attracted fifty thousand Chinamen, every single one belonging to a society established at Penang. Freed from all restraint, they followed their own instincts. The Malay Rajah did not interfere so long as they paid their dues. Pitched battles were incessant. On one occasion thirty thousand men engaged, of whom two thousand were left dead upon the field. The mother lodges at Penang took up these quarrels and attacked one another. At length the Governor of the Straits Settlements proposed to occupy Perak, and the Rajah accepted. But the societies remained. At a conference in his own drawing-room, they once threatened to hang the Resident, Sir Hugh Low.

It is needless to give details about the working of this great conspiracy in China, because, when the conditions are understood, a reader can imagine the effect. For two centuries the imperial government has been fighting. To give a notion of its ruthlessness, I may state that three thousand members were beheaded in one day at Canton, and ten thousand, more or less, thrown into prison about Pekin, most of whom perished, after the troubles of 1817. The Dutch and Spaniards made acquaintance with the secret societies long before our attention was called, and at an early date they introduced the Chinese system of dealing with them. In the first place, membership, the possession of flags, books, or emblems, and the use of secret signs were made penal, whilst all concerned in the ceremony of initiation were punished with death. In the next place, all Chinamen were compelled to live in a certain quarter, divided into wards. Each ward had its Master, with a staff of constables, and each street, or convenient section of a street, its watchmen. These persons, in their several degrees, were held responsible for the inhabitants. The watchmen had a list of householders and lodges, which was verified and corrected monthly. The constables arrested any man found out-of-doors after a certain hour, who had to convince the watchman, necessarily acquainted with his affairs, that he was abroad on lawful business. This system is still in force throughout the Philippines and Netherlands India. But it proved useless or worse, failing to repress murders and disturbances, whilst turning the hostility of the league against the government itself. The Ward Master, constables, and watchmen, Chinese themselves, do not dare fulfil their duties honestly, even if inclined. Manila was actually seized, and held for a time, by a combination of the principal Hweys, all branches of the T'ien-Ti. Scores of times it has been saved only by calling out the full force of the garrison. In 1854 the great Dutch town of Banjermassin was the scene of a desperate strug-

gle. It is no exaggeration to say that lives were lost in riots, outrages, or murders every week at this time.

The Dutch followed the Spanish example presently in making proof of membership a capital offence. They decreed the suppression of the societies, and expelled every suspected person; but ten years after this stringent measure Schlegel wrote, "It is impossible to eradicate the Hung League where it exists," and he himself traced it in every direction throughout Netherlands India. But the expulsion of the brethren had a disastrous effect. Many of them crossed from Sambas into Sarawak, and there after a while actually seized the capital, Kuchin. Rajah Brooke had but just time to escape in his night clothes. The chiefs of the Hweys, sitting in the court-house, made Bishop McDougal and Mr. Helm, manager of the Borneo Company, swear allegiance, and then departed in their boats, thinking, Chinese fashion, that their rule was secure. But the Malays rose instantly, and the boldest of them, two hundred strong, attacked the Chinese flotilla, manned by four thousand gold-diggers. Instantly they turned about, sweeping the river by mere weight of numbers, and burnt Kuchin to the ground. But Mr. Charles Johnson, the present Rajah Brooke, sent round "the spear" at Sakarran, mustered ten thousand Sea Dyaks in forty-eight hours, and marched, raising the country on his way. The Chinese fled towards Sambas, whence they came; but all the paths were occupied. Fighting without a moment's pause, they reached the crest of Sirambau hill to find the Dyaks gathered for a final struggle. The poor wretches were no match for those antagonists at best, in the jungle; but, worn out and panic-stricken, they refused even to charge. Then occurred a dramatic scene. The maidens pushed to the front, clapping their hands in time and singing; under this stimulus the men roused themselves, made a desperate effort, and broke through; but with awful loss. I saw one of the Dyak chiefs, Gasing, with ten pigtails attached to the scabbard of his sword, personal trophies of that encounter. It is said that of four thousand Chinese males, less than two hundred reached the Dutch settlements. This was in 1857.

Such startling revelations of the spirit and the power of the T'ien-Ti moved every government of the far East to proceedings yet stricter, except the British. Twelve years had still to pass before the existence of secret societies was officially recognized at Singapore. Yet the colonial authorities had information enough, and the Straits government reported mail by mail, with wearisome iteration, that the state of things was "intolerable." One of the very earliest enactments in the statute-book of Hongkong decrees "the suppression of the Triad and other secret societies"; it was passed in 1845. The preamble describes them as "associations having objects in view incompatible with the maintenance of good order and constituted authority, and with the security of life and property." But nothing was done in the Straits. Month by month the streets of Singapore, even more especially of Penang, were held by mobs, fighting to the death. Scores of times the garrison was called out. Murders were discovered weekly, suspected daily. One man boasted to Mr. Pickering that he had released seventy-two of his confederates from jail. Petitions were sent to the Governor and to the Colonial Office until respectable inhabitants, Chinese as well as European, were sick of petitioning. At length came the crisis. Penang was the headquarters of several associations, the chiefs residing there in safety, whilst they directed wholesale murder and civil war in the native states. In 1876 they had a grand quarrel. Not less than forty thousand men took up arms, a thousand at least were killed, whole streets looted, women outraged, and houses burnt. Two years afterwards the Colonial Office assented at last to decree, not the suppression of secret societies as was demanded, but the registration.

It worked some good, no doubt. Mr. Pickering, the Registrar, declared himself satisfied, because, as he ingenuously confessed, no better could be had. Even an attempt on his own life by the chiefs of the Ghee Hok Society did not shake his faith. But the public, which saw crime still rampant in all directions, could not wait longer than nine years for the beneficent effects of registration. Backed by the police, and in fact everybody else, it demanded stronger measures, and in 1888 the societies were suppressed. The despatch of Sir Cecil Clementi Smith urging this measure points out that eleven secret societies were registered in Singapore by last returns, having 1122 office-bearers and 62,376 members enrolled; in Penang, five secret societies with 361 office-

bearers and 92,581 members—an increase of 20,771 in the twelve months. This will be thought startling, but when, as has been said, the whole Chinese population by the census of 1881 was but 153,532, it shows in the first place that the census is inexact, and in the second that very nearly all the males must be enrolled in one or other branch of this tremendous conspiracy.

It is satisfactory, so far as it goes, to learn that no bad results have followed. I have seen a letter from Sir C. C. Smith, dated December 29, 1890, which says: "You will be glad to know that the policy has been quite successful. I have made careful inquiry since I came back, and am quite satisfied that there has been no attempt at resuscitation, and that the dangerous societies are entirely blotted out. Of course a careful watch must be maintained." May this cheering view prove exact! But the Mandarins, the Dutch, and the Spaniards of the far East will be slow to accept it.

Next to the T'ien-Ti in importance among Chinese secret societies is the Wu-Wei Keäou—"Do Nothing," or, as some read the characters, "No Hypocrisy." Our acquaintance with its tenets is small, for no lodge has been identified in the colonies, so far as I know, and in China this league is even more feared and hated than the T'ien-Ti. Mr. F. H. Balfour, however, obtained some hints during his long residence at Shanghai. It appears to be certain that the "Do Nothing" is the direct descendant of the White Lotus, a terrible association which played its part in Chinese history. The earliest mention occurs in an edict of the Emperor Yung Ching, 1724 A.D., against secret associations and false laws, which, it says, "are those that incite the people to rebellion under pretext of inculcating virtue, like the laws of the White Lotus." We may suspect that religion has more influence in this society than in others. Colored clothes are forbidden. The members are vegetarians of the strictest sort, and they use no pointed instrument; moreover, a novice surrenders all his property —or hers, since women are admitted—on initiation. He is allowed the usufruct, however, until called upon. A large proportion of members belong to the rich class, as is understood, and thus the governing body has a vast sum at command. However it be with the T'ien-Ti, the Wu-Wei Keäou is certainly directed by one head. A certain Fang Yung-chen was Grand Master in the reign of Kia King, and he, instigated by his wife, Ma-erh Ku-liang, formed a plot to blow up the palace at Peking. For months it was incubating, and many thousands of persons, male and female, were engaged, but no hint reached the government until the conspirators were actually entering the palace. A great gust of wind suddenly extinguished their lights, and a few, seized with superstitious panic, cried out, alarming the guard. This was about 1810 A.D. Forthwith Kia King exerted the whole power of the empire to crush the White Lotus. Its headquarters then, as now, were in the province of Nanking, where the brethren flew to arms, and held their own for some months. The capture of Fang Yung-chen himself, after a desperate battle, put an end to the revolt. Many thousands were captured, so many that even a Chinese Viceroy was willing to be merciful. He offered to remit the penalty of death in favor of all prisoners who would consent to eat flesh. Not a few submitted; but the society boasts that every one of these was caught, tried, and executed afterwards, according to the terms of his violated oath; humane persons will not care to know what those terms are.

So hot and so long-continued was this "persecution" that the brethren changed the name of their league from "White Lotus" to "Do Nothing." I am not aware that it has made any open movement since against the Manchu dynasty. But the influence of the society is great, and appears to be spreading. It works upon the superstitious terrors of the population, who regard the Wu-Wei Keäou as a band of magicians. All sorts of diabolical powers are attributed to them. Mr. Balfour says, "I have been gravely assured by Chinamen of no small experience and culture that the initiated are able to cut birds out of paper, and then, by virtue of a certain charm, endue them with life and motion." He seems to believe on his own account that some of the leading members can hold their breath, through long practice, for an incredible space of time. "They get black in the face and perfectly rigid; meanwhile the soul is supposed to leave the body and collect information of a more or less miscellaneous kind. When the trance is over, it comes back, the

breath returns, and the revelation is divulged. A man once failed to recall his errant soul, and died—a mishap which caused much disruption among the members." In conclusion, Mr. Balfour observes that "the stringency of their moral regimen is certainly in favor of their being genuine mystics, who prefer death to breaking their vows of abstinence; while the political character of the association is illustrated with equal cogency by the fact that its organization is carried on in the strictest political form, members assuming the rank and titles of regularly appointed officials, and being bound by a code of laws as rigidly enforced as that of any recognized community."

Readers may be able to recall an extraordinary movement which convulsed the cities of Nanking, Shanghai, Hangchow, and all others of that enormous district in the spring of 1876; it diverted the universe. Men's "tails" dropped away without visible cause. In private chambers, as in the street, when asleep in their own beds or when gathered in convivial meetings, suddenly, without notice or reason, the cherished appendage "came off." At first it was believed to be the work of practical jokers—by foreigners at least, for the matter was too serious for such an explanation in the Chinese point of view. But so rapidly and so widely the portent spread that strangers ceased to laugh. As for the natives, they went mad with panic. And no wonder. I cannot think of a parallel to that outrage in the conditions of European society. If hundreds of respectable citizens found themselves divested of the characteristic male garment all of a sudden, as they went about their business, or "circled in the mazy dance," or attended church service, and if this happened daily for months before a glimpse of the *modus operandi* was discovered, it would not be so shocking to the deeper instincts as was this wholesale amputation of their tails to Chinamen. The mutilation of the Hermes at Athens is a similar case, indeed, but it was not repeated for months, hour by hour, all over Greece.

The authorities, even more terrified than the populace, since they had the Emperor to fear as well as the devil, were at their wits' end. Proclamations, threats, appeals to Heaven and man, were issued daily, and without effect. English and other foreign residents of unquestionable veracity published the evidence of their own eyes. They themselves saw the tails of servants and clerks drop off in their presence; or, visiting a wealthy customer on business, beheld the same phenomenon. A file of the Shanghai papers for the year 1876 is mighty droll to read. Human ingenuity had never a more open field in which to disport itself.

But the trick was carried on too long, over too much ground. Wonderfully clever and audacious as the operators were, they could not reasonably hope to preserve their secret among such accumulating risks. Probably a large proportion of the police and of the myriad spies employed were in league with them, but they could not control accident. Two men were caught in the very act of snipping off a tail, whilst accomplices held the doomed possessor thereof in earnest converse. The spell, once broken, gave way all round, as so commonly happens. The men arrested had a very small pair of scissors—so small that it was hidden in the palm of the hand—and keen as a razor. With this they did the work, aided by ingenious contrivances, either severing the tail, or leaving it attached by a few hairs, which gave way shortly afterwards. They were proved to belong to a secret society; but on ascertaining this fact the authorities closed their public investigation abruptly. It is known, however, that the society was the Wu-Wei Keäou, which perhaps desired to recall itself to memory. In that design it was quite successful. The scissors are forgotten already, but the horror and the panic have spread far and wide, and the reputation of the society accompanies them—to its great profit, no doubt. As for the means of advertisement employed, everybody is aware that the tail of a Chinaman is the mark of his subjection to the Tartar, as has been mentioned before. To cut it off or leave the head unshaven is a protest against the hated "Ching."

Another powerful society is the Ko-Lao Hwey, or League of the Elder Brother. It dates only from the time of the Taiping rebellion, when, as report goes, General Tseng-Kuo-fan himself established it during the siege of Nanking. This is a very dangerous association, said to be growing in strength continually. As the Tien-Ti has its home in Hok-Kien and the Wu-Wei Keäou in Nanking, so

the Ko-Lao makes its headquarters in Hunan and Honan, the central provinces. It claims to represent the pure Chinese race, the sons of Han, to whom the inhabitants of the south and west are almost as much foreign as are the Tartars. These malcontents look behind the Ming dynasty, as the name "Elder Brother" implies, to the imperial line of Tang, which is supposed to be extinct long ago, but doubtless a scion will be forth-coming when the throne is vacant. The society consists of soldiers mostly, but it is understood that some affiliates occupy very high positions indeed, as we should expect when they advocate such a policy. A very desperate and disreputable band they are by all accounts, numbering a large proportion of the bad characters in those districts where they have influence. Mr. Balfour says, however, "There is not the slightest doubt that if one of their old generals were to raise the standard of rebellion, he might have a hundred thousand men about him in the time it takes to spread the news from Nanking to Hankow."

The Ko-Lao is, in fact, a military conspiracy. Its agents commonly travel as doctors, carrying news from one centre to another, and making proselytes as they go. The ceremonial of initiation is said to be elaborate, but I have heard no details. An association of old soldiers designed to overthrow the civil power is naturally turbulent. The Ko-Lao has broken out several times during its brief existence. In 1870 and 1871 it raised serious disturbances in Hunan, but the grand movement was disconcerted by a lucky chance. A secret letter containing the plan for blowing up the powder-magazine at Hukow was delivered to the wrong person. It named several of the chief conspirators, who were seized and promptly executed. In that neighborhood the society was suppressed for a while. But its attraction for the men of the central provinces, who hate their kinsfolk all round, must be very strong.

Many other societies are known, but I must dismiss them briefly. The Mohammedans, who number not less than twenty millions by official report — perhaps twenty-five millions, or even more — have a secret league, the Hwuy-Hwuy Jin. A neophyte must be purified before initiation, and this is done by thrashing him heartily. Afterwards he is put to the *question à l'eau*—made to drink a prodigious quantity of soap and water—which scours the pork out of him, if any. But since the awful massacres of Kashgar these sectaries have been intimidated. Tien-Tsin has the Tsai-li Hwuy—apparently a religious association. Members dress in white alone, even to their hats and shoes; they abstain from alcoholic drinks, opium, and tobacco, and fall into ecstasies when praying. They have been much persecuted of late, being easily distinguishable. Other societies, of which the secret is utterly unknown, are the Tsze T'wan Keäou and the Tan Pei Keäou. The single fact ascertained touching the former is the practice of eating small dumplings, doubtless symbolical. The latter kneel upon a large carpet and pray; at a certain moment the four corners of it are raised and fastened above their heads, when the heap of devotees inside fall into a trance and prophesy. But our information on these points is suspect, coming from their enemies the Mandarins. As for semi-secret associations for good works, they are legion.

LONDON—PLANTAGENET.

BY WALTER BESANT.

II.—PRINCE AND MERCHANT.

IT is by no means safe to adopt in blind confidence the conclusions of the antiquary. He works, you see, with fragments: here it is a passage in an old deed; here a few lines of poetry; here a broken vase; here the capital of a column; here a drawing cramped and out of proportion and dwarfed, from an illuminated manuscript. This kind of work tends to small things: the splendid city presently becomes, in the mind of the antiquary, a mean little town; King Solomon's Temple, glorious and vast, shrinks to the dimensions of a village conventicle; Leviathan himself becomes an alligator; all history, read through this reducing lens,

becomes a series of patriotic exaggerations. For instance, the late Dr. Brewer, a true antiquary if ever there was one, could see in mediæval London nothing but a collection of mean and low tenements standing among squalid streets and filthy lanes. Any city, ancient or modern, might, of course, be described as consisting of mean and squalid houses, because in every city the poor outnumber the rich, and the small houses of the poor are more frequent than the mansions of the wealthy. But that this estimate of the city is wholly incorrect I shall now attempt to show.

When one who wishes to reconstruct a city of the past has obtained from the antiquary all he has discovered, and from the historian all he has to tell, there is yet another field of research open to him before he begins his task. It is the examination of the place itself, the site of the town, or the modern town upon the site of the old. I will give an example to show the necessity of examination on the spot. Fifty years ago a certain learned antiquary and scholar visited for a day or two the site of a certain Syrian city, now little more than a village. He looked casually at the place; he read whatever history has found to say of it; he made no attempt at exploring the extent of the ruins or at examining the site; he proceeded at once to prove that the place could never have been more than a small and insignificant town composed of huts and inhabited by fishermen. Those who spoke of it as a magnificent city must have been enthusiasts. Forty years passed: then another man not only visited the site, but examined it, surveyed it, and explored it. He discovered that the insignificant place had formerly possessed a mighty wall two miles in length; an acropolis, strong and well situated, protecting a noble city with splendid buildings. The antiquary, you see, dealing with fragments, could not rise above them; his fragments belonged to a whole which in his mind became puny and insignificant. This was the once famous city of Tiberias, by the shores of the Galilean lake.

In exactly the same way he who would understand mediæval London must walk about modern London, but after *he has read his historian and his antiquary*, not before. Then he will be astonished to find how much is left, in spite of fires, reconstructions, and demolitions, to illustrate the past. Here a quaint little square accessible only to foot-passengers, shut in, surrounded by merchants' offices, preserves the form of a court in a suppressed monastery.

Again, another little space set with trees, like a Place in Toulon or Marseilles, shows the former court of a royal palace. Here a venerable name survives; here a dingy little church-yard marks the site of a church as ancient as any in the city.

London is full of such survivals, which are known only to one who prowls about its streets, note-book in hand, remembering what he has read. Not one of them will he get from the book antiquary, or from the guide-book. As one after the other is recovered the ancient city grows to the student not only more vivid, but more picturesque and more splendid. London a city of low mean tenements? Why, I see great palaces along the river-bank between the quays and ports and warehouses. In the narrow lanes that rise steeply from the river I see other houses fair and stately, each with its gateway, its square court, and its noble hall, high-roofed, with its oriel-windows and its lantern. Beyond these narrow lanes, north of Watling Street and Budge Row, more of those houses, and still more, till we reach the northern part, where the houses are all small, given over to the meaner sort, and those who carry on the least-desirable trades.

You have seen that London was full of rich monasteries, nunneries, colleges, and parish churches, insomuch that it might be likened unto the Ile Sonnante of Rabelais. You have now to learn, what I believe no one has yet pointed out, that if it could be called a city of churches, it was much more a city of palaces. There were, in fact, in London itself more palaces than in Verona and Florence and Venice and Genoa all together. There was not, it is true, a line of marble *palazzi* along the banks of a Grand Canal; there was no Piazza della Signoria, no Piazza dell' Erbe, to show these buildings. They were scattered about all over the city; they were built without regard to general effect, and with no idea of decoration or picturesqueness; they lay hidden in the labyrinthine streets; the warehouses stood beside and between them; the common people dwelt in narrow courts around them; they faced each other on opposite sides of the lanes.

These palaces belonged to the great nobles and were their town houses: they were capacious enough to accommodate the whole of a Baron's retinue, consisting sometimes of four, six, or even eight hundred men. Let us remark that the continual presence of these lords and those following did much more for the city than merely to add to its splendor by the erecting of great houses. By their presence they kept the place from becoming merely a trading centre or an aggregate of merchants; they kept the citizens in touch with the rest of the kingdom; they made the people of London understand that they belonged to the realm of England. When Warwick, the King-maker, rode through the streets to his town house, followed by five hundred retainers in his livery; when King Edward IV. brought wife and children to the city and rode out to fight for his crown; when a royal tournament was held in Chepe—the Queen and her ladies looking on—even the boys understood that there was more in the world than mere buying and selling, importing and exporting; that everything must not be measured by profit; that they were traders, indeed, and yet subjects of an ancient crown; that their own prosperity stood or fell with the well-doing of the country. This it was which made the Londoners ardent politicians from very early times; they knew the party leaders; they felt bound to take a side; and they quickly perceived that their own side always won, which gratified their pride. In a word, the presence in their midst of king and nobles made them look beyond their walls. London was never a Ghent; nor was it a Venice. It was never London for itself against the world, but always London for England first, and for its own interests next.

The city palaces, the town houses of the nobles, were never, it must be remembered, fortresses. The only fortress of the city was the White Tower. They were neither castellated nor fortified nor garrisoned. They were entered by a gate, but there was neither ditch nor portcullis. The gate led into an open court round which the buildings stood. Examples of this way of building may still be seen in London. For instance, Staple Inn, or Barnard's Inn, affords an exact illustration of a mediæval mansion. There are two square courts, with a gateway leading from the road into the inn. Between the courts is a hall with its kitchen and buttery. Those who walk down Queen Victoria Street in the city pass on the north side a red-brick house standing round three sides of a quadrangle. This is the Heralds' College: a few years ago it preserved its fourth side with its gateway. Four hundred years ago this was the town house of the Earls of Derby. Restore the front and you have the size of a great noble's town palace, yet not one of the largest. If you wish to understand the disposition of the building, compare it with the quadrangle of Clare, or that of Christ's, Cambridge. It was burned down in the Fire, and was rebuilt without its hall, kitchen, and butteries, for which there was no longer any use. As it was before the Fire, a broad and noble arch with a low tower, but showing no appearance of fortification, opened into the court, which was used as an exercising-ground for the men-at-arms. In the rooms around the court was their sleeping accommodation; at the side or opposite the entrance stood the hall where the whole household took meals; opposite to the hall was the kitchen with its butteries; over the hall was the room called the Solar, where the Earl and Countess slept; beyond the hall was another room called the Ladies' Bower, where the ladies could retire from the rough talk of the followers. The houses beside the river were provided with stairs, at the foot of which lay the state barge, in which my Lord and my Lady took the air upon the river, and were rowed to and from the Court at Westminster.

There remains nothing of these houses. They are, with one exception, all swept away. Yet the description of one or two, the site of others, and the actual remains of one sufficiently prove their magnificence. Let us take one or two about which something is known. For instance, there is Baynard's Castle, the name of which still survives in that of Baynard's Castle Ward, and in that of a wharf which is still called by the name of the old palace.

It stood on the river-bank close to the Fleet Tower and the western extremity of the wall. There was no house in the city more interesting than this spot. Its history extends from the Norman Conquest to the Fire—exactly six hundred years; and during the whole of this long period it was a great palace. First it was built by one Baynard, follower of William. It

was forfeited in A.D. 1111, and given to Robert Fitzwalter, son of Richard, Earl of Clare, in whose family the office of Castellan and Standard-bearer to the City of London became hereditary. His descendant, Robert, in revenge for private injuries, took part with the Barons against King John, for which the King ordered Baynard's Castle to be destroyed. Fitzwalter, however, becoming reconciled to the King, was permitted to rebuild his house. It was again destroyed, this time by fire, in 1428. It was rebuilt by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, on whose attainder it reverted to the crown. Richard, Duke of York, next had it, and lived here with his following of four hundred gentlemen and men-at-arms. It was in the hall of Baynard's Castle that Edward IV. assumed the title of King, and summoned the Bishops, Peers, and Judges to meet him in council. Edward gave the house to his mother, and placed in it for safety his wife and children before going out to fight the battle of Barnet. Here Buckingham offered the crown to Richard.

"Alas, why would you heap these cares on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty.
I do beseech you—take it not amiss—
I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you."

Henry VIII. lived in this palace, which he almost entirely rebuilt. Prince Henry, after his marriage with Catherine of Aragon, was conducted in great state up the river from Baynard's Castle to Westminster, the Mayor and Commonalty of the city following in their barges. In the time of Edward VI. the Earl of Pembroke, whose wife was sister to Queen Catherine Parr, held great state in this house. Here he proclaimed Queen Mary. When Mary's first Parliament was held, he proceeded to Baynard's Castle, followed by "2000 horsemen in velvet coats with their laces of gold and gold chains, besides sixty gentlemen in blue coats with his badge of the green dragon." This powerful noble lived to entertain Queen Elizabeth at Baynard's Castle with a banquet, followed by fireworks. The last appearance of the place in history is when Charles II. took supper there just before the Fire swept over it and destroyed it.

Another house by the river was that called Cold Harborough, or Cold Inn.

This house stood to the west of the old Swan Stairs. It was built by a rich city merchant, Sir John Poultney, four times Mayor of London. At the end of the fourteenth century it belonged, however, to John Holland, Duke of Exeter, son of Thomas Holland, Duke of Kent, and Joan Plantagenet, the "Fair Maid of Kent." He was half-brother to King Richard II., whom here he entertained. Richard III. gave it to the heralds for their college. They were turned out, however, by Henry VII., who gave the house to his mother, Margaret, Countess of Richmond. His son gave it to the Earl of Shrewsbury, by whose son it was taken down, one knows not why, and mean tenements were erected in its place for the river-side workingmen.

We are fortunate in having left one at least, or a fragment of one, house out of the many London palaces. The Fire of 1666 spared Crosby Place, and though most of the old mansion has been pulled down, there yet remain the hall, the so-called throne-room, and the council-room. The mansion formerly covered the greater part of what is now called Crosby Square. It was built by a simple citizen, a grocer and Lord Mayor, Sir John Crosby, in the fifteenth century; a man of great wealth and great position; a merchant, diplomatist, and ambassador. He rode north to welcome Edward IV. when he landed at Ravenspur; he was sent by the King on a mission to the Duke of Burgundy and to the Duke of Brittany. Shakespeare makes Richard of Gloucester living in this house as early as 1471, four years before the death of Sir John Crosby, a thing not likely. But he was living here at the death of Edward IV., and here he held his levees before his usurpation of the crown. In this hall, where now the city clerks snatch a hasty dinner, sat the last and worst of the Plantagenets, thinking of the two boys who stood between him and the crown. Here he received the news of their murder. Here he feasted with his friends. The place is charged with the memory of Richard Plantagenet. Early in the next century another Lord Mayor obtained it, and lent it to the ambassador of the Emperor Maximilian. It passed next into the hands of a third citizen, also Lord Mayor, and was bought in 1516 by Sir Thomas More, who lived here for seven years, and wrote in this house his *Utopia* and his *Life of Richard the Third*. His friend Antonio Bonvici, a merchant of Lucca, next lived in the house. To him More wrote his

well-known letter from the Tower. William Rupert, More's son-in-law, and William Rustill, his nephew; Sir Thomas d'Arcy; William Bond, Alderman and Sheriff, and merchant adventurer; Sir John Spencer, ancestor of Lord Northampton; Mary, Countess of Pembroke, and sister of Sir Philip Sidney

> "The gentlest shepherdess that lived that day;
> And most resembling, both in shape and spirit,
> Her brother dear";

the Earl of Northampton, who accompanied Charles I. to Madrid on his romantic journey; Sir Stephen Langham—were successive owners or occupants of this house. It was partly destroyed by fire—not the Great Fire—in the reign of Charles II. The hall, which escaped, was for seventy years a Presbyterian meeting-house; it then became a packer's warehouse. Sixty years ago it was partly restored, and became a literary institution. It is now a restaurant, gaudy with color and gilding. The Duc de Biron, ambassador from France in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was lodged here, with four hundred noblemen and gentlemen in his train. And here also was lodged the Duc de Sully.

Half a dozen great houses do not make a city of palaces. That is true. Let us, if we can, find others. Here, then, is a list, by no means exhaustive, made from the pages of Stow. The Fitz Alans, Earls of Arundel, had a town house in Botolph Lane, Billingsgate, down to the end of the sixteenth century. The street is, and always has been, narrow, and, from its proximity to the fish-market, unsavory. The Earls of Northumberland had houses successively in Crutched Friars, Fenchurch Street, and Aldersgate Street. The Earls of Worcester lived in Worcester Lane, on the river-bank; the Duke of Buckingham on College Hill: observe how the nobles built their houses in the most busy part of the town. The Beaumonts and the Huntingdons lived beside Paul's Wharf; the Lords of Barkley had a house near Blackfriars; Doctors' Commons was the town house of the Blounts, Lords Mountjoy. Close to Paul's Wharf stood the mansion once occupied by the widow of Richard, Duke of York, mother of Edward IV., Clarence, and Richard III. Edward the Black Prince lived on Fish Street Hill—the house was afterwards made an inn. The De la Poles had a house in Lombard Street. The De Veres, Earls of Oxford, lived first in St. Mary Axe, and afterwards in Oxford Court, St. Swithin's Lane; Cromwell, Earl of Essex, had a house in Throgmorton Street. The Barons Fitzwalter had a house where now stands Grocers' Hall, Poultry. In Aldersgate Street were houses of the Earl of Westmoreland, the Earl of Northumberland, and the Earl of Thanet, Lord Petre, and the Marquis of Dorchester. Suffolk Lane marks the site of the "Manor of the Rose," belonging to the Suffolks and the Buckinghams; Lovell's Court, Paternoster Row, marks the site of the Lovells' mansion; between Amen Corner and Ludgate Street stood Abergavenny House, where lived, in the reign of Edward II., the Earl of Richmond and Duke of Brittany, grandson of Henry III. Afterwards it became the house of John Hastings, Earl of Pembroke, who married Lady Margaret, daughter of Edward III. It passed to the Nevilles, Earls of Abergavenny, and from them to the Stationers' Company. Warwick Lane runs over Warwick House. The Sidneys, Earls of Leicester, lived in the Old Bailey. The Staffords, Dukes of Buckingham, lived in Milk Street.

A list of thirty-five palaces—which is not exhaustive, and does not include many town houses of the Bishops, nor the halls of the companies, many of them very noble, nor the houses used for the business of the city, as Blackwall Hall and Guildhall—is quite sufficient to prove my statement that London was a city of palaces.

Nothing has been said about the houses of the rich merchants. Crosby Hall, as has been seen, was built by a merchant. In Basing Lane (now swallowed up by those devourers of old houses, Cannon Street and Queen Victoria Street) stood Gerard's Hall, with a Norman crypt, and a high-roofed hall where once they kept a May pole and called it Giant Gerard's Staff. This was the hall of the house built by John Gisors, Mayor in the year 1305. The Vintners' Hall stands on the site of a great house built by Sir John Stodie, Mayor in 1357. In the house called the Vintry, Sir Henry Picard, Mayor, entertained a very noble company indeed; among them were King Edward III., King John of France, King David of Scotland, the King of Cyprus, and the Black Prince. After the banquet the Lord Mayor defended his hall against all comers with dice

and hazard. The King of Cyprus lost his money, and, unfortunately, his royal temper as well. The latter was a common misfortune among kings. The royal rage of the proverb is one of those subjects which the essayist enters in his notes and never finds the time to treat. Then up spake Sir Henry, with admonition in his voice: Did his Highness of Cyprus really believe that the Lord Mayor, and a merchant adventurer of London, whose ships rode at anchor in the port of Famagusta, would seek to win the money of any king? "My Lord and King," he said, "be not aggrieved. I court not your gold, but your play; for I have not bidden you hither that you might grieve." And so gave the King his money back. But John, King of France, and David, King of Scotland, and the Black Prince murmured and whispered that it was not fitting for a king to take back money lost at play. And the good old King Edward wagged his gray beard.

Another entertainer of Kings was Whittington. What sayeth the wise man?

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings."

They used to show an old house in Hart Lane, rich with carved wood, as Whittington's, but it must have been in his parish of St. Michael's, Paternoster Royal, and, one is pretty certain, close to the site of his college, which stood on the north side of the church. Here he entertained Henry of Agincourt, and his bride, with a magnificence which astonished the King. The cost of such a banquet was more than repaid by the respect for the wealth and power of the city which it nourished and maintained in the kingly mind. The memory of it, we may be very sure, had its after-effect even upon those most masterful of sovereigns Henry VIII. and Queen Bess. On this occasion it was nothing that the tables groaned with good things, and glittered with gold and silver plate; it was nothing that the fires were fed with cedar and perfumed wood. For the princely Mayor fed these fires after dinner with nothing less than the King's bonds to the amount of £60,000. In purchasing power that sum would now be represented by a million and a quarter.

A truly royal gift.

It was not given to many merchants, "sounding always the increase of their winning," thus to thrive and prosper. Most of them lived in more modest dwellings. When, with the great commercial advance of the fourteenth century, space by the river became more valuable, the disposition of the hall, with its little court, became necessarily modified. The house, which was warehouse as well as residence, ran up into several stories high—the earliest maps of London show many such houses beside Queenhithe, and in the busiest and most crowded parts of the city; on every story there was a wide door for the reception of bales and crates; a rope and pulley were fixed to a beam at the highest gable for hoisting and lowering the goods. The front of the house was finely ornamented with carved woodwork. One may still see such houses—streets full of them—in the ancient city of Hildesheim, near Hanover.

On the river-bank, exactly under what is now Cannon Street Railway Station, stood the Steelyard—Guilda Aula Teutonicorum. In appearance it was a house of stone, with a quay towards the river, a square court, a noble hall, and three arched gates towards Thames Street. This was the house of the Hanseatic League, whose merchants for three hundred years and more enjoyed the monopoly of importing hemp, corn, wax, steel, linen cloths, and, in fact, of the whole trade with Germany and the Baltic, so that until the London merchants pushed out their ships into the Mediterranean and the Levant their foreign trade was small, and their power of gaining wealth in proportion. This strange privilege grew by degrees. Unless the foreign merchants of the Hanse towns and of Flanders and of France had brought over their wares they could not have sold them, because there were no London merchants to import them. Therefore they came, and they came to stay. They gradually obtained privileges; they were careful to obey the laws and give no cause for jealousy or offence; and they kept their privileges, living apart in their college, till Edward VI. at last took them away. In memory of their long residence in the city, the merchants of Hamburg, in the reign of Queen Anne, presented the church where they had worshipped, All Hallows the Great, with a magnificent screen of carved wood. The church, built by Wren after the Fire, is a square box of no architectural pretensions, but it is glorified by this screen.

Between the merchant adventurers, who sometimes entertained Kings and had a

fleet of ships always on the sea, and the retail trader, there was as great a gulf then as at any after-time. Between the retail trader, who was an employer of labor, and the craftsman, there was a still greater gulf. The former lived in plenty and in comfort. His house was provided with a spacious hearth, and windows of which the upper part, at least, was of glass. The latter lived in the mean and low tenements which, according to Dr. Brewer, made up the whole of London. There were a great many of these, because there are always a great many poor in a large town. Nay, there were narrow lanes and filthy courts where there was nothing but one-storied hovels built of wattle and clay, the roof thatched with reeds, the fire burning in the middle of the room, the occupants sleeping in old Saxon fashion, wrapped in rugs around the central fire. The lanes and courts were narrow and unpaved, and filthy with every kind of refuse. In those crowded and fetid streets the plague broke out, fevers always lingered, the children died of putrid throat, and in these places began the devastating fires that from time to time swept the city.

The main streets of the city were not mean at all; they were broad, well built, picturesque. If here and there a small tenement reared its timbered and plastered front among the tall gables, it added to the beauty of the street; it broke the line. Take Chepe, for instance, the principal seat of retail trade. At the western end stood the Church of St. Michael le Quern, where Paternoster Row begins. On the north side were the churches of St. Peter West Chepe, St. Thomas Acon, St. Mary Cole, and St. Mildred. On the south side were the churches of St. Mary le Bow and St. Mary Woolchurch. In the streets running north and south rose the spires of twenty other churches. On the west side of St. Mary le Bow stood a long stone gallery, from which the Queen and her ladies could witness the tournaments and the ridings. In the middle was the "Standard," with a conduit of fresh water: There were two crosses, one being that erected by Edward the First to mark a resting-place of his dead Queen. Round the "Standard" were booths. At the west end of Chepe were *selds*, which are believed to have been open bazars for the sale of goods. Another cross stood at the west end, close to St. Michael le Quern. Here executions of citizens were held; on its broad road the knights rode in tilt on great days; the stalls were crowded with those who came to look on and to buy. The street was noisy with the voices of those who displayed their wares and called upon the folk to buy. You may hear the butchers in Clare Market or the costers in Whitecross Street keeping up the custom to the present day. The citizens walked and talked; the Alderman went along in state, accompanied by his officers; they brought out prisoners and put them into the pillory; the church bells clashed and chimed and tolled; bright cloth of scarlet hung from the upper windows if it was a feast-day, or if the Mayor and Aldermen had a riding; the streets were bright with the colors of that many-colored time, when the men vied with the women in bravery of attire, and when all classes spent upon raiment sums of money, in proportion to the rest of their expenditure, which sober nineteenth-century folk can hardly believe. Chaucer is full of the extravagance in dress. There is the young squire—

> "Embrowdid was he, as it were a mede
> Al ful of fresshe flowures, white and reede."

Or the carpenter's wife—

> "A seynt [girdle] sche wered, barred al of silk;
> A barm-cloth eek as whit as morne mylk
> Upon hir lendes [loins], ful of many a gore.
> Whit was hir smok, and browdid al byfore
> And eek byhynde on hir coler aboute,
> Of cole-blak silk, withinne and eek withoute."

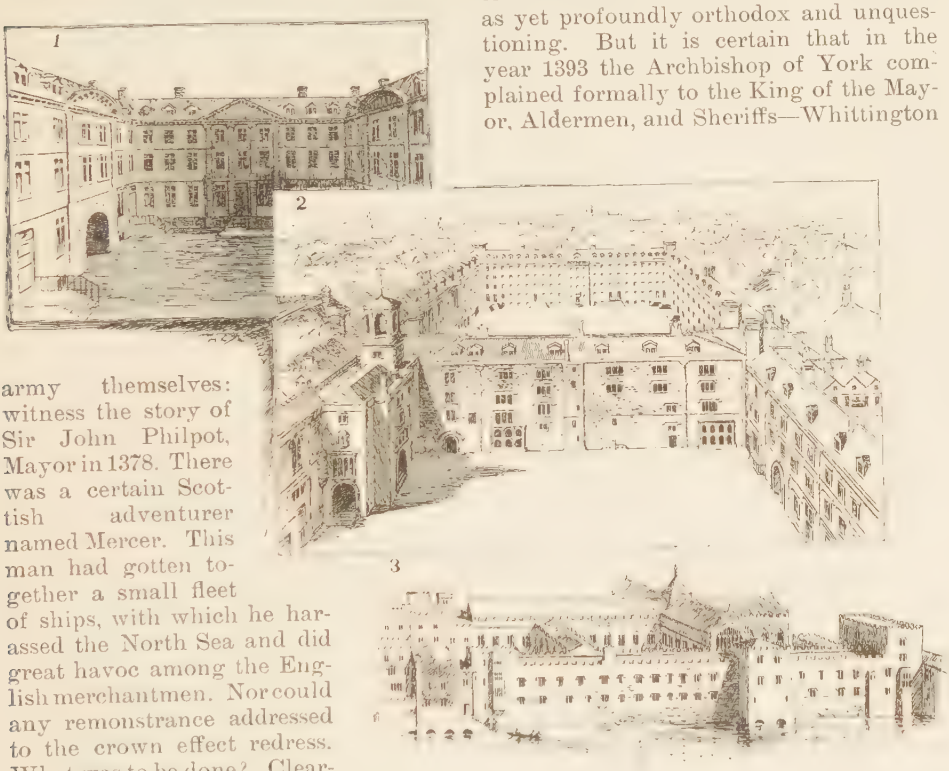
Or the wife of Bath, with her scarlet stockings and her fine kerchiefs. And the knights decked their horses as gayly as themselves. Now the city notables went clad in gowns of velvet or silk lined with fur; their hats were of velvet with gold-lace; their doublets were of rich silk; they carried thick gold chains about their necks and massive gold rings upon their fingers.

With all this outward show, this magnificence of raiment, these evidences of wealth, would one mark the small tenements which here and there, even in Chepe, stood between the churches and the substantial merchants' houses? We measure the splendors of a city by its best, and not by its worst.

The magnates of London, from generation to generation, showed far more wisdom, tenacity, and clearness of vision than can be found in the annals of Venice, Genoa, or any other mediæval city. Above all things, they maintained the

city liberties and the rights obtained from successive Kings: yet they were always loyal so long as loyalty was possible; when that was no longer possible, as in the case of Richard the Second, they threw the whole weight of their wealth and influence into the other side. If fighting was wanted, they were ready to send out their youths to fight, nay, to join the army themselves: witness the story of Sir John Philpot, Mayor in 1378. There was a certain Scottish adventurer named Mercer. This man had gotten together a small fleet of ships, with which he harassed the North Sea and did great havoc among the English merchantmen. Nor could any remonstrance addressed to the crown effect redress. What was to be done? Clearly if trade was to be carried on at all, this enemy must be put down. Therefore, without more ado, the gallant Mayor gathered together, at his own expense, a company of a thousand stout fellows, put them on board, and sallied forth, himself their admiral, to fight this piratical Scot. He found him, in fact, in Scarborough Bay with his prizes. Sir John fell upon him at once, slew him and most of his men, took all his ships, including the prizes, and returned to the port of London with his spoils, including fifteen Spanish ships which had joined the Scotchman. Next year the King was in want of other help. The arms and armor of a thousand men were in pawn. Sir John took them out. And because the King wanted as many ships as he could get for his expedition into France, Sir John gave him all his own, with Mercer's ships and the Spanish prizes so well.

Toward the end of the fourteenth century began the first grumblings of the great religious storm that was to burst upon the world a hundred years later. The common sort of Londoners, attached to their Church and to its services, were as yet profoundly orthodox and unquestioning. But it is certain that in the year 1393 the Archbishop of York complained formally to the King of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs—Whittington was then one of the Sheriffs—that they were *male crediili*, that is, of little faith; upholders of Lollards, detractors of religious persons, detainers of tithes, and defrauders of the poor. When persecutions, however, began in earnest not a single citizen of position was charged with heresy. Probably the Archbishop's charge was based upon some quarrel over tithes and Church dues. At the same time no one who has read Chaucer can fail to understand that men's minds were made uneasy by the open scandals of religion, the contrast between profession and practice. It required no knowledge of theol-



1. The College of Arms, or Heralds' Office. 2. Bridewell. 3. View of the Savoy from the Thames.

ogy to remark that the monk who kept the best of horses in his stable and the best of hounds in his kennel, and rode to the chase as gallantly attired as any young knight, was a strange follower of the Benedictine rule. Nor was it necessary to be a divine in order to compare the lives of the Franciscans with their vows. Yet the authority of the Church seemed undiminished, while its wealth, its estates, its rank, and its privileges gave it enormous power. It is not pretended that the merchants of London were desirous of new doctrines, or of any tampering with the mass, or any lowering of sacerdotal pretensions. Yet there can be no doubt that they desired reform in some shape, and it seems as if they saw the best hope of reform in raising the standard of education. Probably the old monastery schools had fallen into decay. We find, for instance, a simultaneous movement in this direction long before Henry VI. began to found and to endow his schools. Whittington bequeathed a sum of money to create a library for the Grey Friars; his close friend and one of his executors, John Carpenter, Rector of St. Mary Magdalen, founded the City of London School, now more flourishing and of greater usefulness than ever; another friend of Whittington, Sir John Nicol, who was the Master of St. Thomas Acon, petitioned the Parliament for leave to establish four schools; Whittington's own company, the Mercers, founded a school—which still exists—soon after his death. The merchants rebuilt churches, bought advowsons and gave them to the corporation, founded charities, and left doctrine to scholars. Yet the century which contains such men as Wycliff, Chaucer, Gower, Occleve, William of Wykeham, Fabian, and others, was not altogether one of blind and unquestioning obedience. And it is worthy of remark that the first Master of Whittington's Hospital was that Reginald Pecock who afterward, as Bishop of Chichester, was charged with Lollardism, and imprisoned for life as a punishment. He was kept in a single closed chamber in Thorney Abbey, Isle of Ely.

GERARD'S HALL.

GATEWAY, ETC., IN CROSBY SQUARE (NOW DESTROYED).

VIEW OF THE SOUTH FRONT OF BAYNARD'S CASTLE, ABOUT 1640.

He was never allowed out of this room: no one was to speak with him except the man who waited upon him: he was to have neither paper, pen, ink, nor books, except a Bible, a mass-book, a psalter, and a legendary.

Among the city worthies of that time may be introduced Sir William Walworth, the slayer of Jack Cade: Sir William Sevenoke, the first known instance of the poor country lad of humble birth working his way to the front; he was also the first to found and endow a grammar-school for his native town: Sir Robert Chichele, whose brother Henry was Archbishop of Canterbury and founder of All Souls', Oxford; this Robert, whose house was on the site of Bakers' Hall, in Harp Lane, provided by his will that on his commemoration day two thousand four hundred poor householders of the city should be regaled with a dinner and have two pence each in money: Sir John Rainwell, who left houses and lands to discharge the tax called the Fifteenth in three parishes: Sir John Wells, who brought water from Tyburn: and Sir William Estfield, who brought water from Highbury. Other examples show that the time for endowing monasteries had passed away. When William Elsing, early in the fourteenth century, thought of doing something with his money, he did not leave it to the Franciscans for masses, but he endowed a hospital for a hundred blind men; and a few years later John Branes gave the city a strong-box with three locks, containing a thousand marks, which were to be lent to young men beginning business—an excellent gift. When there was a great dearth of grain, it was the Lord Mayor who fitted out ships at his own expense and brought corn from Prussia, which lowered the price of flour by one-half. In the acts of these grave magistrates one can read the deep love they bore to the city, their earnest striving for the administration with justice of just laws, for the maintenance of good work, for the relief of the poor, for the provision of water, and for education.

Tradition —which is always on the side of the weak—maintains that the great merchants of the past, for the most part, made their way upward from the poorest and most penniless conditions. They came from the plough-tail or from the mechanic's shop; they entered the city paved with gold friendless, with no more than two pence, if so much, in their pockets; they received scant favor and put up with

CROSBY HALL.

rough fare. Then tradition makes a jump, and shows them, on the next lifting of the curtain, prosperous, rich, and in great honor. The typical London merchant is Dick Whittington, whose history was blazoned in the chapbooks for all to read. One is loath to disturb venerable beliefs, but the facts are exactly the opposite of those set forth. The merchant adventurer, diligent in his business, and therefore rewarded, as the wise man prophesied for him, by standing before princes, though he began life as a prentice, also began it as a gentleman. He belonged, at the outset, to a good family, and had good friends both in the country and the town. Piers Plowman never could and never did rise to great eminence in the city. The exceptions, which are few indeed, prove the rule. Against such a case as Sevenoke, the son of poor parents, who rose to be Lord Mayor, we have a hundred others in which the successful merchant starts with the advantage of gentle birth. Take, for example, the case of Whittington himself.

He was the younger son of a Gloucestershire country gentleman, Sir William Whittington, a knight who was outlawed for some offence. His estate was at a village called Pauntley. In the church may still be seen the shield of Whittington, empaling Fitzwarren — Richard's wife was Alice Fitzwarren. His mother belonged to the well-known Devonshire family of Mansell, and was a cousin of the Fitzwarrens. The Whittingtons were thus people of position and consideration, of knightly rank, *armigeri*, living on their own estates, which were sufficient, but not large.

For a younger son in the fourteenth century the choice of a career was limited. He might enter the service of a great lord and follow his fortunes. In that turbulent time there was fighting to be had at home as well as in France, and honor to be acquired, with rank and lands, by those who were fortunate. He might join the army of the King. He might enter the Church; but youths of gentle blood did not in the fourteenth century flock readily to the Church. He might remain on the family estate and become a bailiff.

VIEW OF COLD HARBOR, IN THAMES STREET, ABOUT 1600.

He might go up to London and become a lawyer. There were none of the modern professions—no engineers, architects, bankers, journalists, painters, novelists, or dramatists: but there was trade.

Young Dick Whittington therefore chose to follow trade; rather that line of life was chosen for him. He was sent to London under charge of carriers, and placed in the house of his cousin, Sir John Fitzwarren, as an apprentice. As he married his master's daughter, it is reasonable to suppose that he inherited a business, which he subsequently improved and developed enormously. If we suppose a single man to be the owner of the Cunard line of steamers, running the cargoes on his own venture and for his own profit, we may understand something of Whittington's position in the city. The story of the cat is persistently attached to his name; it begins immediately after his death; it was figured on the buildings which his executors erected; it formed part of the decorations of the family mansion at Gloucester. It is therefore impossible to avoid the conclusion that he did himself associate the sale of a cat—then a

CROSBY HOUSE, BISHOPSGATE STREET.

INTERIOR OF CROSBY HALL.

creature of some value and rarity—with the foundation of his fortunes. Here, however, we have only to do with the fact that Whittington was of gentle birth, and that he was apprenticed to a man also of gentle birth.

That good old antiquary, Stow, to whom we owe so much, not only gives an account of all the monuments in the city churches, with the inscriptions and verses which were graven upon them, but he also describes the shields of all those who were *armigeri*—entitled to carry arms. Remember that a shield was not a thing which could be assumed at pleasure. The heralds made visitations of the counties, and examined into the pretensions of every man who bore a coat of arms. You were either entitled or you were not. To parade a shield without a proper title was then much as if a man should now pretend to be an Earl or a Duke. If one wants a shield in these days it is only necessary to invent one; or the Heralds' College will connect a man with some knightly family and so confer a title: formerly the herald could invent or find a coat of arms only by order of the sovereign, the fountain of honor. By granting a shield the King admitted another family into the ranks of gentlehood. For instance, when the news of Captain Cook's death reached England, King George the Third granted a coat of arms to his family, who were thus promoted to the first stage of nobility. This, however, seems to have been the last occasion of such a grant.

What do we find, then? The churches are full of monuments to dead citizens who are *armigeri*. Take two churches at hazard. The first is St. Leonard's, Milk Street. Here was buried John Johnson, citizen and butcher, died 1282, his coat of arms displayed upon his tomb; also, with his shield, Richard Ruyener, citizen and fish-monger, died 1361. The second church is St. Peter's, Cornhill. Here the following monuments have their shields: that of Thomas Lorimer, citizen and mercer; of Thomas Born, citizen and draper; of Henry Acle, citizen and grocer;

of Henry Palmer, citizen and *pannarius;* of Henry Aubertner, citizen and taylor; and of Timothy Westrow, citizen and grocer.

The residence and yearly influx of the Barons and their followers into London not only, as we have seen, kept the city in touch with the country and prevented it from becoming a mere centre of trade, but it also kept the country in touch with the city. The livery of the great Lords compared their own lot, at best an honorable servitude, with that of the free and independent merchants, who had no overlord but the King, and were themselves as rich as any of the greatest Barons in the country. They saw among them many from their own country, lads whom they remembered in the hunting-field, or playing in the garden before the timbered old house in the country, of gentle birth and breeding, once, like themselves, poor younger sons, now rich and of great respect. When they went home they talked of this, and fired the blood of the boys, so that while some staid at home and some put on the livery of a Baron, others went up to London and served their time. In short, when we assign a city origin to the families of Coventry, Leigh, Ducie, Pole, Bouverie, Boleyn, Legge, Capel, Osborne, Craven, and Ward, it would be well to inquire, if possible, to what stock belonged the original citizen, the founder of each. Trade in the fourteenth century, and long afterward, did not degrade a gentleman. That idea was of an earlier, and of a later date. It became a law during the last century when the county families began to grow rich and the value of land increased. It is fast disappearing again with the shrinkage of land values, and the city is once more receiving the sons of noble and gentle. The change should be welcomed as helping to destroy the German notions of caste and class and the hereditary superiority of the ennobled house, which has done the people of Great Britain so much harm during the last two hundred years.

It was in this fourteenth century that the city experienced the most important change in the whole history of her constitution, more important than the substitution of the Mayor and Aldermen for the portreeve and sheriff, though that was nothing less than the passage from the feudal county to the civic community. The new thing was the formation of the city companies, which incorporated each trade formally, and gave the fullest powers to the governing body over wages, hours of labor, output, and everything which concerned the welfare of each craft.

There had been many attempts made at combination. Men, at all times, have

INTERIOR OF PART OF CROSBY HALL, CALLED THE COUNCIL-ROOM, LOOKING EAST.

NORTHEAST VIEW OF CROSBY HALL, SHOWING PART OF THE INTERIOR OF THE GREAT HALL.

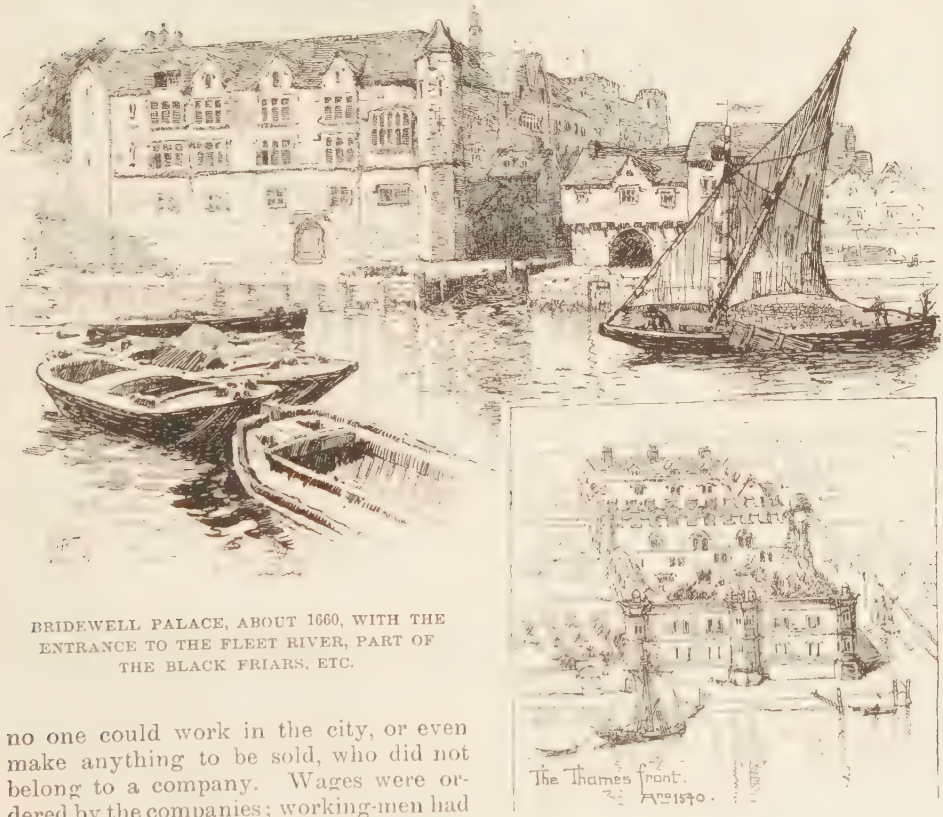
been sensible of the advantages of combining; at all times and in every trade there is the same difficulty—that of persuading everybody to forego an apparent present advantage for a certain benefit in the future; there are always blacklegs; yet the cause of combination advances.

The history of the city companies is that of combination successfully carried out, so that it became part of the constitution and government of the city—but, what was not foreseen at the outset, combination in the interests of the masters, not of the men.

The trades began forming associations, which they called guilds. These aroused suspicion. The King did not at first regard any combination of his subjects with approbation. The guilds were ostensibly religious: they had each a patron saint—St. Martin, for instance, protected the saddlers; St. Anthony the grocers—they held an annual festival on their saint's day. But they must be licensed: eighteen such guilds were fined for establishing themselves without a license. Those which were licensed paid for the privilege. The most important of them was the Guild of Weavers, which was authorized by Henry the Second to regulate the trades of cloth-workers, drapers, tailors, and all the various crafts and "misteries" that belong to clothes. This guild became so powerful that it threatened to rival in authority the governing body. It was therefore suppressed by King John, the different trades afterward combining separately to form their own companies.

By the end of the fourteenth century, then—to sum up—the government of London was practically complete and almost in its present form. The Mayor, become an officer of the highest importance, was elected every year, the Sheriffs every year; the Aldermen and the Common Councilmen were elected by wards. The

Mayor was chosen from the great companies, which comprised all the merchant venturers, importers, exporters, men who had correspondence over the seas, masters, and employers. Every craft had its own regulations; no one could trade in the city who did not belong to a company; no one could work in the city, or even make anything to be sold, who did not belong to a company. Wages were ordered by the companies; working-men had no appeal from the ruling of the warden. From time to time there were attempts made by the craftsmen to make combinations for themselves. These attempts were sternly and swiftly put down. No trades-unions were suffered to be formed; nay, even within the memory of man trades-unions were treated as illegal associations. The craftsman, as a political factor, disappears from history with the creation of the companies. In earlier times we hear his voice in the folkmote; we see him tossing his cap and shouting for William Longbeard. But when Whittington sits on the Lord Mayor's chair he is silenced. And he remains silent until, by covins and conspiracies which Whittington put down so sternly, he has become a greater power in the land than ever he was before. Even yet, however, and with all the lessons that he has learned, his power of combination is imperfect, his aims are narrow, and his grasp of his own power is feeble and restricted.



BRIDEWELL PALACE, ABOUT 1660, WITH THE ENTRANCE TO THE FLEET RIVER, PART OF THE BLACK FRIARS, ETC.

For my own part, I confess that this repression, this silencing of the craftsman in the fourteenth century seems necessary for the growth and prosperity of the city. For the craftsman was then incredibly ignorant; he knew nothing except his own craft; as for his country, the conditions of the time, the outer world, he knew nothing at all; he might talk to the sailors who lay about the quays between voyages, but they could tell him nothing that

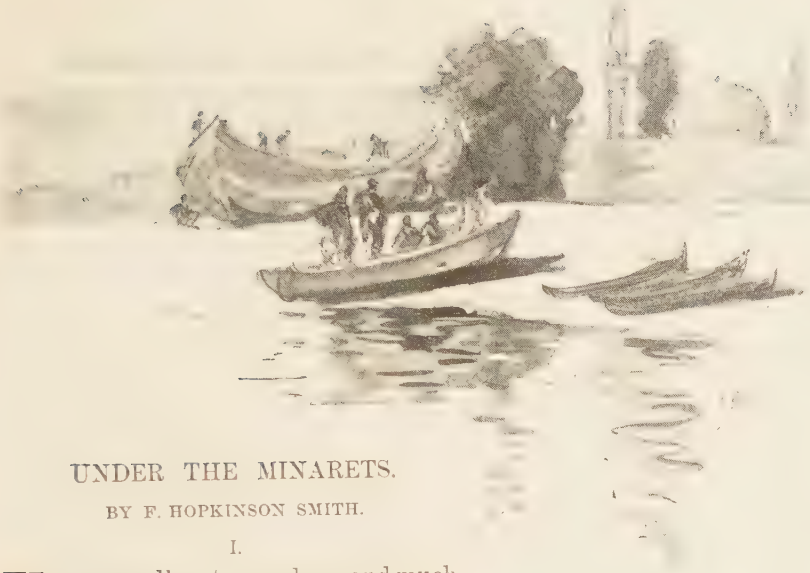
CHARING CROSS.
Erected by Edward I. in memory of Queen Eleanor of Castile.

would help him in his trade; he could not read; he could not inquire, because he knew not what questions to ask or what information he wanted; he had no principles; he was naturally ready, for his own present advantages, to sacrifice the whole world; he believed all he was told. Had the London working-man acquired such a share in the government of his city as he now has in the government of his country, the result would have been a battle-field of discordant and ever-varying factions, ruled by demagogues.

It was a happy circumstance for London that the government of the city fell into the hands of an oligarchy, and still more happy that the oligarchs themselves were under the rule of a jealous and watchful sovereign.

So far it was well. It would have been better had the governing body recognized the law that they must be always enlarging their borders. Then they would have begun in earnest the education of the people. We who have taken this work in hand only for twenty years may not throw stones. But the voice of the craftsman should have been heard long ago. Then we should perhaps have been spared many oppressions, many foolish wars, many cruelties. But from the fourteenth to the nineteenth century the craftsman is silent. Nay, in every successive generation in this long period he grows more silent, less able to speak, till he reaches the lowest depth ever arrived at by Englishmen—and that was about a hundred years ago.

ANCIENT PARTS OF BRIDEWELL PALACE.



UNDER THE MINARETS.

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

I.

IT was a small, not over-clean, and much-crumpled card, and it bore this inscription:

> *Isaac Isaacs,*
>
> *Dragoman and Interpreter,*
>
> *Constantinople.*

It was held very near my nose, and above the heads of a struggling, snarling pack of Turks, Armenians, Greeks, and Jews, all yelling at the tops of their voices, and all held at bay by a protecting rail in the station and two befezzed officers attached to the custom-house of his Serene Highness.

Beyond this seething mass of Orientals was seen an open door, and through this only the sunlight, a patch of green grass, and the glimpse of a minaret against the blue.

Yes; one thing more—the card.

The owner carried it aloft, like a flag of truce. He had escaped the tax-gathering section of the Sublime Porte by dodging under the guarded rail, and with fez to earth was now pressing its oblong proportions within an inch of my eye-glasses.

"Do you speak English?"

"Ev'ting: Yerman, Franche, Grek, Tearkish—all!"

"Take this sketch-trap, and get me a carriage."

The fez righted itself, and I looked into the face of a swarthy, dark-bearded mongrel, with a tobacco-colored complexion and a watery eye. He was gasping for breath and reeking with perspiration, the back of his hand serving as sponge.

I handed him my check—through baggage Orient Express, two days from Vienna—stepped into the half-parched garden, and drank in my first breath of Eastern air.

Within the garden—an oasis, barely kept alive by periodical sprinkling—lounged a few railroad officials hugging scant shadows, and one lone Turk dispensing cooling drinks beneath a huge umbrella.

Outside the garden's protecting fence wandered half the lost tribes of the earth, each one splitting the air with a combination of shouts, sounds, and cries that would have done justice to a travelling menagerie two hours late for breakfast. In and out this motley mob slouched the dogs—away out in the middle of the street, under the benches, in everybody's way and under everybody's feet: everywhere dogs, dogs, dogs!

Beyond this babel straggled a low building attached to the station. Above rose a ragged hill crowned by a shimmering wall of dazzling white, topped with rounded dome and slender minarets. Over all was

the beautiful sky of the East, the joy and despair of every brush from the earliest times down to my own.

II.

Ever since the days of the Arabian Nights—my days—the days of Haroun al Raschid, of the big jars with the forty scalded thieves and the beautiful Fatima with the almond-shaped eyes, I have dreamed of the Orient and its palaces of marble. And so, when Baron de Hirsch had brought the home of the Caliphs within two days' journey of the domes of San Marco, I threw some extra canvases into a trunk, tucked a passport into my inside pocket, shouldered my sketch-trap, and bought a second-class ticket for Constantinople.

I had only one object—to paint.

My comrades at Florian's—that most delightful of cafés on the Piazza—when they heard that I was about to exchange the cool canals of my beloved Venice for the dusty highways of the unspeakable Turk, condemned my departure as quixotic. The fleas would devour me; the beggars (all bandits) steal my last franc; and the government lock me up the very first moment I loosened my sketch-trap.

CAÏQUE LANDING, GALATA BRIDGE.

But Isaac, the dragoman, is standing obsequiously with fez in hand, two little rivulets of well-earned sweat coursing down each cheek.

"Ze baggages ees complet, effendi."

Isaac crawled upon the box, the driver, a barelegged Turk with fez and stomach sash, drove his heel into the haunches of the near horse, once, no doubt, the pride of the desert, and we whirled away in a cloud of dust.

"I don't see my trunk, Isaac."

"Not presently, effendi. It now arrives immediatamente at the dogane. Trust me!"

Five minutes more, and we alighted at the custom-house.

"This way, effendi."

For the benefit of those unfamiliar with the liquid language of the Orient, I will say that effendi means master, and that it is applied only to some distinguished person—one who has, or is expected to have, the sum of half a piastre about his person.

Isaac presented the check—a scrap of paper—to another befezzed official, and the next moment ushered me into a small room on the ground-floor, furnished with a divan, a tray with coffee and cigarettes,

PATIO OF THE PIGEON MOSQUE.

OVERLOOKING THE GOLDEN HORN FROM MOSQUE SULEIMAN.

and an overfed, cross-legged Turk. There was also a secretary, curled up somewhere in a corner, scratching away with a pen.

I salaamed to the Turk, opened my passport, sketch-book, and trap, and delivered up the key of my trunk.

The secretary undid his legs, stamped upon my official passport a monogram of authority looking more like the image of a fish-worm petrified in the last agonies of death than any written sign with which I was familiar, and clapped his hands in a perfectly natural Aladdin sort of way. A genie in the shape of a Nubian, immeasurably blacker than the darkest Africa, moved from behind a curtain, and in five minutes my trunk holding the extra canvases, with a great white cross of peace chalked across its face, was strapped to the carriage, and we on our way to the Royal.

As I said before, I had come to Constantinople to paint; to revel in color; to sit for hours following with reverent pencil the details of an architecture unrivalled on the globe; to watch the sun scale the hills of Scutari, and shatter its lances against the fairy minarets of Stamboul; to catch the swing and plash of the rowers rounding their caïques by the bridge of Galata; to wander through bazar, plaza, and market, dotting down splashes of robe, turban, and sash; to rest for hours in cool tiled mosques, with the silence of the infinite about me; to steep my soul in a splendor which in its very decay is sublime; and to study a people whose rags are symphonies of color, and whose traditions and records the sweetest poems of modern times. If you are content with only this, come with me to the patio of the Mosque Bayazid—the Pigeon Mosque.

Isaac Isaacs, dragoman, stands at its door, with one hand over his heart, the other raised aloft, invoking the condemnation of the gods if he lies. In his earnestness he is pushing back his fez, disclosing an ugly old scar in his wrinkled, leathery forehead—a sabre cut, he tells me, in a burst of confidence, won in the last row with Russia. His black beard is shaking like a goat's, while his hands, with upturned palms and thumbs, touch his shoulders with the same old wavy motion common to his race. Standing now in the shadow of the archway, he insists that no unbeliever is ever permitted to make pictures in the patio, where flows the sacred fountain.

I had heard something like this before. The idlers at Florian's had all said so; an intelligent Greek merchant whom I met on the train had been sure of it; and even the clerk of the Royal shrugged his shoulders and thought I had better not.

All this time—Isaac still invoking new gods—I was gazing into the most beautiful patio along the Golden Horn, feasting my eyes on columns of verd-antique supporting arches light as rainbows, that shaded groups of priests brilliant in every color of the palette.

I crossed the threshold, dropped my trap behind a protecting column, and ran my eye around the Moorish square. The sun blazed down on glistening marbles; gnarled old cedars twisted themselves upward against the sky; flocks of pigeons whirled and swooped and fell in showers on cornice, roof, and dome; and tall minarets, like shafts of light, shot up into the blue. Scattered over the uneven pavement, patched with strips and squares of shadows, lounged groups of priests in bewildering robes of mauve, corn-yellow, white, and sea-green, while back beneath the arches bunches of natives listlessly pursued their several avocations.

It was a sight that brought the blood with a rush to my cheek. Here at last was the East, the land of my dreams! That swarthy Mussulman at his little square table mending seals; that fellow next him selling herbs, sprawled out on the marble floor, too lazy to crawl away from the slant of the sunshine slipping through the ragged awning; and that young Turk in frayed and soiled embroidered jacket, holding up strings of beads to the priests passing in and out—had I not seen them over and over again?

And the old public scribe with the gray beard and white turban writing letters, the motionless veiled figures squatting around him, was he not Baba Mustapha, and the soft-eyed girl whispering into his ear none other than Morgiana, "fair as the meridian sun"?

Was I to devour all this with my eyes, and fill my soul with its beauty, and take nothing away? My mind was made up the moment I looked into the old scribe's face. Once get the confidence of this secret repository of half the love-making and intrigue in Stamboul, and I was safe.

"Isaac!"

"Yes, effendi."

"Do you know the scribe?"

Isaac advanced a step, scrutinized the old patriarch for a moment, and replied, "Effendi, pardonnez, he the one only man in Stamboul I not know."

This time, I noticed, he omitted the invocation to the gods.

"Then I'll present you."

I waited until the scribe looked up and caught my eye. Then I bowed my head reverently, and gave him the Turkish salute. It is a most respectful salutation. You stoop to the ground, pick up an imaginary handful of dust, press it to your heart, lips, and forehead in token of your

LIGHTER-BOATS IN THE BOSPORUS.

sincerity and esteem, and then scatter it to the four winds of heaven. Rapidly done, it looks like brushing off a fly.

The old scribe arose with the dignity of King Solomon—I am quite sure he looked like him—and offered me his own straw-thatched stool. I accepted it gravely, and opened my cigarette case. He unseated a client, dismissed his business for the day, and sat down beside me. Then, Isaac interpreting, I turned my sketch-book leaf by leaf, showing him bits of Venice, and, in the back of the book, some tall minarets of an old mosque caught on my way through Bulgaria.

It was curious to watch his face. He evidently had never seen their like before.

Before the book was closed, I had formally and with great ceremony asked and received permission to paint the most sacred patio, Isaac protesting all the time as he unbuckled my trap that the scribe was but a pauper, earning but a spoonful of copper coin in a day, with no more right to grant me a permit than the flea-bitten beggar at the gate. But then Isaac had not come to Constantinople to paint.

Half an hour later, when the arches were sketched in, and the pillars and roof-line complete, the shrill voice of the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer sounded above my head. I could see his little white dot of a turban bobbing away, high above me on the minaret, his blue robe waving in the soft air.

In an instant every occupation was abandoned, and priests, seal-maker, herb-doctor, and peddler crowded about the fountain, washed their faces and feet, and moved silently and reverently into the mosque. Soon the patio was deserted by all except Isaac, the pigeons, and the scribe—the kindly old scribe—who still remained glued to his seat, lost in wonder.

Another hour and the worshippers came straggling back, resuming their several avocations. Last of all came the priests, in groups of eight or ten, flashing masses of color as they stepped out of the cool arches into the blinding sunlight. They approached my easel with that easy rhythmic movement, so gracefully accentuated by their flowing robes, stopped short, and silently grouped themselves about me. I had now the creamy white of the minaret sharp against the blue, and the entrance of the mosque in clear relief.

For an instant there was a hurried consultation. Then a beardless young priest courteously but firmly expounded to Isaac some of the fundamental doctrines of the Mohammedan faith, one being, "Thou shalt not paint."

At this moment I felt a hand caress my shoulder, and raised my head.

It was the scribe's, who, with faded robe gathered about him, stood gazing into the face of the speaker. I held my breath, wondering whether, after all, I had left San Marco in vain. Isaac stood mute, a half-triumphant "I told you so" expression lighting up his face.

Then drawing himself to his full height, his long beard blending with his white robe, the old scribe waved Isaac aside, and answered in his stead. "I have given my word to the Frank. He is not a giaour, but a true Moslem, a holy man, who loves our temple. I have broken bread with him. He is my friend, bone of my bone, blood of my blood. You cannot drive him away."

After that, painting about Constantinople became quite easy. Perhaps the priests told it to their fellow-priests, who spread it abroad among the faithful in the mosques; perhaps the gossips around the patio took it up, or the good scribe whispered it into the veiled ear of his next fair client, and so gave it wings. How it happened, I know not; but from that day my white umbrella became a banner of peace, and my open sketch-book a passport to everybody's courtesy and everybody's good will.

III.

Let me remind those who may have forgotten it that there is really no such place as Constantinople. There is, of course, the old Turkish city of Stamboul, with all the great mosques.

Then there is the European city of Pera, rebuilt since the fire, up a hill, a long way up, with its modern tramway below, and the ancient tower of the Genoese crowning the top.

And last, across the Bosporus, is Scutari, only ten minutes by ferry-boat. Scutari-in-Asia, with mosques, archways, palaces, seraglios, fruit-markets, Arab horses, priests, eunuchs with bevies of houris out for an airing, gay awnings, silks in festoons from shop doors, streets crowded with carnival-like people wearing every color under the sun, Bedouins on

MOSQUE OF MOHAMMED ALI, SCUTARI.

horseback riding rapidly through narrow streets, tons and tons of grapes piled up in baskets, soldiers in fez and brown linen suits—everything that is foreign and un-European, and out of the common world. A bewildering, overwhelming, intoxicating sight to a man who has travelled half the world over to find the picturesque, and who suddenly comes upon all there is in the other half crammed into one compact mass half a mile square.

Isaac never quite understands why I go about absorbed in these things, and why I ignore the regulation sights—the mosque with the Persian tiles, three miles away and a carriage; the treasury at Seraglio Point, opened only by permit from the Grand Vizier (price £2); the dancing dervishes at Pera; the howling dervishes at Scutari; and the identical spot where Leander plunged in.

I finally compromised with Isaac on the dervishes. We had spent the morning at Scutari, where I had been painting an old mosque. It was howling-dervish day—it comes but once a week, the howl beginning at 3 P.M. precisely—and to satisfy Isaac I had left the sunshine for an hour to watch their curious service.

I had, it is proper to state, wrung a confession that morning from Isaac which had so humiliated him that he had suggested the dervishes to divert my attention. A dragoman of the opposition, a veritable son of Abraham, had betrayed him. He had bitten his thumb at him, not literally but figuratively, and this in very decent English—no, the reverse. He had charged him with fraud. He had said that his name was not Isaac Isaacs, but Yapouly—Dreco Yapouly; that he was not an honest Jew, but a dog of a Turk, who had stolen honest Isaac's name when he died. Yes, robbed him, ghoul, grave-digger, beast! He with a scar on his forehead, where he had been branded for theft! And here the opposition dragoman snatched Isaac's fez from his head, and ground it into the dirt with his heel.

After a gendarme had taken this very disagreeable dragoman away, Isaac confessed. So many Englishmen, Frenchmen, Americans, he said, had wanted Mr. Isaacs that he had concluded that it was cruel not to accommodate them. Of what use was a dead Jew? How infinitely better a live Turk! So one day, when hanging over the rail at the station, an Englishman had arrived holding the deceased Isaac's card in his hand, and since that time Yapouly had been Isaac Isaacs to the stranger and the wayfaring

A GLIMPSE OF SANTA SOPHIA.

MARKET DAY, VALEDÉ MOSQUE.

man. "See, effendi, here the Angleesh-man card."

It was the same the rascal had pressed into my own face!

Thus it was that Dreco Yapouly Isaacs —I will no longer lend myself to his villanous deception—preceded me up a steep hill paved with bowlders, entered the low door of the *tekkè* (house) of the dervishes, and motioned me to a seat in a small open court sheltered by an arbor covered with vines.

Five francs, and we passed the hanging curtain covering the entrance, and stepped inside a square, low-ceiled room hung with tambourines, cymbals, arms, and banners, and surrounded on three sides by an aisle.

The howlers—there were at least a dozen—were standing in a straight row on the floor, like a class at school, facing their master, an old, long-bearded priest squatting on a mat stretched before the low alcove altar.

As we entered, they were wagging their heads in unison, keeping time to a chant monotoned by the old priest. They were of all ages; fat and lean, smooth-shaven and bearded; some in rich garments, others in more sombre and cheaper stuffs.

One face cut itself into my memory—that of a handsome, clear-skinned young man, with deep, intense eyes that fairly flamed, and a sinewy, graceful body. On one of his delicate, lady-white hands was a large turquoise ring. Yapouly whispered to me that he was the son of the high priest, and would succeed his father when the old man died.

The chant continued, rising in volume and intensity, and a Nubian in white handed each man a black skull-cap. These they drew tightly over their perspiring heads.

The movement, which had begun with the slow rolling of their heads, now extended to their bodies. They writhed and twisted as if in agony, like a row of black-capped felons standing on an invisible gallows, swinging from unseen ropes.

Suddenly there darted out upon the mats a boy scarce ten years of age, spinning like a top in front of the priest, his skirts level with his hands.

The chant now broke into a wail, the audience joining in. The howls were deafening. The twelve were rocking their heads in a wild frenzy, groaning in long, subdued moans, ending in a peculiar "hough," like the sound of a dozen distant locomotives tugging up a steep grade.

"Allah, hou! Allah, hou! Allah, hou!" —the last word expelled with a jerk.

A dozen little children were now handed over the rail to the Nubian, who took them in his arms and laid them in a row, their faces flattened to the mats. The old priest advanced within a step of the first child, his lips moving in prayer.

Yapouly Isaac leaned over and whispered, "See! now he will bless them."

I raised myself on my feet to see the better. The old priest balanced himself for a moment, stepped firmly upon the first child, his bare feet sinking into its soft, yielding flesh, and then walked deliberately across the line of prostrate children. As he passed, each little tot raised its head, waited until the last child had been trampled; then sprang up, kissed the old priest's robe, and ran laughing from the room.

The dervishes were now in the last stages of exhausted frenzy. The once handsome young priest was ghastly, frothing at the mouth, only the white of his eyes visible, his voice thick, his breath almost gone. The others were drooping, with knees bent, hardly able to stand.

Suddenly the priest turned his back, prostrated himself before the altar, and prayed silently. The whirling child, who for half an hour had not stopped, sank to the floor. The line of dervishes grew still, one by one tottered along the floor, clutched at the hanging curtain, and passed into the sunlight.

I forced my way along the closely packed aisle, and rushed into the open air, impelled by a wild desire to render some assistance. The sight that met my eye staggered me. My breath stopped short. In the midst of the court stood the Nubian serving coffee, the howlers crowding about him, clamoring for cups, and panting for breath like a team of athletes in from a foot-race. I looked for my young priest with the turquoise ring. He was sitting on a bench, rolling a cigarette, his face wreathed with smiles!

IV.

And yet the Mohammedan priest, despite his fanaticism, is really a most delightful companion. His tastes are refined, his garments spotless, his manners easy and graceful, and his whole bearing distinguished by a repose that is simply superb—the repose of unlimited idleness dignified by unquestioned religious authority.

PLAZA OF THE VALEDÉ MOSQUE.

I remember one in particular who spent a morning with me—a noble old patriarch, dressed in a delicate egg-shell-colored robe that floated about his feet as he walked, an under-garment of mauve, with waist sash of pale blue, and a snow-drift of silk on his head. For four broiling hours, with only such shade as a half-withered plane-tree could afford, did this majestic old fellow, with slippers tucked under him, sit and drink in every movement of my brush. When I had finished, he arose, saluted me after the manner of his race, and pointing first to the sketch, and then to the glistening mosque, said, in the softest of voices:

"Good dragoman, tell your master I have for him a very great respect. He has opened my eyes to many beautiful things. I am sure he is a most learned

MOSQUE OF THE SIX MINARETS.

man," and passed on with the dignity and composure of a Doge.

Everywhere else did I find this same spontaneous, generous courtesy and kindly good humor. Only once was I rebuffed. It was in the open plaza of the Valedé. I had been watching the shifting scene, following eagerly the little dabs of color hurrying over the heated pavement, when my eye fell upon a cobbler but a few yards off, pegging away at an upturned shoe. When my restless pencil had fastened his fez upon his head, and linked his body to his three-legged stool, a laugh broke out among the by-standers crowded about me, one jovial old Turk calling out to the unconscious model. In an instant he was on his feet, forcing his way through the throng behind me. Hardly had I matched this sketch with another—a long-robed Armenian who swung past—when I felt a hand tighten on my shoulder, and the next instant a wet leather sole was thrust forward and ground into my paper, spoiling both sketches.

It took five minutes of my most subtle Oriental diplomacy, sweetened with several cups of the choicest Turkish coffee, to convince this indignant shoemaker that I meant no offence. When I had succeeded, he was so profuse in his apologies that I had to smoke a chibouque with him, at his expense, to restore his equanimity.

And yet, under all the courtesy and good nature I found everywhere, I could not help noticing that a certain disquiet and nervous fear permeated all classes—priests and people alike. The government's extreme poverty and constant watchfulness are two things the inhabitant never forgets—one concerns his taxes, the other his liberty. This fear is so

MY SHOEMAKER.

FRUIT-STAND, SCUTARI.

great that many public topics worn threadbare by most Europeans are never whispered by a Turk to his most intimate friend. Even my dear friend and confidential adviser, Mr. Yapouly, finds now and then a subject upon which he is silent. One day I asked him who had been suspected of murdering the predecessor of the present Sultan, and why it had been thought necessary to remove that luxurious son of the Prophet. To my surprise, he made no reply: we were in Pera at the time. When we reached the long cemetery, he stopped, looked carefully over the low wall, as if fearing the very graves, and then said, in his broken conglomerate, too shattered to reproduce here:

"Effendi, you must not ask such questions. . Everybody is a spy: the man asleep on the sofa in the hotel, the waiter behind your chair, the barber who shaves you. Some night your bed will be empty. Nobody ever asks such questions in Constantinople."

Nor is this unrest confined to the people. I noticed the same anxious look on the Sultan's face the day of the *salemlik*—the day he drives publicly to the little mosque to pray, the mosque outside the palace gates. His face was like that of the acrobat riding bareback at the circus hoop—glad to be through.

But I am in Constantinople to paint, not to moralize, and these glimpses of the treacherous, deadly stream that flows beneath Turkish life are not to my liking. I want only the gay flowers above its banks and the soft summer air on my cheek, the tall grasses waving in the sunlight, and the glow and radiance of it all. So, if you please, we will go back to my mosque, and my delightful old priests, and the Greek who sells me grapes and weighs them in a pair of teetering scales, and my caïque with the pew cushion over the bottom, and the big caïkjis, with the chest of a Hercules and the legs of a satyr, who rows my Oriental gondola, and all the beautiful patches of color, fretted arch, and slender column that make life enchanting in this lotus-eating land; and even to Mr. Yapouly, Mr. Dreco Yapouly, who tells me he has reformed, and will never lie more, "so help him"—Mr. Dreco Isaacs Yapouly, who has lately ceased his unanswered appeals to the gods, and who has left off all his evil ways.

But then I remember that I cannot go back to my old life now, for the summer is ended. Last night there was a great storm of wind and a deluge of rain, the first for four months. All the gold-dust has been washed from the trees and the grasses. The plaza of the Valedé is scoured clean. The little waves around the Galata no longer lap their tongues indolently about the soggy, rotten floats, but snap angrily in the crisp wind. The

doors of the mosques are closed, and outside, in the early morning, groups of natives are huddled over charcoal pans. The winter is creeping on apace, and I must be gone. Besides, they are waiting for me at Florian's on the Piazza in my beloved Venice; those scoffers with their cerise and Chianti and *grandi* of Munich beer. Waiting, not to mock, but to kotow, to bend the ear and genuflect, now that my portfolio is bursting, and to say, "Come, let us see your stuff!" and "How the devil did you get away with so much?"

So one morning I tell Isaac to pack my trap, and this time to slip it inside its leather travelling-case, and to get me a "hamal," a human burro—an Armenian, perhaps—who will toss my trunk, with the extra canvases now all filled, upon his back, and never break trot until he dumps it at the station two miles distant.

I instantly detect, in spite of our close intimacy, an expression of relief wrinkling over Mr. Yapouly's tobacco-colored countenance. He breathes out his regrets, but with a lightness of touch that shows his heart is not in them. He has been but a "hamal" himself, he thinks, lugging the trap about in the heat, and sitting for hours doing nothing—absolutely nothing. And I have bought so little in the bazars, and his commissions are so small. But then, as he reflects, is he not the dragoman of dragomans, and might not future wayfarers be my intimate friends and his special prey? So he becomes doubly solicitous as the time draws near. Would effendi allow him to place a few pounds of grapes in the compartment, the road to Philippopolis is so dusty and the water is so bad? Had not the umbrella better go above, and the rugs on the other seat?

Last of all, with a certain tenderness that he knows will appeal to me, where will effendi permit him to place the dear old trap, my companion over so many thousand miles of travel? At my feet? No; on the cushion beside me!

The guard blows his whistle; the carriage doors are locked. Yapouly—Dreco Yapouly, the reformed—leans outside. I move to the window for a parting word. After all, I may have misjudged him. He starts forward, and presses some cards into my hand.

"For your friends, effendi, when they want good dragoman."

I turn up their white faces.

They are clean and newly printed, and bear this inscription:

> *Isaac Isaacs,*
>
> *Dragoman and Interpreter,*
>
> *Constantinople.*

GREEK FISHING-BOATS.

ILL-CONSIDERED UTTERANCES.—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

WELL-PRESERVED ELDERLY COQUETTE: "Ah! admiral, *what* a good time we had there, junketing and dancing and flirting! It all seems like yesterday! Do you remember the Carew girls, and your old flame Lucy Masters, and that poor boy Jack Lushington who was so desperately in love with *me?*"

THE ADMIRAL: "Indeed I do, dear Lady Maria! And to think of their all dying . . . years ago! . . . *and of old age too!*"

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT is a great many years since Jenny Lind came to this country, but she died only two or three years ago. For nearly a generation she was withdrawn from the public eye, she who for a time was the most attractive of public figures, and those who in this country remembered her, recalled so gracious a personality that they have always wished to see some authentic story of her life. The memoir which has now been published, with the consent and assistance of her husband, if not all that might be wished, tells that story until her departure for America. The book is called *Jenny Lind the Artist*, and proceeds upon the theory that her career as artist ended with her retirement from the operatic stage. This is a view to which no one will assent who recalls her visit to this country. If Jenny Lind singing in America was not an artist, then America hitherto has not heard an artist.

Her personal impression was that of a rustic Hebe. The portrait by Magnus, taken in Berlin in 1846, which is engraved for this memoir, represents her as she is remembered by the youth of that time. Her aspect was radiant with vestal freshness and spirit. She was herself the *casta diva* whom she invoked, and the heart of Endymion, as he heard the prayer from her lips, breathed it again to the priestess. The maidenly self-possession, a certain pathetic solitariness of nature which belongs to women of genius who are early thrown into associations not wholly congenial, the native loftiness which Matthew Arnold describes in his lyric—

> "I too have suffered, yet I know
> She is not cold, though she seems so;
> She is not cold, she is not light,
> But our ignoble souls lack might"—

all this was apparent in this great singer, and it is no less so in the narrative of her life. The memoir of no other famous singer interests the reader so much and so deeply in the woman, nor do any of the other singers seem to be artists in the same high sense. She cherished a religious reverence for the art of song. But although she was also an actress of remarkable power, she never conquered her repugnance to the stage, and left it in the very height of her dazzling triumph.

The essential quality of the woman, her force of character and tranquil self-reliance, are finely illustrated in the circumstances of her first departure from Sweden. At the age of nine she became a pupil at the opera in Stockholm, and year by year rose to the highest local distinction, finally singing all the parts in the chief operas of the time as *prima donna assoluta*. When she was nineteen she was already known as the Swedish nightingale, and as a singer was the pride and joy of her country. But she was wholly unspoiled by adulation, and when she was about twenty years old a proposition was made to her for another year's engagement, and she replied that she felt there was much she had yet to learn, and she would therefore go abroad for a year.

She went with the Swedish minister to Paris, where Manuel Garcia lived—the brother, we believe, of Malibran and of Viardot Garcia, and the greatest teacher of singing in his time, compared by Jenny Lind's biographer to Porpora in the eighteenth century, a teacher whom the readers of George Sand's *Consuelo* know. Before reaching Paris, the young prima donna had exhausted her strength and wearied her voice by incessant toil, and it was probably injured by imperfect training. She sang one evening in the salon of Madame la Maréchale Soult, for the first time before Parisians, among whom was Garcia, who was not at all impressed by her. But she persisted in her purpose, and called upon Garcia to ask him to teach her.

The master, not at all prepossessed, asked the singer who had enchanted Sweden as the first of singers in the greatest parts to sing for him a famous *scena* from *Lucia*. He listened attentively, and when she had sung, said only: "Mademoiselle, it is useless. You have no voice left." The undismayed girl did not resent the remark as an accepted prima donna, nor turn scornfully away, nor dissolve in hysterics; but knowing that Garcia was the best of teachers, and feeling that he did not yet know her, she asked quietly what he would advise her to do. Garcia, doubtless impressed by the serenity of a lofty nature, told her not to sing a note for six weeks, and to use her voice at all as little as possible. Jenny Lind obeyed,

changed her lodgings, devoted the time to diligent study of the Italian and French languages, and at the end of the six weeks called upon Garcia. He gave her another task, listened carefully, and when she had ended, said that perhaps there was hope; he would try to restore her voice, but that she must change her method; and in ten months he had made her the finest singer in the world.

Such was her occasional distrust of herself, notwithstanding her singular self-knowledge and self-reliance, that when she first went to London, in the height of her renown, and all England was palpitating with anticipation, she sang one evening at Mrs. Grote's, and again broke down. But Lablache, who knew her power, instantly seated himself at the piano, and singing some amusing Neapolitan songs, reassured her. Then her life-long friend Mendelssohn played, and Jenny Lind, fully recovering herself, crowned the enchantment of the evening, and anticipated in the drawing-room the prodigious triumph of her first appearance in London a few days later, on the 9th of May, 1847, amid such excitement as of its kind London had never known.

These are glimpses of a career and character which reveal nothing surprising to those who knew Jenny Lind in this country. They are only what those who knew her would suppose. The book in which they are given is written in too constant a superlative strain, but that too is not surprising. When a friend, after hearing a rapturous account of California, asked the elder Agassiz to tell him the other side, Agassiz replied, with a smile, "There is no other side."

The comparative quality and excellence of singers and actors and orators cannot be precisely measured. They are all traditions, except so far as speeches may become a part of literature, like Burke's. But eloquence, like song, is only a recollection. The golden youth of the time when Jenny Lind came and wove her spell of enchantment are grizzled now. They remember that when their enthusiasm bubbled from their lips, the grizzled youth of a still earlier day smiled superior, and said, "Yes, but we saw Malibran."

Granted; but did Malibran or any other singer win as a woman such homage as is shown by this description of Jenny Lind's departure from Liverpool for America? It was foreseen that a great popular demonstration would take place, and by the advice of the authorities, to avoid a dangerous pressure, she went to the wharf at an early hour, and by "all manner of back streets," and so to the steamer. The other passengers came off in due season; "and when the sound of a gun booming across the water from the bows of the steamer announced that all was ready for departure, what was certainly a 'great scene' commenced. The immense floating mass began to move, and, as if by magic, all the craft that had been playing about on the surface of the river formed into lines, and made a sort of procession. As the *Atlantic* steamed up from her moorings, past the Albert docks, she turned her head inshore, in the direction of the town, and slowly passed in front of the magnificent line of quays, amidst the enthusiastic shouts of thousands of human beings who lined the shore, not merely on the Liverpool side, but also along the Chesire coast, from Birkenhead onwards to the mouth of the great arm of the sea. Salutes were fired from the shore, and were returned from the *Atlantic*, and the whole scene—such an army of craft of all sorts and kinds floating, with pennants flying; such a shouting; such a roaring of cannon; such a bright sunlight, which broke out suddenly as if to afford presage of fair weather—was really one of the most extraordinary sights we ever witnessed. Every eye was strained to get a sight of Jenny Lind. There the little woman stood on the paddle-box, with her arm in that of Captain West, and waving her handkerchief enthusiastically in return for the greeting of the crowds who had assembled to witness her departure."

THE politics of the church have been always as bitter as those of the state. Wolsey and Richelieu were quite as accessible to human passion as Henry VIII. or Louis XIII. John Calvin was not superior to it, and in our recent ecclesiastical discussions feeling has been as perfervid as it will be in the election campaign of next year. When, therefore, a clerical gladiator, swallowing his emotion, smoothing his hair, and restraining the remainder of wrath, says, "I judge no man," what precisely does he mean?

Why should he not judge a man? For what purpose is the faculty of judgment given to him? How, indeed, can he help

judging? Does he not judge Benedict Arnold? His mind acts involuntarily, and upon the presentation of certain proof he reaches certain conclusions. If he means only that he does not judge a man's sincerity, although he differs from his conclusions, the remark is only impertinent. For why should one man assume in matters of religious speculation to doubt the sincerity of another? If a man, for instance, should say that he did not doubt the sincerity of George Fox, what would he mean? He would mean that although George Fox was probably a good deal of a fool, he was not a rascal.

The trouble with this remark is that it is as applicable to the sayer of it as to its subject. If a speaker in the Presbyterian Convention at Chicago had said, "I do not judge Dr. Briggs," he would have taken a position of superiority to which the conditions of the controversy did not entitle him, for he would have meant, substantially, "Although I think him wrong, I do not say that he is dishonest." But Dr. Briggs might, with equal reason, have answered: "I do not judge my critic. He is wrong, but I do not deny that he may be honest." Nobody has any right to take this tone in discussing speculative questions, because the force of the argument is not affected by the character of the advocate. A libertine or a thief or a forger may be a very much more learned scholar than Dr. Primrose, and upon a point of scholarship his opinion would be very much more valuable than that of the good vicar.

Yet it is certain that we do judge the intellectual as well as the practical honesty of other men. In a great controversy, either in church or state, it is foolish as well as impertinent to say that we do not judge the contestants, because we do. There are certain public men whose expressed views we believe to be determined by their estimate of their personal advantage. Their views, however, we may also hold, believing them to be true. The views, we think, are true, but they are not true to their advocate. He does not express them because he believes them, but because he believes the expression of them will be profitable for him. This is what we believe of him, and therefore inevitably we judge him.

Whoever in the early summer followed with knowledge the discussion in the case of Dr. Briggs, judged him to be sincere or otherwise. It was highly impertinent to say so, because that was not the question involved. But it was also untrue to say so, because whoever said so did unquestionably judge him. It is merely a Laodicean phrase. It comes from the sitters on the fence, from those who wish to be friends with all sides. It is also a patronizing phrase, as it is generally used, and naturally exasperating to seekers of the truth. There is a shrug in the phrase, as if a man raised his eyebrows, his shoulders, and his open hands, saying, "I do not judge him," meaning that he does judge him, but will not say so. Does any man say of another whom he believes to be both honest in act and right in opinion, "I do not judge him"?

Naturally the motives of a great body of men, like Congress, can be judged only as its members are individually known. It would be very absurd for any well-read man to say that he does not judge the Irish Parliament at the beginning of the century which adopted the plan of union with England. It is judged by the facts. There is no concealment; the votes were bought. Shall we say, with noble charity, that we do not judge Tweed or the boodle Aldermen? There is a cant of charity as of religion. We lately saw in a newspaper a statement that it did not condemn the action of a convention in making a certain decision because it judged no man. But if the mind of the paper had been spared up to that moment, it thought the decision good or bad, wise or unwise. That is to say, it had judged the action of the convention. Did that excellent newspaper suppose that its readers did not see that it condemned the decision?

The famous exhortation to the mob would have been neatly rounded out with this deprecation, "Don't nail his ears to the pump, because I judge no man."

THE free and independent American is entitled to know everything. His consciousness of this prerogative is pleasantly illustrated in the story of the man who, sitting enthroned upon the back legs of his chair on the balcony of a Western hotel, arose and tore down the curtain improvised from a sheet which a guest had drawn across the window of his room to screen the more intimate processes of his toilet, and to that amazed and indignant guest explained that he merely wanted to see what he was so darned private about.

The freeborn American declares his belief in light. A small gas-burner, sir, is the best modern police. Publicity is the greatest bulwark of our liberties. Just tell me, sir, if you please, for the half-million readers of the *Daily Tom-Tom and Automatic Bugle-Blower*, what you will have for dinner to-day.

The business of the press is to turn on light. If there be some peculiarly revolting crime, some outrageous scandal, let us have no hushing up, no concealment, no darkness. The American people, sir, wish to know. If the affair be an ear bitten off in a drunken row or the theft of an old shoe, let us know all about it. Let the utmost details be "written up." Provide us with the portraits and the biographies of the thief, of the victim, and of everybody remotely concerned; also a photograph of the shoe, and the name of the maker, and the price paid, with a historic glance at the shoe industry. American citizens, sir, are not to be treated like children. In this happy land vice may try to skulk, but a vigilant press, like a shrewd detective, will flash the light of publicity upon the offender, and scourge him as with a whip of lightning through an admonished and grateful world. If two ladies of Baxter Street, in their cups that inebriate, but not cheer, scratch each other's faces, a great people will know all about it in their morning newspaper, or will know the reason why.

Undoubtedly; but even the fragrance of flowers may be sometimes excessive. Popular elections are essential to well-ordered liberty, but is it therefore necessary to elect char-women and messenger-boys? May not well-ordered liberty be better promoted by sometimes vesting the power of appointment in elective officers? In 1846 the State of New York adopted a constitution which greatly extended the range of elective offices. "Yes," said lately a careful student of public affairs, "and since 1846 there have been no statesmen, but only politicians, in New York." It was a hazardous remark. There is not a living politician who will not indignantly deny its truth. An able press will not spare such unpatriotic pessimism. The man who could be guilty of such a gibe at the eminent Blank, the distinguished Legion, and the unequalled Anonymous, merely "gives his own measure." The alert guardian of our national and local fame turns on the keen light of types, and lo! the traducer of his State is revealed—a British dude, in the pay of the Cobden Club.

But now that the Fourth of July is passed, and that the next holiday is only Labor Day, whose demands are of another kind, might we not consider whether there may not sometimes be too much publicity, as there is sometimes too much election or too much fragrance? Light is altogether admirable, and, as a detective, incomparable. The police of the gas-burner is one of the felicities of modern civilization. But the lines of Gray are still worth pondering, even in the sanctum of the *Automatic Bugle-Blower*,

> "He saw, but, blasted with excess of light,
> Closed his eyes in endless night."

Is not the right of A to the invisibility of the more intimate processes of his toilet quite as unquestionable as that of B to know what A is so darned private about? Or, again, if it be the business of the reporter in the interest of the press to ask even the most distinguished of his fellow-citizens what he will have for dinner, is it not equally the business of the citizen in the interest of civilized society to persist in the declaration that it is none of the press's business?

General Slocum, in his oration at the annual meeting of the Army of the Potomac, said that the most difficult question for a government like ours in time of war is the proper treatment of the press by the army and the government. He said that during the civil war a correspondent of an important paper, in Sherman's camp, sent for publication everything that he could learn of Sherman's strength, of his contemplated movements, of the feelings of the soldiers and officers; indeed every secret that he could ascertain, together with abuse of Sherman. When the General remonstrated, the correspondent replied that the newspaper men were a fraternity, and would write down any man who stood in their way.

Sherman's answer may be surmised: "And I belong to a fraternity that can put down at least one newspaper man." Thereupon he blew out the detective's lantern, and turned down the gas jet which was merely lighting burglars to accomplish their work. He told the correspondent to leave the camp, and added that if he caught him within his lines again he would hang him. And the cor-

respondent knew Sherman to be a man of his word.

It would have been a feeble reply to Sherman that the American people had a right to know everything that the correspondent could ascertain. They had not a right to know Sherman's exact force, plan, and situation if the condition of the knowledge was its communication to the enemy, and it was Sherman's duty to prevent the publication of any knowledge that in his judgment would injure the cause of the American people. The philosophic Cuttle would find the bearings of this anecdote in its general application. The press, an army of which this Magazine is an humble private, possesses immense power. But its exercise, like that of all great human powers, is to be subject to reason and common-sense.

Light is an effective police, but it is as indispensable to the thief as to the officer. Every incident is not news, in the only true sense, namely, its value to the public welfare; and all proper news is of relative importance, and is therefore to be treated with due regard to proportion. For the press to use an important incident to gratify morbid curiosity and to stimulate passion may be profitable, but it is a monstrous abuse of power. To do it under a pretext of the right of the American people to know everything, and of turning on the light to promote the public welfare, is only to make money under false pretences.

Free speech, a free press, and free men are the battle cries of modern liberty and civilization. Nobody has raised these cries more effectively than the American. But, although it is apparently often forgotten, the American who believes in light and liberty is not a fool, and does not demand light in the photographer's operating-room, nor liberty to betray what should not be told.

Lovers of music are apt to feel that those who have no ear for it are a separate and peculiar class, as if mankind were divided into two parts—those who have an ear for music, and those who have not. But these divisions extend into every interest and in every direction. Mankind is also divided into those who have a taste for poetry, and those who have not; an eye for color, and the lack of it. Happily we can all commiserate each other. But, nevertheless, who does not pity the man who takes no pleasure in that song of songs, which is not Solomon's but Shakespeare's,

> "Take, oh take, those lips away
> Which so sweetly were forsworn;
> And those eyes, the break of day,
> Lights that do mislead the morn";

or pity equally the ear, unconscious of its bereavement, which is untouched by Mozart's "Voi chi sapete," or "Deh, vieni non tardar"?

The delight in Mozart's music is kindred to that in Raphael's painting. It is not that they were both young men, but that there is a similar quality of nameless grace, freshness, refinement, and symmetry in the impression of the work. Whoever is not susceptible to music naturally supposes that it is all alike, as the untrained palate of the good prohibitionist is incapable of the delicate discrimination between Johannisberger of the gold seal and Lafitte of—the best year. It is all wine, and anathema maranatha. The manner of the great composer is as pronounced in music as in poetry. A musical strain or phrase is as individually characteristic as a style in verse. The quality that we call Shakespearian or Miltonic is not more distinctive than that of Mozart or Beethoven. Scott and Moore are not more different than Weber and Rossini, who were of the same time.

A great deal of music is very familiar, like snatches of verse, but cannot at once be traced to the composer; and it is delightful when you "treasure in secret some long fine hair," suddenly to discover that it was conveyed from Una's peerless head. No composer is fuller of these charming surprises than Mozart. When Thomas, in the day of the "American opera," produced the *Zauberflöte*, many a lover of music knew at last what the birds were that filled his humming hours with melody. And if he have not heard the *Nozze di Figaro*, the same series of happy surprises awaits him.

Hearing the melodies of either of these works, and the *Don Giovanni*, which holds the stage much more securely, the wonder is that in a community which the German taste dominates the operas of Mozart are not oftener produced. Is his music old-fashioned? But is Raphael old-fashioned, or Burns? or are the ballads which Professor Child is editing and publishing for all time old-fashioned? When Jenny Lind sang "Deh, vieni," or Staudigl

or Karl Formes "In diesen heiligen Hallen," was not the pleasure as pure as in looking at the Sistine Madonna, or in reading "Although thou maun never be mine"? There is no fashion or time or country in that song of songs,

> "And those eyes, the break of day,
> Lights that do mislead the morn."

There may be no fashion, you say, but there is the fact, and you ask whether the operas would not be played if the public would come to hear.

There is no convenient reply. If *Lear* were as popularly attractive as *Wang*, probably it would be played as often. Yet, again, would it? For who would play it? The same question, however, cannot be asked of Mozart's music, because it can be played, and perhaps more richly and effectively than Mozart ever heard it. The law is universal, then? Our great-grandmothers' great-grandfathers' grandparents read Richardson's novels with infinite relish, and Pamela and Clarissa, Lovelace and Sir Charles, filled the stage of the hour. A century later, the Antiquary, Ivanhoe, Jeanie Deans, had pushed them off. They yielded to Pickwick and Nickleby, Becky Sharp and the Newcomes. And they in turn are making for the wings. Is the rule, then, *exeunt omnes?*

No; the Antiquary and Jeanie Deans are not less permanent figures in literature because they are not the figures of the hour. Plato and Aristotle are not popular authors. But they survive. Shakespeare is not often played. But he remains. Seldom is an opera of Mozart sung. But every lover of music knows the enduring spell of his song. And never more than when, seated by the piano, it is touched by fingers that sing, and, like the unfading stars that come out one by one in the summer evening heaven, the melodies of the old master who was always young ripple with immortal freshness upon the happy ear.

Editor's Study.

I.

AN interesting phase of fiction, at present, is the material prosperity of the short story, which seems to have followed its artistic excellence among us with uncommon obedience to a law that ought always to prevail. Until of late the publisher has been able to say to the author dazzled and perhaps deceived by his magazine success with short stories, and fondly intending to make a book of them, "Yes. But collections of short stories don't sell. The public won't have them. I don't know why; but it won't."

This was never quite true of the short stories of Mr. Bret Harte, or of Miss Sarah O. Jewett, or of Mr. Aldrich; but it was too true of the short stories of most other writers. For some reason or for none, the very people who liked an author's short stories in the magazine, could not bear them, or would not buy them, when he put several of them together in a volume. They then became obnoxious, or at least undesirable; somewhat as human beings, agreeable enough as long as they are singly domiciled in one's block, become a positive detriment to the neighborhood when gathered together in a boarding-house. A novel not half so good by the same author would formerly outsell his collection of short stories five times over. Perhaps it would still outsell the stories; we rather think it would; but not in that proportion. The hour of the short story in book form has struck, apparently; for with all our love and veneration for publishers, we have never regarded them as martyrs to literature, and we do not believe they would now be issuing so many volumes of short stories if these volumes did not pay. Publishers, with all their virtues, are as distinctly made a little lower than the angels as any class of mortals we know. They are, in fact, a tentative and timid kind, never quite happy except in full view of the main chance; and just at this moment this chance seems to wear the diversified physiognomy of the collected short stories. We do not know how it has happened; we should not at all undertake to say; but it is probably attributable to a number of causes. It may be the prodigious popularity of Mr. Kipling which has broken down all prejudices against the form of his success. The vogue that Maupassant's tales in the original or in versions have enjoyed may have had something to do with it. Possibly the critical recognition of the American supremacy in this sort has helped. But

however it has come about, it is certain that the result has come, and the publishers are fearlessly adventuring volumes of short stories on every hand; and not only short stories by authors of established repute, but by new writers, who would certainly not have found this way to the public some time ago.

The change by no means indicates that the pleasure in large fiction is dying out. This remains of as ample gorge as ever. But it does mean that a quite reasonless reluctance has given way; and that a young writer can now hope to come under the fire of criticism much sooner than before. This may not be altogether a blessing; it has its penalties inherent in the defective nature of criticism, or the critics; but undoubtedly it gives the young author definition and fixity in the reader's knowledge. It enables him to continue a short-story writer if he likes; or it prepares the public not to be surprised at him if he turns out a novelist.

II.

These are advantages, and we must not be impatient of any writer who continues a short-story writer when he might freely become a novelist. Now that a writer can profitably do so, he may prefer to grow his fiction on the dwarf stock; he may plausibly contend that this was the original stock, and that the *novella* was a short story many ages before its name was appropriated by the standard variety, the duodecimo American, or the three-volume English; that Boccaccio was a world-wide celebrity five centuries before George Eliot was known to be a woman. To be sure, we might come back at him with the Greek romancers; we might ask him what he had to say to the interminable tales of Heliodorus and Longus, and the rest; and then not let him say.

But no such controversy is necessary to the enjoyment of the half-dozen volumes of short stories at hand, and we gladly postpone it till we have nothing to talk about. At present we have only too much to talk about in a book so robust and terribly serious as Mr. Hamlin Garland's volume called *Main-Travelled Roads*. That is what they call the highways in the part of the West that Mr. Garland comes from and writes about; and these stories are full of the bitter and burning dust, the foul and trampled slush of the common avenues of life: the life of the men who hopelessly and cheerlessly make the wealth that enriches the alien and the idler, and impoverishes the producer. If any one is still at a loss to account for that uprising of the farmers in the West, which is the translation of the Peasants' War into modern and republican terms, let him read *Main-Travelled Roads* and he will begin to understand, unless, indeed, Mr. Garland is painting the exceptional rather than the average. The stories are full of those gaunt, grim, sordid, pathetic, ferocious figures, whom our satirists find so easy to caricature as Hayseeds, and whose blind groping for fairer conditions is so grotesque to the newspapers and so menacing to the politicians. They feel that something is wrong, and they know that the wrong is not theirs. The type caught in Mr. Garland's book is not pretty; it is ugly and often ridiculous; but it is heart-breaking in its rude despair. The story of a farm mortgage as it is told in the powerful sketch "Under the Lion's Paw" is a lesson in political economy, as well as a tragedy of the darkest cast. "The Return of the Private" is a satire of the keenest edge, as well as a tender and mournful idyl of the unknown soldier who comes back after the war with no blare of welcoming trumpets or flash of streaming flags, but foot-sore, heart-sore, with no stake in the country he has helped to make safe and rich but the poor man's chance to snatch an uncertain subsistence from the furrows he left for the battle-field. "Up the Coulé," however, is the story which most pitilessly of all accuses our vaunted conditions, wherein every man has the chance to rise above his brother and make himself richer than his fellows. It shows us once for all what the risen man may be, and portrays in his good-natured selfishness and indifference that favorite ideal of our system. The successful brother comes back to the old farmstead, prosperous, handsome, well dressed, and full of patronizing sentiment for his boyhood days there, and he cannot understand why his brother, whom hard work and corroding mortgages have eaten all the joy out of, gives him a grudging and surly welcome. It is a tremendous situation, and it is the allegory of the whole world's civilization: the upper dog and the under dog are everywhere, and the under dog nowhere likes it.

But the allegorical effects are not the

primary intent of Mr. Garland's work: it is a work of art, first of all, and we think of fine art; though the material will strike many gentilities as coarse and common. In one of the stories, "Among the Corn Rows," there is a good deal of burly, broad-shouldered humor of a fresh and native kind; in "Mrs. Ripley's Trip" is a delicate touch, like that of Miss Wilkins; but Mr. Garland's touches are his own, here and elsewhere. He has a certain harshness and bluntness, an indifference to the more delicate charms of style; and he has still to learn that though the thistle is full of an unrecognized poetry, the rose has a poetry too, that even overpraise cannot spoil. But he has a fine courage to leave a fact with the reader, ungarnished and unvarnished, which is almost the rarest trait in an Anglo-Saxon writer, so infantile and feeble is the custom of our art; and this attains tragical sublimity in the opening sketch, "A Branch Road," where the lover who has quarrelled with his betrothed comes back to find her mismated and miserable, such a farm wife as Mr. Garland has alone dared to draw, and tempts the broken-hearted drudge away from her loveless home. It is all morally wrong, but the author leaves you to say that yourself. He knows that his business was with those two people, their passions and their probabilities. He shows them such as the newspapers know them.

III.

Such as the newspapers know them are many characters in Mr. R. H. Davis's rapid and graphic sketch of "Gallegher," which lends its name to his volume of stories and studies. It is an excellent piece of work, in which the journalistic types are admirably ascertained, and the strong material is fitly subordinated to the interest of the treatment of persons and circumstances. He knows that the important thing is the character of the office-boy Gallegher, and not the incidents that develop it; and it is much in the writer's favor that with a pen so facile, and a public so cheaply amused as ours, he keeps himself well in hand, and remembers that the merit of a story is in the art of the telling. He does this, and respects himself even when his readers mostly would not care to have him respect them. We do not say that he has altogether freed himself from the bonds of romanticistic superstition, and does not sometimes portray the thing less as it is than as he thinks his reader would like it to be; but he gives abundant evidence of the artistic conscience which no gentleman should be without. Literature is still first with him; but he loves the look of life, and he cannot be patient to see it through print, or to seek in it those poses and expressions which literature has already appropriated. In some of his slighter sketches, such as those relating to the amiable swell Van Bibber, we find qualities that almost inspire us to prophesy, and which certainly enable us to congratulate a vivid talent upon its performance. This, perhaps, is better than to talk of its promise; and there is really so much substance of things done in Mr. Davis's book that we have no occasion to draw upon his future in praising him. At all times he suggests the presence of a fine humanity in his thought, without which there cannot be the finest art in our time. What we could desire this brilliant writer, if we had our wishing-cap on, would be a perfect unconsciousness of his reader's presence, and an entire willingness to trust others with his facts as simply as providence confided them to him. This is difficult, but it is the first thing to be desired.

IV.

It is what we should like to urge even more strenuously upon the author of *Flute and Violin, and other Kentucky Tales and Romances*. The gods do not often deal so handsomely by a mortal as they did by Mr. James Lane Allen in putting such material as "King Solomon of Kentucky" in his hands, and he has not shown himself insensible of the value of their gift. His error is in the other direction; he is but too anxious the reader should know its value. But this aside, his work, of a finish now slightly archaic, gives value to it. Those local physiognomies and accents are delightfully caught; it is all very Southern, and nicely differentiated in its Kentucky Southernness from the like meridional character in Virginian or Louisianian life. What Mr. Johnson, of the *Dukesborough Tales*, has done for Georgia, Mr. Allen has done for Kentucky, and if Mr. Allen has been too literary in the doing, that is a mistake which may hereafter be corrected with a little thought. When from time to time he breaks a pane

in his library window, he lets in voices and odors that entrance the soul with the sense of a new world. This is true not only in regard to the case of the white vagrant, King Solomon, who is bid off at sheriff's sale by the free negress, but it is still more eminently true of the beautiful and touching sketch, "Two Gentlemen of Kentucky." One is white and has been master, and the other is black and has been slave; but both are gentlemen, and at heart they are brothers and equals. There is no sentimentality in the tenderness with which they are portrayed; and there is prevalent that note of newness which Mr. Henry James hails so gladly in Mr. Rudyard Kipling's work.

V.

The resolute introduction to the volume of stories by this writer called *Mine Own People* is largely Mr. James's word to the unconverted. It is admirable criticism, like all the criticism he writes; and if Mr. Kipling had done no more than make such a friend, such a lover, he might well feel himself a most successful man; the thing is not done every day. Several of the sketches in the present volume have been printed before. We are glad to find among them that study of contrasted authorship and soldiership called "A Conference of the Powers," which we have praised already, as an instance of the closer and finer work Mr. Kipling is able to do. Here are also "The Courting of Dinah Shadd" and "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney," both of his more obstreperous note; and here in "Bimi," the homicidal ape, and "Moti Guj," the eccentric elephant, we have two curiously subtle studies of beast life, in which the author seems fairly to have penetrated the realm of lower consciousness, and to have understood the inarticulate moods of the brutes we call dumb. "The Man who Was" and "At the End of the Passage" are proofs of the singular imaginative force which perhaps gives Mr. Kipling his longest reach, if not his deepest hold. The book, in fine, represents him well; and either because we have become used, or the fact is so, we find it less noisy, less cockahoop, than other collections from his pen. At the worst, it is never dull; and in the light of Mr. James's generous appreciation, its best points turn themselves to the light, and shine with a brilliancy that provokes the interest anew.

VI.

Un-English, we should say his work was in spirit and matter. No man of English blood, who had not mainly spent his life out of England, could have arrived at Mr. Kipling's comprehension of strange peoples. He is American in this sympathy of his; we are almost of a mind to claim his bad qualities; but we will stop short of that. He is intensely modern, conscious, and nervous; an interplanetary space seems to separate his mood and ours from that of the mid-insular English world where Mr. Thomas Hardy found his *Group of Noble Dames*. We know that these last-century ladies are of our race and language; but if any one desires a psychological exercise of the most intimate and interesting kind, we advise the American reader of Mr. Hardy's delightful tales to make a study of their heroines in the light of his own Puritanized conscience. He may have long given up being guided by it himself, but it will serve him as a measure of the morality of a world never refined by a closely individualized religion.

These noble dames have the frank indifference of beautiful pagans where their passions are concerned. Their caste, as Mr. Grant Allen has pointed out, is a savage survival; and still finds its pleasure in the barbarous sports of the chase, and in games of chance; and perhaps they are unmoral in virtue of being aristocrats. But it is apparently not altogether a matter of caste. Time and place have much to do with the type of easy-going self-will embodied in all of them. In their life dutiolatry is unknown; they do not torment themselves with any problem but that of getting the man they want on such terms as they must. The questions that wear modern heroines to a thread are strange to them; when they suffer it is from self-indulgence, not from self-reproach; and they live mostly to a good old age after becoming mothers of large families of children. They have in all a sort of peasant simplicity; and they are not in manners or morals what an American woman with self-righteous self-consciousness would call "ladies." But they are very charming, in a way; and certainly very appreciably human in the pictures Mr. Hardy has drawn of them, with an art which has not at least obviously concerned itself with their souls. It is to us always a delightful art; we have

often joyfully praised it, and we do not know that it has ever shown itself finer than in the perfect relief, the absolute verity, it has given to *A Group of Noble Dames*.

VII.

The heroine of Miss Fanny Murfree's *Felicia* is not the ideal contrast to these ladies we could find in our fiction, but she will serve the purpose of any one who likes to pursue the line of inquiry which we have suggested. But it would be a pity not to know her for other reasons. She is most truthfully, simply, and accurately studied, and the situation is given with rare distinctness. It is briefly that of a society girl (as society goes in a Western city) who leaves her paternal home of restricted ideals and sympathies to share the wandering life of her husband, a successful opera-singer. He is good and faithful, but his heart is in his work, for which he has great gifts. She tries to see his art as he does, and to conform her life to his; but she cannot, and this forms their tragedy. Nothing could exceed the quiet skill with which their several limitations are indicated; it is a war not so much of temperaments as of ideals. The histrionic world and its people are excellently treated, with a justice at once large and fine; and the world of dull bourgeois respectability which has cast the heroine off is not caricatured. In fact the whole story is extremely well managed, and is wrought out with a delicate sense of proportion, and an insight from which we may hope still greater things.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 15th of July.—On the 17th of June the Republicans of Ohio nominated William McKinley, Jun., for Governor.

The Democrats of Iowa, on the 24th of June, renominated Horace Boies for Governor. On the 1st of July the Republicans nominated Hiram C. Wheeler.

A statement made June 23d by Commissioner Raum, of the United States Pension Office, showed that since July 1, 1861, the aggregate amount of pensions paid to soldiers of the civil war, the Mexican war, the war of 1812, and the Revolutionary war, or to their widows and children, was $1,284,716,000, being an average of $42,457,200 a year.

The Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of the Treasury Department, on the 30th of June, made a special report of the immigration into the United States from 1820 to 1890. The total number of arrivals of immigrants within the seventy years thus reported was 15,641,688. The arrivals of each nationality were as follows: Germany, 4,551,719; Ireland, 3,501,683; England, 2,460,034; British North American possessions, 1,029,083; Norway and Sweden, 943,330; Austria-Hungary, 464,435; Italy, 414,513; France, 370,162; Russia and Poland, 396,353; Scotland, 329,192; China, 292,578; Switzerland, 174,333; Denmark, 146,237; all other countries, 606,006. Of the arrivals during the past ten years, 3,205,911, or 61.1 per cent., were males, and 2,040,702, or 38.9 per cent., were females.

On the 1st of July the Weather Bureau was transferred from the War Department to the Agricultural Department. Professor Mark W. Harrington, of the University of Michigan, was appointed its chief.

The International Copyright Law became operative on the 1st of July, and by proclamation of the President the provisions of the act were extended to citizens of Belgium, France, Great Britain, and Switzerland.

The civil war in Chili continued. The insurgent army occupied Huasco, and there was some severe fighting at other points, but no material advantage seemed to be gained by either party.—On the 17th of June the Chilian House of Deputies authorized a forced loan of $20,000,000, and all the gold and silver in the Treasury was sold at auction.—On the 27th an election was held in the provinces which remained under the government's control, and Claudio Vicuña was chosen to succeed Señor Balmaceda as President of the republic.—On the 28th a new cabinet was formed, with Don Julio Banados Espinosa as Premier.

Full returns of the new census in Ireland correct the errors of the earlier cable reports. The total population of the island in 1891 was 4,706,162, of which 2,317,076 were males and 2,389,086 females. A steady decrease during fifty years is shown as follows:

	Population.		Population.
1841	8,196,527	1871	5,412,377
1851	6,574,278	1881	5,174,836
1861	5,798,967	1891	4,706,162

It was announced, June 20th, that a great customs league had been formed by Germany, Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Switzerland. The triple alliance, or dreibund, of Germany, Austria, and Italy, was renewed for a term of six years.

DISASTERS.

July 3d.—In an accident on the Erie Railroad, near Ravenna, Ohio, nineteen persons were killed.

July 4th.—In an accident on the Kanawha and Michigan road, in West Virginia, fourteen persons were killed and more than fifty injured.

July 5th.—By the capsizing of a pontoon bridge over the Aar River eighteen Swiss soldiers were drowned.

July 6th.—A tornado caused much damage at Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Ten convicts in the State penitentiary were killed and more than thirty others were injured.—The steamer *Dunholme* collided with the steamer *Kinloch* in the English Channel and was sunk. Seventeen persons were drowned.

OBITUARY.

July 4th.—At Bangor, Maine, Hannibal Hamlin, ex-Senator, and Vice-President of the United States 1861–5, aged eighty-one years.

Editor's Drawer.

WE have not by any means got to the bottom of Realism. It matters very little what the novelists and critics say about it—what it is and what it is not; the attitude of society towards it is the important thing. Even if the critic could prove that nature and art are the same thing, and that the fiction which is Real is only a copy of nature, or if another should prove that Reality is only to be found in the Ideal, little would be gained. Literature is well enough in its place, art is an agreeable pastime, and it is right that society should take up either in seasons when lawn-tennis and polo are impracticable and afternoon teas become flavorless; but the question that society is or should be interested in is whether the young woman of the future — upon whose formation all our social hopes depend—is going to shape herself by a Realistic or an Ideal standard. It should be said in parenthesis that the young woman of the passing period has inclined towards Realism in manner and speech, if not in dress, affecting a sort of frank return to the easy-going ways of nature itself, even to the adoption of the language of the stock exchange, the race-course, and the clubs—an offering of herself on the altar of good-fellowship, with the view, no doubt, of making life more agreeable to the opposite sex, forgetting the fact that men fall in love always, or used to in the days when they could afford that luxury, with an ideal woman, or if not with an ideal woman, with one whom they idealize. And at this same time the world is full of doubts and questionings as to whether marriage is a failure. Have these questionings anything to do with the increasing Realism of women, and a consequent loss of ideals?

Of course the reader sees that the difficulty in considering this subject is whether woman is to be estimated as a work of nature or of art. And here comes in the everlasting question of what is the highest beauty, and what is most to be desired. The Greek artists, it seems to be well established, never used a model, as our artists almost invariably do, in their plastic and pictorial creations. The antique Greek statues, or their copies, which give us the highest conceptions of feminine

charm and manly beauty, were made after no woman, or man born of woman, but were creations of the ideal raised to the highest conception by the passionate love and long study of nature, but never by faithful copying of it. The Romans copied the Greek art. The Greek in his best days created the ideal figure, which we love to accept as nature. Generation after generation the Greek learned to draw and learned to observe, until he was able to transmute his knowledge into the forms of grace and beauty which satisfy us as nature at her best; just as the novelist trains all his powers by the observation of life until he is able to transmute all the raw material into a creation of fiction which satisfies us. We may be sure that if the Greek artist had employed the service of models in his studio, his art would have been merely a passing phase in human history. But as it is, the world has ever since been in love with his ideal woman, and still believes in her possibility.

Now the young woman of to-day should not be deceived into the notion of a preferable Realistic development because the novelist of to-day gets her to sit to him as his model. This may be no certain indication that she is either good art or good nature. Indeed she may be quite drifting away from the ideal that a woman ought to aim at if we are to have a society that is not always tending into a realistic vulgarity and commonplace. It is perfectly true that a woman is her own excuse for being, and in a way she is doing enough for the world by simply being a woman. It is difficult to rouse her to any sense of her duty as a standard of aspiration. And it is difficult to explain exactly what it is that she is to do. If she asks if she is expected to be a model woman, the reply must be that the world does not much hanker after what is called the "model woman." It seems to be more a matter of tendency than anything else. Is she sagging towards Realism or rising towards Idealism? Is she content to be the woman that some of the novelists, and some of the painters also, say she is, or would she prefer to approach that ideal which all the world loves? It is a question of standards.

It is natural that in these days, when the approved gospel is that it is better to be dead than not to be Real, society should try to approach nature by the way of the materialistically ignoble, and even go such a pace of Realism as literature finds it difficult to keep up with; but it is doubtful if the young woman will get around to any desirable state of nature by this route. We may not be able to explain why servile imitation of nature degrades art and degrades woman, but both deteriorate without an ideal so high that there is no earthly model for it.

Would you like to marry, perhaps, a Greek statue? says the justly contemptuous critic.

Not at all, at least not a Roman copy of one. But it would be better to marry a woman who would rather be like a Greek statue than like some of these figures, without even an idea for clothing, which are lying about on green banks in our spring exhibitions.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

A NICE "DERANGEMENT OF EPITAPHS."

"WHAT'S in a name?" quoth Gentle Will; and sure enough, what is?

A gentleman was passing along Park Avenue, New York, and noticing a fine building which was new to him, inquired of a neighboring policeman what it was.

"That," replied the intelligent officer, with the pride of conscious superiority, "is the Prisbytarian Thayological Thayeter."

A COMPLETE CURE.

WHEN Colonel Brackett was in command at Whipple Barracks in 1884, there was an admirer of his named Sidney, who used to give him considerable uneasiness by his attentions. One day while the Colonel was walking out he met Sidney, and accosted him.

"Well, Sidney," said he, "I see you are able to get about. I heard you were quite sick."

"No," said Sidney; "but Sam Penrose says my jaw is looser than common."

"That's it. I knew there was something the matter. You have got the *Vox Populi*."

"Is it dangerous?" queried Sidney.

"Well, not very, if taken in time."

"What had I better do?"

"You go and see a doctor at once."

And away went Sidney to find a doctor, and having found one, told him what the Colonel had said, upon which the doctor looked very wise, and remarked that there was no great danger unless it reached his *Vox Dei*.

"Can you give me something for it?" inquired Sidney.

"Oh yes," answered the doctor. "Here is a *Lex Talionis* which will cure you," and handing Sidney a good dose of medicine, he sent him on his way rejoicing.

REASONABLE.

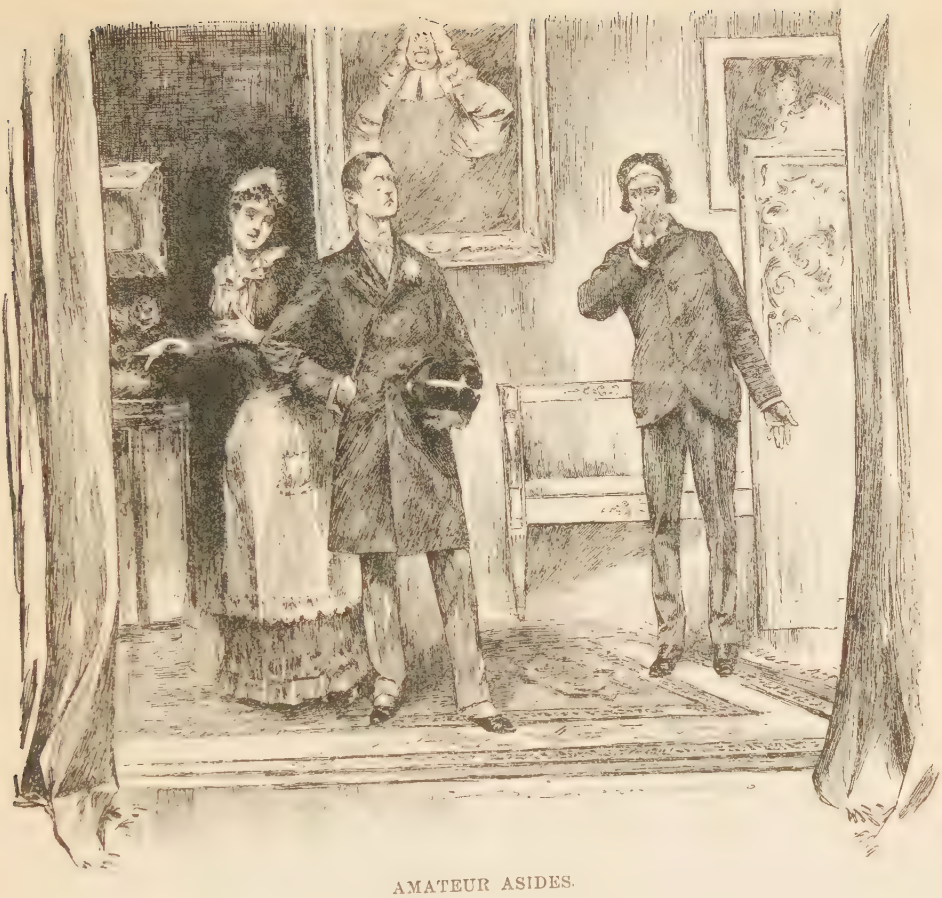
AT the last term of the Butler County (Kansas) District Court a young law student made application to Judge Leland to be admitted to practice. The Judge appointed a committee of three to examine him, which is usual in such cases. The student passed the examination, and was duly declared a full-fledged lawyer, to the surprise of some of the older members of the bar.

"How was it?" asked one of these.

"Well," replied one of the examining committee, "we asked him about two hundred questions, and he answered every one of them truthfully."

"How was that?" queried the older member.

"He simply answered by saying 'he didn't know,' and he told the truth every time. As truthful lawyers are very scarce in this district, we concluded it would be a good thing to admit him, even if he didn't know any law."



AMATEUR ASIDES.

A DOUBLE PLAY BY OUR DRAMATIC CLUB.

[*The stage in the back parlor.* Lord Montressor (*Harry Jones*) and Bess Barberry (*Miss Smith*) *in the middle of Act First and a great deal of perplexity, videlicet.*]

Bess. Oh, my lord, you know not what you say! (*Wait, I'm not half done yet!*) A poor village maid (*why don't you take my hand?*) cannot hope to win the love of one so—so (*mercy me! what comes next?*) —so—

The Prompter. So exalted in rank. (*You've left out two lines.*)

Bess. So exalted in rank (*well, it can't be helped now*) as yourself. (*Don't forget my cue this time.*)

Lord M. (*I won't, Miss Smith.*) Oh, Bess, my girl, the adoration I feel (*do I kneel yet?*) for your charms (*you ought to be sitting down*) makes me consider nothing save the dictates of—

The Prompter. (*Turn around; you've got your back to the audience.*)

Lord M. My passion. (*How's that?*)

Bess. ("*Passion*" *isn't right, but no matter.*) What will the Earl say when he learns that you have abandoned an aristocratic alliance for my sake? (*Oh, where's Ned?*)

Lord M. I care not. Hark! I hear footsteps. (*Call Ned.*)

The Prompter. ("*Footsteps*," Ned, "*footsteps!*" *Your cue!*)

Ned [*somewhere behind scenes*]. (*I can't make my wig stay on!*)

The Prompter. (*Never mind! Hurry up!*)

Bess. (*Shall I say that last speech over again?*)

Lord M. (*No; we'll fill up the time by striking attitudes.*)

[*Awful pause. Finally enter* Cribbles, *the villanous valet* (*Ned Smith*), *badly made up and worse scared.*

Cribbles. (*Wh-wh-what do I say?*)

The Prompter. (*Say* "Beg pardon, my lord"—*Confound your stupidity!*)

Cribbles. Beg pardon, my lord, confound your— (*Oh, I don't say that last, do I? What next?*)

Lord M. Cribbles! (*We ought to be further front.*)

Bess. We are lost! (*You shouldn't have moved.*)

Cribbles. 'Ow's this? Wot 'll the Heard do ven hi tells 'im 'ow 'is son's a-conductin' hof hisself? (*Remember you're to kick me, Harry.*)

Lord M. Rascal, I'll wring your neck! (*Come up here where I can get hold of you.*)

Bess. Oh, Cribbles, for my sake be silent! (*Why don't you speak your speeches through? You put me out awfully.*)

Cribbles. Hi'll hinform the Heard hinstanter (*be careful not to shake my wig off*), and 'e'll be hin a fine rage (*kick easy, mind*), hi promise you.

BESS. Cribbles, you were my boyhood's companion—

LORD M. (*Hold on! you're speaking my lines!*) Cribbles, I was like a sister to you—

BESS. (*Now you're speaking mine!*) Cribbles!

CRIBBLES. Eh? (*I'm completely stuck, Harry!*) My lord! (*Prompt me, won't you?*)

BESS. Ah! (*Oh, gracious, I don't know what to say!*)

LORD M. Oh! (*Neither do I!*)

CRIBBLES. } Prompt us, for goodness' sake!
LORD M. }
BESS. }

THE PROMPTER [*in agony*]. (*I can't. There's a leaf missing from the book!*) MANLEY H. PIKE.

SOLVED.

"WHAT is a skeleton? Can you tell me, children?" asked a reader of the Drawer of his Sunday-school class.

The infant class looked troubled. Their ideas on the subject were of the most vague description, and, they seemed to think, hardly worth mentioning. The question passed down the class, almost to the very foot, meeting only a blank look or a shake of the head, until at last the smallest tot of all ventured a reply: "Peathe, mith, it ith a man without any meat on it." R. W. H.

A PROPER REQUEST.

OLD Mose belonged to a planter and lawyer, General John M. Grant, of Macon, Mississippi, a sort of Gulliver of those parts. Mose drove the General's buggy one morning into town, and, as usual, it halted in front of "Lawyer Row," to gather the news of the day. Many wonderful stories were narrated, when General Grant told how he and Mose had been hunting the day before, and how a deer came by, and "I shot it," said the General, "putting one and the same rifle bullet through its head and right hind foot." Silent astonishment and incredulity pervaded the group of eager listeners. "Didn't I do it just as I said?" asked the General, appealing to old Mose.

The truth-loving negro hesitated a moment, and then answered slowly and deliberately, "In course you did, Marse John. De deer war scratching hits head wid hits hind foot, when de bullet went through de foot and de head."

"That's so," said the delighted General. "Mose saw me fire at the buck."

The crowd saw how it was possible to kill the deer in the manner described by General Grant. But on their way home Mose said to the General,

"See hyur, Marse John, for de Lord's sake! de nex' time you tell a story don't put de eends so fur apart; it's too hard to get 'em togedder."

A SOFT HEART.

SQUIRE H—— was a gentleman of the old school in Newburyport, Massachusetts. He wore a ruffled-bosom shirt of immaculate whiteness, and fed on the fat of the land. One day, on his way to his office down-town, he met Farmer Brown with two nice fat geese. On inspection he told the farmer he would take one of them. But the farmer said he must sell both or neither. The Squire remarked that no private table wanted a pair of geese. But the farmer was firm, and declined to sell one; the Squire must take both or none. Finally the Squire paid him for the pair, and the next day came home to dinner, his mouth watering for a taste of the nice fat goose. The carving-knife was sharpened and the dissection commenced. He tried to sever a wing, a leg, to get a slice from the breast, but, alas! it was so tough he could make no impression upon it, and it was removed from the table, to the great disappointment of the family. Several days after, meeting Farmer Brown, the Squire politely asked him why he was not satisfied with selling him one of the geese, and not imposing both upon him.

"Because, Squire H——," the farmer replied, "to my certain knowledge them geese have been together for twenty-five years, and I hadn't the heart to separate them."

AN UNCERTAIN PROPERTY.

ABOUT the beginning of the war a wealthy citizen of Lexington, Kentucky, and formerly a large slave-owner, had been frequently importuned by one of his negro men to allow him to buy himself. The planter hesitated on account of the particular usefulness of the man. But as the war wore on, and the overthrow of the Southern cause became merely a question of time, he very naturally began to think more favorably of the negro's proposition. So meeting him on his wagon one day, he said, "Solomon, I believe you've said something to me two or three times about wanting to buy yourself, and I have been thinking over it, and have made up my mind to let you do so."

"Yes, Marse William," returned Solomon, "I did want to buy myself; but I bin studden about it right smartly lately, sah, and I dun come to de 'clusion dat in dese times nigger property is too onsarten, sah, to put any money in, so I doan' think I'll buy myself jist yit."

A GOOD MAN GONE WRONG.

"SMITHERS used to be a good novelist before his baby was born."

"How did that affect his work?"

"His style was ruined by the books he had to read the youngster. His last novel began: 'What is this? This is our hero. Is he a blonde? Yes, he is a blonde, and his name is William Wilkins. I do not think William Wilkins is a pretty name; do you? You do? Well, so did Maud Brompton. See the house with the green shutters. That is where Maud Brompton lives with her aunt. Have you an aunt?'"

"What a shame!"

NO HELP FOR IT.

NATURE has a pleasant law of compensation by which, when certain of her creations lack full development in one respect, the deficiency is more than made up in some other. It is perhaps due to this that many stammerers have been renowned as wits, the mind being furnished with the activity denied to the tongue. The latest evidence of this is found in the story of two stammerers who met upon the street and indulged in a brief conversation, which one of the sufferers opened with the statement that he was on his "w-w-wow-way to the dud-dud-duddentist's t-t-tut-to hah-have a toot-toot-tooth pup-pulled."

"Thuth-that w-w-wow-won't huh-help y-you, o-old chuch-chap," returned the other, sympathetically. "It's y-y-your tut-tut-tongue thuth-that's in y-y-your w-w-wow-way."

QUITE RIGHT.

THERE is hardly anything the world admires much more than a bright young man, graduated from college with honors, and about to set out in life. Occasionally there are found those who cavil at these fresh young minds, and it must be admitted that the sons of *alma mater* sometimes bring the cavillers' comments upon themselves by a certain air of assumed superiority over those who have not had their opportunities. As a case in point, a Harvard boy, after an argument with a hard-headed, self-taught man of business, took it upon himself to say:

"Now, as a matter of fact, you don't know half as much as I do."

"That's so," was the response; "but, as far as that is concerned, *neither do you.*"

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

TWO young journalists of a city that is not named Chicago were discussing the World's Fair preparations in the great City of the Lakes, when one of them ventured the remark,

"But I say, Columbus was a mighty clever fellow to make that egg stand on end."

"Pshaw!" said the other, "I never could see Columbus's cleverness in that. But I always have thought that must have been a mighty smart egg."

A NEW MODEL.

DAUBSON (*who paints the noble working-man*). "Are you in the habit of sitting?"
APPLICANT FOR WORK. "Well, sor, the truth is I shtand the most o' me time, but I wouldn't mind sittin' a bit."

CUPID'S CAMERA.

Before the camera she sat
While I acquired the proper focus
To snare her fashionable hat
With all its feathered hocus-pocus—
The girl for whom my heart would beat
Irregularly and uncertain,
Who begged me with divine conceit
To warn her ere I raised the curtain.

Thought I, when up this curtain goes,
A silent listener compelling,
I'll tell her something which she knows
Has been a long time in the telling;
And when the glass her face and all
Its beauty has secured forever,
I'll let the lifted curtain fall,
And get her answer, now or never.

And so I did. I put it back
Amid a melody of laughter
And sentences which seemed to lack
The happy answer I was after.
Dear girls!—as long as girls shall live,
Be all the heavens bright above them!
But when I sought my negative,
I found I had a *couple* of them!

F. D. S.

"A P'INT OF LAW."

Squire M——, an elderly man, but a young justice, called at a friend's office one morning, and with much gravity announced: "Jedge, I dropped in to git a p'int of law. I want to know the law consarnin' a-puttin' of a badly spiled tarrupen in a neighbor's churn. I've got Hinnen's *Jestices* an' the Code, an' I've s'arched both from kiver to kiver, an' I don't fin' nuthin' under neither head."

NEW LIGHT ON WASHINGTON.

Not long ago the superintendent of the Lawrence public schools was making his usual round of inspection, and chanced to be listening to a history class of the eighth grade. The class was discussing that point in our national history which bears on George Washington's sending false despatches, written for the purpose of falling into the enemy's hands. The superintendent asked whether the scholars really believed that Washington told the lie, and the history was referred to to prove that he did.

"But," remarked the superintendent, "was not Washington the little boy who never told a lie?"

"Oh," answered a bright little colored girl, "Washington was not a boy when he told the lie."

A NEAT EPITAPH.

H. F—— sends the following epitaph found in an English country church-yard:

"Here lies J. S——, who for forty years lived in conjugal happiness with his widow, who survives him."

LETTING HIM HAVE HIS OWN WAY.

The following incident occurred in a log school-house in Chester County, Pennsylvania, nearly a century ago:

Small Boy (learning to spell): "C-o-w."

Teacher (an Irishman): "Phat does that spell?"

Small Boy: "I don't know."

Teacher: "Coo."

Small Boy: "Coo."

Teacher: "Don't say coo; say *coo*."

Small Boy: "Coo."

Teacher: "Don't say coo my way; say coo your own way."

CHURCH AND STATE.

Tradition tells of a fiery Anglo-Indian colonel who, getting into a hot dispute with a portly clergyman, remarked, pointedly, "It is a pity that *black* ants should not be useful in proportion to their size." Whereon the parson at once retorted, "It is a greater pity that *red* ants, which are so insignificant, should yet be so offensive."

Another collision of this kind between church and state, in which the church again had the best of it, is said to have occurred at an English public dinner, where a would-be-witty officer asked a well-known colonial bishop, who sat next to him, whether he could tell the difference between a bishop and a donkey, and then proceeded to explain that the one wears the cross on his head, and the other wears it on his back.

"Very good, Major B——," said the bishop. "But now, can *you* tell the difference between an army officer and a donkey?"

"No, my lord, I cannot," replied the major.

"*Nor can I*," rejoined the bishop, quietly.

Even this, however, was surpassed by another passage of repartee between the gown and the sword which is still preserved among the society legends of Calcutta. A certain famous English general, the hero of two Eastern wars, found his health beginning to give way beneath the strain of long and arduous service, and was ordered home by his doctors. On the day of his embarkation for England he was accompanied by a vast crowd of friends, to whom he began to distribute various small tokens of his regard.

"Well, general," asked the Bishop of Calcutta, who was one of the party, "have you no memento to leave to an old friend like me?"

"Oh, I have not forgotten you, my lord," cried the general. "On the contrary, I have bequeathed to you my entire stock of impudence."

"Ten thousand thanks, my dear general," replied the undaunted bishop. "You have given me by far the largest and most valuable part of your property."

And then the bishop's wife turned to her husband, and said, sweetly, "My dear, I am glad to see that you have come into your legacy so soon."

David Ker.

STREET IN THE NEW QUARTER OF CAIRO.

graph by Seba

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CAIRO IN 1890.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

Part First.

CONTEMPORARY PORTRAIT OF CLEOPATRA.

On the wall of the Temple at Dendérah.—From a photograph by Sebah, Cairo.

"THE way to Egypt is long and vexatious:"—so Homer sings; and so also have sung other persons more modern. A chopping sea prevails off Crete, and whether one leaves Europe at Naples, Brindisi, or Athens, one's steamer soon reaches that beautiful island, and consumes in passing it an amount of time which is an ever-fresh surprise. Crete, with its long coast-line and soaring mountain-tops, appears to fill all that part of the sea. However, as the island is the half-way point between Europe and Africa, one can at least feel, after finally leaving it behind, that the Egyptian coast is not far distant. This coast is as indolent as that of Crete is aggressive; it does not raise its head. You are there before you see it or know it; and then, if you like, in something over three hours more you can be in Cairo.

The Cairo street of the last Paris Exhibition, familiar to many Americans, was a clever imitation. But imitations of the Orient are melancholy; you cannot transplant the sky and the light.

The real Cairo has been sacrificed to the Nile. Comparatively few among travellers in the East see the place under the best conditions; for upon their arrival they are preoccupied with the magical river voyage which beckons them southward, with the dahabeeyah or the steamer which is to carry them; and upon their return from that wonderful journey they are planning for the more difficult expedition to the Holy Land. It is safe to say that to many Americans Cairo is only a confused memory of donkeys and dragomans, mosquitoes and dervishes, and mosques, mosques, mosques! This hard season probably must be gone through by all. The wise are those who stay on after it is over, or who return; for the true impression of a place does not come when the mind is over-crowded and confused; it does not come when the body is wearied; for the descent of the vision, serenity of soul is necessary—one might even call it idleness. It is during those days when one does nothing that the reality steals noiselessly into one's comprehension, to remain there forever.

But is Cairo worth this? is asked. That depends upon the temperament. If one must have in his nature somewhere a trace of the poet to love Venice, so one must be at heart something of a painter to love Cairo. Her colors are so softly rich, the Saracenic part of her architecture is so fantastically beautiful, the figures in her streets are so picturesque, that one who has an eye for such effects seems to himself to be living in a gallery of paintings without frames, which stretch off in vistas, melting into each other as they go. If, therefore, one loves color, if pictures are precious to him, are important, let him go to Cairo; he will find pleasure awaiting him. Flaubert said that one could

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imagine the pyramids, and perhaps the Sphinx, without an actual sight of them, but that what one could not in the least imagine was the expression on the face of an Oriental barber as he sits cross-legged before his door. That is Cairo exactly. You must see her with the actual eyes, and you must see her without haste. She does not reveal herself to the Cook tourist, nor even to Gaze's, nor to the man who is hurrying off to Athens on a fixed day which nothing can alter.

THE NEW QUARTER.

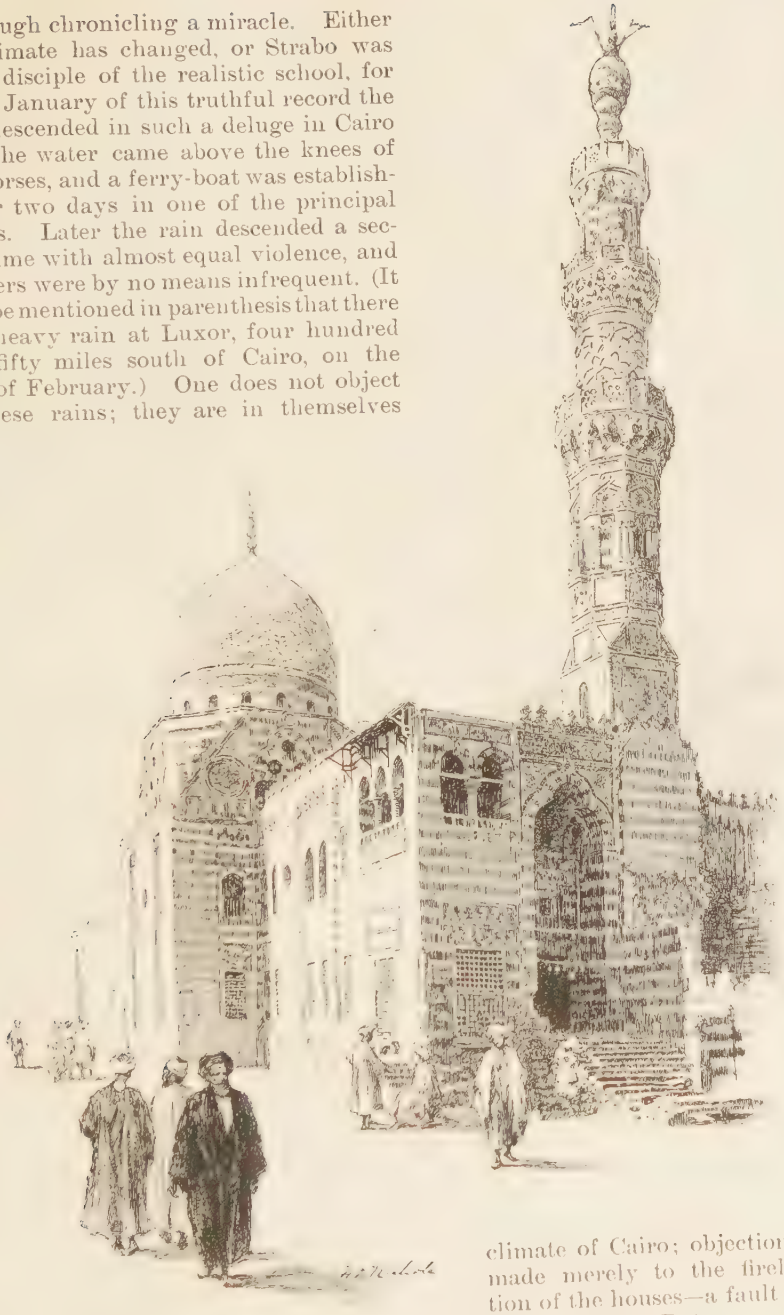
(One must begin with this, and have it over.) Cairo has a population of four hundred thousand souls. The new part of the town, called Ismaïlia, has been persistently abused by almost all writers, who describe it as dusty, as shadeless, as dreary, as glaring, as hideous, as blankly and broadly empty, as adorned with half-built houses which are falling into ruin;—one has read all this before arriving. But what does one find in the year of grace 1890? Streets shaded by innumerable trees; streets broad indeed, but which, instead of being dusty, are wet (and over-wet) with the constant watering; well-kept, bright-faced houses, many of them having beautiful gardens, which in January are glowing with giant poinsettas, crimson hibiscus, and purple bougainvillea—flowers which give place to richer blooms, to an almost over-luxuriance of color and perfumes, as the early spring comes on. If the streets were paved, it would be like the outlying quarters of Paris, for most of the houses are French as regards their architecture. Shadeless? It is nothing but shade. And the principal drives, too, beyond the town—the Ghezireh road, the Choubra and Gizeh roads, and the long avenue which leads to the pyramids—are deeply embowered, the great arms of the trees which border them meeting and interlacing overhead. Consider the stony streets of Italian cities (which no one abuses), and then talk of "shadeless Cairo"!

THE CLIMATE.

If one wishes to spend a part of each day in the house, engaged in reading, writing, or resting; if the comfortable feeling produced by a brightly burning little fire in the cool of the evening is necessary to him for his health or his pleasure—then he should not attempt to spend the entire winter in the city of the Khedive. The mean temperature there during the cold season—that is, six weeks in January and February—is said to be 58° Fahrenheit. But this is in the open air; in the houses the temperature is not more than 54° or 52°, and often in the evening lower. The absence of fires makes all the difficulty; for out-of-doors the air may be and often is charming; but upon coming in from the bright sunshine the atmosphere of one's sitting-room and bedroom seems chilly and prison-like. There are, generally speaking, no chimneys in Cairo, even in the modern quarter. Each of the hotels has one or two open grates, but only one or two. Southern countries, however, are banded together—so it seems to the shivering Northerner—to keep up the delusion that they have no cold weather; as they have it not, why provide for it? In Italy in the winter the Italians spread rugs over their floors, hang tapestries upon their walls, pile cushions everywhere, and carpet their sofas with long-haired skins; this they call warmth. But a fireless room, with the thermometer on its walls standing at 35°, is not warm, no matter how many cushions you may put into it; and one hates to believe, too, that necessary accompaniments of health are roughened faces and frost-bitten noses and the extreme ugliness of hands swollen and red. "Perhaps if one could have in Cairo an open hearth and three sticks, it would, with all the other pleasures one finds here, be too much—would reach wickedness!" was a remark we heard last winter. A still more forcible exclamation issued from the lips of a pilgrim from New York one evening in January. Looking round her sitting-room upon the roses gathered that day in the open air, upon the fly-brushes and fans and Oriental decorations, this misguided person moaned, in an almost tearful voice, "Oh, for a blizzard and a *fire!*" The reasonable traveller of course ought to remember that with a climate which has seven months of debilitating heat, and three and a half additional months of summer weather, the attention of the natives is not strongly turned towards devices for warmth. This consideration, however, does not make the fireless rooms agreeable during the few weeks that remain.

Another surprise is the rain. "In our time it rained in Egypt," writes Strabo,

as though chronicling a miracle. Either the climate has changed, or Strabo was not a disciple of the realistic school, for in the January of this truthful record the rain descended in such a deluge in Cairo that the water came above the knees of the horses, and a ferry-boat was established for two days in one of the principal streets. Later the rain descended a second time with almost equal violence, and showers were by no means infrequent. (It may be mentioned in parenthesis that there was heavy rain at Luxor, four hundred and fifty miles south of Cairo, on the 19th of February.) One does not object to these rains; they are in themselves



TOMB-MOSQUE OF KAIT BEY.
After a photograph by Sebah, Cairo.

agreeable; one wishes simply to note the impudence of the widely diffused statement that Egypt is a rainless land. So far nothing has been said against the winter climate of Cairo; objection has been made merely to the fireless condition of the houses—a fault which can be remedied. But now a real enemy must be mentioned, namely, the Khamsin. This is a hot wind from the south, which parches the skin and takes the life out of one; it fills the air with a thick grayness, which you cannot call mist, because it is perfectly dry, and through which the sun goes on

THE NILE BRIDGE, CAIRO.
After a photograph by Sebah, Cairo.

steadily shining, with a light so weird that one can think of nothing but the feelings of the last man, or the opening of the sixth seal. The regular Khamsin season does not begin before May; the occasional days of it that bring suffering to travellers occur in February, March, and April. But what are five or six days of Khamsin amid four winter months whose average temperature is 58° Fahrenheit? It is human nature to detect faults in climates which have been greatly praised, just as one counts every freckle on a fair face that is celebrated for its beauty. Give Cairo a few hearth fires, and its winter climate will seem delightful; although not so perfect as that of Florida, in our country, because in Florida there are no January mosquitoes.

MOSQUES.

It must be remembered that Cairo is Arabian. "The Nile is Egypt," says a proverb. The Nile is mythical, Pharaonic, Ptolemaic; but Cairo owes its existence solely to the Arabian conquerors of the country, who built a fortress and palace here in A.D. 969.

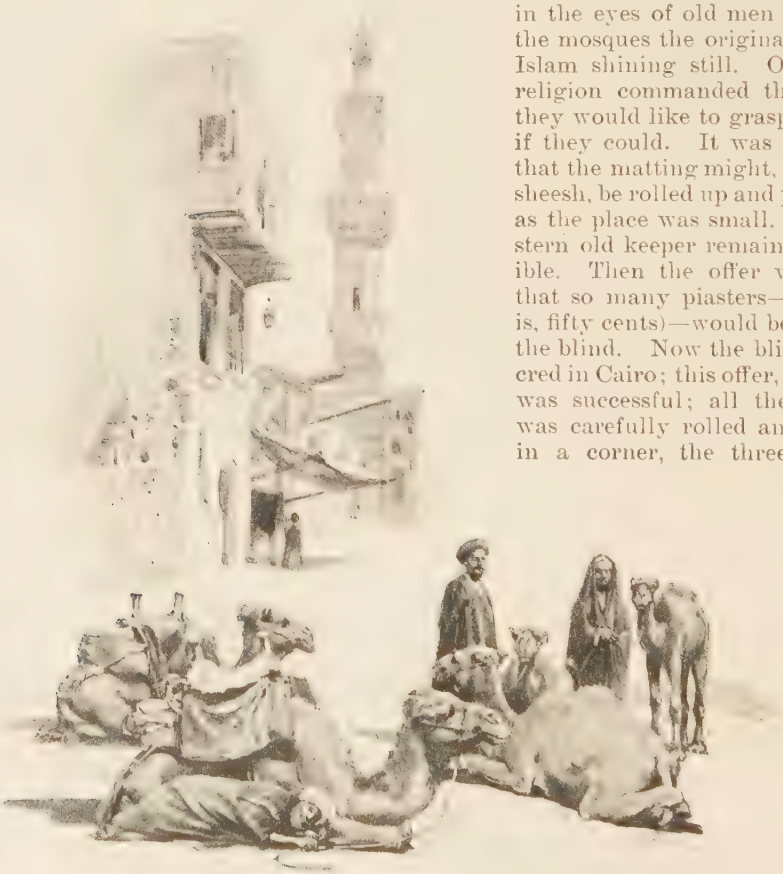
Very Arabian is still the call to prayer which is chanted by the muezzins from the minarets of the mosques several times during the day. We were passing through a crowded quarter near the Mooski one afternoon in January, when there was wafted across the consciousness a faint sweet sound. It was far away, and one heard it half impatiently at first, unwilling to lift one's attention even for an instant from the motley scenes nearer at hand. But at length, teased into it by the very sweetness, we raised our eyes, and then it was seen that it came from a half-ruined minaret far above us. Round the narrow outer gallery of this slender tower a man in dark robes was pacing

slowly, his arms outstretched, his face upturned to heaven. Not once did he look below as he continued his aerial round, his voice giving forth the chant which we had heard—"Allah akbar; Allah akbar; la Allah ill' Allah! Heyya alassalah!" (God is great; God is great; there is no God but God, and Mohammed is His Prophet. Come to prayer.) Again, another day, in the old Touloun quarter, we heard the sound, but it was much nearer. It came from a window but little above our heads, the small mosque within the quadrangle having no minaret. This time I could note the muezzin himself. As he could not see the sky from where he stood, his eyes were closed. I have never beheld a more concentrated expression of devotion than his quiet face expressed; he might have been miles away from the throng below, instead of three feet, as his voice gave forth the same strange sweet chant. The muezzins are often selected from the ranks of the blind, as the duties of the office are within their powers; but this singer at the low window had closed his eyes voluntarily. The last time I saw the muezzin was towards the end of the season, when the spring was far advanced. Cairo gayety was at its height, the streets were crowded with Europeans returning from the races, the new quarter was as modern as Paris. But there are minarets even in the new quarter, or near it; and on one of the highest of these turrets, outlined against the glow of the sunset, I saw the slowly pacing figure, with its arms outstretched over the city—"Allah akbar; Allah akbar; come, come to prayer."

There are over four hundred mosques in Cairo, and many of them are in a dilapidated condition. Some of these were erected by private means to perpetuate the name and good deeds of the founder and his family; then, in the course of time, owing to the extinction or to the poverty of the descendants, the endowment fund has been absorbed or turned into another channel, and the ensuing neglect has ended in ruin. When a pious Muslim of to-day wishes to perform a good work, he builds a new mosque. It would never occur to him to repair the old one near at hand, which commemorates the generosity of another man. It must be remembered that a mosque has no established congregation, whose duty it is to take care of it. A mosque, in fact, to Muslims has not an exclusively religious character. It is a place prepared for prayer, with the fountain which is necessary for the preceding ablutions required by Mohammed, and the niche towards Mecca which indicates the position which the suppliant must take; but it is also a place for meditation and repose. The poorest and most ragged Muslim has the right to enter whenever he pleases; he can say his prayers, or he can simply rest; he can quench his thirst; he can eat the food which he has brought with him; if he is tired, he can sleep. In mosques not often visited by travellers I have seen men engaged in mending their clothes, and others cooking food with a portable furnace. In the church-yard of Charlton Kings, England, there is a tombstone of the last century with an inscription which concludes as follows: "And his dieing request to his Sons and Daughters was, Never forsake the Charitys until the Poor had got their Rites." In the Cairo mosques the poor have their rites—both with the *gh* and without. The sacred character of a mosque is, in truth, only made conspicuous when unbelievers wish to enter. Then the big shuffling slippers are brought out to cover the shoes of the Christian infidels, so that they may not touch and defile the mattings reserved for the faithful.

After long neglect, something is being done at last to arrest the ruin of the more ancient of these temples. A commission has been appointed by the present government whose duty is the preservation of the monuments of Arabian art; occasionally, therefore, in a mosque one finds scaffolding in place, and a general dismantlement. One can only hope for the best—in much the same spirit in which one hopes when one sees the beautiful old front of St. Mark's, Venice, gradually encroached upon by the new raw timbers. But in Cairo, at least, the work of repairing goes on very slowly; three hundred mosques, probably, out of the four hundred still remain untouched, and many of these are adorned with a delicate beauty which is unrivalled. I know no quest so enchanting as a search through the winding lanes of the old quarters for these gems of Saracenic taste, which no guide-book has as yet chronicled, no dragoman discovered. The street is so narrow that your donkey fills almost all the space; passers-by are obliged to flatten themselves against the walls in response to

the Oriental adjurations of your donkey-boy behind: "Take heed, O maid!" "Your foot, O chief!" Presently you see a minaret—there is always a minaret somewhere; but it is not always easy to find the mosque to which it belongs, hidden, perhaps, as it is, behind other buildings in the crowded labyrinth. At length you observe a door with a dab or two of the well-known Saracenic honeycomb-work above it; instantly you dismount, climb the steps, and look in. You are almost sure to find treasures, either fragments of the pearly Cairo mosaic, or a wonderful ceiling, or gilded Kufic (old Arabian text) inscriptions and arabesques, or remains of the ancient colored glass which changes its tint hour by hour. Best of all, sometimes you find a space open to the sky, with a fountain in the centre, the whole surrounded by arcades of marble columns adorned with hanging lamps (or rather with the bronze chains which once carried the lamps), and with suspended ostrich eggs—the emblems of good luck. One day, when my donkey was making his way through a dilapidated region, I came upon a mosque so small that it seemed hardly more than a base for its exquisite minaret, which towered to an unusual height above it. Of course I dismounted. The little mosque was open; but as it was never visited by strangers, it possessed no slippers, and without coverings of some kind it was impossible that unsanctified shoes, such as mine, should touch its matted floor; the bent, ancient guardian glared at me fiercely for the mere suggestion. One sees sometimes (even in 1890) in the eyes of old men sitting in the mosques the original spirit of Islam shining still. Once their religion commanded the sword; they would like to grasp it again, if they could. It was suggested that the matting might, for a baksheesh, be rolled up and put away, as the place was small. But the stern old keeper remained inflexible. Then the offer was made that so many piasters—ten (that is, fifty cents)—would be given to the blind. Now the blind are sacred in Cairo; this offer, therefore, was successful; all the matting was carefully rolled and stacked in a corner, the three or four



BEFORE THE LITTLE MOSQUE.
After a photograph by Sebah, Cairo.

A SELLER OF WATER JUGS, CAIRO.
From a photograph by Sebah, Cairo.

Muslims present withdrew to the door, and the unbeliever was allowed to enter. She found herself in a temple of color which was incredibly rich. The floor was of delicate marble, and every inch of the walls was covered with a mosaic of porphyry and jasper, adorned with gilded inscriptions and bands of Kufic text; the tall pulpit, made of mahogany colored wood, was carved from top to bottom in intricate designs, and ornamented with odd little plaques of fretted bronze; the sacred niche was lined with alabaster, turquoise, and gleaming mother-of-pearl; the only light came through the thick glass of the small windows far above, in downward-falling rays of crimson, violet, and gold. The old mosaic-work of the Cairo mosques is composed of small plates of marble and of mother-of-pearl arranged in geometrical designs; the delicacy of the minute cubes employed, and the intricacy of the patterns, are marvellous; the color is faint, unless turquoise has been added; but the glitter of the mother-of-pearl gives the whole an appearance like that of jewelry. Upon our departure five blind men were found drawn up in a line at the door. It would not have been difficult to collect fifty.

Another day, as my donkey was taking me under a stone arch, I saw on one side a flight of steps which seemed to say "come!" At the top of the steps I found a picture. It was a mosque of the early pattern, with a large square court open to the sky. In the centre of this court was a well under a marble dome, and here grew half a dozen palm-trees. Across the far end extended the sanctuary, which was approached through arcades of massive pillars painted in dark red bands. The pulpit was so old that it had lost its beauty; but the entire back wall of this Mecca side was covered with beautiful tiles of the old Cairo tints (turquoise-blue and dark blue), in designs of foliage, with here and there an entire tree. This splendid wall was in itself worth a journey. A few single tiles had been inserted at random in the great red columns, reminding one of the majolica plates which tease

STATUE OF PRINCE RAHOTEP'S WIFE.

Gizeh Museum.—Discovered in 1870 in a tomb near Meydoom.—According to the chronological table of Mariette, it is 5800 years old.—From a photograph by Sebah, Cairo.

the eyes of those who care for such things—set impossibly high as they are—in the campaniles of old Italian churches along the Pisan coast.

It may be asked, what is the shape of a mosque—its exterior? What is it like? You are more sure about this shape before you reach the Khedive's city than you are when you have arrived there; and after you have visited three or four mosques each day for a week, the clearness of your original idea, such as it was, has vanished forever. The mosques of Cairo are so embedded in other structures, so surrounded and pushed and elbowed by them, that you can see but little of their external form; sometimes a façade painted in stripes is visible, but often a doorway is all. One must except the mosque of Sultan Hassan (which, to some of us, is dangerously like Aristides the Just). This mosque stands by itself, so that you can, if you please, walk round it. The chief interest of the walk (for the exterior, save for the deep porch, which can hardly be called exterior, is not beautiful) lies in the thought that as the walls were constructed of stones brought from the pyramids, perhaps among them, with faces turned inward, there may be blocks of that lost outer coating of the giant tombs—a coating which was covered with hieroglyphics. Now that hieroglyphics can be read, we may some day learn the true history of these monuments by pulling down a dozen of the Cairo mosques. But unless the commission bestirs itself, that task will not be needed for the edifice of Sultan Hassan; it is coming down, piece by piece, unaided. The mosques of Cairo are not beautiful as a Greek temple or an early English cathedral is beautiful; the charm of Saracenic architecture lies more in decoration than in the management of massive forms. The genius of the Arabian builders manifested itself in ornament, in rich effects of color; they had endless caprices, endless fancies, and expressed them all—as well they might, for all were beautiful. The same free spirit carved the grotesques of the old churches of France and Germany. But the Arabians had no love for grotesques; they displayed their liberty in lovely fantasies. Their one boldness as architects was the minaret.

It is probably the most graceful tower that has ever been devised. In Cairo

THE WOODEN MAN.

Gizeh Museum, near Cairo.—According to the chronological table of Mariette, this statue is over 6000 years old.—From a photograph by Brugsch Bey.

the rich fretwork of its decorations and the soft yellow hue of the stone of which it is constructed add to this beauty. Invariably slender, it decreases in size as it springs towards heaven, carrying lightly with it two or three external galleries, which are supported by stalactites, and ending in a miniature cupola and crescent. These stalactites (variously named, also, pendentives, recessed clusters, and honeycombed work) may be called the distinctive feature of Saracenic architecture. They were used originally as ornaments to mask the transition from a square court to the dome. But they soon took flight from that one service, and now they fill Arabian corners and angles and support Arabian curves so universally that for many of us the mere outline of one scribbled on paper brings up the whole pageant of the crescent-topped domes and towers of the East.

The Cairo mosques are said to show the purest existing forms of Saracenic architecture. One hopes that this saying is true, for a dogmatic superlative of this sort is a rock of comfort, and one can remember it and repeat it. With the best of memories, however, one cannot intelligently see all these specimens of purity, unless, indeed, one takes up his residence in Cairo (and it is well known that when one lives in a place one never pays visits to those lions which other persons journey thousands of miles to see). Travellers, therefore, very soon choose a favorite and abide by it, vaunting it above all others, so that you hear of El Ghouri, with its striking façade and magnificent ceiling, as "the finest," and of Kalaoon as "the finest," and of Moaiyud as ditto, not to speak of those who prefer the venerable Touloun and Amer, and the undiscriminating crowd that is satisfied, and rightly, with Aristides the Just, that is, the mosque of Sultan Hassan. For myself, after acknowledging to a weakness for the mosques which are not in the guide-books, which possess no slippers, I confess that I admire most the tomb-mosque of Kait Bey. It is outside of Cairo proper, among those splendid half-ruined structures the so-called tombs of the Khalifs. It stands by itself, its chiselled dome and minaret, a lace-work in stone, clearly revealed. It would take pages to describe the fanciful beauty of every detail, both without and within, and there must in any case come an end of repeating the words "elegance," "mosaic," "minaret," "arabesque," "jasper," and "mother-of-pearl." The chief treasures of this mosque are two blocks of rose granite which bear the so-called impressions of the feet of Mohammed; the legend is that he rests here for a moment or two at sunset every Thursday. "How well I understand this fancy of the Prophet!" exclaimed an imaginative visitor. "How I wish I could do the same!"

THE GIZEH MUSEUM.

One of the great events of the winter of 1890 was the opening of the new Museum of Egyptian Antiquities at Gizeh. This magnificent collection, which until recently has been ill housed at Boulak, is now installed in another suburb, Gizeh, in one of the large summer palaces built by the former Khedive, Ismail. To reach it one passes through the new quarter and crosses the handsome Nile bridge. Not only are all these streets watered, but the pedestrian also can have water if he likes. Large earthen jars, propped by framework of wood, stand here and there, with the drinking-bottle, or kulleh, attached; these jars are replenished by the sakkahs, who carry the much-loved Nile water about the streets for sale. One passes at regular intervals the light stands, made of split sticks, upon which is offered for sale, in flat loaves like pancakes, the Cairo bread. There are also the open-air cook shops—small furnaces, like a tin pan with legs; spread out on a board before them are saucers containing mysterious compounds, and the cook is in attendance, wearing a white apron. These cooks never lack custom; a large majority of the poorer class in Cairo obtains its hot food, when it obtains it at all, at these impromptu tables. Before long one is sure to meet a file of camels. The camel ought to appreciate travellers; there is always a tourist murmuring "Oh!" whenever one of these supercilious beasts shows himself near the Ezbekiyeh Gardens. The American, indeed, cannot keep back the exclamation; perhaps when he was a child he attended (oh happy day!) the circus, and watched with ecstasy the "Grande Orientale Rentrée of the Lights of the Harem"—two of these strange steeds, ridden by dazzling houris in veils of glittering gauze. The camel has remained in his mind ever since as the attendant of sultanas: though this impression may have become mixed in later years with

the constantly recurring painting (in a dead-gold frame and red mat) of a camel and an Arab in the desert, outlined against a sunset sky. In either case, however, the animal represents something which is as far as possible from an American street traversed by horse-cars, and when the inhabitant of this street sees the identical creature passing him, engaged not in making rentrées or posing against the sunset, but diligently at work carrying stones and mortar for his living, no wonder he feels that he has reached a land of dreams.

Most of us do not lose our admiration for the Orientalness of the camel. But we learn in time that he has been praised for qualities which he does not possess. He is industrious, but he continually scolds about his industry; he may not trouble one with his thirst, but he revenges himself by his sneer. The smile of a camel is the most disdainful thing I know. On the other side of the Nile bridge one comes sometimes upon an acre of these beasts, all kneeling down in the extraordinary way peculiar to them, with their hind legs turned up; here they chew as they rest, and put out their long necks to look at the passers-by. But the way to appreciate the neck of a camel is to be on a donkey; then, when the creature comes up behind and lopes past you, his neck seems to be the highest thing in Cairo—higher than a mosque.

Beyond the bridge the road to Gizeh follows the river. Gizeh itself is the typical Nile village, with the low, clustered houses built of Nile mud (which looks like yellow-brown stucco), and beautiful feathery palms with a minaret or two rising above. The palace stands apart from the village, and is surrounded by large gardens. Opposite the central portico is the tomb of Mariette Pasha, the founder of the museum—a high sarcophagus designed from an antique model. Mariette Pasha (it may be mentioned here that the title Pasha means General, and that of Bey, Colonel) was a native of Boulogne. A mummy case in the museum of that town of schools first attracted his attention towards Egyptian antiquities, and in 1850 he came to Egypt. Khedive Said authorized him to found a museum; and Said's successor, Ismail, conferred upon him the exclusive right to make excavations, placing in his charge all the antiquities of Egypt. Mariette used these powers with intelligence and energy, giving the rest of his life to the task—a period of thirty years. He died in Cairo, at the age of sixty-one, in January, 1882. This Frenchman made many important discoveries, and he preserved to Egypt her remaining antiquities; before his time her treasures had been stolen and bought by all the world. A thought which haunts all travellers in this strange country is, how many more rich stores must still remain hidden! The most generally interesting among the recent discoveries was the finding of the Pharaohs, in 1881. The story has been given to the world in print, therefore it will be only outlined here. But by far the most fortunate way is to hear it directly from the lips of the keeper of the museum, Emil Brugsch himself, his vivid, briefly direct narration adding the last charm to the striking facts. By the museum authorities it had been for several years suspected that some one at Luxor (Thebes) had discovered a hitherto unopened tomb; for funeral statuettes, papyri, and other objects, all of importance, were offered for sale there, one by one, and bought by travellers, who, upon their return to Cairo, displayed the treasures, without comprehending their value. Watch was kept, and suspicion finally centred upon a family of brothers; these Arabs at last confessed, and one of them led the way to a place not far from the temple called Deir-el-Bahari, which all visitors to Thebes will remember. Here, filled with sand, there was a shaft not unlike a well, which the man had discovered by chance. When the sand was removed, the opening of a lateral tunnel was visible below, and this tunnel led into the heart of the hill, where, in a rude chamber twenty feet high, were piled thirty or more mummy cases, most of them decorated with the royal asp. The mummies proved to be those of Sethi the First, the conqueror who carried his armies as far into Asia as the Orontes; and of Rameses the Great (called Sesostris by the Greeks), the Pharaoh who oppressed the Israelites; and of Sethi the Second, the Pharaoh of the Exodus, together with other sovereigns and members of their families, princes, princesses, and priests. At some unknown period these mummies had been taken from the magnificent rock tombs in that terrible Apocalyptic Valley of the Kings, not far distant, and hidden in this rough chamber. No one knows why this was

done; a record of it may yet be discovered. But in time all knowledge of the hiding-place was lost, and here the Pharaohs remained until that July day in 1881. They were all transported across the burning plain and down the Nile to Cairo. Now at last they repose in state in an apartment which might well be called a throne-room. You reach this great cruciform hall by a handsome double stairway; upon entering, you see the Pharaohs ranged in a majestic circle, and careless though you may be, unhistorical, practical, you are impressed. The features are distinct. Some of the dark faces have dignity; others show marked resolution and power. Curiously enough, one of them closely resembles Voltaire. This, however, is probably due to the fact that Voltaire closely resembled a mummy while living. How would it seem, the thought that beings who are to come into existence A.D. 5000 should be able, in the land which we now call the United States of America (what will it be called then?), to gaze upon the features of some of our Presidents — for instance, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln? I am afraid that the fancy is not as striking as it should be, for New World ambition grasps without difficulty all futures, even A.D. 25,000; it is only when our eyes are turned towards the past, where we have no importance and represent nothing, that an enumeration of centuries overpowers us a little. But in any case, after visiting Egypt, we all learn to hate the art of the embalmer; those who have been up the Nile, and beheld the poor relics of mortality offered for sale on the shores, become, as it were by force, advocates of cremation.

The Gizeh Museum is vast; days are required to see all its treasures. Among the best of these are two colored statues, the size of life, representing Prince Rahotep and his wife; these were discovered in 1870 in a tomb near Meydoom. Their rock-crystal eyes are so bright that the Arabs employed in the excavation fled in terror when they came upon the long-hidden chamber. They said that two afreets were sitting there, ready to spring out and devour all intruders. Railed in from his admirers is the intelligent, well-fed, highly popular wooden man, whose life-like expression raises a smile upon the faces of all who approach him. This figure is not in the least like the Egyptian statues of conventional type, with unnaturally placed eyes. As regards the head, it might be the likeness of a Berlin merchant of to-day, or it might be a successful American bank president after a series of dinners at Delmonico's. Yet, strange to say, this, and the wonderful diorite statue of Chafra, are the oldest sculptured figures in the world.

One is tempted to describe some of the other treasures of this precious and unrivalled collection, as well as to note in detail the odd contrasts between Ismail's gayly flowered walls and the solemn antiquities ranged below them. "But here is no space," as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu would have expressed it. And one of the curious facts concerning description is that those who have with their own eyes seen the statue, for instance, which is the subject of a writer's pen (and it is the same with regard to a landscape, or a country, or whatever you please)—such persons sometimes like to read an account of it, though the words are not needed to bring up the true image of the thing delineated, whereas those who have never seen the statue—that is, the vast majority—are, as a general rule, not in the least interested in any description of it, long or short, and, indeed, consider all such descriptions a bore.

At present the one fault of Gizeh is the absence of a catalogue. But catalogues are a mysterious subject, comprehended only by the elect.

One day when I was passing the hot hours in the shaded rooms of the museum, surrounded by seated granite figures with their hands on their knees (the coolest companions I know), I heard chattering and laughter. These are unusual sounds in those echoing halls, where unconsciously everybody whispers, partly because of the echo, and partly also, I think, on account of the mystic mummy cases which stand on end and look at one so queerly with their oblique eyes. Presently there came into view ten or twelve Cairo ladies, followed by eunuchs, and preceded by a guide. The eunuchs were (as eunuchs generally are) hideous, though they represented all ages, from a tall lank boy of seventeen to a withered old creature well beyond sixty. The Cairo eunuchs are negroes; one distinguishes them always by the extreme care with which they are dressed. They wear coats and trousers of black broadcloth made in the latest Euro-

pean style, with patent-leather shoes, and they are decorated with gold chains, seal rings, and scarf-pins; they have one merit as regards their appearance—I know of but one—they do look clean. The ladies were taking their ease; the muffling black silk outer cloaks, which all Egyptian women of the upper class wear when they leave the house, had been thrown aside; the white face veils had been loosened so that they dropped below the chin. It was the hareem of the Minister for Foreign Affairs; their carriages were waiting below. The most modest of men—a missionary, for instance, or an entomologist—would, I suppose, have put them to flight; but as the tourist season was over, and as it was luncheon-time for Europeans, no one appeared but myself, and the ladies strayed hither and thither as they chose, occasionally stopping to hear a few words of the explanations which the guide (a woman also) was vainly trying to give before each important statue. With one exception, these Cairo dames were, to say the least, extremely plump; their bare hands were deeply dimpled, their cheeks round. They all had the same very white complexion without rose tints; their features were fairly good, though rather thick; the eyes in each case were beautiful—large, dark, lustrous, with sweeping lashes. Their figures, under their loose garments, looked like feather pillows. They were awkward in bearing and gait, but this might have been owing to the fact that their small plump feet (in white open-work cotton stockings) were squeezed into very tight French slippers with abnormally high heels, upon which it must have been difficult to balance so many dimples. The one exception to the rule of billowy beauty was a slender, even meagrely formed girl, who in America would pass perhaps for seventeen; probably she was three years younger. Her thin, dark, restless face, with its beautiful inquiring eyes, was several times close beside mine as we both inspected the golden bracelets and ear-rings, the necklaces and fan, of Queen Ahhotpu, our sister in vanity of three thousand five hundred years ago. I looked more at her than I did at the jewels, and she returned my gaze; we might have had a conversation. What would I not have given to be able to talk with her in her own tongue! After a while they all assembled in what is called the winter garden, an upstairs apartment, where grass grows over the floor in formal little plots. Chairs were brought, and they seated themselves amidst this aerial verdure to partake of sherbet, which the youngest eunuch handed about with a business-like air. While they were still here, much relaxed as regards attire and attitude, my attention was attracted by the rush through the outer room (where I myself was seated) of the four older eunuchs. They had been idling about; they had even gone down the stairs, leaving to the youngest of their number the task of serving the sherbet: but now they all appeared again, and the swiftness with which they crossed the outer room and dashed into the winter garden created a breeze. They called to their charges as they came, and there was a general smoothing down of draperies. The eunuchs, however, stood upon no ceremony; they themselves attired the ladies in the muffling cloaks, and refastened their veils securely, as a nurse dresses children, and with quite as much authority. I noticed that the handsomer faces showed no especial haste to disappear from view; but there was no real resistance; there was only a good deal of laughter.

I dare say that there was more laughter still (under the veils) when the cause of all this haste appeared, coming slowly up the stairs. It was a small man of sixty-five or seventy, one of my own countrymen, attired in a linen duster and a travel-worn high hat; his silver-haired head was bent over his guide-book, and he wore blue spectacles. I don't think he saw anything but blue antiquities, safely made of stone.

Hareem carriages (that is, ladies' carriages) in Cairo are large, heavily built broughams. The occupants wear thin white muslin or white tulle veils tied across the face under the eyes, with an upper band of the same material across the forehead; but these veils do not in reality hide the features much more closely than do the dotted black or white lace veils worn by Europeans. The muffling outer draperies, however, completely conceal the figure, and this makes the marked difference between them and their English, French, and American sisters in the other carriages near at hand. On the box of the brougham, with the coachman, the eunuch takes his place. To go out without a eunuch would be a humil-

iation for a Cairo wife; to her view, it would seem to say that she is not sufficiently attractive to require a guardian. The hareem carriage of a man of importance has not only its eunuch, but also its sais, or running footman; often two of them. These winged creatures precede the carriage; no matter how rapid the pace of the horses, they are always in advance, carrying, lightly poised in one hand, high in the air, a long lance-like wand. Their gait is the most beautiful motion I have ever seen. The Mercury of John of Bologna; the younger gods of Olympus—will these do for comparisons? One calls the sais winged not only because of his speed, but also on account of his large white sleeves (in English, angel sleeves), which, though lightly caught together behind, float out on each side as he runs, like actual wings. His costume is rich—a short velvet jacket thickly embroidered with gold; a red cap with long silken tassel; full white trousers which end at the knee, leaving the legs and feet bare; and a brilliant scarf encircling the small waist. These men are Nubians, and are admirably formed; often they are very handsome. Naturally one never sees an old one, and it is said that they die young. Their original office was to clear a passage for the carriage through the narrow, crowded streets; now that the streets are broader, they are not so frequently seen, though Egyptians of rank still employ them, not only for their hareem carriages, but for their own. They are occasionally seen also, before the victoria or the landau of European residents; but in this case their Oriental dress accords ill with the stiff, tight Parisian costumes behind them. Now and then one sees them perched on the back seat of an English dog-cart, and here they look well; they always sit sidewise, with one hand on the back of the seat, as though ready at a moment's notice to spring out and begin flying again.

If the figures of the Cairo ladies are always well muffled, one has at least abundant opportunity to admire the grace and strength of the women of the working classes. When young they have a noble bearing. Their usual dress is a long gown of very dark blue cotton, a black head veil, and a thick black face veil that is kept in its place below the eyes by a gilded ornament which looks like an empty spool. Often their beautifully shaped slender feet are bare; but even the poorest are decked with anklets, bracelets, and necklaces of beads, imitation silver or brass. The men of the working classes wear blue gowns also, but the blue is of a much lighter hue; many of them, especially the farmers and farm laborers (called fellaheen), have wonderfully straight flat backs and broad strong shoulders. Europeans, when walking, appear at a great disadvantage beside these loosely robed people; all their movements seem cramped when compared with the free, effortless step of the Arab beside them.

THE BAZARS.

One spends half one's time in the bazars, perhaps. One admires them and adores them; but one feels that their attraction cannot be made clear to others by words. Nor can it be by the camera. There are a thousand photographic views of Cairo offered for sale, but, with the exception of an attempt at the gateway of the Khan Khaleel, not one copy of these labyrinths, which is a significant fact. Their charm comes from color, and this can be represented by the painter's brush alone. But even the painter can render it only in bits. From a selfish point of view we might perhaps be glad that there is one spot left on this earth whose characteristic aspect cannot be reproduced, either upon the wall or the pictured page, whose shimmering vistas must remain a purely personal memory. We can say to those who have in their minds the same fantastic vision, "Ah, *you* know!" But we cannot make others know. For what is the use of declaring that a collection of winding lanes, some of them not more than three feet broad, opening into and leading out of each other, unpaved, dirty, roofed far above, where the high stone houses end, with a lattice-work of old mats—what is the use of declaring that this maze is one of the most delightful places in the world? There is no use; one must see it to believe it.

We approach the bazars by the Mooski, a street which has lost all its ancient attraction, which is, in fact, one of the most commonplace avenues I know. But near its end the enchantment begins, and whether we enter the flag bazar, the lemon-colored slipper bazar, the gold and silver bazar, the bazar of the Soudan, the

bazar of silks and embroideries, the bazar of Turkish carpets, or the lane of perfumes felicitously named by the donkey-boys the smell bazar, we are soon in the condition of children before a magician's table. I defy any one to resist it. The most tired American business man looks about him with awakened interest, the lines of his face relax and turn into the wrinkles we associate with laughter, as he sees the small frontless shops, the long-skirted merchants, and the sewing, embroidering, cross-legged crowd. The best way, indeed, to view the bazars is to relax your ideas of time as well as of pace, and not be in a hurry about anything. Accompany some one who is buying, but do not buy yourself; then you can have a seat on the divan, and even (as a friend of the purchaser) one of those wee cups of black coffee which the merchant offers, and which, whether you like it or not, you take, because it belongs to the scene. Thus seated, you can look about at your ease.

In these days when every one is re-reading the *Arabian Nights*, the learned in Burton's translation, the outside public in Lady Burton's, even the most unmethodical of writers feels himself, in connection with Cairo, forced towards the inevitable allusion to Haroun. But once within the precincts of Khan Khaleel, he does not need to have his fancy jogged by Burton or any one else; he thinks of the *Arabian Nights* instinctively, and "it's a poor tale" indeed, to quote Mrs. Poyser, if he does not meet the one-eyed calender in the very first booth. But, as has already been said, it is useless to describe. All one can do is to set down a few impressions. One of the first of these is the charming light. The sunshine of Egypt has a great radiance, but it has also —and this is especially visible when one looks across any breadth of landscape—a pleasant quality of softness; it is a radiance which is slightly hazy and slightly golden brown, being in these respects quite unlike the pellucid white light of Greece. The Greeks frown; even the youngest of the handsome men who go about in ballet-like white petticoats and the brimless cap, has the ugly little perpendicular line between the eyes, produced by a constant knitting of the brows. Like the Greek, the Egyptian also is without protection for his eyes; the dragoman wears a small shawl over the fez, which covers the back of the neck and sides of the face, the Bedouins have a hood, but the large majority of the natives are unprotected. It is said that a Mohammedan can have no brim to his turban or tarboosh, because he must place his bare forehead upon the ground when he says his prayers, and this without removing his head-gear (which would be irreverent). However this may be, he goes about in Egypt with the sun in his eyes, though, owing to the softer quality of the light, he does not frown as the Greek frowns. For those who are not Egyptians, however, the light in Cairo sometimes seems too omnipresent; then, for refuge, they can go to the bazars. The sunshine is here cut off horizontally by thick walls, and from above it is filtered through mats, whose many interstices cause a checker of light and shade in an infinite variety of unexpected patterns on the ground. This ground is watered. Somehow the air is cool; coming in from the bright streets outside is like entering an arbor. The little shops resemble cupboards; their floors are about three feet above the street. They have no doors at the back. When the merchant wishes to close his establishment, he comes out, pulls down the lid, locks it, and goes home. A picturesque characteristic is that in many cases the wares are not simply sold here; they are also made, one by one, upon the spot. You can see the brass-workers incising the arabesques of their trays; you can see the armorers making arms, the ribbon-makers making ribbons, the jewellers blowing their forges, the ivory-carvers bending over their delicate task. As soon as each article is finished, it is dusted and placed upon the little shelf above, and then the apprentice sets to work upon a new one. In addition to the light, another thing one notices is the amazing way in which the feet are used. In Cairo one soon becomes as familiar with feet as one is elsewhere with hands; it is not merely that they are bare; it is that the toes appear to be prehensile, like fingers. In the bazars the embroiderers hold their cloth with their toes; the slipper-makers, the flag-cutters, the brass-workers, the goldsmiths, employ their second set of fingers almost as much as they employ the first. Both the hands and feet of these men are well formed, slender, and delicate, and, by the rules of their religion, they are bathed five times each day.

Mosques are near where they can get water for this duty. For the bazars are not continuous rows of shops: one comes not infrequently upon the ornamental portal of an old Arabian dwelling-house, upon the forgotten tomb of a sheykh, with its low dome; one passes under stone arches; often one sees the doorway of a mosque. Humble-minded dogs, who look like jackals, prowl about. The populace trudges through the narrow lanes, munching sugar-cane whenever it can get it. Another favorite food is the lettuce-plant; but the leaves, which we use for salad, the Egyptians throw away; it is the stalk that attracts them.

Lettuce stalks are not rich food, but the bazars of the people who eat them convey, on the whole, an impression of richness; this is owing to the sumptuousness of the prayer carpets, the gold embroideries, the gleaming silks, the Oriental brass-work with sentences from the Koran, the ivory, the ostrich plumes, the little silver bottles for kohl, the inlaid daggers, the turquoises and pearls, and the beautiful gauzes, a few of them embroidered with the motto, "I do this work for you," and on the reverse side, "And this I do for God." To some persons, the far-penetrating mystic sweetness from the perfume bazar adds an element also. Here sit the Persian merchants in their delicate silken robes; they weigh incense on tiny scales; they sort the gold-embossed vials of attar of roses; their taper fingers move about amid whimsically small cabinets and chests of drawers filled with ambrosial mysteries. There is magic in names; these merchants are doubly interesting because they come from Ispahan! Scanderoun—there is another; how it rolls off the tongue! We do not wish for exact geographical descriptions of these places; that would spoil all. We wish to chant, like Kit Marlowe's Tambourlaine (and with similar indefiniteness):

"Is it not passing brave to be a king,
And march in triumph through Persepolis?"

"So will I ride through Samarcanda streets,
....to Babylon, my lords; to Babylon!"

When we leave Cairo we cannot take with us the light of these labyrinths; we cannot take their colors; but one traveller, last May, having found in an antiquity shop an ancient perfume-burner, had the inspiration of bargaining with these Persians, seated cross-legged in their aromatic niches (said traveller on a white donkey outside), for small packages of sandal and aloes wood, of myrrh, of frankincense and ambergris, of benzoin, of dried rose leaves, and of other Oriental twigs and sticks, for the purpose of summoning up, later, in less congenial climes perhaps, the spicy atmosphere, at least, of the Cairo bazars. What would be the effect of breathing always this fragrant air? Would it give a richer life, would it tinge the cheek with warmer hues? These merchants have complexions like cream-tinted tea-roses; their dark eyes are clear, and all their movements graceful; they are very tranquil, but not in the least sleepy; they look as if they could take part in subtle arguments, and pursue the finest chains of reasoning. Would an atmosphere perfumed by these Eastern woods clarify and rarefy our denser Occidental minds?

THE NILE.

As every one who comes to Cairo goes up the Nile, the river is seldom thought of as it appears during its course past the Khedive's city. This simple vision of it is overshadowed by memories of Abydos, of Karnak and Thebes, and Philæ, the great temples on its banks which have impressed one so profoundly. Perhaps they have over-impressed; possibly the tension of continuous gazing has been kept up too long. In this case the victim, with his head in his hands, is ready to echo the (extremely true) exclamation of Dudley Warner, "There is nothing on earth so tiresome as a row of stone gods standing to receive the offerings of a Turveydrop of a king!" This was the mental condition of a lady who last winter, on a Nile boat, suddenly began to sew. "I have spent nine long days on this boat, staring from morning till night. One cannot stare at a river forever, even if it *is* the Nile! Give me my thimble."

One is not obliged to leave Cairo in order to see examples of the smaller silhouettes of the great river—the shadoofs or irrigating machines, the rows of palm-trees, the lateen yards clustered near a port, and always and forever the women coming down the bank to get water from the yellow tide. These processions of women are the most characteristic "Nile scene with figures" of the present day. I am not sure but that one of their jars, or the smaller gray kulleh (which by evap-

oration keeps the water deliciously cool), would not evoke "Egypt" more quickly in the minds of most of us than even the portrait of Cleopatra herself on the back wall at Denderah. If one is staying in Cairo after the tremendous voyage is over, one wanders to the banks every now and then to gaze anew at the broad monotonous stream. It comes from the last remaining unknown territory of our star, and this very year has seen that space grow smaller. Round about it stand today five or six of the civilized nations, who have formed a battue, and are driving in the game. The old river had a secret, one of the three secrets of the world; but though the North and South Poles still remain unmapped, the annual rise of its waters will be strange no longer when Lado is a second Birmingham. How will it seem when we can telephone to Sennaar (perhaps to that ambassador beloved by readers of the Easy Chair), or when there is early closing in Darfur?

At Cairo, when one rides or drives, one almost always crosses the Nile; but Cairo herself does not cross. Her more closely built quarters do not even come down to the shore. The Nile and Cairo are two distinct personalities; they are not one and indivisible, as the Nile and Thebes are one, the Nile and Philæ.

The river at Cairo has a dull appearance. Its only beauty comes from the towering snow-white sails of the dahabeeyahs and trading craft that crowd the stream. It is true that these have a great charm.

DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

In the old quarters this is Arabian. The beauty lies largely in the latticed balconies called mouchrabiyehs, which overhang the narrow roadways. These bay-windows sometimes stud the façades thickly, now large, now small, but always a fretwork of delicate wood-carving. Often from the bay projects a second and smaller oriel, also latticed. This is the place for the water jar, the current of air through the lattices keeping the water cool. An Arabian house has no windows on the ground-floor in its outer wall save small air-holes placed very high, but above are these mouchrabiyehs, which are made of bits of cedar elaborately carved in geometrical designs. The small size of the pieces is due to the climate, the heats of the long summer would warp larger surfaces of wood; but the delicacy and intricacy of the carving are a work of supererogation due to Arabian taste. From the mouchrabiyehs the inmates can see the passers-by, but the passers-by cannot see the inmates, an essential condition for the carefully guarded privacy of the family.

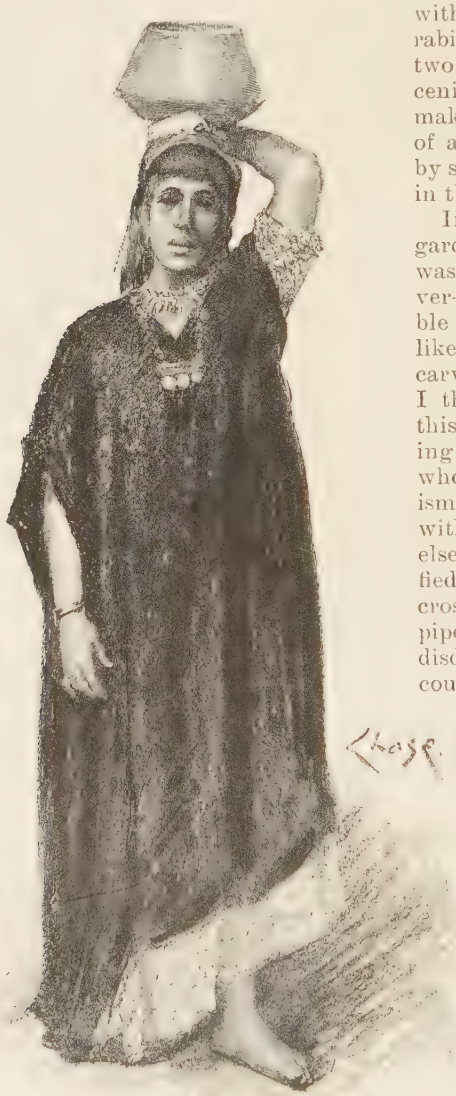
There is in Cairo a personage unconnected with the government who, among the native population, is almost as important as the Khedive himself; this is the Sheykh Ahmed Mohammed es Sadat, the only descendant in the direct line of the Prophet Mohammed now living. He has the right to many native titles, though he does not put them on his quiet little visiting-card, which bears only his name and a mysterious monogram in Arabic. By Europeans he is called simply the Sheykh (the word means chief) es Sadat. The ancestral dwelling of the sheykh shares in its master's distinction. It is pointed out, and, when permission can be obtained, visited. It is a typical specimen of Saracenic domestic architecture, and has always remained in the possession of the family, for whom it was first erected eight hundred years ago. There are in Cairo other Arabian houses as beautiful and as ancient as this. By diplomatic (and mercenary) arts I gained admittance to three, one of which has walls studded with jasper and mother-of-pearl. But these exquisite chambers, being half ruined, fill the mind with wicked temptations. One longs to lay hands upon the tiles, to bargain for an inscription or for a small oriel with the furtive occupants who have no right to sell, the real owners being Arabs of ancient race, who would refuse to strip their walls, however crumbling, for unbelievers from contemptible paltry lands beyond the sea. The house of the Sheykh es Sadat may not leave one tranquil, for it is tantalizingly picturesque, but at least it does not inspire larceny; the presence of many servitors prevents that. To reach this residence one leaves (gladly) the Boulevard Mohammed Ali, and takes a narrower thoroughfare, the Street of the Sycamores, which bends towards the south. This lane winds as it goes, following the course of the old canal, the Khaleeg, and one passes many of the public fountains, or sebeels, which are almost as numerous in Cairo as the mosques. A fountain in Arab signification does not mean a jet of water, but simply a place where water can be ob-

THE NILE—COMING DOWN TO GET WATER.
After a photograph by Sebah, Cairo.

tained. The sebeels are beautiful structures, often having marble walls, a dome, and the richest kind of ornament. The water is either dipped with a cup from the basin within, or drawn from the brass mouth-pieces placed outside. Nothing could represent better, I think, the difference between the East and the West than one of these elaborate fountains, covering, in a crowded quarter, the space which might have been occupied by two or three small houses, adorned with carved stonework, slabs of porphyry, and long inscriptions in gilt, and an iron town pump, its erect slenderness taking up no space at all, and its excellent if unbeautiful handle standing straight out against the sky.

A narrow lane, leaving the Street of the Sycamores, burrows still more deeply into the heart of the quarter, and at last brings us to a porch which juts into the roadway, masking, as is usual in Cairo, the real doorway, which is within. Upon entering, one finds himself in a quadrilateral court, which is open to the sky. An old sycamore shades several latticed windows, among them one which contains three of the smaller oriels; this portion of the second story rests upon an antique marble column. On one side of the column is the low rough archway leading to the porch; on the other, the high decorated marble entrance of the reception-hall. For in Arabian houses all the magnificence is kept for the interior. In the streets one sees only plain stone walls, which are

often hidden under a stucco of mud, more or less peeled off, so that they look half ruined. In the old quarters of Cairo, among the private houses, one obtains, indeed (unless one has an invitation to enter), a general impression of ruin. At the back of the sheykh's court is the stairway to the hareem, the entrance masked by a gayly colored curtain. Across another side extends the private mosque, only half hidden by an ornamented grating. One can see the interior and the high pulpit decked with the green flag of the Prophet. The walls which encircle the court, and which are embellished here and there with Arabic inscriptions, are of differing heights, as they form parts of separate structures which have been erected at various periods through the eight centuries. The place is, in fact, an agglomeration of houses, and some of the older chambers are crumbling and roofless. The central court (which shows its age only in a picturesque trace or two) is adorned with at least twenty beautiful mouchrabiyehs, some large, some small, and no two on the same level. A charm of Saracenic architecture is that you can always make discoveries, nothing is stereotyped; of a dozen delicate rosettes standing side by side under a balcony, no two are carved in the same design.



AN EGYPTIAN WOMAN.
After a photograph by Abdullah Frères, Cairo.

In a room which stretches back to the garden—and which at the time of our visit was empty, save for a row of antique silver-gilt coffee-pots standing on the marble floor—there is a long low window, like a band in the wall, formed of small carved lattices. The hand of Abbey only, I think, could reproduce the beauty of this casement; but instead of the charming seventeenth-century English girls whom he would wish to place there, realism would demand the hideous eunuchs, with their gold chains and scarf-pins; or else (and this would be better) the dignified old Arab in a white turban who sat cross-legged in the court with his long pipe, his half-closed eyes expressing his disdain for the American visitors. The courtesy of the master of the house, however, made up for his servitor's scorn. The sheykh is a tall man, somewhat too portly, with amiable dark eyes, and a gleam of humor in his face. One scans his features with interest, as if to catch some reflection of the Prophet; but the rays from an ancestor who walked the earth twelve hundred years ago are presumably faint. There is nothing modern in the sheykh's attire; his handsome flowing gown is of silk; he wears a turban, slippers, and an India shawl wound round his waist like a sash. When the air is cool, he shrouds him-

self in a large outer cloak of fine dark blue cloth, which is lined with white fur. Sometimes Signor Ahmed carries in his hand the Mohammedan rosary. This string of beads appears to be used as Madame de Staël used her "little stick," as the English called it (in Italy, more poetically, they named it "a twig of laurel"). Corinne must always have this beside her plate at dinner to play with before she conversed, or rather declaimed. Her maid, in confidence, explained that it was necessary to madame "to stimulate her ideas." One often sees the rosary on duty when two Turks are conversing. After a while, their subjects failing them, they fall into silence. Then each draws out his string from a pocket, and they play with their beads for a moment or two, until, inspiration reviving, they begin talking again. One hopes that poor Ahmed Mohammed has not been driven to his string too often as mental support during dumb visits from Anglo-Saxon tourists, who can do nothing but stare at him. The sheykh's reception-hall is forty feet wide and sixty feet long. The ceiling, which has the Saracenic pendentives in the corners and under the beams, is of wood, gilded and painted and carved in the characteristic style, which one vainly tries to describe. Travellers have likened it to an India shawl; to me it seemed to approach more nearly the wrong side of a Persian scarf, which shows the many-hued silken ravellings. The effect, as a whole, though extraordinarily rich, is yet subdued. The walls are encrusted with old blue tiles which mount to the top. At one end of the room there is a beautiful wall-fountain. And now comes the other side of the story. To enjoy all this beauty, you must not look down; for, alas! the marble floor is tightly covered with a modern French carpet; chairs and tables of the most ordinary modern designs have taken the place of the old divans; and these tables, furthermore, are ornamented with hideous bouquets of artificial flowers under glass. Finally, the tiles which have fallen from the lower part of the walls have not been replaced by others; a coarse fresco has been substituted. What would not one give to see the sheykh, who is himself a purely Oriental figure, seated in this splendid hall of his fathers as it once was, on one of the now superseded

MOUCHRABIYEHS IN THE OLD QUARTER.

INTERIOR COURT OF A NATIVE HOUSE, CAIRO.
From a photograph by Abdullah Frères, Cairo.

divans, the marbles of his floor uncovered save for his discarded Turkish rugs, the fountain sending forth its rose-water spray, perfume burning in the silver receivers, and no encumbering furniture save piles of brocaded cushions, and a porcelain jar or two on the gilded shelf.

But we shall never see this. In 1889, 180,594 travellers crossed Egypt by way of the Suez Canal. In this item of statistics we have the reason.

THE PYRAMIDS.

For those who have fair eyesight the pyramids of Gizeh are a part of Cairo; their gray triangles against the sky are visible from so many points that they soon become as familiar as a neighboring hill. In addition, they have been pictured to us so constantly in paintings, drawings, engravings, and photographs that one views them at first more with recognition than surprise. "There they are! How natural!" And this long familiarity makes one shrink from arranging phrases about them.

One thing, however, can be said: when we are in actual fact under them, when we can touch them, our easy acquaintance vanishes, and we suddenly perceive that we have never comprehended them in the least. The strange geometrical walls effect a spiritual change in us; they free us from ourselves for a moment, and unconsciously we look back across the past to which they belong, and into the future, of which they are a part much more than we are, as unmindful of our own little cares and occupations, and even our own small lives, as though we had never been chained to them. It is but a fleeting second, perhaps, that this mental emancipation lasts, but it is a second worth having!

One drives to the pyramids in an hour, over a macadamized road. The perennial stories about trouble with the Bedouins belong to the past. Soldiers and policemen guard the sands as they guard the Cairo streets, and the proffer of false antiquities is not more pressing, perhaps, than the demands of the beggars in town. These three pyramids of Gizeh are those we think of, before we have visited Egypt. But there are others; including the small ones and those which are ruined, seventy have been counted in the twenty-five miles from Cairo to Meydoom, and pyramids are to be seen in other parts of Egypt. The stories concerning Gizeh and the travellers who, from Herodotus down, have visited the colossal tombs are innumerable. I do not know why the one about Lepsius should seem to me amusing. This learned man and his party, who were sent to Egypt by King Frederick William of Prussia in 1842, celebrated that King's birthday by singing in chorus the Prussian national anthem in the centre of Cheops. The Bedouins in attendance reported outside that they had "prayed all together a loud general prayer."

In connection with the pyramids, the English may be said to have devoted themselves principally to measurements. The genius of the French, which is ever that of expression, has invented the one great sentence about them. So far, the Americans have done nothing by which to distinguish themselves; but their time will come, perhaps. One fancies that Edi-

son will have something to do with it. In the mean while, modernity is already there. There is a hotel at the foot of Cheops, and one hardly knows whether to laugh or to cry when one sees lawn-tennis going on there daily.

But no matter what lies before us—even if they should pave the desert, and establish an English tramway (or a line of American horse-cars) to the Sphinx—these mighty masses cannot be belittled. There is something in the pyramids which overawes our boasted civilization. In their presence this seems trivial; it seems an impertinence.

AN ARAB CAFÉ.
From a photograph by Sebah, Cairo

THE COPTS.

The most interesting of the Coptic churches are at Old Cairo, a mother suburb, where the first city was founded by the conquering Arabian army. Here, ensconced amid hill-like mounds of rubbish, concealed behind mud walls, hidden at the end of blind alleys, one finds the temples of these native Christians, who are the descendants of the converts of St. Mark. The exterior walls have no importance. In truth, one seldom sees them, for the churches are within other structures. Some of them form part of old fortified convents; one is reached by passing through the dwelling-rooms of an inhabited house; another is upstairs in a Roman tower. You arrive somehow at a door. When this is opened, you find yourself in a church whose general aspect is rough, and whose aisles are adorned with dust and sometimes with dirt. But these temples have their treasures. Chief among them are the high choir screens of dark wood, elaborately carved in panels, and decorated with morsels of ivory which

THE DOCK AT OLD CAIRO.
After a photograph by Sebah, Cairo

have grown yellow from age. The sculpture is not open-work; it does not go through the panel; it is done in relief. The designs are Saracenic, but these geometrical patterns are interrupted every now and then by Christian emblems and by the Coptic cross. The style of this wood-carving is unique; no other sculpture resembles it. If it does not quite attain beauty, it is at least very odd and rich. There are also carved doors representing Scriptural subjects, marble pulpits, singular bronze candlesticks, brass censers adorned with little bells, silver-gilt gospel-cases, embroidered vestments, silver marriage-diadems, ostrich-eggs in metal cases, and old Byzantine paintings, often representing St. George, for St. George is the patron saint of the Copts.

These people esteem themselves to be the true descendants of the ancient Egyptians, as distinguished from the conquering race of Arabians who have now overrun their land. It is a comical idea, but they call upon us to note their close resemblance to the mummies. Early converts to Christianity, they have remained faithful to their belief amidst the Mohammedan population all about them. It must be mentioned, however, that they had been pronounced heretics by the Council of Chalcedon before the Arabian conquest; for they had refused to worship the human nature of Christ, revering His divine nature alone. They are the guardians of the Christian legends of Egypt. In a crypt under one of their churches they show two niches. One, they say, was the sleeping-place of Joseph, and the other of the Virgin and Child, during the flight into Egypt. Near Heliopolis is an ancient tree, under whose branches the Holy Family are supposed to have rested when the sunshine was too hot for further travelling.

There are between four and five hundred thousand Copts in Egypt. They are the book-keepers and scribes; they are also the jewellers and embroiderers. Their ancient tongue has fallen into disuse, and is practically a dead language. They now use Arabic, like all the rest of the nation; but the speech survives in their church service, a part of which is still given in the old tongue, though it is said that even the priests themselves do

not always understand what they are saying, having merely learned the sentences by heart, so that they can repeat them as a matter of form. Copts have been converted to Protestantism during these later days by the American missionaries.

They are not, in appearance, an attractive people. Their convents and churches, at least in Cairo and its neighborhood, are so hidden away, inaccessible, and dirty that they are but slightly appreciated by the majority of travellers, who spend far more of their time among the mosques of Mohammed. But both the people and their ancient language are full of interest from a historical point of view. They form a field for research which will give some day rich results. A little has been done, and well done; but much still remains hidden. It has yet to be dug out by the learned. Then it must be translated by the middle-men into those agreeable little histories which, with agreeable little tunes, agreeable little stories, and agreeable little pictures, are the delight of the many.

A DONKEY RIDE.

KIEF.

The large modern cafés of Cairo are imitations of the cafés of Paris. They are uninteresting, save that one sees under their awnings, or at the little tables within, the stambouline in all its glory and ugliness, that is, the heavy black frock-coat with stiff collar, which, with the fez, or tarboosh, is the appointed costume for all persons who are employed by the government.

The native cafés have much more local color than the homes of the stambouline. Outside are rows of high wooden settees, upon which the patrons of the establishment sit cross-legged, their slippers left on the ground below. One often sees a row of Arabs squatting here, holding no communication with each other, hearing nothing, seeing nothing, enjoying for the moment an absolute rest. This period of daily repose, called kief, is a necessity for Egyptians. It has its overweight, its excess, in the smoking of hasheesh, which is one of the curses of the land; but thousands of the people who never touch hasheesh would understand as little how to get through their day without this interregnum as without eating; in fact, eating is less important to them.

The Egyptian often takes his rest at the café. When the American sees Achmet and Ibrahim, who have attended to some

of his errands for infinitesimal wages—men whose sole possessions are the old cotton gowns on their backs—when he sees them squatted in broad daylight at the café, smoking the long pipes and slowly drinking the Mocha coffee, it appears to him an inexplicable idleness, an incurable self-indulgence. It is idleness, no doubt, but associations should not be mixed with the subject. To the American the little cup of after-dinner coffee seems a luxury. He does not always stop to remember that Achmet's coffee is, very possibly, all the dinner he is to have; that it has been preceded by nothing since daylight but a small piece of Egyptian bread, and that it will be followed by nothing before bedtime but a mouthful of beans or a lettuce stalk. The daily rest is by no means taken always at the café. Egyptians also take it at the baths, where, after the final douche, they spend half an hour in motionless ease. For those who have not the paras for the café or the bath, the mosques offer their shaded courts. When there is no time to seek another place, the men take their rest wherever they are. One often sees them lying asleep, or apparently asleep, in their booths at the bazars. The very beggars draw their rags round them, and lie down close to a wall in the crowded lanes.

At the cafés, during another stage of the rest, games are played, the favorites being dominoes, backgammon, and chess. Sometimes a story-teller entertains the circle. He narrates the deeds of Antar and legends of adventure; he also tells stories from the Bible, such as the tale of the flood, or of Daniel in the den of lions. Sometimes he recites in Arabic the poems of Omar Khayyam.

> "I sent my soul through the invisible,
> Some letter of that after-life to spell;
> And by-and-by my soul returned to me,
> And answered, 'I myself am heaven and hell!'"

This verse of the Persian poet might be taken as the motto of kief; for if the heaven or hell of each person is simply the condition of his own mind, then if he is able every day to reduce his mind, even for a half-hour only, to a happy tranquillity which has forgotten all its troubles, has he not gained that amount of paradise?

THY WILL BE DONE.

BY JOHN HAY.

NOT in dumb resignation
We lift our hands on high;
Not like the nerveless fatalist
Content to trust and die.
Our faith springs like the eagle
Who soars to meet the sun,
And cries exulting unto Thee,
O Lord, Thy will be done!

When tyrant feet are trampling
Upon the common weal,
Thou dost not bid us bend and writhe
Beneath the iron heel.
In Thy name we assert our right
By sword or tongue or pen,
And even the headsman's axe may flash
Thy message unto men.

Thy will! It bids the weak be strong;
It bids the strong be just;
No lip to fawn, no hand to beg,
No brow to seek the dust.
Wherever man oppresses man
Beneath Thy liberal sun,
O Lord, be there Thine arm made bare,
Thy righteous will be done!

LETTERS OF CHARLES DICKENS TO WILKIE COLLINS.

EDITED BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

Part II.

DICKENS spent the winter of 1855–6, or the greater part of it, in Paris. On the 26th of March he wrote to Macready: "You will find us in the queerest of little rooms all alone, except that the son of Collins the painter (who writes a good deal in *Household Words*) dines with us every day." Here they planned *The Wreck of the Golden Mary*, which appeared in *Household Words* the following Christmas; and here they conceived the idea of *The Frozen Deep*, a drama written by Collins for performance at Tavistock House.

The version of *As You Like It* which amused Dickens and Macready so much was by Georges Sand, who is, unquestionably, the "she" mentioned by Dickens as knowing "just nothing at all about it." It is strange that the fact that Madame Dudevant introduces Shakespeare as one of the characters in his own comedy did not strike Dickens as worthy of remark.

The Poole mentioned in the letter of April 13th, and later throughout the correspondence, was John Poole, the dramatist, whom Dickens helped in many ways, and who, at Dickens's urgent request, was placed on the Civil List as a pensioner in 1850. M. Forgues was at that time (1856) editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, for whom Dickens, at Collins's request, wrote a fragment of autobiography.

Champs Elysées,
Sunday, April Thirteenth, 1856.

MY DEAR COLLINS,—We checked you off at the various points of your journey all day, but never dreamed of the half gale. You must have had an abominable passage with that convivial club. My soul sickens at the thought of it; and the smell seizes hold of the bridge of my nose exactly half-way up, and won't let it go again.

Your portress duly appeared with the small account and your note. I paid her immediately, of course, and she departed rejoicing. The Pavilion looks very desolate, and nobody has taken it as yet. Macready left us at 7 yesterday morning, and I afterwards took a long country walk to get into train for work. It was a noble spring day, and the air most delightful. But I found the evening sufficiently dull, and indeed we all miss you very much....

Macready went on Friday to the Rehearsal of *Comme il vous plaira* [*As You Like It*], which was produced last night. His account of it was absolutely stunning. The speech of the Seven Ages delivered as a light comedy joke; Jacques at the Court of the Reigning Duke instead of the banished one, and winding up the thing by *marrying Celia!* Everything as wide of Shakespeare as possible, and confirming my previous impression that she knew just nothing at all about it. She was to have been here on Friday evening, but had "la migraine" (of which I think you have heard before); but Regnier said, as to the piece, "La pièce. Il n'y a point de pièce," tapped his forehead with great violence, and threw whatever liquid came out into the air, as an offering to the offended gods. Girardin said, "Qu'il l'avait trouvé à la répétition très intéressante, très intéressante, très intéressante!"—and said nothing more the whole evening. I dine at another of his prodigious banquets to-morrow.

I am very anxious to know what your Doctor says. If he should fail to set you up by the 3d or 4th of May for me I shall consider him a Humbug. It occurs to me to mention that if you don't get settled in May, the Hogarths will then leave Tavistock House to me and Charley, and you know how easily and amply it can accommodate you. Pray don't forget that it is available for your quarters. There will be two or three large airy bedrooms with nobody to occupy them, and the range of the whole sheeted house besides. The Pavilion of the Moulineaux I shall, of course, reserve for your summer occupation and work. Talking of which latter, I am reminded to say that the Scotch Housekeeper is secured.

You know exactly where I am sitting, what I am seeing, what I am hearing, what is going on around me in every way. I have not a scrap of news, except that Poole, at the Français, complained bitterly to Macready of your humble servant's neglect, which, considering that he would unquestionably be in some remote English workhouse but for me, I think characteristic. Macready's reply to him appears to have been: "Er — really — er — no Poole: — er — must excuse me — host — um — friend — er — great affection — um — cannot permit — er — must therefore distinctly beg. . ."

All unite in kindest regard and best wishes for your speedily coming all right again.

Ever faithfully, CHARLES DICKENS.

I enclose a letter from Forgues. The book of the *Light-house* accompanies it, which I will bring with me.

P.P.S.—According to a highly illegible note I have from Forgues, it would seem that I ought to send you the book with some idea

of your sending it back to me to send to him. The little Lemons therefore shall bring the book with them.

When Dickens was in Paris he found that the *feuilleton* of the *Moniteur* contained daily a French version of *Chuzzlewit*, and he wrote to Forster on the 6th of January, 1856, "I have already told you that I have received a proposal from a responsible bookselling house here [Paris] for a complete edition, authorized by myself, of a French translation of all my books"; and on the 17th of April he wrote to the same correspondent, "On Monday I am going to dine with all my translators at Hachette's, the bookseller who has made the bargain for the entire edition."

Champs Elysées,
Tuesday, Twenty-second April, 1856.

My dear Collins,—I have been quite taken aback by your account of your alarming seizure; and have only become reassured again, firstly, by the good fortune of your having left here and got so near your doctor; secondly, by your hopefulness of now making head in the right direction. On the 3d or 4th I purpose being in town, and I need not say that I shall forthwith come to look after my old Patient.

On Sunday, to my infinite amazement, Townshend appeared. He has changed his plans, and is staying in Paris a week, before going to Town for a couple of months. He dined here on Sunday, and placidly ate and drank in the most vigorous manner, and mildly laid out a terrific perspective of projects for carrying me off to the Theatre every night. But in the morning he found himself with dawnings of Bronchitis, and is now luxuriously laid up in lavender at his Hotel—confining himself entirely to precious stones, chicken, and fragrant wines qualified with iced waters.

Last Friday I took Mrs. Dickens, Georgina, and Mary and Katey, to dine at the Trois frères. We then, sir, went off to the Français, to see *Comme il vous plaira*—which is a kind of Theatrical Representation that I think might be got up, with great completeness, by the Patients in the asylum for Idiots. Dreariness is no word for it, vacancy is no word for it, gammon is no word for it, there *is* no word for it. Nobody has anything to do but to sit upon as many gray stones as he can. When Jacques had sat upon seventy-seven stones and forty-two roots of trees (which was at the end of the second act), we came away. He had by that time been made violent love to by Celia, had shewn himself in every phase of his existence to be utterly unknown to Shakespeare, had made the speech about the Seven Ages out of its right place, and apropos of nothing on earth, and had in all respects conducted himself like a brutalized, benighted, and besotted Beast.

A wonderful dinner at Girardin's last Monday, with only one new (but appropriate) feature in it. When we went into the drawing-room after the banquet, which had terminated in a flower-pot out of a ballet being set before every guest, piled to the brim with the ruddiest fresh strawberries, he asked me if I would come into another room (a chamber of no account—rather like the last Scene in *Gustavus*) and smoke a cigar. On my replying yes, he opened, with a key attached to his watch-chain, a species of mahogany cave, which appeared to me to extend under the Champs Elysées, and in which were piled about four hundred thousand inestimable and unattainable cigars, in bundles or bales of about a thousand each.

Yesterday I dined at the bookseller's with the body of Translators engaged on my new Edition—one of them a lady, young and pretty. (I hope, by-the-bye, judging from the questions which they asked me and which I asked them, that it will be really well done.) Among them was an extremely amiable old Savant, who occasionally expressed himself in a foreign tongue which I supposed to be Russian (I thought he had something to do with the congress perhaps), but which my host told me, when I came away, was English! We wallowed in an odd sort of dinner which would have been splashy if it hadn't been too sticky. Salmon appeared late in the evening, and unforeseen creatures of the lobster species strayed in after the pudding. It was very hospitable and good-natured though, and we all got on in the friendliest way. Please to imagine me for three mortal hours incessantly holding forth to the translators, and, among other things, addressing them in a neat and appropriate (French) speech. I came home quite light-headed.

On Saturday night I paid three francs at the door of that place where we saw the wrestling, and went in, at 11 o'clock, to a Ball. Much the same as our own National Argyle Rooms. Some pretty faces, but all of two classes—wicked and coldly calculating, or haggard and wretched in their worn beauty. Among the latter was a woman of thirty or so, in an Indian shawl, who never stirred from a seat in a corner all the time I was there. Handsome, regardless, brooding, and yet with some nobler qualities in her forehead. I mean to walk about to-night and look for her. I didn't speak to her there, but I have a fancy that I should like to know more about her. Never shall, I suppose.

Franconi's I have been to again, of course. Nowhere else. I finished "that" No. as soon as Macready went away, and have done something for *Household Words* next week, called *Proposals for a National Jest Book*, that I take rather kindly to. The first blank page of *Little Dorrit*, No. 8, now eyes me on this desk with a pressing curiosity. It will get nothing out of me to-day, I distinctly perceive.

That swearing of the Academy Carpenters is the best thing of its kind I ever heard of. I

suppose the oath to be administered by little Knight. It's my belief that the stout Porter, now no more, wouldn't have taken it. Our cook's going. Says she "ain't strong enough for BooLone." I don't know what there is particularly trying in that climate. The nice little Nurse, who goes into all manner of shops without knowing one word of French, took some lace to be mended the other day, and the Shopkeeper, impressed with the idea that she had come to sell it, *would* give her money; with which she returned weeping, believing it (until explanation ensued) to be the price of shame.

All send kindest regard.

Ever faithfully, C. D.

Ship Hotel, Dover,
Thirtieth April, 1856.

My dear Collins,—Wills brought me your letter this morning, and I am very much interested in knowing what o'clock it is by the Watch with the brass tail to it. You know I am not in the habit of making professions, but I have so strong an interest in you and so true a regard for you that nothing can come amiss in the way of information as to your well-doing.

How I wish you were well now! For here I am in two of the most charming rooms (a third, a bedroom you could have occupied, close by), overlooking the sea in the gayest way. And here I shall be, for a change, till Saturday. And here we might have been, drinking confusion to Baronetcies, and resolving never to pluck a leaf from the Toady Tree, till this very small world shall have rolled us off! Never mind. All to come—in the fulness of the Arctic Seasons.

I take, as the people say in the comedies of eighty years ago, "hugely" to the idea you have suggested to Wills. But you mustn't do anything until you feel it a pleasure; from which sensation (and the disappearance of the East Wind until next winter) I shall date your coming round the corner with a great velocity.

On Saturday morning I shall be in town about 11, and will come on to Howland Street about 1. Many thanks for your bulletin academical, which I have dispatched straightway to Ary Scheffer.

They were all blooming in Paris yesterday morning. I took the Plorn out in a cabriolet the day before, and his observations on life in general were wonderful.

Ever yours, C. D.

On the 13th of July Dickens wrote to Collins from Boulogne as follows, concerning *The Diary of Anne Rodway*, by the latter, published in *Household Words* during that month: "I cannot tell you what a high opinion I have of *Anne Rodway*.... I read the first part at the office with strong admiration, and read the second on the railway coming back here.... My behavior before my fellow-passengers was weak in the extreme, for I cried as much as you could possibly desire....I think it excellent, feel a personal pride and pleasure in it, which is a delightful sensation, and I know no one else who could have done it."

Boulogne,
Tuesday, Twenty-ninth July, 1856.

My dear Collins,—I write you at once, in answer to yours received this morning, because there is a slight change in my London plans, necessitated by Townshend's intention of coming to the Pavilion here on the 5th or 6th, and hoping to have me pretty much at his disposal for a week or so.

Therefore, if Wills should purpose returning to London on Friday or on Saturday, I shall come up with him, and return here on the 4th or 5th of August. Will you hold yourself disengaged for next Sunday until you hear from me? I think I am very likely to be on the loose that day.

(Having done this morning, I am only waiting here for Wills, whom I don't like to despoil of his trip by going across now.)

On the 15th we shall, of course, delightedly expect you, and you will find your room in apple-pie order. I am charmed to hear you have discovered so good a notion for the play [*The Frozen Deep*]. Immense excitement is always in action here on the subject, and I don't think Mary and Katey will feel quite safe until you are shut up in the Pavilion on pen and ink.

I like that view of the picture controversy (what a World it is!) very much, and shall be glad and much assisted if you will tell me, *by return*, when you can have the copy ready, and about how long it will be. My reason is this: to facilitate poor Wills's getting a holiday....

We are getting more than usual in advance; and if you can satisfy me on these points while I have Wills beside me, I can keep a No. open, and lead it off with that paper.

The château continues to be the best known, and the Cook is really special.

All send their kindest regard, and their welcome for the 15th on beforehand.

Ever faithfully, C. D.

The Frozen Deep was produced on the anniversary of the birth of the younger Charles Dickens, Twelfth night, 1857. Dickens, writing concerning it on the 17th of January, said: "We have just been acting a new play of great merit, done in what I may call (modestly speaking of the getting up and not of the acting) an unprecedented way. I believe that anything so complete has never been seen. We had an act at the North Pole, where the slightest and greatest things the eye beheld were equally taken from the books of the polar voyagers.... It has been

the talk of all London for these three weeks."

Mrs. W. H. Wills was a member of the dramatic company, and Mr. J. W. Francesco Berger undertook the musical part of the plays. Richard Wardour was the character assumed by Dickens.

Tavistock House.
Twelfth September, 1856.

My dear Collins,—*An admirable idea.* It seems to me to supply and include everything the play wanted. But it is so very strong that I doubt whether the man can (without an anti-climax) be shewn to be rescued and alive, until the last act. The struggle, the following him away, the great suspicion, and the suspended interest, in the second. The relief and joy of the discovery, in the third.

Here, again, Mark's part seems to me to be suggested. An honest, bluff man, previously admiring and liking me—conceiving the terrible suspicion—watching its growth in his own mind—and gradually falling from me in the very generosity and manhood of his nature—would be engaging in itself, would be what he would do remarkably well; would give me capital things to do with him (and you know we go very well together), and would greatly strengthen the suspended interest aforesaid.

I throw this out with all deference, of course, to your internal view and preconception of the matter. Turn it how you will, the strength of the situation is *prodigious;* and if we don't bring the house down with it, I'm a—Tory (an illegible word which I mean for T-O-R-Y).

Hoping to see you to-night,
Ever cordially, C. D.

Tavistock House, Saturday Night,
Thirteenth September, 1856.

My dear Collins,—Another idea I have been waiting to impart. I dare say you have anticipated it. *Now,* Mrs. Wills's second sight is clear as to the illustration of it, and greatly helps that suspended interest. Thus: "You ask *me* what I see of those lost Voyagers. I see the lamb in the grasp of the lion—your bonnie bird alone with the hawk. What do I see? I see you and all around you crying, Blood! The stain of his blood is upon you!" (C. D.).

Which would be right to a certain extent, and absolutely wrong as to the marrow of it.

Ever yours, C. D.

Tavistock House,
Thursday, Ninth October, 1856.

My dear Collins,—I should like to shew you some cuts I have made in the second act (subject to authorial sanction, of course). They are mostly verbal, and all bring the Play closer together.

Also, I should like to know whether it is likely that you will want to alter anything in these first two acts. If not, here are Charley, Mark, and I, all ready to write, and we may get a fair copy out of hand. From said fair copy all my people will write out their own parts.

I dine at home to-day, but not to-morrow. On Saturday, and Sunday likewise, I dine at home. We must perpetually "put ourselves in communication with the view of dealing with it"—as Wills says—the moment you have done. How do you get on? And will you come at 6 to-day—or when?

I am more sure than ever of the effect.

Ever faithfully, C. D.

Tavistock House,
Fifteenth October, 1856.

My dear Collins,—Will you read *Turning the Tables* (in my old Prompt-book) enclosed, and let me know whether you dare to play Edgar de Courcy? There is very good business in it with Humphreys (Mark). My great difficulty is Patty Larkins.

Send me back the book when you answer.

Ever faithfully, C. D.

. . . . . .

P. P. S.—Here is *Animal Magnetism* to read, too. Will you get another copy for yourself at some theatrical shop? We play it in two acts.

Tavistock House,
Sunday Night, Twenty-sixth October, 1856.

My dear Collins,—Will you tell Pigott of the Rehearsal arrangements when that Ancient Mariner turns up?

Will you dine at our *H. W.* [*Household Words*] Audit dinner, on Tuesday, the 4th of November, at ½ past 5?

Will you come and see the ladies, in the rough, next Thursday at ½ past 7?

Though mayhap you may come here before, for you will be glad to know that Stanfield arrived from Holyhead at Midnight last night, and sent a Dispatch down here the first thing this morning, proposing to fall to, to-morrow. I have appointed him to be here at from 3 to ½ past to-morrow (Monday) afternoon to hear the Play; to dine at ½ past 5, and to go into the Theatre after dinner and settle his whole plans for the Carpenters. If you can come at the first of these times, or the second, or the third, it will be well. I have had an interview with the Authors, and printed them. I begin with the *Merry Berger* to-morrow night. I have found a very good farce (with character parts for all) in lieu of *Turning the Tables.* On the whole, have not been idle.

Ever faithfully, C. D.

Took twenty miles to-day, and got up all Richard's words [Richard Wardour], to the great terror of Finchley, Neasdon, Willesden, and the adjacent country.

Tavistock House,
Saturday Evening, First November, 1856.

My dear Collins,—Forster came here yesterday afternoon to ask me if he might read the Play, and I lent it to him. This afternoon I

got the enclosed from him (which please to read at this point). You know that I don't agree with him as to the Nurse.... But I think his suggestion that the going away of the women might be suggested at the close of the First act as a preparation for the last an excellent one. Will you think of it? By an alteration that we could make in a quarter of an hour it might be done: and, moreover — this suggestion upon a suggestion arises in my mind—it might be made the Nurse's position in the Play that her blood-red Second Sight *is the first occasion of their going away at all.* (Forster does not clearly understand the circumstances of their going; but never mind that.)

His notion that Clara tells too much has been strong in my mind since I first got that act in Rehearsal. But, doubtful whether it might not unconsciously arise in me from a paternal interest in my own part, I had, as yet, said nothing about it—the rather as I had not yet seen the Second act on the stage.

Stanfield wants to cancel the chair altogether, and to substitute a piece of rock on the ground, composing with the Cavern. That, I take it, is clearly an improvement. He has a happy idea of painting the ship which is to take them back, ready for sailing, on the sea.

Nothing could induce [William] Telbin yesterday to explain what he was going to do before Stanfield; and nothing would induce Stanfield to explain what *he* was going to do before Telbin. But they had every inch and curve and line in that bow accurately measured by the carpenters, and each requested to have a drawing of the whole made to scale. Then each said that he would make his model in card-board, and see what I "thought of it." I have no doubt the thing will be as well done as it can be.

Will you dine with us at 5 on Monday before Rehearsal? We can then talk over Forster's points. If you are disengaged on Wednesday, shall we breathe some fresh air in dilution of Tuesday's "alcohol," and walk through the fallen leaves in Cobham Park? I can then explain how I think you can get your division of the Christmas No. [*Wreck of the Golden Mary*] very originally and naturally. It came into my head to-day.

Ever faithfully, C. D.

P.S.—I re-open this to say that I find from Wills that next Tuesday being the Audit Day at all is his mistake. It is Tuesday *week*. Therefore, if Tuesday is a fine day, shall we go out then?

Tavistock House,
Friday, Fourteenth November, 1856.

My dear Collins,—I could not send you the books before I went out this morning for a 12-miler, the collection being curiously spare in pick-up cases, and it being a work of time to find them.

Will you exchange proofs of the *Captain* [first part of *The Wreck of the Golden Mary*] with me? The proofs you have have markings of mine upon them which will be useful to me in correcting. You can bring me those when you come to-night.

Ever faithfully, C. D.

Tavistock House,
Tuesday Evening, Sixteenth December, 1856.

My dear Collins,—I send round to ascertain that you are all right. Not that I have any misgiving on the subject, for when I shook hands with you last night you were as cool and comfortable as an unlucky Dog could be.

All progressing satisfactorily. Telbin painting on the Stage. Carpenters knocking down the Drawing-room.

We are obliged to do *Animal Magnetism* on Thursday evening at 8. If you are strong enough to come, I know you will; if you are not, I know you won't.

Ever cordially, C. D.

Tavistock House,
Saturday, Tenth January, 1857.

My dear Collins,—On second thoughts I am afraid of wasting the spirits of the company by calling the Dance at 6 on Monday Therefore I abandon that intention. I hope we may get it right by speaking to one another in the Dressing-room.

On Play Days (only two more—how they fly!) Mark and I dine at 3, off steak and stout, at the Cock, in Fleet Street. If you should be disposed to join us, then and there you'll find us. Ever cordially, C. D.

The MS. of *The Frozen Deep* was sold at auction in London in the summer of 1890 for three hundred guineas. Collins had added four pages of Introduction, and a copy of the printed bill of the performance which was given in Manchester in August, 1857, for the benefit of the family of Douglas Jerrold, who had lately passed away. In the Manchester cast were Egg, Lemon, Shirley Brooks, Charles and Wilkie Collins, and Charles Dickens. In this Introduction Collins said: "Mr. Dickens himself played the principal part, and played it with a truth, vigor, and pathos never to be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to witness it....At Manchester this play was twice performed; on the second evening before three thousand people. This was, I think, the finest of all its representations. The extraordinary intelligence and enthusiasm of the great audience stimulated us all to do our best. Dickens surpassed himself. He literally electrified the audience." Collins rewrote the play, and read it in Boston in the spring of 1874 as "a Special Farewell" to America, prefacing it with a

short speech, in which he said that he understood it had already been produced at a Boston theatre (although then never printed), without his knowledge, and of course without his consent.

Dickens took possession of Gad's Hill Place in the month of June, 1857. In September he visited the north of England with Collins, where Collins sprained one of his ankles severely, and where and when they concocted and began *The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices*—contributed jointly to *Household Words* in October. After their return they wrote, together, for the Christmas number of the same periodical, *The Perils of Certain English Prisoners, and their Treasure in Women, Children, Silver, and Jewels*, the manuscript of which was sold in 1890 for two hundred pounds. It is one of the few pieces of the Dickens MS. not bequeathed by Forster to the English Nation. Of this Dickens wrote Chapters I. and III.; Collins, Chapter II., and the copy of each is crowded with many notes and corrections by both hands. The original sketch for the story was written by Collins, and contains hints and suggestions by the head of the literary copartnership, who also wrote the title-page, which is here reproduced in *fac-simile*, with explanatory notes in the hand of Collins.

On the 6th of February, 1858, Dickens sent the following note:

MY DEAR WILKIE,—Thinking it may one day be interesting to you—say when you are weak in *both* feet, and when I and Doncaster are quiet, and the great race is over—to possess this little memorial of our joint Christmas work, I have put it together for you, and now send it on its coming home from the Binder.

Faithfully yours, CHARLES DICKENS.

Tavistock House,
Monday, Nineteenth January, 1857.

MY DEAR COLLINS,—Will you come and dine here next Sunday at 5?

There is no one coming but a poor little Scotchman, domiciled in America—a musical composer and singer—who brought me a letter yesterday from New York, and quite moved me by his simple tale of loneliness. He is ——, softened by trouble, with all the starch out of his collar, and all the money out of his Bank.

O reaction, reaction!

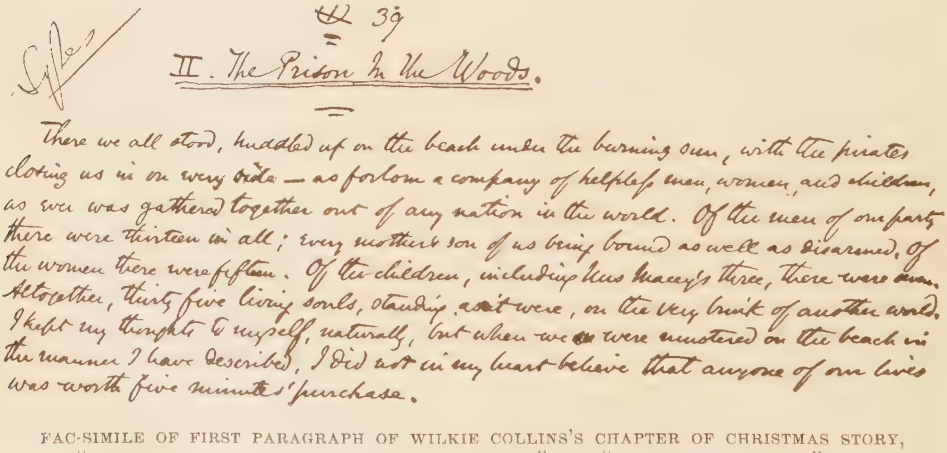
Ever faithfully, C. D.

Tavistock House,
Fourteenth February, 1857.

MY DEAR COLLINS,—Will you come and dine at the office on Thursday at ½ past 5? We will then discuss the Brighton or other trip possibilities. I am tugging at my Oar too—should like a change—find the Galley a little heavy—must stick to it—am generally in a collusion state. Ever faithfully, C. D.

Tavistock House,
Wednesday, Fourth March, 1857.

MY DEAR COLLINS,—*I cannot tell you* what pleasure I had in the receipt of your letter yesterday evening, or how much good it did me


II. The Prison in the Woods.
There we all stood, huddled up on the beach under the burning sun, with the pirates closing us in on every side — as forlorn a company of helpless men, women, and children, as ever was gathered together out of any nation in the world. Of the men of our party there were thirteen in all; every mother's son of us being bound as well as disarmed. Of the women there were fifteen. Of the children, including little Macey's three, there were nine. Altogether, thirty-five living souls, standing, as it were, on the very brink of another world. I kept my thoughts to myself, naturally, but when we were mustered on the beach in the manner I have described, I did not in my heart believe that anyone of our lives was worth five minutes' purchase.

FAC-SIMILE OF FIRST PARAGRAPH OF WILKIE COLLINS'S CHAPTER OF CHRISTMAS STORY, "THE PERILS OF CERTAIN ENGLISH PRISONERS," FOR "HOUSEHOLD WORDS," 1857.

in the depression consequent upon an exciting and exhausting day's work. I immediately arose (like the desponding Princes in the *Arabian Nights*, when the old woman — Procuress evidently, and probably of French extraction —comes to whisper about the Princesses they love) and washed my face and went out; and my face has been shining ever since.

Ellis [proprietor of the Bedford Hotel at

Brighton] responds to my letter that rooms shall be ready! There is a train at 12 which appears to me to be the train for the distinguished visitors. If you will call for me in a cab at about 20 minutes past 11, my hand will be on the latch of the door.

I have got a book to take down with me of which I have not read a line, but which I have been saving up to get a pull at it in the nature of a draught—*The Dead Secret*—by a Fellow Student.

Plornish has broken ground with a Joke which I consider equal to Sydney Smith.

Ever faithfully,

CHARLES DICKENS.

Tavistock House,
Monday Evening, Eleventh May, 1857.

MY DEAR COLLINS,—I am very sorry that we shall not have you to-morrow. Think you would get on better if you were to come, after all.

Yes, sir; thank God, I *have* finished! [*Little Dorrit*]. On Sunday last I wrote the two little words of three letters each.

Any mad proposal you please will find a wildly insane response in

Yours ever, C. D.

We shall have to arrange about Tuesday at Gad's Hill. You remember the engagement?

Tavistock House,
Friday Evening, Twenty-second May, 1857.

MY DEAR COLLINS,—Hooray!!!

From our lofty heights let us look down on the toiling masses with mild complacency—with gentle pity—with dove-eyed benignity.

To-morrow I am bound to Forster; on Sunday to solemn Chief Justice's, in remote fastnesses beyond Norwood; on Monday to Geographical Societies dining to cheer on Lady Franklin's Expedition; on Tuesday to Procter's; on Wednesday, sir—on Wednesday—if the mind can devise anything sufficiently in the style of sybarite Rome in the days of its culminating voluptuousness, I am your man.

Shall we appoint to meet at the *Household Words* office at ½ past 5? I have an appointment with Russel [W. H.] at 3 that afternoon, which *may*, but which I don't think will, detain me a few minutes after my time. In that unlikely case, will you wait for me at the office?

If you can think of any tremendous way of passing the night, in the mean time, do. I don't care what it is. I give (for that night only) restraint to the Winds!

I am very much excited by what you tell me of Mr. F.'s Aunt.* I already look upon her as mine. Will you bring her with you?

Wills tells me that he thinks the principles of story-writing are scarcely understood in this age and Empire.

Ever faithfully, C. D.

* A picture of that character in *Little Dorrit*, by an artist named Gale, bought by Charles Dickens through Collins.

No. 16, Wellington Street, North, Strand.
First June (Monday), 1857.

MY DEAR COLLINS,—In consequence of bedevilments at Gad's Hill, arising from the luggage wandering over the face of the earth, I shall have to pass to-morrow behind a hedge, attired in leaves from my own fig-tree. Will you therefore consider our appointment to stand for next day—Wednesday?

When last heard of the family itself (including the birds and the goldfinch on his perch) had been swept away from the stupefied John by a crowd of Whitsun holiday-makers, and had gone (without tickets) somewhere down into Sussex. A desperate calmness has fallen upon me. I don't care.

Faithfully ever, C. D.

H. W. Office,
Sixteenth June, 1857.

MY DEAR COLLINS,—What an unlucky fellow you are! What a foot you have for putting into anything!

I write this to Harley Place, having been unable to write yesterday. I must be in town on Thursday, and will come up to you. I will try to come at about 12.

Mrs. Wills's lameness makes a new Esther the first thing wanted. You once said you knew a lady who could and would have done it. Is that lady producible?

Ever faithfully, C. D.

Tavistock House,
Friday Night, Twenty-sixth June, 1857.

MY DEAR COLLINS,—I am so sensible of that First Act's requiring—for the old hands—so much care in a less feverish atmosphere than the Theatre, that I must propose Rehearsals of the Ladies here (our house is stripped, and has plenty of room), on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. The hour must rest principally with Mrs. Dickinson, but I should like it best in the evening—say at 8. However, my time is the Play's. There is a great deal at stake, and it *must be* well done. Will you see Mrs. Dickinson between this and Monday's rehearsal, and consult her convenience on the point?

I shall be at the Gallery during the greater part of to-morrow, and shall dine at the Garrick at 6, before going to the Concert.

Ever faithfully, C. D.

Tavistock House,
Sunday Morning, Second August, 1857.

MY DEAR COLLINS,—I write this on my way back to Gad's Hill from Manchester.

As our sum is not made up, and as I had urgent Deputation and so forth from Manchester Magnates at the reading on Friday night, I have arranged to act the *Frozen Deep* in the Free Trade Hall, on Friday and Saturday nights, the 21st and 22d. It is *an immense place*, and we shall be obliged to have actresses—though I have written to our friend Mrs. Dickinson to say that I don't fear her, if she likes

to play with them. (I am already trying to get the best who *have been* on the stage.)

Whether Charley can play his part or not, I will tell him to let you know directly.

I had a letter from the Olympic the other day, begging me to go to a rehearsal. I have appointed next Friday, if agreeable and convenient. In haste, ever faithfully, C. D.

Garrick Club,
Monday Evening, Seventeenth August, 1857.

My dear Collins,—Fred Evans's grandmother being evidently on the point of Death, no Evans is available (as I learn on coming to town to-night) for Manchester. This leaves to be supplied Easel and Bateson. I immediately think of your brother Charles and Luard. If it had been a purely managerial and not personal case, I should have proposed to Luard to do one of the parts and to your brother to do the other. But I think it right that Charles Collins should first select for himself. Now, will you, before you come to the Rehearsal to-morrow, arrange with him whether he will play one—which one—or both; and if he leaves one, will you call on Luard as you come down and offer that one to him?

I write at Express pace, but you will understand all I mean. Ever faithfully, C. D.

Tavistock House,
Saturday, Twenty-ninth August, 1857.

My dear Collins,—Partly in the grim despair and restlessness of this subsidence from excitement, and partly for the sake of *Household Words*, I want to cast about whether you and I can go anywhere—take any tour—see anything—whereon we could write something together. Have you any idea tending to any place in the world? Will you rattle your head and see if there is any pebble in it which we could wander away and play at marbles with? We want something for *Household Words*, and I want to escape from myself. For, when I *do* start up and stare myself seedily in the face, as happens to be my case at present, my blankness is inconceivable—indescribable—my misery amazing.

I shall be in town on Monday. Shall we talk then? Shall we talk at Gad's Hill? *What* shall we do? As I close this I am on my way back by train. Ever faithfully, C. D.

Dickens devoted himself for many months during the year 1858 to public readings in the provinces of Great Britain.

Tavistock House,
Tavistock Square, London, W. C.,
Tuesday night, Twenty-fifth May, 1858.

My dear Wilkie,—A thousand thanks for your kind letter. I always feel your friendship very much, and prize it in proportion to the true affection I have for you.

Your letter comes to me only to-night. Can you come round to me in the morning (Wednesday) before 12? I can then tell you all in lieu of writing. It is rather a long story—over, I hope, now.

Ever affectionately, C. D.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent,
Sunday, First August, 1858.

My dear Wilkie,—I am off from here today, and enclose you (hastily) my Tour, and my address at each place. I hope you are enjoying yourself at Broadstairs—holding on by your great advance in health—and getting into the condition, physically, of Ben Caunt—morally, of William Shakespeare.

Charley's [Charles Collins] paper has a great deal in it that is very droll and good. I have sent it to the Printer.

With kind regards, ever affec'ly,
Charles Dickens.

Swan Hotel, Worcester,
Wednesday Evening, Eleventh August, 1858.

My dear Wilkie,—I have just now toned down the capital unknown Public article a little, here and there. Not because I dispute its positions, but because there are some things (true enough) that it would not be generous in me, as a novelist and a periodical editor, to put too prominently forward. You will not find it essentially changed anywhere.

Your letter gave me great pleasure, as all letters that you write me are sure to do. But the mysterious addresses, O misconstructive one, merely refer to places where Arthur Smith did not know aforehand the names of the best Hotels. . . .

We have done exceedingly well since we have been out—with this remarkable (and pleasant) incident, that wherever I read twice, the turn-away is invariably on the second occasion. They don't quite understand beforehand what it is, I think, and expect a man to be sitting down in some corner, droning away like a mild bagpipe. In that large room at Clifton, for instance, the people were perfectly taken off their legs by *The Chimes*—started—looked at each other—started again—looked at me—and then burst into a storm of applause. I think the best audiences I have yet had were at Exeter and Plymouth—at Exeter, the best I have ever seen; at Plymouth I read three times, twice in one day. A better morning audience for little Dombey could not be. And the Boots at night was a shout all through.

I cannot deny that I shall be heartily glad when it is all over, and that I miss the thoughtfulness of my quiet room and desk. But perhaps it is best for me not to have it just now, and to wear and toss my storm away—or as much of it as will ever calm down while the water rolls—in this restless manner.

Arthur Smith knows I am writing to you, and sends his kindest regard. He is all usefulness and service. I never could have done

without him—should have left the unredeemed Bills on the walls and taken flight.

This is a stupid letter, but I write it before dressing to read, and you know what a brute I am at such times.

Ever affectionately, C. D.

P.S.—I miss Richard Wardour's dress, and always want to put it on. I would rather, by a great deal, act. Apropos of which, I think I have a very fine notion of a part. It shall be yours.

On the 6th of September he wrote to Collins from Gad's Hill:

"Do you see your way to making a Christmas number of this idea that I am going very briefly to hint? Some disappointed person, man or woman, prematurely disgusted with the world, for some reason or no reason (the person should be young, I think) retires to an old lonely house, or an old lonely mill, or anything you like, with one attendant, resolved to shut out the world and hold no communion with it. The one attendant sees the absurdity of the idea, pretends to humor it, but really thus to slaughter it. Everything that happens, everybody that comes near, every breath of human interest that floats into the old place from the village, or the heath, or the four cross-roads near which it stands, and from which belated travellers stray into it, shows beyond mistake that you can't shut out the world; that you are in it, to be of it; that you get into a false position the moment you try to sever yourself from it; and that you must mingle with it and make the best of it, and make the best of yourself in the bargain. If we could plot out a way of doing this together, I would not be afraid to take my part. If we could not, could we plot out a way of doing it, and taking in other stories by other hands? If we could not do either (but I think we could), shall we fall back upon a round of stories again?"

The result was *A House to Let*, to which Dickens contributed the chapter "Going into Society."

Royal Hotel, Southampton,
Tuesday Evening, Ninth November, 1858.

My dear Wilkie,—I was under the impression that I was to finish at Brighton on the *afternoon* of Saturday. I find, however, that I read both in the afternoon and in the evening. I would propose to you to come and celebrate the end of the Tour by dining with us that day at the Bedford; but, between two readings, I am afraid it would rather bore than gratify your digestive functions.

Assuming it not to be worth your while to take a Saturday "Return" to Brighton, then will you arrange to go down to Gad's Hill on Sunday in good time for dinner? I will go down by some train or other in good time for dinner too. How do you feel about having the big bedroom, and writing there through the week? I would go to work too, and we might do Heaven knows how much, with an escapade to town for a night, if we felt in the humour.

I pause for a reply. Let me find it at the Bedford at Brighton, when I get there on Friday forenoon.

Wills arranged with me that you were presently to receive sacks of Christmas "matter"—not much "mind" with it, I am afraid. . . .

Ever affectionately,
Charles Dickens.

Wilkie Collins, Esquire.

Bedford Hotel,
Saturday, Thirteenth November, 1858.

My dear Wilkie,—I am reading this afternoon. Dinner is ordered at 5 punctually. They will shew you up into the sitting-room when you have read this, and will also shew you your bedroom, which I have duly commanded. Think of our finding ready-taken here *one thousand Stalls!*

Ever affectionately, C. D.

In the year 1859 Dickens incorporated *Household Words* with *All the Year Round*, giving the new and joint periodical the latter title. The initial number appeared on the 30th of April, and contained the first chapter of *The Tale of Two Cities*. To *All the Year Round* Collins contributed *The Queen of Hearts*, a collection of short stories published in 1859, and *The Woman in White*, published the next year. Concerning the latter novel, Dickens wrote to Collins January 7, 1859, as follows:

"I have read this book with great care and attention. There can be no doubt that it is a very great advance on all your former writing, and most especially in respect of tenderness. In character it is excellent. Mr. Fairlie is as good as the lawyer, and the lawyer as good as he. Mr. Vesey and Miss Holcombe, in their different ways, equally meritorious. Sir Percival also is most skilfully shown, though I doubt (you see what small points I come to) whether any man ever showed uneasiness by hand or foot without being forced by nature to show it in his face too. The story is very interesting, and the writing of it admirable."

Tavistock House,
Tavistock Square, London, W. C.
Wednesday, Twenty-sixth January, 1859.

My dear Wilkie,—Look over the jotted titles on the other side, that we may discuss them to-morrow. It is the very first thing to settle. I can make no way until I have got a name. Ever affec'ly, C. D.

Query.—Once a Week.

All The Year Round.

1. Weekly Bells.
2. The Forge.
3. Evergreen Leaves.

If "The Forge" only, some *motto*, explaining title—something like "We beat out our ideas on this."

Once a Week.

The Hearth.
The Forge . . . . . this.
The Crucible.
The Anvil of the Time.
Charles Dickens's Own (like an Entertainment).
Seasonable Leaves.
Evergreen Leaves. . . . . this.
Home.
Home Music.
Change.
Time and Tide.
Twopence.
English Bells.
Weekly Bells . . . . . this.
The Rocket!
Good Humour.

No. 11, Wellington St., North, Strand,
London, W. C.,
Saturday, Ninth April, 1859.

My dear Wilkie,—The insertions in the enclosed just supply what was wanting. But will you make one more alteration in it, or the title will not by any means fit in among the other titles—such an alteration as will admit of the paper's being called,

Sure to be Healthy, Wealthy, and Wise.

We want the Proof as soon as possible.

You will receive to-night the *Occasional Register*, for which I have dotted down a few paragraphs. Pray say if you can do anything for it. It is grievously wanted for the 1st No. The said 1st No. *must* be made up and sent to the Printer's in good time on Monday. On Tuesday afternoon I shall go over it finally. Will you come here then? And will you let me know, at Tavistock House, whether we shall dine somewhere afterwards?

Ever faithfully, C. D.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent,
Sunday, Twelfth June, 1859.

My dear Wilkie,—I really am exceedingly sorry to find that you have been so unwell again. Let us talk the Malvern matter well over here. My experience of that treatment induces me to hold that it is wonderfully efficacious *where there is great constitutional vitality;* where there is not, I think it may be a little questionable.

Whenever you decide to come, your room will be ready for you, and you will give us (as you know you always do) great pleasure. Our Charley, I think, will come down on Wednesday—so shall I—at 20 minutes past 2.

Wills and I will dine with you (since you propose it) to-morrow. Shall we say *half past five* sharp?

The "cold" is pretty much in the old state, so I have made up my mind to think no more of it, and to go (in a general way) the way of all flesh. Ever affec'ly, C. D.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent,
Sunday, Seventeenth July, 1859.

My dear Wilkie,—My plans are not defined, but I *think* I shall stay in London Tuesday night. That is no reason, however, for your fixing in the Metropolis of the world, the Emporium of commerce, and free home of the Slave. Therefore I shall leave word here that the Basket is to meet you at the Higham Station by the train *which leaves London at 9 on Tuesday evening.* Ever affec'ly, C. D.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent,
Thursday Night, Twenty-fifth August, 1859.

My dear Wilkie,—This is written on a most intensely hot night, with rain and lightning, and with shoals of little tortoises (only harder in substance) dashing in at the window, and trying in vain to smash themselves on this paper—that was one. He is now beating his eyelids to powder (I am happy to say) on the obdurate black slab of the inkstand.

I am not quite well—can't get quite well; have an instinctive feeling that nothing but sea air and sea water will set me right. I want to come to Broadstairs next Wednesday by the mid-day train and stay till Monday. As I must work every morning, will you ask the Noble Ballard [landlord of the Albion Hotel, Broadstairs] (he will contradict you, but never mind that) if he can reserve a comfortable bedroom and quiet *writeable-in* sitting-room, for those days, for his ancient friend and patron. Then you two can dine with me one day—I can dine with you another—and evenings similarly arranged. Another tortoise, two earwigs, and a spider. Will you write to me here, after seeing the gallant host of the Albion? Dine with me on the first day, and tell him we dine, or it will break his heart.

What do you mean by not answering my beautiful letter from the office?

Love from all.

Ever affectionately, C. D.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent,
Thursday, Sixth October, 1859.

My dear Wilkie,—I do not positively say that the point you put might not have been done in your manner; but I have a very strong conviction that it would have been overdone in that manner—too elaborately trapped, baited, and prepared—in the main anticipated, and its interest wasted. This is quite apart from the peculiarity of the Doctor's [Dr. Manette—*A Tale of Two Cities*] character, as affected by

his imprisonment; which of itself would, to my thinking, render it quite out of the question to put the reader inside of him before the proper time, in respect of matters that were dim to himself through being, in a diseased way, morbidly shunned by him. I think the business of art is to lay all that ground carefully, not with the care that conceals itself—to shew, by a backward light, what everything has been working to—but only to *suggest*, until the fulfilment comes. These are the ways of Providence, of which ways all art is but a little imitation.

"Could it have been done at all, in the way I suggest, to advantage?" is your question. I don't see the way, and I never have seen the way, is my answer. I cannot imagine it that way, without imagining the reader wearied and the expectation Wire-drawn.

I am very glad you like it so much. It has greatly moved and excited me in the doing, and Heaven knows I have done my best and believed in it. Ever affect'ly yours, C. D.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent,
Sunday, Twenty-ninth July, 1860.

My dear Wilkie,—Let me send you my heartiest congratulations on your having come to the end of your (as yet) last labor, and having triumphantly finished your best book [*The Woman in White.*] I presume that the undersigned obedient disciple may read it *now?*

Let us dine at the office on Tuesday at 5. I am free until half past 7.

I am something worn to-day by a sad expedition to Manchester and back. Perhaps Wills has told you that poor Alfred [Dickens] is dead. Ever affectionately, C. D.

Dickens finished *Great Expectations* in 1861, and contributed three of the seven chapters of *Tom Tiddler's Ground* to the Christmas number of *All the Year Round*, which began that year the serial publication of Bulwer's *Strange Story*. In October he lost by death his friend Arthur Smith—his manager and companion during his provincial wanderings—of whom he wrote to Forster in 1857: "I have got hold of Arthur Smith as the best man of business I know." And in the autumn of 1861 he wrote to his daughter: "Poor dear Arthur is a sad loss to me, and indeed I was very fond of him. But the readings must be fought out, like all the rest of life."

A close examination of the news and advertising columns of the London daily and weekly journals has resulted in no hint as to the nature of the allusion to "last night" made by Dickens in the following letter. Collins evidently delivered his maiden speech at some function, but the dinner of The Literary Fund was eaten a few nights before, and a banquet at the Mansion House to the Guild of Literature and Art was not given until a night or two later. Collins no doubt was present on both occasions; but it is not recorded in the public prints that he spoke at either.

Lord Warden Hotel, Dover,
Friday Evening, Twenty-fourth May, 1861.

My dear Wilkie,—I am delighted to receive so good an account of last night, and have no doubt that it was a thorough success. Now it is over, I may honestly say that I am glad you were (by your friendship) forced into the Innings, for there is no doubt that it is of immense importance to a public man in our way to have his wits at his tongue's end. Sir (as Dr. Johnson would have said), if it be not irrational in man to count his feathered bipeds before they are hatched, we will conjointly astonish them next year. *Boswell:* Sir, I hardly understand you. *Johnson:* Sir, you never understand anything. *Boswell* (in a sprightly manner): Perhaps, sir, I am all the better for it. *Johnson* (savagely): Sir, I do not know but that you are. There is Lord Carlisle (smiling); he never understands anything, and yet the dog's well enough. Then, sir, there is Forster; he understands many things, and yet the fellow is fretful. Again, sir, there is Dickens, with a facile way with him—like Davy, sir, like Davy—yet I am told that the man is lying at a hedge ale-house by the sea-shore in Kent, as long as they will trust him. *Boswell:* But there are no hedges by the sea in Kent, sir. *Johnson:* And why not, sir? *Boswell* (at a loss): I don't know, sir, unless— *Johnson* (thundering): Let us have no unlesses, sir. If your father had never said "unless," he would never have begotten you, sir. *Boswell* (yielding): Sir, that is very true.

Of course I am dull and penitent here, but it is very beautiful. I can work well, and I walked, by the cliffs, to Folkestone and back to-day, when it was so exquisitely beautiful that, though I was alone, I could not keep silence on the subject. In the fourteen miles I doubt if I met twelve people. They say this house is full, yet I meet nobody, save now and then a languishing youth in a loose, very blue coat, lounging at the door and sucking the round head of a cane, as if he were trying the fit before he had it cut off from the stem as a pill, and swallowed it.

I hope — begin to hope — that somewhere about the 12th of June will see me out of the book [*Great Expectations*]. I am anxious for some days at Gad's Hill, and settlement of Christmas No. with you. The idea I have will certainly do, I think, and save us a quantity of beating about.

At the end of this next week I will write

again. I think we may book Wednesday Week, safely, for the office.

I can hardly see, it is getting so dark.

[Benjamin] Webster is a thorough good fellow. You know how often I have said so. There are better and finer qualities in him than in a host of men.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent,
Sunday, Twenty-third June, 1861.

My dear Wilkie,—We will arrange our Xmas No., please God, under the shade of the Oak Trees.

I shall remain in town on the Thursday, and will return with you on the Friday. We can settle our Train when we meet on Wednesday.

As yet, I have hardly got into the enjoyment of thorough laziness. Bulwer was so very anxious that I should alter the end of *Great Expectations*—the extreme end, I mean, after Biddy and Joe are done with—and stated his reasons so well, that I have resumed the wheel and taken another turn at it. Upon the whole, I think it is for the better. You shall see the change when we meet.

The country is most charming and this place very pretty. I am sorry to hear that the hot East winds have taken such a devastating blow into No. 12 Harley Street. They have been rather surprising, if anything in weather can be said to surprise.

I don't know whether anything remarkable comes off in the air to-day; but the blue-bottles (there are 9 in this room) are all banging their heads against the window-glass in the most astonishing manner. I think there must be some competitive examination somewhere, and these nine have been rejected.

Ever affect'ly, C. D.

P. S.—I reopen this to state that the most madly despondent blue-bottle has committed suicide, and fallen dead on the carpet.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent,
Friday, Twelfth July, 1861.

My dear Wilkie,—. . . It happens very unfortunately that I cannot get to Broadstairs before Thursday. As soon as the [John] Leeches go (they came yesterday, and will probably stay till Monday), I must look after some matters in town, where I think I shall remain all next week. When I hoped to come, I thought you were intending to remain longer. My hope shall now be transferred to the shore on which you *do* remain.

Lowestoft has improved very much since I was there, and no doubt has now a good hotel and good houses. But it did not impress me favorably, by reason of the Sea's coming in shallow, and going out over moist, sandy plain a long way. In this particular I seem to remember it as a more saline and removed Southend. . . .

Bulwer was great here, and perfectly enjoyed himself. You will be amazed when you see what he has done with his first four numbers—all I have read—and with what curious patience, study, and skill he has gone into the art of the Weekly No. There is a remarkably skilfully done woman, one Mrs. Colonel Poyntz. The whole idea of the story turned in a masterly way towards the safe point of the compass.

I have been paying bills all the morning, and must send this dull reply to your amusing letter perforce, as I must now appear in the Leech hemisphere. No doubt I shall see or hear from you in town, and know your movements. I am so horribly lazy that I have done nothing and thought nothing since you went away. . . .

Wills told us a story here yesterday that I thought very ridiculous, about a charity-boy who persisted in saying to the Inspector of Schools that Our Saviour was the only forgotten son of his father, and that he was forgotten by his father before all worlds, &c., &c., in an Athanasian and Theological dogmatism.

Ever affectionately, C. D.

The Great White Horse, Ipswich,
Thursday, Thirty-first October, 1861.

My dear Wilkie,—On coming here just now (half past one) I found your letter awaiting me, and it gave me infinite pleasure—you can scarcely think how much pleasure; for to hold consultation on the quiet pursuits in which we have had so much common interest for a long time now is a delightful and wholesome thing in the midst of this kind of life—in the midst of any kind of life.

I entirely agree with you as to the necessity of writing up the compact concerning the people who come in at the gate [*Tom Tiddler's Ground*]. I have not the least doubt that it is hurried and huddled up as I have written it, and that much more can be made of it. Much more, therefore (please God), *shall* be made of it when we get to work.

The child notion enchants me. With my love for the blessed children, I could sit down and do it out of hand, if I could do anything with the gas-lights of the night looming in the 8 o'clock future. But when I get to the sea next week I hope so to turn the notion over as to be able to work upon it when I come back briskly and quickly. I have no doubt about it, accept it, and devote myself to it! (Here I raise my hand to Heaven.)

I think *Our Hidden Selves* a very good title—but I also think a better can come of it. I am not sure. Now I quite discern where your notion tends, I will try if I can find a better.

The first night at Norwich was a dismal beginning—altogether unwonted and strange. We had not a good Let, and (the place of reading being a great, cold, stone-paved Gothic Hall) the Audience appeared to be afraid of me and of each other. I was out of sorts. Every-

thing seemed forlorn and strange to me. Poor dear Arthur gone, and the very wind in the arches (—— them!) seeming to howl about it. As a very little thing would have stirred me, in such a state of mind, to do my best, so a very little thing stirred me to do my worst and, on the whole, I think I did it.

Next night was Nickleby and the Trial. I had had a good walk in the bright air, and time to reason myself up a bit. There was a brilliant Audience, and I think I must report of Nickleby that, for a certain fantastic and hearty enjoyment, it tops all the Readings. The people were really quite ridiculous to see when Squeers read the boys' letters. And I am inclined to suspect that the impression of protection and hope derived from Nickleby's going away protecting Smike is exactly the impression—this is discovered by chance—that an Audience most likes to be left with.

Last night I read Copperfield at Bury St. Edmunds to a very fine Audience. I don't think a word—not to say an idea—was lost; and I am confirmed in my impression that it will be a very great card indeed in London.

From Brighton I will write you again, suggesting the course of proceeding for the Xmas No. in my ten or eleven days of reserve. Until then and ever, believe me,

Affectionately, CHARLES DICKENS.

WILKIE COLLINS, Esquire.

Stick to cold water and the brush-gloves, and my life upon it they will do good to those secretions!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A LEGEND OF SONORA.

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE.

TWO persons, a man and a woman, faced each other under a clump of live-oaks. Hard by were visible the walls of an adobe house crumbling with age. The sun was setting; a slight breeze stirred in the dark branches of the trees, which all through the hot Mexican day had been motionless. The woman was dark and small, with large eyes and a graceful body; the man, a swarthy vaquero, in serape and sombrero.

"And you heard him say—that?" said she.

"Yes, señorita. He said, 'I love you! I love you!' twice, like that. And then he kissed her."

"Ah! he kissed her. Anything else?"

"This!" He handed her a slip of folded paper. It contained a woman's name, a few words of passion, and a signature. As the señorita's eyes perused it, they contracted, and she drew in a long breath. The vaquero watched her keenly. "I found it in the arbor after they had gone," said he.

She looked away dreamily. "Thank you, thank you, Mazeppa," she muttered. "It is late. I must go in now. Adios, Mazeppa!" She turned, and, moving slowly, vanished behind a corner of the adobe house.

The vaquero remained motionless until she was out of sight. Then he pressed his hands to his lips, and flung them out towards her with a passionate gesture. The next moment he had mounted his horse and was gone.

An hour passed. Again the sound of hoofs. A handsome young señor, jauntily attired, galloped up to the door of the house, and springing from the saddle, hitched his rein over a large hook projecting from the wall. "Hola! Maria, little one!" he called out, in a rich, joyous voice. "Where is my little Maria?"

The señorita appeared, smiling. She was in white, with a reboso drawn around her delicate face. She bore a two-handled silver cup, curiously chased. "See," she said, "I have brought you some wine. Such a long ride, just to see me!" She was holding out the cup towards him; but, as he was about to receive it, she drew it back suddenly. She was pale; her eyes glittered. "I too am thirsty," she said. She lifted the cup to her lips and took a deep draught. "Now, you shall finish it," she added, handing it to him.

He nodded to her laughingly. "To our love!" he said, and drained it. "But how strangely you look at me, little one!" he exclaimed, as he set the cup down and caught his breath. "Is anything wrong?"

"All is well," she answered. "I am happy. Are you happy?"

"I? I am with you, am I not?"

She put her hand in his. "Let us never be parted any more," she said. "Come; we'll walk to the hill-top and see the moon rise."

Hand in hand, they sauntered along the path up the bare hill-side. On and on they walked, slowly, slowly. Maria gave a little gasp, and glanced with dilated eyes at her lover. He smiled faint-

ly, and tried to draw her towards him, but, somehow, did not; and still they moved slowly on their way. The hill-top seemed strangely far off. Maria pressed forward, grasping her lover's hand. What made the distance seem so long? Surely it was but a stroll of ten minutes; yet it was as though they had been walking an hour—a year—many years!

Down the hill-side path came a horseman, riding quietly and humming a love song. He was close upon the two figures before he appeared to be aware of them. They half stopped, as if to speak to him. The horse shivered and plunged. The rider stared at the couple but an instant, then, driving home his spurs, sprang past them.

"Mother of God!" he faltered, crossing himself as he threw a backward glance up the path, on which nothing was now visible, "the ghosts! The little girl who, they say down below, poisoned herself and her lover fifty years ago!"

THE ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE OF NEW YORK.

BY DR. JOHN C. VAN DYKE.

THE beginning of a career in any department of life is chiefly remarkable for its uncertainty. That which people call one's "life work" is an experiment at first, and in the end a failure with only too many. For youth there is, of course, plenty of good advice in the matter of making a success, but the following of it by the few is entirely disproportionate to the disregard of it by the many. If the young man rise, it is usually by a stumbling-up-stairs process. He learns by endeavor more than by precept. He can hardly be told about dangers and disappointments ahead of him, but it is not at all impossible to train his senses and educate his faculties so that he may see them for himself, and thus avoid them.

It is about the method of education, especially the education of art students, whose individuality is so important a factor in their work, that people disagree. One method would carefully foster the natural inclination of the student by allowing him great liberty in working out problems after his own fashion. If in the art school he see the model as a young prince instead of a young pauper, if he see line in exaggerated strength or in vaporous weakness, if he see the background as a mass of deep grays and browns instead of plain boards and rafters, about the only question asked is, "Do you really see it that way?" "Yes." "Well, then, continue." He may see it wrong, but, unless the error is very pronounced, he is allowed pretty much his own way, for the preservation of his individuality, his peculiar point of view. Such a training, or rather lack of training, results only too often in the etymology of art being neglected and slurred for a *naïf* kind of prosody. Occasionally it produces the revolutionist, the innovator, the *chef d'école*, like Delacroix, Millet, and Manet—men whose genius more than atoned for their technical shortcomings; but in the great majority of cases it produces the mediocre artist, who has but one thing to say, and says that in a blundering, ungrammatical manner.

A second method of teaching would seem to believe in crushing out the inclination of the student by insistence upon academic rule and method. It seeks not only to train the hand, but to train the taste, and it generally leads to an undue reverence for traditions, and a worship of past art at the expense of present nature. The École des Beaux Arts at Paris is the embodiment of this teaching, and shows both the advantage and the disadvantage of it. Its pupils are generally proficient in the elements. What they say is generally well said. The failing is that the most of them recite only academic formulas. They acquire some learning, which they put forth by rote, and some elevation of spirit, which they assume by method; but in gaining these they too often lose that point of view which is peculiarly their own—lose it to certain "eternal laws of the beautiful" which they have come to believe have their sole resting-place in classic form. The product of this training is occasionally men of great skill, like Bouguereau, Cabanel, and Lefebvre—men learned in their craft, yet possessed of little power beyond craftsmanship. More often the product is the respectable painter, the nonentity in art, whose most unpardonable fault is his inability to arouse either censure or praise.

To a layman from without it would seem as though both of these methods were rather violent through their antagonism to each other. It is no training or all training, as the case may be, and little conservative middle ground between them. There can be no doubt of the value of craftsmanship as a means to an end; it is only when it remains an end in itself that it becomes a conventionality. Up to a certain point it is pre-eminently the first requisite of every student in every department of life. The boy in the preparatory school may be an incipient poet, more disposed to write verse on the fly-leaf of his book than to study the printed page; but the master is right in ignoring his poetic inclination, and insisting upon his learning the rules of grammar. He may be possessed of ideas, imagination, fancy, but if he know not how to express them, of what use are they? Wanting the accomplishment of verse, the public will not listen to him. The youthful beginner in painting is always prone to body forth color conceptions of magnitude upon bare walls and boards, as the more or less truthful biographies of great artists inform us; but again the master is right in ignoring his imagination and color passion by setting him at the rudiments of art. If he cannot take charcoal and give the proportions of a "block" foot or a cast of Alexander's head, if he cannot take a brush and paint a brass pot and two onions on a board, of what use is his pictorial insight? He may have much within him that is worth the telling, but who will listen to his tongue-tied line and stammering color? The world is too full of good workmen to pay much heed to bad ones. The first claim that any artist may have to recognition is that he understands his business; and the first affair of the would-be painter is to become a good technician. Alfred Stevens is quite right. "In the art of painting, one must be a painter before all; the thinker comes later."

Seemingly that art teaching which neither permits unrestrained fancy nor magnifies *technique* to an art in itself, that teaching which ignores rather than seeks to guide the natural impulse, that teaching which shows the young painter the use of tools, is the one to be preferred. If there be strong individual power in the student, it will develop with acquired facility in expression; if he possess no inherent individuality, all the training or lack of training in the world will scarcely make him a great artist. At all events, whatever he may have to say can only be said through the medium of expression, and for teaching that medium of expression there is no better institution in this country than the Art Students' League of New York. It is true that even here the pupils are perhaps unconsciously impressed by the style and art preferences of their individual instructors. There is some influence apparent in the formation of taste. That is inevitable in any school. But the institution is not bound by any conventionalities; its existence is a protest against them. It has no century-old precedents to live up to; its history is slight, and its prestige not the outcrop of a reverence for age, but an appreciation of work done. It is the training-school of no faction or peculiar kind of art; it stands ready and eager to adopt any new methods that may prove of value. In short, its aim is to teach the technical features of painting and sculpture according to the most approved methods of to-day, and it is mere statement of fact to say that it does that exceedingly well.

Unlike its Parisian prototype, the Art Students' League of New York owes its existence not to French royalty, but to American energy. Its birth was unexpected and almost accidental. It seems that in the spring of 1875 the schools of the National Academy of Design were closed for lack of means to sustain them, and a large number of pupils were left in the midst of a half-completed course. There was no prospect of the Academy schools opening for many months; the students were in an awkward dilemma, and their instructor, Mr. Wilmarth, of the Academy, naturally sympathized with them. A meeting was called in Mr. Wilmarth's studio on June 2, 1875, to determine what should be done, and the upshot of it was that in a few days a circular was issued stating that the Academy students, with Mr. Wilmarth's co-operation, had formed an association called the Art Students' League, the object of which was "the attainment on the part of its members of a higher development in art culture, the encouragement of a spirit of unselfishness and true friendship, mutual help in study, and sympathy and practical assistance (if need be) in time of sickness and trouble." The "higher devel-

opment in art culture" was to be attained by establishing a school of their own, and Mr. Wilmarth kindly offered to conduct the classes gratuitously until the League could afford to compensate him, or until the experiment had been fully tried. The further announcement was made that the League had taken rooms in a building on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Sixteenth Street (it was really a cockloft over the Weber piano rooms), and would there sustain classes for the study from the nude and the draped model. All art students seriously inclined were invited to join the League, active operations in which were to begin in the fall. On October 1, 1875, it got under way with a morning and evening class for men and an afternoon class for women. Mr. Wilmarth was in charge. Candidates for admission were required to submit a drawing from the antique or from life, and five dollars a month for tuition was required from each student. At this time there was a rather sudden awakening of the art spirit in the United States, especially in New York. There was a demand for technical education among art students that the then existing institutions could not supply, and the new League was immediately hailed as an advanced movement. Students flocked in so rapidly that before the first month had passed the Fifth Avenue quarters had to be enlarged. Lack of funds there was, but that did not deter the enterprise. There were no paid officers, instructors, clerks, or helpers, but each student was a part owner in the co-operative concern, so for the moment they all turned themselves into carpenters, screen-makers, and house-painters with an energy and an enthusiasm that have marked the League ever since. The result was that the cockloft was made livable, and the immediate working needs of the school were provided for in a satisfactory manner.

At the first general meeting, held October 27, 1875, a constitution and by-laws were adopted. The object of the League was restated as above; the co-operative plan was continued; artists and art students only were eligible for membership; and the government of the school was vested in a board of control elected by the members from among themselves, and given discretionary powers for a term of one year, with Mr. Wilmarth as the first president. The opening year was decidedly successful. The classes not only supported themselves, but partly paid their instructor, and toward the end of the season an additional room was secured and a portrait class begun. The start was good, the progress satisfactory, the spirit excellent; but the school was not yet securely established. The second year opened forebodingly. There was no money, no constituency to be relied upon, no great prestige created. No one knew whether the former students would return; there was responsibility to be assumed by the officers, and money to be advanced by the students; a fear of failure was in the air. However, thanks to a few determined spirits, the school began again, with Mr. Wilmarth re-elected president. The tuition fees were increased all around to meet the expense of increased facilities. Confidence was restored, and 135 pupils were soon registered in the classes. What with renewed enthusiasm, effective work, and a company spirit, the sky looked very bright. But toward the end of this second season that ever-recurrent cloud, usually supposed to be "no larger than a man's hand," that always hangs along the horizon of a new enterprise, again threatened destruction. The National Academy announced its intention of reopening its schools, and Mr. Wilmarth, who had really been the Moses of the original exodus, announced that he should resign from the League and return to the Academy as instructor. The League was to be left alone in the wilderness, without even an Aaron to guide it. In its distress a cry went forth on the back of a postal card, calling a general meeting of all the members "to decide finally the question, 'Shall the students return to the Academy to study next year?'" When it was put to a ballot, it was speedily voted that the League offered facilities superior to the Academy, and that it should go on. So the third year opened with Mr. Waller as president and Mr. Shirlaw as instructor, Mr. Wilmarth having returned to the Academy. This was the test year of the new institution. The Academy instruction was free; the League, self-supporting, was compelled to charge. There was no endowment whatever, and the expenses were to be met only by the incoming tuitions. Would students pay at the League, or go to the Academy *gratis?* The situation was problematical; but when a canvass of the former students was made, they al-

most unanimously decided to stay with the League. That decision seemed to close the experimental stage of the school's existence. There was a demand for it among the art students of the country, and to give it more stability, it was now legally incorporated. Financially the season was not altogether successful. The treasury was left slightly in debt, but failure was no longer conceded among the possibilities.

The fourth year began with an increase of pupils, classes, and instructors. Mr. Beckwith and Mr. Chase, two of the most talented of the younger American painters, just returned from long study abroad, were secured to instruct in the antique and painting classes. There were 147 pupils, and at the end of the year $1800 in the treasury as a surplus. The new school was an established success, and from that time forward, under the successive presidencies of Messrs. Hartley, St. John Harper, Turner, Lamb, Bradley, and French, to all of whom great credit is due, its history is a record of advances and triumphs. Between 1878 and 1884 the corps of instructors was increased from four to nine, the students from 147 to 441, the yearly revenues from a few hundred dollars to some $18,000. In 1882 the Fifth Avenue quarters could hold no more pupils, and the League moved to 38 West Fourteenth Street, adding to itself more instructors, more classes, and adopting a still higher standard. Here again the need of increased space was soon felt, and several years ago the League secured and remodelled the building at 143–147 East Twenty-third Street, where it is at present domiciled, with its president, its director, its ten instructors, and its nineteen classes, aggregating some 900 pupils. The cry is still "more room," and the League is only awaiting the completion of the new Fine Arts Society building to make a last move into a commodious home.

The present quarters are not prepossessing in either external or internal appearance. The building is a brick-box affair, the chief virtue of which as an *atelier* is that it was originally a piano factory, and has plenty of windows. There is a plain sign without that rather leads one to mount the first flight of steps. There one meets with several partition doors, one of which leads into an office where there is an information bureau; and another leads into a library and reception-room, where there are chairs, tables, cases of books on art, magazines, and large framed photographs of portraits by Hals, Moroni, Rembrandt, and others. There is little decoration to be seen. The severe simplicity of pine greets one, and little besides an Indian curtain thrown over a box seat and a premonitory spinning-wheel (evidently a sarcasm) indicates the rarity of the art atmosphere. It seems an odd place in which to learn the elements of the beautiful, and a step across the hallway to the Preparatory Antique room, where the very beginners in art are at work, rather increases the feeling of oddity. It is a long room, with windows on each side, and through the middle of it runs a partition made of ordinary bagging, used to shut out any conflict of light between the two rows of windows. Each window, again, is partitioned off at right angles with similar bagging, so that there are a dozen or more little rooms, each about twelve feet square, and each lighted by a single window. The furniture of these *loges* consists of nothing

NEW BUILDING, FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET NEAR BROADWAY (IN COURSE OF ERECTION).

but low stools, and on the partitions or screens are hung plaster casts of geometrical forms, "block" feet and hands, Greek and Roman heads, and antique bass-reliefs.

It looks to be a workshop, and that is precisely what it is. People here do not paint Salon pictures. It is the place of beginning, the primary class in which every student must enter, unless he have sufficient knowledge to start higher up. Each one of the little rooms holds half a dozen or more pupils, composed of both sexes and all ages, who are making charcoal drawings from the plaster casts. The scratch of the coal is heard in every direction, and the business air of the place is

AN ALCOVE IN THE PREPARATORY CLASS.—
J. H. TWACHTMAN, INSTRUCTOR.

decidedly impressive. One might think from the energy displayed that the students were working against time; and so they are, in one sense. There is a class coming after them, but, more stimulating still, there is a criticism day coming when their work must pass under review. Each student has his task assigned him by the instructor, Mr. Twachtman, and it is his affair to make a satisfactory drawing of it before the week is ended. Those who have no technical knowledge whatever are at first set to work on simple geometrical forms and "block" hands, and instructed to give the proportions and outline. When they are proficient in that, they are invited to get the highest light and the deepest dark of the cast, and finally the blended tone of the whole. But they are not to do this last by smudges of the thumb or the stump. "Achieve it knowingly with the point; do not stumble upon it with the stump," would seem to be a motto of the school, so little is the latter article used. As the proficiency increases, more difficult models are assigned; and when, after some weeks or months, as the case may be, the student can do a satisfactory drawing from a head or a torso, he is told to go up to the Antique class, where Mr. Cox, Mr. Beckwith, and Mr. Metcalf preside as instructors.

Here there are three classes, open to both sexes, and running morning, afternoon, and evening. The room is more spacious, there are bagging screens again, but the light is not so carefully guarded as in the Preparatory room, presumably because the student is gradually to learn drawing in any light. Substantially the same furniture and the same hard-working student are met with here as in the first room. The easel, the upturned chair, and the portfolio back abound; but it is all free-hand drawing, the severe and careful drawing from casts of Greek and Renaissance figures, torsos, heads, arms, and other *disjecta membra*. It is an advanced class, but not yet a painting class. The brush is not allowed until one is master of the crayon, and the student soon learns that it is no child's play to keep up with the requirements of the instructors. The standard is high. As the course advances, the work becomes more difficult. Bread (used as an eraser) is in continual requisition; the tone is too dark, and a paper blow-pipe is called in to blow off some of the coal; the neck will not fit into the shoulders; the line of the arm is too weak or too strong. There is always something wrong, and the pupil knows when the instructor comes around that that something will inevitably catch his eye. But week by week or month by month, dependent upon the intelligence of the individual, advance is made. The criticism of the instructors, the watching

THE CONCOURS ANTIQUE CLASS.—J. CARROLL BECKWITH, INSTRUCTOR.

how others work, the exchange of ideas, the contagious energy of the place, are all helpful, and in course of time the pupil passes into a small side room, where a class called the Concours Antique holds a weekly trial of strength. The subject is the cast again, but a difficult one, like the Medici figures of Michael Angelo, for instance. The whole week is spent upon the drawings, and then they are collected and submitted to the instructor. The one accounted the most successful entitles its producer to entrance in the Life class, though promotion is not necessarily dependent on the *concours*. One can enter any class in the League upon showing the necessary proficiency. The Concours Antique is really an advanced antique, the intermediate step between drawing from the cast and drawing from the life; and to make this step less abrupt, the semi-nude model is occasionally introduced.

Thus far the student following the course has encountered nothing but the skeleton of art, and possibly has not found it very interesting; but when the Life class is reached, art begins to look more attractive. There are four of these classes each day, two for the men and two for the women, instructed respectively by Mr. Mowbray, Mr. Metcalf, Mr. Cox, and Mr. Fitz. The men's room is on the top floor, and is a large attic, lighted by a skylight. Upon the walls, such as they are, are suspended photographs and studies of prize-men and well-known artists; the beams and rafters protrude above, and bear encouraging maxims, such as "Draw firm and be jolly"; and the smell of paint and tobacco smoke is decidedly aggressive. The bagging screens and little stools are missing, and in their place is a small grove of easels ranged around the centre of the room, where stands a platform, and upon the platform a nude model holding a given pose. The task is now to draw the living figure. It is a very different matter from drawing the cast. The problem of color comes in and affects the tone; the problem of motion or its possibility affects the line; the problem of life affects the very essence of the whole. But the pupil meets and overcomes these difficulties one by one; and when he has succeeded in making a drawing to the satisfaction of his instructor, he is allowed to take up the longed-for brush and begin painting.

Then comes the test for strength and skill; and to give the pupil every opportunity, the same pose is held each day for a week, perhaps. Possibly the hardest thing in art is to paint the nude, and if one can do that

well, other things are supposed to present few difficulties. The opportunity to do it is before the pupil. The model stands like a statue for half an hour at a time. Perhaps he has taken a pose like a sower scattering grain, or is bent over like an athlete hurling the disk. "Draw it with the brush; paint it with the brush." It is not easily done, as the student soon learns, to his humiliation. The resolution to paint is much easier made than the painter. The instructor comes around and looks at the work. "Your line is too hard; look at the model, and note how the edges melt into atmosphere. Your figure looks flat as a gun wad; it has no back. The model has depth, weight, thickness. Don't bother about the exact drawing of eyebrows and finger nails. Get the large proportions, the solidity and strength of the whole mass." To another: "The color of the face is violent. Your man looks as though he were suffering from an attack of apoplexy. Look at the model; the flesh is natural and life-like." And to another: "That shadow on the neck appears like a stain, because it is false in value. It is too dark, and besides, it is opaque. A shadow should be transparent, and show the flesh beneath it. Try it over again, and get the value right to begin with." So it goes around the whole class—a word here, a correcting stroke of the brush there, and by the time the instructor gets ready to depart, local pride has had a fall; but it picks itself up very speedily, and goes on by the light of added knowledge. In the women's class the same teaching and experience are encountered, and in each the student makes haste slowly. The further the advance the slower the progress, until at last it is a winning inch by inch through stubborn perseverance.

The Still-Life class, of which Mr. Chase is the instructor, is the real beginning of the course in painting. The room is small for the two mixed classes each day that occupy it, and when there is a full attendance, the toe of the young lady's easel is likely to gall the kibe of the courtier in front of her. It is, however, well lighted, and there are plenty of models to paint from in the shape of studio properties. A brass pot, two glass bottles, and a carrot on a table-cloth would seem an easy subject to paint; but the student does not find it so. A few sketchy lines with the coal indicate the proportions of the group; but it takes a good many lines with the brush to give the drawing, the coloring, the values, the textures, the *ensemble* of the group. The students are not, however, encouraged to do fine or finished work. They are at the League for practice, not to paint pictures for the family dining-room. They are taught to work broadly and rapidly, painting in a subject in a few hours; then scraping it off, and painting it over again. Sometimes a dozen pictures are painted upon one canvas, one on top of another, for the sole purpose of gaining freedom and facility in handling the brush. At the same time facility without accuracy is not tolerated. It must be done easily, but firmly, and with a knowledge of what every brush stroke means.

In the Portrait class, of which there are four a day, with Mr. Chase, Mr. Fitz, and Mr. Weir as instructors, the insistence upon easy accuracy in brush-work is quite as positive as in the Still-Life room. It is one of the highest departments in the school, and though the painting is chiefly a practice scale as before, yet there is little indulgence granted to uncertain practising. When one has reached the portrait stage of progress he is supposed to be somewhat "cunning of fence," and false lunges of the brush are sure to be sharply criticised by fellow-pupils as well as by the instructor. The task is to paint the draped model, giving the likeness, costume, and accessories—in short, to paint a portrait. A certain pose is taken by the model, and retained each day perhaps for a month, for the one purpose of allowing time in the solution of the problem. If one pupil, more ready with his brush than his fellows, paints the model in a few days, he moves to another point of view and paints it over again. It is a continuous study not only in painting, but in observation. The model is not now merely a matter of modellings and flesh-color, as in the life class, but a human being with character. The fair-haired girl in the blue dress who poses to-day may be a literary person, a ballet-girl, or a bundle of vanity fond of seeing itself in paint; but whatever the character, the face will likely show it. The business of the student is to read it out of the face and reproduce it on the canvas. The microscopic portrayal of buttons and lace collars will not answer. The model produces an impression on the retina of the eye, and is

seen in the mind as a physical and intellectual whole. It is that completed image that the student is to recreate in form and color. He does not always succeed, for now comes the test for the artistic perception as well as the painter's hand. The canvases, compared with one another, offer a strong illustration of the difference in point of view. They are all painted from the same subject, but no two of them are alike. One student is fond of line, and has emphasized the model into a stern creation of the Sibylline species; another is fond of color, and has bent his energies upon a harmony of the blue of the dress with the red of the flesh and the yellow of the hair; and perhaps a third person, fond of atmosphere and light and shade, has plunged the model into a bank of mists and shadow masses. It is at this point that the individuality of the pupil begins to show forth; and it is just at this point, when he is technically well grounded, that the instructors advise him to continue by himself, or under some special artist, or go to Europe and study the great pictures.

MEN'S MORNING LIFE CLASS.—H. SIDDONS MOWBRAY, INSTRUCTOR.

These are the more important classes of the League, though there are a number of others of more or less interest, especially to the students. There are, for instance, three sketch classes three times a week, the students themselves posing by turns, while the others draw with pencil, coal, or pen and ink. Then there are six sessions a week of the Costume class, in which the model—oftentimes a little girl reading a book—poses on a central platform, surrounded by rows of easels, behind which all grades of pupils are working in all kinds of medium. These classes are veritable safety-valves for the undergraduates, confined most of the time to drawing from the cast. It is a relief to escape from the cold plaster, and do something with a live model for a subject, even though that "something" be indifferent. Moreover, composition is taught in the life classes, and there are two modelling classes daily under Mr. St. Gaudens, in which work in wet clay is done from the cast and from life; lectures on anatomy, illustrated by the skel-

eton and the nude model; and from time to time innumerable lectures and talks on art by instructors, artists, and people from without conversant with art or analogous subjects.

From the rapidity with which these classes have been passed over in description, it will not be inferred that the career of the student in the League is correspondingly rapid. It is not. The time of attendance varies from two to five years, dependent on the cleverness and disposition of the student. There are some in the League at the present time who have been there half a dozen years—pupils who yearly exhibit pictures in the Academy of Design and the Society of American Artists, yet still stay in the League for the sake of practice. There is no fixed time for graduation in art either here or elsewhere. It is a continuous study from the beginning to the end of a career. The League does not pretend to "complete" any one's art education; its instructors know very well that an artist's education is complete only when he is dead. The school aims at giving the elements of painting and sculpture, and preparing the way for art by learning its pupils the use of art tools. It produces the skilled workman only. For the rest, for success in life and in art, every one is necessarily dependent on his own genius and perseverance.

THE WOMEN'S LIFE CLASS.—KENYON COX, INSTRUCTOR.

The reader will naturally ask: "What do these 900 or more pupils do after they have left the school? Where do they come from in the first place? Who are they?" The constituency of the League is made up from all quarters of the United States and Canada, and from all manner of men and women. Many of them are designers and engravers who seek to improve their work by night study; many are teachers in schools, or carrying on decorative work; some are artists who have, perhaps, started wrong in the beginning; some are well-to-do girls who think it advisable to know some one thing in case they should some day become dependent on their own exertions for a livelihood. The great part of them, however, are young people who hope to excel as painters. It is unfortunately true that the most of them never do. Great success is exceptional in any line, peculiarly so in art, where the past is with us as a standard of comparison. Yet the training of the average League student is not all "beauty for ashes" by any means. The painter is the better for his instruction, the artisan and the designer are improved in their crafts, the teacher ex-

THE CHASE STILL-LIFE ROOM.

pounds her subject more intelligently, and even the society girl may carry her taste into a Philistine household, and teach her parents and brothers that art is of practical worth in the home, though it is not precisely what an American would call "business." They all go out to different portions of the country, and they are all Jesuitical in their advocacy of art. People lacking in art knowledge defer to them because they are specially trained. They teach art by recommendation, by opinion, by association, and little by little they disseminate an interest in the subject, and sow the seeds of a future art culture.

If we ever have a native art, or an appreciation of any art, it must spring from such source as the Art Students' League. Culture is not bought with French pictures and peach-blow vases. It must come from within; it cannot be imported from without. Rome under the Cæsars and Paris under the Consulate were filled with foreign art treasures, but there was no corresponding art culture with the possessors. Nor can native art be produced by a sudden burst of energy. It is a century plant that cannot be forced to bloom in a decade even in the hot-house air of a republic. It took four hundred years to produce the art of Greece, and as many more to produce that of Italy. The manner in which the great Renaissance art was made possible might prove instructive did we heed it. Whatever leavening effect the restoration of the classic may have had upon the High Renaissance work, it was not with the rediscovered marbles that painting began. The original impulse lay further back in the painters' guilds of Cimabue and Giotto's time—those early leagues of the painters organized for mutual aid, study, and improvement. The painter was not then an "artist" as we understand the term to-day; he was simply a craftsman, with the ambition to live up to the standard of excellence set by his guild, and to produce the very best quality of technical work. Technical education was in reality the chief feature of the guilds; and it was from the painters who knew their craft, and were given orders for pictures "to be done in their very best manner," that the influence spread outward to the people, and finally produced the pictorial taste of the Renaissance. Without predicting a repetition of that history here in America, the belief may be entertained that our training-schools are at least following the best of historic precedents. The aim of the Art Students' League, as already observed, is not to make poets in paint, nor

THE CHASE PAINTING CLASS.

to transform stupidity into genius, but to make thorough craftsmen, good workmen, people who, when they have thrust a thumb through a palette, know what to do with the other hand. In this respect it is very like the pre-Renaissance guilds, and whatever the future may bring forth, the League is certainly creating an artistic sense and laying a foundation in technical knowledge upon which American artists hereafter may rear a palace of art.

To say that we are sufficient unto ourselves in the matter of art and culture, and that it is useless for us to seek anything from without, is the Chinese extreme again. Foreign art does much good among us, and there are undeniable advantages to be derived from foreign study and observation; but whether the would-be artist can do better by being technically trained from the beginning in Europe is quite another question. Unfortunately too many aspirants for the painter's nimbus make no question of it at all, but so soon as they have made up their minds to study art, rush off immediately to Paris. They would look upon the face of Zeus without even so much as casting a glance at a shining Hermes that may stand by the doorway. We have no record of the Zeus-like splendor of Paris striking any of them dead, as the myth records of Semele, but we have abundant evidence that their art is sooner or later Gallicized. To begin art in France usually means to end as a French artist. When the young man from Denver, with that poor judgment which

youth generally possesses, reaches Paris, he very likely goes at once to the Beaux Arts, and enters as a pupil. He may have positive ideas of his own about art, but week by week, month by month, they gradually fade before an overpowering sense of the beautiful in academic composition and well-turned form. To be sure, the professors there do not teach the absoluteness of line as in the days of David and Ingres; but little by little the impression grows upon the student that the chief beauty in art lies in good drawing and modelling. The traditions of the place, the paintings of its professors, the works of the *Prix de Rome* men that hang in the school, the statuary, the buildings, the very air, seem to breathe forth classicism—the imitation of that classicism which died with the Greeks, and the true spirit of which no subsequent nation has ever been able to revive. Perhaps instead of the Beaux Arts he goes to the Julien, where the vaporizing of a noisy *clique* may lead him to an exactly opposite extreme. He knows very little about art, and when Modernity at the Julien informs him that the works of the old masters are admired only because they are old and covered with varnish, that they would not stand a ghost of a chance of getting into the Salon if painted today, and that the great men are Besnard, Degas, and Claude Monet, he is only too likely to believe it. In either or any case it is generally the cleverness of *technique*, brilliancy of touch, and facility in handling that claim his attention. The particular idol he worships is manner,

THE SKETCH CLASS.

and when the time comes for him to give forth matter, the world discovers that he is a technician, but nothing more. He knows how to say things, but the things he says are only studio receipts for relieving a black against a black, or making twilight and fire-light unite into one tone, or painting a dress with a few broad sweeps of the brush. And all this time he has been close to great art, both ancient and modern, but he has not studied it. He always thinks to do so when he has finished with this, that, or the other thing; but after a few years the intention has taken the place of the deed. The closeness of things has rendered them too familiar for study; and even if he make a trip to Venice, it is nine times out of ten to do a Piazzetta like Favretto or a Ca

d' Ora like Rico, not to see the masterpieces of Bellini, Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese. Modernity claims him as a vassal, and instead of using his power to say something that is distinctly his own and worth listening to, he bends his energy to technical problems, and hopes to do "a stunning thing" for the Salon. He has the painter's knowledge, but he lacks the artist's breadth of view; he lacks culture.

Perhaps it were just as well for our supposititious Denver youth did he learn the elements of his art here in America, where Modernity's quips and fads are not so prevalent. If he chose thereafter to complete his training abroad, he would at least have some experience to guard him against fashion in art. It is not worth while to claim that the art training here in New York is superior to that of Paris, though French artists — M. Benjamin Constant among others—have declared the Art Students' League quite as thorough in its teaching as any Parisian *atelier*. It is sufficient to say that the elements of art are taught here with knowledge and thoroughness. When the student has finished with such a course as the League provides, then it is perhaps advisable for him to go abroad, to supplement his technical education if need be, but primarily to see how and what the great artists of the ancient and modern world have produced in art. To go abroad with the idea of learning to draw like Bouguereau or paint like Vollon is only to make of the student an undesirable imitator of other men's methods; but he should see the work of these men, and should profit not alone by their *technique*, but by their point of view.

Passing from the workshop directly to the studio is very likely to carry into art merely workshop methods, whether it be in New York or Paris. The period of training should be followed by a period of production, and no one cares for an artist's reproduction of what he has been taught. He must learn to originate, or if not to originate, then to recombine. To do this, he should see how others have done it before him. For that purpose, and for giving breadth of view and general culture, the advantages of foreign study are undeniable. The French long ago recognized this by establishing the well-known *Prix de Rome;* and in this connection it is interesting to note that some progressive Americans at the present time are trying to establish some travelling art scholarships with a similar object in view.

THE MODELLING CLASS.—AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS, INSTRUCTOR.

PETER IBBETSON.*

BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Part Fifth.

"GROUILLE, grève, grève, grouille,
File, file, ma quenouille!
File sa corde au bourreau
Qui siffle dans le préau. . . . ."

So sang the old hag in *Notre Dame de Paris!*

So sang to me night and day, for many nights and days, the thin small voice that always went piping inside me, now to one tune, now to another, but always the same words—that terrible refrain that used to haunt me so when I was a school-boy at Bluefriars!

Oh, to be a school-boy again in a long gray coat and ridiculous pink stockings—innocent and free—with Diana Vernon for my only love, and Athos and Porthos and D'Artagnan for my bosom friends, and no worse tribulation than to be told on a Saturday afternoon that the third volume was in hand—"volume trois est en lecture!"

Sometimes, I remember, I could hardly sleep on a Sunday night, for pity of the poor wretch who was to be hanged close by on the Monday morning, and it has come to that with *me!*

Oh, Mary, Mary, Duchess of Towers, sweet friend of my childhood, and love of my life, what must you think of me now?

How blessed are the faithful! How good it must be to trust in God and heaven, and the forgiveness of sin, and be as a little child in all but innocence! A whole career of crime wiped out in a moment by just one cheap little mental act of faith at the eleventh hour, in the extreme terror of well-merited dissolution; and all the evil one has worked through life (that goes on breeding evil for ages to come) taken off one's shoulders like a filthy garment, and just cast aside, anywhere, anyhow, for the infecting of others—who don't count.

What matter if it be a fool's paradise? Paradise is paradise!

They say a Sicilian drum-major, during the French occupation of Palermo, was sentenced to be shot. He was a well-known coward, and it was feared he would disgrace his country at the last moment in the presence of the French soldiers, who had a way of being shot with a good grace and a light heart: they had grown accustomed to it.

For the honor of Sicily his confessor told him, in the strictest confidence, that his sentence was a mock one, and that he would be fired at with blank cartridges.

It was a pious fraud. All but two of the twelve cartridges had bullets, and he fell, riddled through and through. No Frenchman ever died with a lighter heart, a better grace. He was superb, and the national honor was saved.

Thrice happy Sicilian drum-major, if the story be true! That trust in blank cartridges was his paradise.

Oh, it is uphill work to be a stoic when the moment comes and the tug! But when the tug lasts for more than a moment—days and nights, days and nights! Oh, happy Sicilian drum-major!

Pray? Yes, I will pray night and morning, and all day long, to whatever there is left of inherited strength and courage in that luckless, misbegotten waif, Peter Ibbetson; that it may bear

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him up a little while yet; that he may not disgrace himself in the dock or on the gallows.

. . . . . .

Repent? Yes, of many things. But of the thing for which I am here? Never!

. . . . . .

It is a ghastly thing to be judge and jury and executioner all in one, and for a private and personal wrong—to condemn, and strike, and kill.

Pity comes after—when it is too late, fortunately—the wretched weakness of pity! Pooh! no Calcraft will ever pity *me*, and I don't want him to!

. . . . . .

He had his long, snaky knife against my stick; he, too, was a big strong man, well skilled in self-defence! Down he went, and I struck him again and again. "O my God! O Christ!" he shrieked....

"It will ring in my heart and my ears till I die—till I die!"

. . . . . .

There was no time to lose—no time to think for the best. It is all for the best as it is. What might he not have said if he had lived!

. . . . . .

Thank Heaven, pity is not remorse or shame; and what crime could well be worse than his? To rob one's dearly beloved dead of their fair fame!

. . . . . .

He might have been mad, perhaps, and have grown in time to believe the lies he told himself. Such things have been. But such a madman should no more be suffered to live than a mad dog. The only way to kill the lie was to kill the liar—that is, if one *can* ever kill a lie!

. . . . . .

Just opposite that wall, on the other side, was once a small tripe and trotter shop, kept by a most lovely daughter of the people, so fair and good in my eyes that I would have asked her to be my wife. What would she think of me now? That I should have dared to aspire! What a King Cophetua!

. . . . . .

What does everybody think? I can never breathe the real cause to a soul. Only two women know the truth, and they will take good care not to tell. Thank heaven for that!

. . . . . .

What matters what anybody thinks? "It will be all the same a hundred years hence." That is the most sensible proverb ever invented.

. . . . . .

But meanwhile!

. . . . . .

The judge puts on the black cap, and it's all for you! Every eye is fixed on you, so big and young and strong and full of life! Ugh!

. . . . . .

They pinion you, and you have to walk and be a man, and the chaplain exhorts and prays and tries to comfort. Then a sea of faces; people opposite, who have been eating and drinking and making merry, waiting for *you!* A cap is pulled over your eyes—oh, horror! horror! horror!

. . . . . .

"Heureux tambour-major de Sicile!"

. . . . . .

"Il faut laver son linge sale en famille, et c'est ce que j'ai fait. Mais ça va me coûter cher!"

. . . . . .

Would I do it all over again? Oh, let me hope, yes!

. . . . . .

Ah, he died too quick; I dealt him those four blows in less than as many seconds. It was five minutes, perhaps—or, at the most, ten—from the moment he came into the room to that when I finished him and was caught red-handed. And I—what a long agony!

. . . . . .

Oh, that I might once more dream a "true dream," and see my dear people once more! But it seems that I have lost the power of dreaming true since that fatal night. I try and try, but it will not come. My dreams are dreadful; and, oh, the *waking!*

. . . . . .

After all, my life hitherto, but for a few happy years of childhood, has not been worth living; it is most unlikely that it ever would have been, had I lived to eighty. Oh, Mary! Mary!

. . . . . .

And penal servitude! Better any death than that. It is good that my secret must die with me—that there will be no extenuating circumstances, no recommendation to mercy, no commutation of the swift penalty of death.

"File, file....
File sa corde au bourreau!"

. . . . . .

By such monotonous thoughts, and others as dreary and hopeless, recurring again and again in the same dull round, I beguiled the terrible time that intervened between Ibbetson's death and my trial at the Old Bailey.

It all seems very trivial and unimportant now — not worth recording — even hard to remember.

But at the time my misery was so great, my terror of the gallows so poignant, that each day I thought I must die of sheer grief before another twenty-four hours could possibly pass over me.

The intolerable strain would grow more and more severe till a climax of tension was reached, and a hysterical burst of tears would relieve me for a while, and I would feel reconciled to my fate, and able to face death like a man.... Then the anguish would gradually steal over me again, and the uncontrollable weakness of the flesh....

And each of these two opposite moods, while it lasted, made the other seem impossible, and as if it never could come back again; yet back it came with the regularity of a tide—the most harrowing seesaw that ever was.

I had always been unstable like that; but whereas I had hitherto oscillated between high elation and despondency, it was now from a dumb, resigned despair to the wildest agony and terror.

I sought in vain for the only comfort it was in me to seek; but when, overdone with suffering, I fell asleep at last, I could no longer dream true; I could dream only as other wretches dream.

I always dreamed those two little dancing, deformed jailers, man and wife, had got me at last; and that I shrieked aloud for my beloved duchess to succor me, as they ran me in, each butting at me sideways, and showing their toothless gums in a black smile, and poisoning me with their hot sour breath! The gate was there, and the avenue, all distorted and quite unlike; and, opposite, a jail; but no powerful Duchess of Towers to wave the horror away.

. . . . . .

It will be remembered by some, perhaps, how short was my trial.

The plea of "not guilty" was entered for me. The defence set up was insanity, based on the absence of any adequate motive. This defence was soon disposed of by the prosecution; witnesses to my sanity were not wanting, and motives enough were found in my past relations with Colonel Ibbetson to "make me—a violent, morose, and vindictive-natured man—imbrue my hands in the gore of my relative and benefactor—a man old enough to be my father—who, indeed, might have been my father, for the love he had bestowed

"CINQ SOUS, CINQ SOUS, POUR MONTER NOTRE MÉNAGE."

upon me, with his honored name, when I was left a penniless, foreign orphan on his hands."

Here I laughed loud and long, and made a most painful impression, as is duly recorded in the reports of the trial.

The jury found me guilty quite early in the afternoon of the second day, without leaving the box; and I, "preserving to the last the callous and unmoved demeanor I had borne all through the trial," was duly sentenced to death without any hope of mercy, but with an expression of regret on the part of the judge—a famous hanging judge—that a man of my education and promise should be brought by his own evil nature and uncontrollable passions to so deplorable an end.

. . . . . .

Now whether the worst of certainties is better than suspense—whether my nerves of pain had been so exercised during the period preceding my trial that I had really become callous, as they say a man's back does after a certain number of strokes from the "cat"—certain it was that I knew the worst, and acquiesced in it with a surprised sense of actual relief,

and found it in me to feel it not unbearable.

Such, at least, was my mood that night. I made the most of it. It was almost happiness by comparison with what I had gone through. I remember eating with a heartiness that surprised me. I could have gone straight from my dinner to the gallows, and died with a light heart and a good grace—like a Sicilian drum-major.

I resolved to write the whole true story to the Duchess of Towers, with an avowal of my long and hopeless adoration for her, and the expression of a hope that she would try to think of me only as her old playfellow, and as she had known me before this terrible disaster. And thinking of the letter I would write till very late, I fell asleep in my cell, with two warders to watch over me; and then— Another phase of my inner life began.

. . . . . .

Without effort, without let or hinderance of any kind, I was at the avenue gate.

The pink and white may, the lilacs and laburnums were in full bloom, the sun made golden paths everywhere. The warm air was full of fragrance, and alive with all the buzz and chirp of early summer.

I was half crying with joy to reach the land of my true dreams again, to feel at home once more—"chez moi! chez moi!"

La Mère François sat peeling potatoes at the door of her "loge"; she was singing a little song about "cinq sous, cinq sous, pour monter notre ménage." I had forgotten it, but it all came back now.

The facetious postman, Yverdon, went in at the gate of my old garden; the bell rang as he pushed it, and I followed him.

Under the apple-tree, which was putting forth shoots of blossom in profusion, sat my mother and father and Monsieur le Major. My mother took the letter from the postman's hand as he said, "Pour vous? Oh yes, Madame Pasquier. God sev ze Kveen!" and paid the postage. It was from Colonel Ibbetson, then in Ireland, and not yet a colonel.

Médor lay snoring on the grass, and Gogo and Mimsey were looking at the pictures in the "musée des familles."

In a garden chair lolled Dr. Seraskier, apparently asleep, with his long porcelain pipe across his knees.

Madame Seraskier, in a yellow nankeen gown with gigot sleeves, was cutting curl-papers out of the *Constitutionnel*.

I gazed on them all with unutterable tenderness. I was gazing on them perhaps for the last time.

I called out to them by name.

"Oh, speak to me, beloved shades! Oh, my father! oh, mother, I want you so desperately! Come out of the past for a few seconds, and give me some words of comfort!"

But they could neither hear nor see me.

Then suddenly another figure stepped forth from behind the apple-tree—no old-fashioned, unsubstantial shadow of bygone days that one can only see and hear, and that cannot hear and see one back again, but one in all the splendid fulness of life, a pillar of help and strength—Mary, Duchess of Towers!

I fell on my knees as she came to me with both hands extended.

"Oh, Mr. Ibbetson, I have been seeking and waiting for you here night after night! I have been frantic! If you hadn't come at last, I must have thrown everything to the winds, and gone to see you in Newgate, waking and before the world, to have a talk with you—an 'abboccamento.' I suppose you couldn't sleep, or were unable to dream."

I couldn't answer at first. I could only cover her hands with kisses, as I felt her warm life-current mixing with mine—a rapture!

And then I said:

"I swear to you by all I hold most sacred—by *my* mother's memory and *yours*—by yourself—that I never meant to take Ibbetson's life, or even strike him; the miserable blow was dealt...."

"As if you need tell me that! As if I didn't know you of old, my poor friend, kindest and gentlest of men! Why, I am holding your hands, and see into the very depths of your heart!"

(I put down all she said as she said it. Of course I am not, and never have been, what her old affectionate regard made me seem in her eyes, any more than I am the bloodthirsty monster I passed for.)

"And now, Mr. Ibbetson," she went on, "let me first of all tell you, for a certainty, that the sentence will be commuted. I saw the Home Secretary three or four hours ago. The real cause of your deplorable quarrel with your uncle is an open secret. His character is well known. A Mrs. Gregory (whom you knew in Hop-

BELOVED SHADES.

shire as Mrs. Deane) has been with the Home Secretary this afternoon. Your chivalrous reticence at the trial. . . ."

"Oh," I interrupted, "I don't care to live any longer! Now that I have met you once more, and that you have forgiven me and think well of me in spite of everything, I am ready to die. There has never been anybody but you in the world for *me*—never a ghost of a woman, never even a friend since my mother died and yours. Between that time and the night I first saw you at Lady Cray's concert, I can scarcely be said to have lived at all. I fed on scraps of remembrance. You see I have no talent for making new friends, but oh, such a genius for fidelity to old ones! I was waiting for Mimsey to come back again, I suppose, the one survivor to me of that sweet time, and when she came at last I was too stupid to recognize her. She suddenly blazed and dazzled into my poor life like a meteor, and filled it with a maddening love and pain. I don't know which of the two has been the sweetest; both have been my life. You cannot realize what it has been. Trust me, I have lived my fill. I am ready and willing to die. It is the only perfect consummation I can think of. Nothing can ever equal this moment —nothing on earth or in heaven. And if I were free to-morrow, life would not be worth having without *you*. I would not take it as a gift."

She sat down by me on the grass with her hands clasped across her knees, close to the unconscious shadows of our kith and kin, within hearing of their happy talk and laughter.

Suddenly we both heard Mimsey say to Gogo:

"O, ils sont joliment bien ensemble, le Prince Charmant et la fée Tarapatapoum!"

We looked at each other and actually laughed aloud. The duchess said:

"Was there ever, since the world began, such a *mise en scène*, and for such a meeting, Mr. Ibbetson? Think of it! Conceive it! *I* arranged it all. I chose a day when they were all together. As they would say in America, *I* am the boss of this particular dream."

And she laughed again, through her tears, that enchanting ripple of a laugh that closed her eyes and made her so irresistible.

"Was there ever," said I—"ever since the world began, such ecstasy as I feel now? After this what can there be for me but death—well earned and well paid for? Welcome and lovely Death!"

"You have not yet thought, Mr. Ibbetson—you have not realized what life may have in store for you if—if all you have said about your affection for me is true. Oh, it is too terrible for me to think of, I know, that you, scarcely more than a boy, should have to spend the rest of your life in miserable confinement and unprofitable monotonous toil. But there is *another* side to that picture.

"Now listen to your old friend's story—poor little Mimsey's confession. I will make it as short as I can.

"Do you remember when you first saw me, a sickly, plain, sad little girl, at the avenue gate, twenty years ago?

"Le Père François was killing a fowl—cutting its throat with a clasp-knife—and the poor thing struggled frantically in his grasp as its blood flowed into the gutter. A group of boys were looking on in great glee, and all the while Père François was gossiping with M. le Curé, who didn't seem to mind in the least. I was fainting with pity and horror. Suddenly you came out of the school opposite with Alfred and Charlie Plunkett, and saw it all, and in a fit of noble rage you called Père François a 'sacred pig of assassin'—which, as you know, is very rude in French—and struck him as near his face as you could reach.

"Have you forgotten that? Ah, *I* haven't! It was not an effectual deed, perhaps, and certainly came too late to rescue the fowl. Besides, Père François struck you back again, and left some of the fowl's blood on your cheek. It was a baptism! You became on the spot my hero—my angel of light. Look at Gogo over there. Is he beautiful enough? That was *you*, Mr. Ibbetson.

"M. le Curé said something about 'ces *Anglais*' who go mad if a man whips his horse, and yet pay people to box each other to death. Don't you really remember? Oh, the recollection to *me!*

"And that little language we invented and used to talk so fluently! Don't you *rappel* it to yourself? 'Ne le *récollectes* tu pas?' as we would have said in those days, for it used to be *thee* and *thou* with us then.

"Well, at all events, you must remember how for five happy years we were so often together; how you drew for me, read to me, played with me; took my part in everything, right or wrong; carried me pickaback when I was tired. Your drawings—I have them all. And oh! you were so funny sometimes! How you used to make mamma laugh, and M. le Major! Just look at Gogo again. Have you forgotten what he is doing now? I haven't. .... He has just changed the 'musée des familles' for the *Penny Magazine*, and is explaining Hogarth's pictures of the 'Idle and Industrious Apprentices' to Mimsey, and they are both agreed that the idle one is much the nicer of the two.

"Mimsey looks passive enough, with her thumb in her mouth, doesn't she? Her little heart is so full of gratitude and love for Gogo that she can't speak. She can only suck her thumb. Poor, sick, ungainly child! She would like to be Gogo's slave—she would die for Gogo. And her mother adores Gogo too; she is almost jealous of dear Madame Pasquier for having so sweet a son. In just one minute from now, when she has cut that last curl-paper, poor long-dead mamma will call Gogo to her and give him a good 'Irish hug,' and make him happy for a week. Wait a minute and see. *There!* What did I tell you?

"Well, all that came to an end. Madame Pasquier went away and never came back, and so did Gogo. Monsieur and Madame Pasquier were dead, and dear mamma died in a week from the cholera. Poor heart-broken Mimsey was taken away to St. Petersburg, Warsaw, Leipsic, Venice, all over Europe, by her father, as heart-broken as herself.

"It was her wish and her father's that she should become a pianist by profession, and she studied hard for many years in almost every capital, and under almost every master in Europe, and she gave promise of success.

"And so, wandering from one place to another, she became a young woman—a greatly petted and spoiled and made-much-of young woman, Mr. Ibbetson, although she says it who shouldn't; and had many suitors of all kinds and countries.

"But the heroic and angelic Gogo, with his lovely straight nose, and his hair 'aux enfants d'Edouard,' and his dear little white silk chimney-pot hat and Eton jacket, was always enshrined in her memory, in her inmost heart, as the incarnation of all

that was beautiful and brave and good. But alas! what had become of this Gogo in the mean time? Ah, he was never even heard of—he was dead!

"Well, this long-legged, tender-hearted, grown-up young Mimsey of nineteen was attracted by a very witty and accomplished English attaché at Vienna—a Mr. Harcourt, who seemed deeply in love with her, and wished her to be his wife.

"He was not rich, but Dr. Seraskier liked and trusted him so much that he dispossessed himself of almost everything he had to enable this young couple to marry—and they did. And truth compels me to admit that for a year they were very happy and contented with fate and each other.

"Then a great misfortune befell them both. In a most unexpected manner, through four or five consecutive deaths in Mr. Harcourt's family, he became, first, Lord Harcourt, and then the Duke of Towers. And since then, Mr. Ibbetson, I have not had an hour's peace or happiness.

"ÉCHOS DU TEMPS PASSÉ."

"In the first place a son was born to me—a cripple, and deformed from his birth; and as he grew older it soon became evident that he was also born without a mind.

"Then my unfortunate husband changed completely; he drank and gambled and worse, till we came to live together as strangers, and only spoke to each other in public and before the world. . . ."

"Ah," I said, "you were still a great lady—an English duchess!"

I could not endure the thought of that happy twelvemonth with that bestial duke! I, sober, chaste, and clean—of all but blood, alas!—and a condemned convict!

"Oh, Mr. Ibbetson, you must make no mistake about *me!* I was never intended by nature for a duchess—especially an English one. Not but what, if dukes and duchesses are necessary, the English are the best—and, of course, by dukes and duchesses I mean all that upper-ten-thousand in England which calls itself 'society'—as if there were no other worth speaking of. Some of them are almost angelic, but they are not for outsiders like me. Perpetual hunting and shooting and fishing and horse-racing—eating, drinking, and killing, and making love—perfunctory patronage of the poor—the Queen—the court—tame English politics the Church—a Church that doesn't know its own mind, in spite of its deans, bishops, archbishops, and their wives and daughters—and all their silly, solemn sense of social rank and dignity! Endless small-talk, dinners, and drums, and no society from year's end to year's end but each other! Ah, one must be caught young, and put in harness early, to lead such an

existence as that and be content! And I had met and known *such* men and women with my father! They *were* something to know!

"There is another society in London and elsewhere—a freemasonry of intellect and culture and hard work—'la haute bohème du talent'—men and women whose names are or ought to be household words all over the world; many of them are good friends of mine, both here and abroad; and that society, which was good enough for my father and mother, is quite good enough for me.

"I am a republican, Mr. Ibbetson—a cosmopolite—a born bohemian!

> "'Mon grand-père était rossignol;
> Ma grand-mère était hirondelle!'

"Look at my dear people there—look at your dear people! What waifs and strays, until their ship comes home, which we know it never will! Our fathers forever racking their five wits in the pursuit of an idea! Our mothers forever racking theirs to save money and make both ends meet!.... Why, Mr. Ibbetson, you are nearer to the *rossignol* than I am. Do you remember your father's voice? Shall I ever forget it! He sang to me only last night, and in the midst of my harrowing anxiety about you I was beguiled into listening outside the window. He sang Rossini's 'Cujus Animam.' He *was* the nightingale; that was his vocation, if he could but have known it. And you are my brother bohemian; that is *yours!*.... Ah, *my* vocation! It was to be the wife of some busy brain-worker—man of science—conspirator—writer—artist—architect, if you like; to fence him round and shield him from all the little worries and troubles and petty vexations of life. I am a woman of business *par excellence*—a manager, and all that. He would have had a warm, well-ordered little nest to come home to after hunting his idea!

"Well, I thought myself the most unhappy woman alive, and wrapped myself up in my affection for my much afflicted little son; and as I held him to my breast, and vainly tried to warm and mesmerize him into feeling and intelligence, Gogo came back into my heart, and I was forever thinking, 'Oh, if I had a son like Gogo, what a happy woman I should be!' and pitied Madame Pasquier for dying and leaving him so soon, for I had just begun to dream true, and had seen Gogo and his sweet mother once again.

"And then one night—one never-to-be-forgotten night—I went to Lady Cray's concert, and saw you standing in a corner by yourself; and I thought, with a leap of my heart, 'Why, that must be Gogo, grown dark, and with a beard and mustache like a Frenchman!' But alas, I found that you were only a Mr. Ibbetson, Lady Cray's architect, whom she had asked to her house because he was 'quite the handsomest young man she had ever seen.'

"You needn't laugh. You looked very nice, I assure you!

"Well, Mr. Ibbetson, although you were not Gogo, you became suddenly so interesting to me that I never forgot you—you were never quite out of my mind. I wanted to counsel and advise you, and take you by the hand, and be an elder sister to you, for I felt myself already older than you in the world and its ways. I wanted to be twenty years older still, and to have you for my son. I don't know *what* I wanted! You seemed so lonely, and fresh, and unspotted from the world, amongst all those smart worldlings, and yet so big and strong and square and invincible—oh, so strong! And then you looked at me with such sincere and sweet and chivalrous admiration and sympathy—there, I cannot speak of it—and then you were *so* like what Gogo might have become! Oh, you made as warm and devoted a friend of me at first sight as any one might desire!

"And at the same time you made me feel so self-conscious and shy that I dared not ask to be introduced to you—I, who scarcely know what shyness is.

"Dear Giulia Grisi sang 'Sedut' al Pie d' un' Salice,' and that tune has always been associated in my mind with your image ever since, and always will be. Your dear mother used to play it on the harp. Do you remember?

"Then came that extraordinary dream, which you remember as well as I do: *wasn't* it a wonder? You see, my dear father had learned a strange secret of the brain—how in sleep to recall past things and people and places as they had once been seen or known by him—even unremembered things. He called it 'dreaming true,' and by long practice, he told me, he had brought the art of doing this to perfection. It was the one consolation

of his troubled life to go over and over again in sleep all his happy youth and childhood, and the few short years he had spent with his beloved young wife. And before he died, when he saw I had become so unhappy that life seemed to have no longer any possible hope or pleasure for me, he taught me his very simple secret.

"Thus have I revisited in sleep every place I have ever lived in, and especially this, the beloved spot where I first as a little girl knew *you!*

"That night when we met again in our common dream I was looking at the boys from Saindou's school going to their première communion, and thinking very much of you, as I had seen you, when awake, a few hours before, looking out of the window at the 'Tête Noire,' when you suddenly appeared in great seeming trouble and walking like a tipsy man; and my vision was disturbed by the shadow of a prison —alas! alas!—and two little jailers jingling their keys and trying to hem you in.

"My emotion at seeing you again so soon was so great that I nearly woke. But I rescued you from your imaginary terrors and held you by the hand. You remember all the rest.

"I could not understand why you should be in my dream, as I had almost always dreamed true—that is, about things that *had* been in my life—not about things that *might* be; nor could I account for the solidity of your hand, nor understand why you didn't fade away when I took it, and blur the dream. It was a most perplexing mystery that troubled many hours of both my waking and sleeping life. Then came that meeting with you at Cray, and part of the mystery was accounted for, for you were my old friend Gogo, after all. But it is still a mystery, an awful mystery, that two people should meet as we are meeting now in one and the same dream—should dovetail so accurately into each other's brains. What a link between us two, Mr. Ibbetson, already linked by such memories!

"After meeting you at Cray I felt that I must never meet you again, either waking or dreaming. The discovery that you were Gogo, after all, combined with the preoccupation which as a mere stranger you had already caused me for so long, created such a disturbance in my spirit

"MY EYES WERE FULL OF HER."

that—that—there, you must try and imagine it for yourself.

"Even before that revelation at Cray I had often known you were here in your dream, and I had carefully avoided you in mine. Often from that little dormer-window up there I have seen you wandering about the park and avenue in search of *me*, and wondered why and how you came. You drove me into attics and servants' bedrooms to conceal myself from you. What a game of hide-and-seek—'cache-cache,' as we used to call it!

"But after our meeting at Cray I felt there must be no more 'cache-cache'; I avoided coming here at all; you drove me away altogether.

"Now try to imagine what I felt when the news of your terrible quarrel with Mr. Ibbetson burst upon the world. I was be-

"AT LAST SHE ARRIVED."

side myself! I came here night after night; I looked for you everywhere—in the park, in the Bois de Boulogne, at the Mare d'Auteuil, at St. Cloud—in every place I could think of! And now here you are at last—at last!

"Hush! Don't speak yet! I have soon done!

"Six months ago I lost my poor little son, and, much as I loved him, I cannot wish him back again. In a fortnight I shall be legally separated from my wretched husband—I shall be quite alone in the world! And then, Mr. Ibbetson—oh, *then*, dearest friend that child or woman ever had—every hour that I can steal from my waking existence shall henceforward be devoted to you as long as both of us live, and sleep the same hours out of the twenty-four. My one object and endeavor shall be to make up for the wreck of your sweet and valuable young life. 'Stone walls shall not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage!' [And here she laughed and cried together, so that her eyes, closing up, squeezed out her tears, and I thought, "Oh, that I might drink them!"]

"And now I will leave you. I am a weak and loving woman, and must not stay by your side till I can do so without too much self-reproach.

"And indeed I feel I shall soon fall awake from sheer exhaustion of joy. Oh, selfish and jealous wretch that I am, to talk of joy!

"I cannot help rejoicing that no other woman can be to you what I hope to be. No other woman can ever come *near* you! I am your tyrant and your slave—your calamity has made you mine forever; but all my life—all—all—shall be spent in trying to make you forget yours, and I think I shall succeed."

"Oh, don't make such dreadful haste!" I exclaimed. "Am *I* dreaming true? What is to prove all this to me when I wake? Either I am the most abject and wretched of men, or life will never have another unhappy moment. How am I to *know?*"

"Listen. Do you remember 'Parva sed Apta, le petit pavillon,' as you used to call it? That is still my home when I am here. It shall be yours, if you like, when the time comes. You will find much to interest you there. Well, to-morrow early, in your cell, you will receive from me an envelope with a slip of paper in it, containing some violets, and the words 'Parva sed Apta—à bientôt' written in violet ink. Will that convince you?"

"Oh yes, yes!"

"Well, then, give me your hands, dearest and best—both hands! I shall soon be here again, by this apple-tree; I shall count the hours. Good-by!" and she was gone, and I woke.

I woke to the gas-lit darkness of my cell. It was just before dawn. One of the warders asked me civilly if I wanted anything, and gave me a drink of water.

I thanked him quietly, and recalled what had just happened to me, with a wonder, an ecstasy, for which I can find no words.

No, it had *not* been a *dream*—of that I felt quite sure—not in any one single respect; there had been nothing of the dream about it except its transcendent, ineffable enchantment.

Every inflexion of that beloved voice, with its scarcely perceptible foreign accent that I had never noticed before; every animated gesture, with its subtle reminiscence of both her father and her mother; her black dress trimmed with gray; her black and gray hat; the scent of sandal-wood about her—all were more distinctly and vividly impressed upon me than if she had just been actually, and in the flesh, at my bedside. Her tones still rang in my ears. My eyes were full of her: now her profile, so pure and chiselled; now her full face, with her gray eyes (sometimes tender and grave and wet with tears, sometimes half closed in laughter) fixed on mine; her lithe sweet body curved forward, as she sat and clasped her knees; her arched and slender smooth straight feet so delicately shod, that seemed now and then to beat time to her story....

And then that strange sense of the transfusion of life at the touching of the hands! Oh, it was *no dream!* Though what it was I cannot tell....

I turned on my side, happy beyond expression, and fell asleep again—a dreamless sleep that lasted till I was woke and told to dress.

Some breakfast was brought to me, and *with it an envelope, open, which contained some violets, and a slip of paper, scented with sandal-wood, on which were written, in violet ink, the words:*

"*Parva sed Apta—à bientôt!*

Tarapatapoum."

I will pass over the time that elapsed between my sentence and its commutation; the ministrations and exhortations of the good chaplain; the kind and touching farewells of Mr. and Mrs. Lintot, who had also believed that I was Ibbetson's son (I undeceived them); the visit of my old friend Mrs. Deane.... and her strange passion of gratitude and admiration.

I have no doubt it would all be interesting enough, if properly remembered and ably told. But it was all too much like a dream—anybody's dream—not one of *mine*—all too slight and flimsy to have left an abiding remembrance, or to matter much.

In due time I was removed to the jail at ——, and bade farewell to the world, and adapted myself to the conditions of my new outer life with a good grace and with a very light heart.

The prison routine, leaving the brain so free and unoccupied; the healthy labor, the pure air, the plain wholesome food—were delightful to me—a much needed daily mental rest after the tumultuous emotions of each night.

For I was soon back again in Passy, where I spent every hour of my sleep, you may be sure, never very far from the old apple-tree, which went through all its changes, from bare bough to tender shoots and blossoms, from blossom to ripe fruit, from fruit to yellow falling leaf, and then to bare boughs again, and all in a few peaceful nights, which were my days. I flatter myself by this time that I know the habits of a French apple-tree, and its caterpillars!

And all the dear people I loved, and of whom I could never tire, were about—all but one. *The* One!

At last she arrived. The garden door was pushed, the bell rang, and she came across the lawn, radiant, and tall, and swift, and opened wide her arms. And there, with our little world around us, all that we had ever loved and cared for, but quite unseen and unheard by them—for the first time in my life since my mother and Madame Seraskier had died I held a woman in my arms, and she pressed her lips to mine.

Round and round the lawn we walked and talked, as we had often done fifteen, sixteen, twenty years ago. There were many things to say. "The Charming Prince" and the "Fairy Tarapatapoum" were "prettily well together" at last.

The time sped quickly—far too quickly. I said:

"You told me I should see your house 'Parva sed Apta'—that I should find much to interest me there...."

She blushed a little and smiled, and said,

"You mustn't expect *too* much," and we soon found ourselves walking thither up the avenue. Thus we had often walked as children, and once—a memorable once—besides.

There stood the little white house with its golden legend, as I had seen it a thousand times when a boy—a hundred since.

How sweet and small it looked in the mellow sunshine! We mounted the stone

"perron," and opened the door and entered. My heart beat violently.

Everything was as it had always been, as far as I could see. Dr. Seraskier sat in a chair by the window reading Schiller, and took no notice of us. His hair moved in the gentle breeze. Upstairs we heard the rooms being swept and the beds made.

I followed her into a little lumber-room, where I did not remember to have been before; it was full of odds and ends.

"Why have you brought me here?" I asked.

She laughed and said,

"Open the door in the wall opposite."

There was no door, and I said so.

Then she took my hand, and lo! there *was* a door! And she pushed, and we entered another suite of apartments that never could have been there before; there had never been room for them, nor could have been.

"Come," she said, laughing and blushing at once; for she seemed nervous and excited and shy—"do you remember—

'And Neuha led her Torquil by the hand,
And waved along the vault her flaming brand!'

—do you remember your little drawing out of 'The Island,' in the green morocco Byron? Here it is, in the top drawer of this beautiful cabinet. Here are all the drawings you ever did for me—plain and colored—with dates, explanations, etc., all written by myself—'l'album de la fée Tarapatapoum.' They are only duplicates. I have the real ones at my house in Hampshire.

"The cabinet also is a duplicate;—isn't it a beauty?—it's from the Czar's Winter Palace. Everything here is a duplicate, more or less. See, this is a little dining-room;—did you ever see anything so perfect?—it is the famous 'salle à manger' of Princesse de Chevagné. I never use it, except now and then to eat a slice of English household bread with French butter and 'cassonade.' Little Mimsey, out there, does so sometimes, when Gogo brings her one, and it makes big Mimsey's mouth water to see her, so she has to go and do likewise. Would you like a slice?

"You see the cloth is spread, 'deux couverts.' There is a bottle of famous champagne from Mr. De Rothschild's; there's plenty more where that came from. The flowers are from Chatsworth, and this is a lobster salad for *you*. Papa was great at lobster salads and taught me. I mixed it myself a fortnight ago, and, as you see, it is as fresh and sweet as if I had only just made it, and the flowers haven't faded a bit.

"Here are cigarettes and pipes and cigars. I hope they are good. I don't smoke myself.

"Isn't all the furniture rare and beautiful? I have robbed every palace in Europe of its very best, and yet the owners are not a penny the worse. You should see upstairs.

"Look at those pictures—the very pick of Raphael and Titian and Velasquez.

"Here is my library. Every book I ever read is there, and every binding I ever admired. I don't often read them, but I dust them carefully. I've arranged that dust shall fall on them in the usual way to make it real, and remind one of the outer life one is so glad to leave. All has to be taken very seriously here, and one must put one's self to a little trouble. See, here is my father's microscope, and under it a small spider caught on the premises by myself. It is still alive. It seems cruel, doesn't it? but it only exists in our brains.

"Look at the dress I've got on—feel it; how every detail is worked out. And you have unconsciously done the same: that's the suit you wore that morning at Cray under the ash-tree—the nicest suit I ever saw. Here is a spot of ink on your sleeve as real as can be (bravo!). And this button is coming off—quite right; I will sew it on, with a dream needle, and dream thread, and a dream thimble!

"This little door leads to every picture-gallery in Europe. It took me a long time to build and arrange them all by myself—quite a week of nights. It is very pleasant to walk there with a good catalogue, and make it rain cats and dogs outside.

"Through this curtain is an opera box—the most comfortable one I've ever been in; it does for theatres as well, and oratorios and concerts and scientific lectures. You shall see from it every performance I've ever been at, in half a dozen languages; you shall hold my hand and understand them all. Every singer that I ever heard, you shall hear. Dear Giulia Grisi shall sing the 'Willow Song' again and again, and you shall hear the applause. Ah, what applause!

"Come into this little room—my fa-

vorite; out of *this* window and down these steps we can walk or drive to any place you or I have ever been to, and other places besides. Nothing is far, and we have only to go hand in hand. I don't know yet where my stables and coach-houses are; you must help me find out. But so far I have never lacked a carriage at the bottom of those steps when I wanted to drive, nor a steam-launch, nor a gondola, nor a lovely place to go to.

"AND NEUHA LED HER TORQUIL BY THE HAND."

"Out of *this* window, from this divan, we can sit and gaze on whatever we like. What shall it be? Just now, you perceive, there is a wild and turbulent sea, with not a ship in sight. Do you hear the waves tumbling and splashing, and see the albatross? I had been reading Keats's 'Ode to the Nightingale,' and was so fascinated by the idea of a lattice opening on the foam

'Of perilous seas by faery lands forlorn'

that I thought it would be nice to have a lattice like that myself. I tried to evolve that sea from my inner consciousness, you know, or rather from seas that I have sailed over. Do you like it? It was done a fortnight ago, and the waves have been tumbling about ever since. How they roar! and hark at the wind! I couldn't manage the 'faery lands.' It wants one lattice for the sea, and one for the land, I'm afraid. You must help me. Meanwhile, what would you like there to-night—the Yosemite Valley? the Nevski Prospect in the winter, with the sledges? the Rialto? the Bay of Naples after sunset, with Vesuvius in eruption?" . . . .

—"Oh Mary—Mimsey—what *do* I care for Vesuvius, and sunsets, and the Bay of Naples. . . . *just now?* . . . . Vesuvius is in my heart!"

. . . . . .

Thus began for us both a period of twenty-five years, during which we passed eight or nine hours out of the twenty-four in each other's company—except on a few rare occasions, when illness or some other cause prevented one of us from sleeping at the proper time.

Mary! Mary!

I idolized her while she lived; I idolize her memory.

For her sake all women are sacred to me, even the lowest and most depraved and God-forsaken. They always found a helping friend in *her*.

How can I pay a fitting tribute to one so near to me—nearer than any woman can ever have been to any man?

I know her mind as I know my own! No two human souls can ever have interpenetrated each other as ours have done, or we should have heard of it. Every thought she ever had from her childhood to her death has been revealed—every thought of mine!

Living as we did, it was inevitable. The touch of a finger was enough to establish the strange circuit, and wake a common consciousness of past and present, either hers or mine.

And oh, how thankful am I that some lucky chance has preserved me, murderer and condemned convict as I am, from

anything she would have found it impossible to condone!

I try not to think that shyness and poverty, ungainliness and social imbecility combined, have had as much to do as self-restraint and self-respect in keeping me out of so many pitfalls that have been fatal to so many men better and more gifted than myself.

I try to think that her extraordinary affection, the chance result of a persistent impression received in childhood, has followed me through life without my knowing it, and in some occult, mysterious way has kept me from thoughts and deeds that would have rendered me unworthy, even in her too indulgent eyes.

Who knows but that her sweet mother's farewell kiss and blessing, and the tender tears she shed over me when I bade her good-by at the avenue gate so many years ago, may have had an antiseptic charm? Mary!

I have followed her from her sickly, suffering childhood to her girlhood—from her half-ripe, gracefully lanky girlhood to the day of her retirement from the world of which she was so great an ornament. From girl to woman it seemed like a triumphal procession through all the courts of Europe—scenes the like of which I have never even dreamed—flattery and strife to have turned the head of any princess! And she was the simple daughter of a working scientist and physician — the granddaughter of a fiddler.

Yet even Austrian court etiquette was waived in favor of the child of plain Dr. Seraskier.

What men have I seen at her feet—how splendid, handsome, gallant, brilliant, chivalrous, lordly, and gay! And to all, from her, the same happy geniality—the same kindly, laughing, frolicsome, innocent gayety, with never a thought of self.

M. le Major was right — "elle avait toutes les intelligences de la tête et du cœur." And old and young, the best and the worst, seemed to love and respect her alike—and women as well as men—for her perfect sincerity, her sweet reasonableness.

And all this time I was plodding at my dull drawing-board in Pentonville, carrying out another's designs for a stable or a pauper's cottage, and not even achieving that poor task particularly well.

It would have driven me mad with humiliation and jealousy to see this past life of hers, but we saw it all hand in hand together—the magical circuit was established! And I knew, as I saw, how it all affected her, and marvelled at her simplicity in thinking all this pomp and splendor of so little consequence.

And I trembled to find that what space in her heart was not filled by the remembrance of her ever-beloved mother and the image of her father (one of the noblest and best of men) enshrined the ridiculous figure of a small boy in a white silk hat and an Eton jacket. And that small boy was I!

Then came a dreadful twelvemonth that I was fain to leave a blank—the twelvemonth during which her girlish fancy for her husband lasted—and then her life was mine again forever!

And *my* life!

The life of a convict is not, as a rule, a happy one; his bed is not generally thought a bed of roses.

Mine was!

If I had been the most miserable leper that ever crawled to his wattled hut in Molokai, I should also have been the happiest of men, could sleep but have found me there, and could I but sleeping have been the friend of sleeping Mary Seraskier. She would have loved me all the more!

She has filled my long life of bondage with such felicity as no monarch has ever dreamed, and has found her own felicity in doing so. That poor, plodding existence I led before my great misadventure, and have tried to describe—she has witnessed almost every hour of it with passionate interest and sympathy, as we went hand in hand together through each other's past. She would at any time have been only too glad to share it, leaving her own.

I dreaded the effect of such a sordid revelation upon one who had lived so brilliantly and at such an altitude. I need have had no fear!

Just as she thought me an "angelic hero" at eight years old, she remained persuaded all through her life that I was an Apollo—a misunderstood genius—a martyr!

I am sick with shame when I think of it.

But I am not the first unworthy mortal on whom blind, undiscriminating love has chosen to lavish its most priceless treasures. Tarapatapoum is not the only fairy who has idealized a hulking clown with an ass's head into a Prince Charming; the spectacle, alas! is not infrequent.

TO ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

But at least I have been humbly thankful for the undeserved blessing, and known its value. And, moreover, I think I may lay claim to one talent: that of also knowing by intuition when and where and how to love—in a moment—in a flash—and forever!

Twenty-five years!

It seems like a thousand, so much have we seen and felt and done in that busy enchanted quarter of a century. And yet how quickly the time has sped!

And now I must endeavor to give some account of our wonderful inner life—"à deux"—a delicate and difficult task.

There is both an impertinence and a lack of taste in any man's laying bare to the public eye—to any eye—the bliss that has come to him through the love of a devoted woman, with whose life his own has been bound up.

The most sympathetic reader is apt to be repelled by such a revelation — to be sceptical of the beauties and virtues and mental gifts of one he has never seen; at all events, to feel that they are no concern of his, and ought to be the subject of a sacred reticence on the part of her too fortunate lover or husband.

The lack of such reticence has marred the interest of many an autobiography—of many a novel, even; and in private life, who does not know by painful experience how embarrassing to the listener such tender confidences can sometimes be?

I will try my best not to transgress in this particular. If I fail (I may have failed already), I can only plead that the circumstances are quite exceptional and not to be matched: and that allowances must be made for the deep gratitude I owe and feel over and above even my passionate admiration and love.

For the next three years of my life has nothing to show but the alternation of such honey-mooning as never was before with a dull but contented prison life, not one hour of which is worth recording, or even remembering, except as a foil to its alternative.

It had but one hour for me, the bed hour, and fortunately that was an early one.

Healthily tired in body, blissfully expectant in mind, I would lie on my back, with my hands duly crossed under my head, and sleep would soon steal over me like balm; and before I had forgotten who and what and where I really was, I would reach the goal on which my will was intent, and waking up, find my body in another place, in another garb, on a couch by an enchanted window, still with my arms crossed behind my head —in the sacramental attitude.

Then would I stretch my limbs and slip myself free of my outer life, as a newborn butterfly from the durance of its self-spun cocoon, with an unutterable sense of youth and strength and freshness

and felicity; and opening my eyes I would see on the adjacent couch the form of Mary, also supine, but motionless and inanimate as a statue. Nothing could wake her to life till the time came: her hours were somewhat later, and she was still in the toils of the outer life I had just left behind me.

And these toils, in her case, were more complicated than in mine.

Although she had given up the world, she had many friends and an immense correspondence.

And then, being a woman endowed with boundless health and energy, splendid buoyancy of animal spirits, and a great capacity for business, she had made for herself many cares and occupations.

She was the virtual mistress of a home for fallen women, a reformatory for juvenile thieves, and a children's convalescent hospital — to all of which she gave her immediate personal superintendence, and almost every penny she had.

She had let her house in Hampshire, and lived with a couple of female servants in a small furnished house on Campden Hill. She did without a carriage, and went about in cabs and omnibuses, dressed like a daily governess, though nobody could appear more regally magnificent than she did when we were together.

She still kept her name and title, as a potent weapon of influence on behalf of her charities, and wielded it mercilessly in her constant raid on the purse of the benevolent Philistine, who is fond of great people.

All of which gave rise to much comment that did not affect her equanimity in the least.

She also attended lectures, committees, boards, and councils; opened bazars and soup kitchens and coffee taverns, etc. The list of her self-imposed tasks was endless.

Thus her outer life was filled to overflowing, and, unlike mine, every hour of it was worth record—as I well know, who have witnessed it all.

But this is not the place in which to write the outer life of the Duchess of Towers; another hand has done that, as everybody knows.

Every page henceforward must be sacred to Mary Seraskier, the "fée Tarapatapoum" of "Magna sed Apta" (for so we had called the new home and palace of art she had added on to "Parva sed Apta," the home of her childhood).

To return thither, where we left her lying unconscious. Soon the color would come back to her cheeks, the breath to her nostrils, the pulse to her heart, and she would wake to her Eden, as she called it—our common inner life—that we might spend it in each other's company for the next eight hours.

Pending this happy moment, I would make coffee (such coffee!), and smoke a cigarette or two; and to fully appreciate the bliss of *that*, one must be a habitual smoker who lives his real life in an English jail.

When she awoke from her sixteen hours' busy trance in the outer world, such a choice of pleasures lay before us as no other mortal has ever known. She had been all her life a great traveller, and had dwelt in many lands and cities, and seen more of life and the world and nature than most people.

I had but to take her hand, and one of us had but to wish, and, lo! wherever either of us had been, whatever either of us had seen or heard or felt, or even eaten or drunk, there it was all over again to choose from, with the other to share in it—such a hypnotism of ourselves and each other as was never dreamed of before.

Everything was as life-like, as real to us both, as it had been to either at the actual time of its occurrence, with an added freshness and charm that never belonged to mortal existence. It was no dream; it was a second life, a better land.

We had, however, to stay within certain bounds, and beware of transgressing certain laws that we discovered for ourselves, but could not quite account for.

For instance, it was fatal to attempt exploits that were outside of our real experience: to fly, or to jump from a height, or do any of those non-natural things that make the charm and wonder of ordinary dreams. If we did so our true dream was blurred, and became as an ordinary dream —vague, futile, unreal, and untrue—the baseless fabric of a vision. Nor must we alter ourselves in any way; even to the shape of a finger-nail, we must remain ourselves; although we kept ourselves at our very best, and could choose what age we should be. We chose from twenty-six to twenty-eight, and stuck to it.

Yet there were many things, quite as

impossible in real life, that we could do with impunity—most delightful things!

For instance, after the waking cup of coffee, it was certainly delightful to spend a couple of hours in the Yosemite Valley, leisurely strolling about and gazing at the giant pines—a never-palling source of delight to both of us—breathing the fragrant fresh air, looking at our fellow-tourists and listening to their talk, with the agreeable consciousness that, solid and substantial as we were to each other, we were quite inaudible, invisible, and intangible to them. Often we would dispense with the tourists, and have the Yosemite Valley all to ourselves. (Always there, and in whatever place she had visited with her husband, we would dispense with the figure of her former self and him, a sight I could not have borne.)

When we had strolled and gazed our fill, it was delightful again, just by a slight effort of her will and a few moments' closing of our eyes, to find ourselves driving along the Via Cornice to an exquisite garden concert in Dresden, or being rowed in a gondola to a Saturday Pop at St. James's Hall. And thence, jumping into a hansom, we would be whisked through Piccadilly and the park and the Arc de Triomphe home to "Magna sed Apta," Rue de la Pompe, Passy (a charming drive, and not a bit too long), just in time for dinner.

A very delicious little dinner, judiciously ordered out of *her* remembrance, not *mine* (and served in the most exquisite little dining-room that ever was—the Princess de Chevagné's): "huîtres d'Ostende," let us say, and "soupe à la bonne femme," with a "perdrix aux choux" to follow, and pancakes, and "fromage de Brie"; and to drink, a bottle of "Romané Conti"; without even the bother of waiters to change the dishes; a wish, a moment's shutting of the eyes—"augenblick!" and it was done—and then we could wait on each other.

TO THE OPERA BOX.

After my prison fare, and with nothing but tenpenny London dinners to recollect in the immediate past, I trust I shall not be thought a gross materialist for appreciating these small banquets, and in such company.

(The only dinner I could recall which was not a tenpenny one, except the old dinners of my childhood, was that famous dinner at Cray, where I had discovered

that the Duchess of Towers was Mimsey Seraskier, and I did not eat much of *that*).

Then a cigarette and a cup of coffee, and a glass of curaçoa; and after, to reach our private box we had but to cross the room and lift a curtain.

And there before us was the theatre or opera-house brilliantly lighted, and the instruments tuning up, and the splendid company pouring in: crowned heads, famous beauties, world-renowned warriors and statesmen, Garibaldi, Gortschakoff, Cavour, Bismarck, and Moltke, now so famous, and who not? Mary would point them out to me. And in the next box Dr. Seraskier and his tall daughter, who seemed friends with all that brilliant crowd.

Now it was St. Petersburg, now Berlin, now Vienna, Paris, Naples, Milan, London—every great city in turn. But our box was always the same, and always the best in the house, and I the one person

THE NURSERY SCHOOL-ROOM.

privileged to smoke my cigar in the face of all that royalty, fashion, and splendor.

Then, after the overture, up went the curtain. If it was a play, and the play was in German or Russian or Italian, I had but to touch Mary's little finger to understand it all—a true but incomprehensible thing. For well as I might understand, I could not have spoken a word of either, and the moment that slight contact was discontinued, they might as well have been acting in Greek or Hebrew, for *me*.

But it was for music we cared the most, and I think I may say that of music during those three years (and ever after) we have had our glut. For all through her busy waking life Mary found time to hear whatever good music was going on in London, that she might bring it back to me at night; and we would rehear it together, again and again, and "da capo."

It is a rare privilege for two private individuals, and one of them a convict, to assist at a performance honored by the patronage and presence of crowned heads, and yet be able to encore any particular thing that pleases them. How often have we done that!

Oh, Joachim! oh, Clara Schumann! oh, Piatti!—all of whom I know so well, but have never heard with the fleshly ear! Oh, others, whom it would be invidious to mention without mentioning all—a glorious list! How we have made you, all unconscious, repeat the same movements over and over again, without ever from you a sign of impatience or fatigue!

Oh, Patti, Angelina! Oh, Santley and Sims Reeves! Oh, De Soria, nightingale of the drawing-room, I wonder you have a note left!

And you, Ristori, and you, Salvini, et vous, divine Sarah, qui débutiez alors! On me dit que votre adorable voix a perdu un peu de sa première fraîcheur. Cela ne m'étonne pas! Bien sûr, nous y sommes pour quelque chose!

. . . . . .

And then the picture-galleries, the museums, the botanical and zoological gardens of all countries—"Magna sed Apta" had space for them all, even to the Elgin Marbles room of the British Museum, which I added myself.

What enchanted hours have we spent among the pictures and statues of the world, weeding them here and there, perhaps, or hanging them differently, or placing them in what we thought a better light! The "Venus of Milo" showed to far greater advantage in "Magna sed Apta" than at the Louvre.

And when busied thus delightfully at home, and to enhance the delight, we made it shocking bad weather outside; it rained cats and dogs, or else the north

"ON REVIENT TOUJOURS À SES PREMIERS AMOURS."

wind piped, and snow fell on the desolate gardens of "Magna sed Apta," and whitened the landscape as far as eye could see.

Nearest to our hearts, however, were many pictures of our own time, for we were moderns of the moderns, after all, in spite of our efforts at self-culture.

There was scarcely a living or recently living master in Europe whose best works were not in our possession, so lighted and hung that even the masters themselves would have been content; for we had plenty of space at our command, and each picture had a wall to itself, so toned as to do full justice to its beauty, and a comfortable sofa for two just opposite.

But in the little room we most lived in, the room with the magic window, we had crowded a few special favorites of the English school, for we had so much foreign blood in us that we were more British than John Bull himself—"plus royalistes que le Roi."

There was Millais's "Autumn Leaves," his "Youth of Sir Walter Raleigh," his "Chill October"; Watts's "Endymion," and "Orpheus and Eurydice"; Burne-Jones's "Chant d'Amour" and his "Laus Veneris"; Alma-Tadema's "Audience of Agrippa," and the "Women of Amphissa"; George Mason's "Harvest-Moon," and Frederic Walker's "Harbor of Refuge," and, of course, Merridew's "Sun-God."

While on a screen designed by H. S. Marks, and exquisitely decorated round the margin with golden plovers and their eggs (which I adore), were smaller gems in oil and water-color that Mary had fallen in love with at one time or another. The immortal "Moonlight Sonata," by Whistler; E. J. Poynter's exquisite "Our Lady in the Fields" (dated Paris, 1857); T. R. Lamont's touching "L'Après Dîner de l'Abbé Constantin," with the sweet girl playing the old spinet; and that admirable work of T. Armstrong, in his earlier and more realistic manner, "Le Zouave et la Nounou," not to mention splendid rough sketches by John Leech, Charles Keene, Tenniel, Sambourne, Furniss, Caldicott, etc.

Then suddenly, in the midst of all this unparalleled artistic splendor, we found that a something was wanting. There was a certain hollowness about it; and we discovered that in our case the principal motives for collecting all these beautiful things were absent.

1. We were not the sole possessors.
2. We had nobody to show them to.
3. Therefore we could take no pride in them.

And found that when we wanted bad weather for a change, and the joys of home, we could be quite as happy in my old school-room, where the squirrels and the monkey and the hedgehog were, with each of us a cane-bottomed arm-chair by the wood fire, each roasting chestnuts for the other, and one book between us, for one of us to read out loud, or, better still,

TO THE WINTER PALACE.

the morning and evening papers she had read a few hours earlier.

Not, indeed, that we could read much, we had so much to talk about.

Unfortunately, the weak part of "Magna sed Apta" was its library. Naturally it could only consist of books that one or the other of us had read when awake. She had led such an active life that but little leisure had been left her for books, and I had read only as an every-day young man reads who is fond of reading.

However, such books as we *had* read were made the most of, and so magnificently bound that even their authors would have blushed with pride and pleasure had they been there to see. And though we had little time for reading them over again, we could enjoy the true bibliophilous delight of gazing at their backs, and taking them down and fingering them and putting them carefully back again.

In most of these treats, excursions, festivities and pleasures of the fireside, Mary was naturally leader and hostess; it could scarcely have been otherwise.

There was once a famous Mary, of whom it was said that to know her was a liberal education. I think I may say that to have known Mary Seraskier has been all that to me!

But now and then I would make some small attempt at returning her hospitality.

We have slummed together in Clerkenwell, Smithfield, Cow Cross, Petticoat Lane, Ratcliffe Highway, and the East India and West India docks.

She has been with me to penny gaffs and music halls; to Greenwich Fair, and Cremorne and Rosherville gardens—and liked them all.

She knew Pentonville as well as I do; and my old lodgings there, where we have both leaned over my former shoulder as I read or drew. It was she who rescued from oblivion my little prophetic song about "The Chimes," which I had quite forgotten. She has been to Mr. Lintot's parties, and found them most amusing—especially Mr. Lintot.

And going further back into the past, she has roamed with me all over Paris, and climbed with me the towers of Notre Dame, and looked in vain for the mystic word Αναγκη!

But I had also better things to show, untravelled as I was.

She had never seen Hampstead Heath, which I knew by heart; and Hampstead Heath at any time, but especially on a sunny morning in late October, is not to be disdained by any one.

Half the leaves have fallen, so that one can see the fading glory of those that remain; yellow and brown and pale and hectic red, shining like golden guineas and bright copper coins against the rich, dark, business-like green of the trees that mean to flourish all the winter through, like the tall slanting pines near the Spaniards, and the old cedar-trees, and hedges of yew and holly, for which the Hampstead gardens are famous.

Before us lay a sea of fern, gone a russet brown from decay, in which were isles of dark green gorse, and little trees with little scarlet and orange and lemon col-

ored leaves fluttering down, and running after each other on the bright grass, under the brisk west wind.

Harrow-on-the-Hill, with its pointed spire, rises blue in the distance; and distant ridges, like receding waves, rise into blueness, one after the other, out of the low-lying mist, the last ridge bluely melting into space. In the midst of it all gleams the Welsh Harp Lake, like a piece of sky that has become unstuck and tumbled into the landscape with its shiny side up.

On the other side, all London, with nothing but the gilded cross of St. Paul's on a level with the eye; it lay at our feet, as Paris used to do from the heights of Passy, a sight to make true dreamers gaze and think and dream the more; and there we would sit thinking and dreaming and gazing our fill, hand in hand, our spirits rushing together.

Once as we sat we heard the clatter of hoofs behind us, and there was a troop of my old regiment out exercising. Invisible to all but ourselves, and each other, we watched the wanton troopers riding by on their meek black chargers.

First came the cornet—a sunny-haired Apollo, a gilded youth, graceful and magnificent to the eye—careless, fearless, but stupid, harsh, and proud—an English Phébus de Châteaupers—the son of a great contractor; I remembered him well, and that he loved me not. Then the rank and file in stable jackets, most of them (but for a stalwart corporal here and there) raw, lanky youths, giving promise of much future strength, and each leading a second horse; and amongst them, longest and

"MAMAN M'A DONNÉ QUAT' SOUS
POUR M'EN ALLER À LA FOIRE.

MARY, DUCHESS OF TOWERS.
From a photograph by Strlkzchuski, Warsaw.

lankiest of them all, but ruddy as a ploughboy, and stolidly whistling "On revient toujours à ses premiers amours," rode my former self—a sight (or sound) that seemed to touch some tender chord in Mary's nature, where there were so many; since it filled her eyes with tears.

To describe in full a honey-moon filled with such adventures, and that lasted for three years, is unnecessary. It would be but another superficial record of travel, by another unskilled pen. And what a pen is wanted for such a theme! It was not mere life, it was the very cream and essence of life, that we shared with each other—all the toil and trouble, the friction and fatigue, left out. The necessary earthly journey through time and space from one joy to another was omitted, unless such a journey were a joy in itself.

For instance, a pleasant hour can be spent on the deck of a splendid steamer, as it cleaves its way through a sapphire tropical sea, bound for some lovely West Indian islet, with a good cigar and the dearest companion in the world, watching the dolphins and the flying-fish, and mildly interesting one's self in one's fellow-passengers, the captain, the crew. And then, the hour spent and the cigar smoked out, it is well to shut one's eyes and have one's self quietly lowered down the side of the vessel into a beautiful sledge, and then, half smothered in costly furs, to be whirled along the frozen Neva to a ball at the Winter Palace, there to valse with one's Mary among all the beauty and chivalry of St. Petersburg, and never a soul to find fault with one's valsing, which was far from perfect, or one's attire, which was not that of the fashionable world of the day, nor was Mary's either. We were æsthetic people, and very Greek, who made for ourselves fashions of our own, which I will not describe.

Where have we not waltzed together, from Buckingham Palace downward? I confess I grew to take a delight in valsing, or waltzing, or whatever it is properly called; and although it is not much to boast of, I may say that after a year or two no better dancer than I was to be found in all Vienna.

And here, by-the-way, I may mention what pleasure it gave me (hand in hand with Mary, of course, as usual) to renew and improve my acquaintance with our British aristocracy, begun so agreeably many years ago at Lady Cray's concert.

Our British aristocracy does not waltz well by any means, and lacks lightness generally; but it may gratify and encourage some of its members to hear that Peter Ibbetson (ex-private soldier, architect and surveyor, convict and criminal lunatic), who has had unrivalled opportunities for mixing with the cream of European society, considers our British aristocracy quite the best-looking, best-dressed, and best-behaved aristocracy of them all, and the most sensible and the least exclusive—perhaps the most sensible *because* the least exclusive.

It often snubs, but does not altogether repulse, those gifted and privileged outsiders who (just for the honor and glory of the thing) are ever so ready to flatter and instruct and amuse it, and run its errands, and fetch and carry, and tumble for its pleasure, and even to marry such of its "ugly ducklings" (or shall we say such of its "unprepossessing cygnets") as cannot hope to mate with birds of their own feather.

For it has the true English eye for physical beauty.

Indeed, it is much given to throw the handkerchief—successfully, of course—and, most fortunately for itself, beyond the pale of its own narrow precincts—nay, beyond the broad Atlantic, even, to the land where beauty and dollars are to be found in such happy combination.

Nor does it disdain the comeliness of the daughters of Israel, nor their shekels, nor their brains, nor their ancient blood. It knows the secret virtue of that mechanical transfusion of fluids familiar to science under the name of "endosmoses" and "exosmoses" (I hope I have spelled

them rightly), and practises the same. Whereby it shows itself wise in its generation, and will endure the longer, which cannot be very long.

Peter Ibbetson (etc., etc.), for one, wishes it no manner of harm.

. . . . . .

But to return. With all these temptations of travel and amusement and society and the great world, such was our insatiable fondness for "the pretty place of our childhood" and all its associations, that our greatest pleasure of all was to live our old life over again and again, and make Gogo and Mimsey and our parents and cousins and M. le Major go through their old paces once more; and to recall *new* old paces for them, which we were sometimes able to do, out of stray forgotten bits of the past, to hunt for which was the most exciting sport in the world.

Our tenderness for these beloved shades increased with familiarity. We could see all the charm and goodness and kindness of these dear fathers and mothers of ours with the eyes of matured experience, for we were pretty much of an age with them now; no other children could ever say as much since the world began; and how few young parents could bear such a scrutiny as ours!

Ah! what would we not have given to extort just a spark of recognition! but that was impossible; or to have been able to whisper just a word of warning, which would have averted the impending strokes of inexorable fate! They might have been alive now, perhaps—old, indeed, but honored and loved as no parents ever were before. How different everything would have been! Alas! alas!

And of all things in the world, we never tired of that walk through the avenue and park and Bois de Boulogne to the Mare d'Auteuil; strolling there leisurely on an early spring afternoon, just in time to spend a midsummer hour or two on its bank, and watch the old water-rat and the dytiscus and the tadpoles and newts, and see the frogs jump; and then walking home at dusk in the late autumn for tea and roast chestnuts in the school-room of my old home; and then back to warm, well-lighted "Magna sed Apta" by moonlight through the avenue on New-Year's Eve, ankle-deep in snow; all in a few short hours.

Dream winds and dream weathers—what an enchantment! And all real!

Soft caressing rains that do not wet us if we do not wish them to; sharp frosts that brace but never chill; blazing suns that neither scorch nor dazzle.

Blustering winds of early spring, that seem to sweep right through these solid frames of ours, and thrill us to the very marrow with the old heroic excitement and ecstasy we knew so well in happy childhood, but can no longer feel now when awake!

Bland summer breezes, heavy with the scent of long-lost French woods and fields and gardens in full flower; swift, soft, moist equinoctial gales, blowing from the far-off orchards of Meudon, or the old market gardens of Suresnes in their autumnal decay, and laden, we don't know why, with strange, mysterious, troubling reminiscence too subtle and elusive to be expressed in any tongue—too sweet for any words! And then the dark December wind that comes down from the north, and brings the short, early twilights and the snow, and drives us home, pleasantly shivering, to the chimney-corner and the hissing logs—"chez nous"!

It is the last day of an old year.

Ankle-deep in snow, we walk to warm, well-lighted "Magna sed Apta," up the moonlit avenue. It is dream snow, and yet we feel it crunch beneath our feet; but if we turn to look, the tracks of our footsteps have disappeared—and we cast no shadows!

M. le Major goes by, and Yverdon the postman, and Père François, with his big sabots, and others, and their footprints remain, and their shadows are strong and sharp!

They wish each other the compliments of the season as they meet and pass; they wish us nothing! We give them "la bonne année" at the tops of our voices; they do not heed us in the least, though our voices are as resonant as theirs. We are wishing them a "Happy New Year," that dawned for good or evil nearly twenty years ago.

Out comes Gogo from the Seraskiers', with Mimsey. He makes a snowball and throws it. It flies straight through me, and splashes itself on Père François' broad back. "Ah, ce polisson de Monsieur Gogo. . . . attendez un peu!" and Père François returns the compliment—straight through me again, as it seems; and I don't even feel it! Mary and I are as solid to each other as flesh and blood

can make us. We cannot even touch these dream people without their melting away into thin air; we can only hear and see them, but that in perfection!

There goes little André Corbin, the poulterer's son, running along the slippery top of Madame Pelé's garden wall, which is nearly ten feet high.

"Good heavens," cries Mary, "stop him! Don't you remember? When he gets to the corner he'll fall down and break both his legs!"

I rush and bellow out to him:

"Descend donc, malheureux; tu vas te casser les deux jambes! Saute! saute!" .... I cry, holding out my arms. He does not pay the slightest attention; he reaches the corner, followed low down by Gogo and Mimsey, who are beside themselves with generous envy and admiration. Stimulated by their applause, he becomes more foolhardy than ever, and even tries to be funny, and standing on one leg, sings a little song that begins:

> "Maman m'a donné quat' sous
> Pour m'en aller à la foire,
> Non pas pour manger ni boire,
> Mais pour m'régaler d'joujoux!"

Then suddenly down he slips, poor boy, and breaks both his legs below the knee on an iron rail, whereby he becomes a cripple for life.

All this sad little tragedy of a New-Year's Eve plays itself anew. The sympathetic crowd collects; Mimsey and Gogo weep; the heart-broken parents arrive, and the good little Doctor Larcher; and Mary and I look on like criminals, so impossible it seems not to feel that we might have prevented it all!

We two alone are alive and substantial in all this strange world of shadows, who seem, as far as we can hear and see, no less substantial and alive than ourselves. They exist for us; we do not exist for them. We exist for each other only, waking or sleeping; for even the people among whom our waking life is spent know hardly more of us, and what our real existence is, than poor little André Corbin who has just broken his legs for us over again!

And so, back to "Magna sed Apta," both saddened by this deplorable misadventure, to muse and talk and marvel over these wonders; penetrated to the very heart's core by a dim sense of some vast, mysterious power, latent in the subconsciousness of man — unheard-of, undreamed-of as yet, but linking him with the Infinite and the Eternal.

And how many things we always had to talk about besides!

Heaven knows, I am not a brilliant conversationalist, but she was the most easily amusable person in the world—interested in everything that interested me, and I disdamaged myself (to use one of her Anglo-Gallicisms) of the sulky silence of years.

Of her as a companion it is not for me to speak. It would be impertinent, and even ludicrous, for a person in my position to dilate on the social gifts of the famous Duchess of Towers.

Incredible as it may appear, however, most of our conversation was about very common and earthly topics — her home and refuges, the difficulties of their management, her eternal want of money, her many schemes and plans and experiments and failures and disenchantments—in all of which I naturally took a very warm interest. And then my jail, and all that occurred there—in all of which I became interested myself because it interested her so passionately; she knew every corner of it that I knew, every detail of the life there—the name, appearance, and history of almost every inmate, and criticised its internal economy with a practical knowledge of affairs, a business-like sagacity, at which I never ceased to marvel.

One of my drollest recollections is of a visit she paid there *in the flesh*, accompanied by some famous philanthropists of both sexes. I was interviewed by them all as the model prisoner, who, but for his unorthodoxy, was a credit to the institution. She listened demurely to my intelligent answers when I was questioned as to my bodily health, etc., and asked whether I had any complaints to make. Complaints! Never was jail-bird so thoroughly satisfied with his nest—so healthy, so happy, so well-behaved. She took notes all the time.

Eight hours before, we had been strolling hand in hand through the Uffizi Gallery in Florence; eight hours later we should be in each other's arms.

. . . . . .

Strange to relate, this happiness of ours —so deep, so acute, so transcendent, so unmatched in all the history of human affection—was not always free of unreasonable longings and regrets. Man is never so blessed but that he would have his blessedness still greater.

The reality of our close companionship, of our true possession of each other (during our allotted time), was absolute, complete, and thorough. Although each was, in a way, but a seeming illusion of the other's brain, the illusion was no illusion for us. It was an illusion that showed the truth, as does the illusion of sight. Like twin kernels in one shell ("Philipschen," as Mary called it), we touched at more points and were closer than the rest of mankind (with each of them a separate shell of his own). We tried and tested this in every way we could devise, and never found ourselves at fault, and never ceased to marvel at so great a wonder. For instance, I received letters from her in jail (and answered them) in an intricate cipher we had invented and perfected together entirely during sleep, and referring to things that had happened to us both when together!

Our privileges were such as probably no human beings could have ever enjoyed before. Time and space were annihilated for us at the mere wish of either; we lived in a palace of delight; all conceivable luxuries were ours, and, better than all, and perennially, such freshness and elation as belong only to the morning of life, and such a love for each other (the result of circumstances not to be paralleled) as time could never slake or quench till death should come and part us. All this, and more, was our portion for eight hours out of every twenty-four.

So what must we do, sometimes, but fret that the sixteen hours which remained did not belong to us as well; that we must live two-thirds of our lives apart; that we could not share the toils and troubles of our work-a-day waking existence, as we shared the blissful guerdon of our seeming sleep, the glories of our common dream.

And then we would lament the lost years we had spent in mutual ignorance and separation—a deplorable waste of life, when life, sleeping or waking, was so short. How different things might have been with us had we but known!

We need never have lost sight and touch of each other; we might have grown up, and learned and worked and struggled together from the first—boy and girl, brother and sister, lovers, man and wife—and yet have found our blessed dreamland and dwelt in it just the same.

Children might have been born to us! Sweet children, "beaux comme le jour," as in Madame Perrault's fairy tales; even beautiful and good as their mother.

And as we talked of these imaginary little beings and tried to picture them, we felt in ourselves such a stupendous capacity for loving the same that we would fall to weeping on each other's shoulders. Never could we hope for son or daughter of our own. For us the blessed flower of love in rich, profuse, unfading bloom; but its blessed fruit of life, never, never, never!

Our only children were Mimsey and Gogo, between whom and ourselves was an impassable gulf, and who were unconscious of our very existence, except for Mimsey's strange consciousness that a Fairy Tarapatapoum and a Prince Charming were watching over them.

All this would always end as it could not but end, in our realizing the more fully our utter dependence on each other for all that made life not only worth living, ingrates that we were, but a heaven on earth for us both; and, indeed, we could not but recognize that merely to love and be loved was in itself a thing so immense (without all the other blessings we had) that we were fain to tremble at our audacity in daring to wish for more.

. . . . . .

Thus sped three years, and would have sped all the rest, perhaps, but for an incident that made an epoch in our joint lives, and turned all our thoughts and energies in a new direction.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INTERPRETED.

BY ANGELINA W. WRAY.

YELLOW gleam in the East, or yellow glow in the West,
What is either to me?
Laughing of wind, or piping of birds in the nest,
Or moaning of the sea?
The wild waves sobbing sadly
Because the day is dead,

Or the swift tides throbbing gladly
  Because the East is red?
Am I not dead when all is said?
  Sob, wild waves, sob again.
A little toil and a little strife
  Make up the lives of men;
A little joy that the world is fair,
A passing grief and a breath of prayer,
  And then—the hush of night.
Morning dawns, and the silent air
Thrills with the flutter of restless wings,
Thrills with the carol the wild bird sings
  In a rapture of upward flight.
Who knows or cares that a life has ceased?
  Who cares or knows when a dream is done?
Another has taken the music up,
  Another the ceaseless song begun.
Alas! I am blind. Shall I never find
  The exquisite joy of youth,
  The beauty of truth,
Till youth is withered and truth grown dim?
Like a child in the darkness, seeking God,
I follow the paths the poets trod
  Through old mythologies gravely sweet.
The storied worlds are vague and grim:
Baldür, the Beautiful, lives no more;
  Only an echo of flying feet
Rings from Valhalla's mystical shore;
  The fields and the hills have long been mute;
  Even Apollo's silver flute
Quivers no longer with passionate change;
Held in a silence vast and strange,
  Indra wakens not, night or day;
And far in the dim Egyptian land,
With its lotus breath and burning sand,
  Where the wise Osiris once held sway,
Each great stone pyramid lifts its head,
Silent home of the silent dead!
Gods without number are wrapped in slumber,
  Blind to each mortal's bitter pain.
Who shall interpret the hidden thought,
  Or make the mystery plain?

Christ came over the hills last night,
  Came over the hills to me;
There were beauty and majesty in His face,
Yet meekly He wore, with sorrowful grace,
  The crown of Calvary.
My heart rose up as He entered in.
Out of the depths of her night of sin,
Love, in the dusk, groped slowly, blindly,
Drawn by the sad eyes smiling kindly.
A thousand echoes shrill and sweet
  Chimed into harmony glad and true;
Broken melodies, incomplete,
  Throbbed with passion and lived anew.
Touched by the beat of the thorn-pierced feet,
  Lilies blossomed where tares had grown,
Bloom and fragrance rose everywhere;

And down in the hush of the garden fair
The dear Lord prayed alone.
Ah! soul of mine, thy watch was dreary—
Thy lonely watch with a shadowed sin;
But rest was sweet to thee, worn and weary,
When Christ, the Beautiful, entered in—
When Christ came in, as the morning splendor
Comes to the crests of the purple hills,
Or the evening twilight, pure and tender,
Thrilling the lutes of the dreaming rills.
Death and anguish grew dumb before Him;
The secret hid in the heart of pain
Sobbed itself into broken sorrow,
And made its mystery plain;
Then peace grew up where my strife had been,
Like the calm which sleeps on the still blue sea.
The old gods slumber both deaf and voiceless,
But Christ, all-loving, is loving me.
The old gods sleep with the dust around them,
The dust of centuries, dark and deep,
And men in the darkness still go doubting,
And grieve for the lost ones held in sleep;
But God lives on in His strength and glory;
God lives and loves with a love divine.
By the light of His love I read life's story,
The key to the world is mine.

AN UNFINISHED STORY.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

MRS. TREVELYAN, as she took her seat, shot a quick glance down the length of her table and at the arrangement of her guests, and tried to learn if her lord and master approved. But he was listening to something Lady Arbuthnot, who sat on his right, was saying, and being a man, failed to catch her meaning, and only smiled unconcernedly and cheerfully back at her. But the wife of the American minister, who was her very dearest friend, saw and appreciated, and gave her a quick little smile over her fan, which said that the table was perfect, the people most interesting, and that she could possess her soul in peace. So Mrs. Trevelyan pulled at the tips of her gloves and smiled upon her guests. Mrs. Trevelyan was not used to questioning her powers, but this dinner had been almost impromptu, and she had been in doubt. It was quite unnecessary, for her dinner carried with it the added virtue of being the last of the season, an encore to all that had gone before—a special number by request on the social programme. It was not one of many others stretching on for weeks, for the summer's change and leisure began on the morrow, and there was nothing hanging over her guests that they must go on to later. They knew that their luggage stood ready locked and strapped at home; that they could look before them to the whole summer's pleasure, and they were relaxed and ready to be pleased, and broke simultaneously into a low murmur of talk and laughter. The windows of the dining-room stood open from the floor, and from the tiny garden that surrounded the house, even in the great mass of stucco and brick of encircling London, came the odor of flowers and of fresh turf. A soft summer night wind moved the candles under their red shades, and gently as though they rose from afar, and not only from across the top of the high wall before the house, came the rumble of the omnibuses passing further into the suburbs, and the occasional quick rush of a hansom over the smooth asphalt. It was a most delightful choice of people, gathered at short notice and to do honor to no one in particular, but to give each a chance to

say good-by before he or she met the yacht at Southampton or took the club train to Homburg. They all knew each other very well, and if there was a guest of the evening, it was one of the two Americans, either Miss Egerton, the girl who was to marry Lord Arbuthnot, whose mother sat on Trevelyan's right, or young Gordon, the explorer, who has just come out of Africa. Miss Egerton was a most strikingly beautiful girl, with a strong, fine face, and an earnest, interested way when she spoke, which the English found most attractive. In appearance she has been variously likened by Trevelyan, who was painting her portrait, to a druidess, a vestal virgin, and a Greek goddess; and Lady Arbuthnot's friends, who thought to please the girl, assured her that no one would ever suppose her to be an American —their ideas of the American young woman having been gathered from those who pick out tunes with one finger on the pianos in the public parlors of the Métropole. Miss Egerton was said to be intensely interested in her lover's career, and was as ambitious for his success in the House as he was himself. They were both very much in love, and showed it to others as little as people of their class do. The others at the table were General Sir Henry Kent; Phillips, the novelist; the Austrian minister and his young wife; and Trevelyan, who painted portraits for large sums of money and figure pieces for art; and some simply fashionable smart people who were good listeners, and who were rather disappointed that the American explorer was no more sunburned than other young men who had staid at home, and who had gone in for tennis or yachting.

The worst of Gordon was that he made it next to impossible for one to lionize him. He had been back in civilization and London only two weeks, unless Cairo and Shepherd's Hotel are civilization, and he had been asked everywhere, and for the first week had gone everywhere. But whenever his hostess looked for him, to present another and not so recent a lion, he was generally found either humbly carrying an ice to some neglected dowager, or talking big game or international yachting or tailors to a circle of younger sons in the smoking-room, just as though several hundred attractive and distinguished people were not waiting to fling the speeches they had prepared on Africa at him, in the drawing-room above. He had suddenly disappeared during the second week of his stay in London, which was also the last week of the London season, and managers of lecture tours and publishers and lion-hunters, and even friends who cared for him for himself, had failed to find him at his lodgings. Trevelyan, who had known him when he was a travelling correspondent and artist for one of the great weeklies, had found him at the club the night before, and had asked him to his wife's impromptu dinner, from which he had at first begged off, but on learning who was to be there, had changed his mind and accepted. Mrs. Trevelyan was very glad he had come; she had always spoken of him as a nice boy, and now that he had become famous, she liked him none the less, but did not show it before people as much as she had used to. She forgot to ask him whether he knew his beautiful compatriot or not, but she took it for granted that they had met, if not at home, at least in London, as they had both been made so much of, and at the same houses.

The dinner was well on its way towards its end, and the women had begun to talk across the table, and to exchange bankers' addresses, and to say "Be sure and look us up in Paris," and "When do you expect to sail from Cowes?" They were enlivened and interested, and the present odors of the food and flowers and wine, and the sense of leisure before them, made it seem almost a pity that such a well-suited gathering should have to separate for even a summer's pleasure.

The Austrian minister was saying this to his hostess, when Sir Henry Kent, who had been talking across to Phillips the novelist, leaned back in his place and said, as though to challenge the attention of every one: "I can't agree with you, Phillips. I am sure no one else will."

"Dear me," complained Mrs. Trevelyan, plaintively, "what have you been saying now, Mr. Phillips? He always has such debatable theories," she explained.

"On the contrary, Mrs. Trevelyan," answered the novelist, "it is the other way. It is Sir Henry who is making all the trouble. He is attacking one of the oldest and dearest platitudes I know." He paused for the General to speak, but the older man nodded his head for him to go on. "He has just said that fiction is

stranger than truth," continued the novelist. "He says that I—that people who write could never interest people who read if they wrote of things as they really are. They select, he says—they take the critical moment in a man's life and the crises, and want others to believe that that is what happens every day. Which it is not, so the General says. He thinks that life is commonplace and uneventful, that is, uneventful in a picturesque or dramatic way. He admits that women's lives are saved from drowning, but that they are not saved by their lovers, but by a longshoreman, with a wife and six children, who accepts five pounds for doing it. That's it, is it not?" he asked.

The General nodded and smiled. "What I said to Phillips was," he explained, "that if things were related just as they happen, they would not be interesting. People do not say the dramatic things they say on the stage or in novels; in real life they are commonplace or sordid—or disappointing. I have seen men die on the battle-field, for instance, and they never cried, 'I die that my country may live,' or, 'I have got my promotion at last'; they just stared up at the surgeon and said, 'Have I got to lose that arm?' or, 'I am killed, I think.' You see, when men are dying around you, and horses are plunging, and the batteries are firing, one doesn't have time to think up the appropriate remark for the occasion. I don't believe, now, that Pitt's last words were, 'Roll up the map of Europe.' A man who could change the face of a continent would not use his dying breath in making epigrams. It was one of his secretaries or one of the doctors who said that. And the man who was capable of writing home, 'All is lost but honor,' was just the sort of a man who would lose more battles than he would win. No; you, Phillips," said the General, raising his voice as he became more confident and conscious that he held the centre of the stage, "and you, Trevelyan, don't write and paint every-day things as they are. You introduce something for a contrast or for an effect; a red coat in a landscape for the bit of color you want, when in real life the red coat would not be within miles; or you have a band of music playing a popular air in the street when a murder is going on inside the house. You do it because it is effective; but it isn't true. Now Lord Caithness was telling us the other night at the club on this very matter—"

"Oh, that's hardly fair," laughed Trevelyan; "you've rehearsed all this before. You've come prepared."

"No, not at all," frowned the General, sweeping on. "He said that before he was raised to the bench, when he practised criminal law, he had brought word to a man that he was to be reprieved, and to another that he was to die. Now, you know," exclaimed the General, with a shrug, and appealing to the table, "how that would be done on the stage or in a novel, with the prisoner bound ready for execution, and a galloping horse, and a fluttering piece of white paper, and all that. Well, now, Caithness told us that he went into the man's cell and said, 'You have been reprieved, John,' or William, or whatever the fellow's name was. And the man looked at him and said: 'Is that so? That's good—that's good;' and that was all he said. And then, again, he told one man whose life he had tried very hard to save: 'The Home Secretary has refused to intercede for you. I saw him at his house last night at nine o'clock.' And the murderer, instead of saying, 'My God! what will my wife and children do?' looked at him, and repeated, 'At nine o'clock last night!' just as though that was the important part of the message."

"Well, but, General," said Phillips, smiling, "that's dramatic enough as it is, I think. Why—"

"Yes," interrupted the General, quickly and triumphantly. "But that is not what you would have made him say, is it? That's my point."

"There was a man told me once," Lord Arbuthnot began, leisurely—"he was a great chum of mine, and it illustrates what Sir Henry has said, I think—he was engaged to a girl, and he had a misunderstanding or an understanding with her that opened both their eyes, at a dance, and the next afternoon he called, and they talked it over in the drawing-room, with the tea-tray between them, and agreed to end it. On the stage he would have risen and said, 'Well, the comedy is over, the tragedy begins, or the curtain falls'; and she would have gone to the piano and played Chopin sadly while he made his exit. Instead of which he got up to go without saying anything, and as he rose he upset a cup and saucer on

the tea-table, and said, 'Oh, I beg your pardon"; and she said, 'It isn't broken"; and he went out. You see," the young man added, smiling, "there were two young people whose hearts were breaking, and yet they talked of teacups, not because they did not feel, but because custom is too strong on us and too much for us. We do not say dramatic things or do theatrical ones. It does not make interesting reading, but it is the truth."

"Exactly," cut in the Austrian minister, eagerly. "And then there is the prerogative of the author and of the playwright to drop a curtain whenever he wants to, or to put a stop to everything by ending the chapter. That isn't fair. That is an advantage over nature. When some one accuses some one else of doing something dreadful at the play, down comes the curtain quick and keeps things at fever point, or the chapter ends with a lot of stars, and the next page begins with a description of a sunset two weeks later. To be true, we ought to be told what the man who is accused said in reply, or what happened during those two weeks before the sunset. The author really has no right to choose only the critical moments, and to shut out the commonplace, every-day life by a sort of literary closure. That is, if he claims to tell the truth."

Phillips raised his eyebrows and looked carefully around the table. "Does any one else feel called upon to testify?" he asked.

"It's awful, isn't it, Phillips," laughed Trevelyan, comfortably, "to find that the photographer is the only artist, after all? I feel very guilty."

"You ought to," pronounced the General, gayly. He was very well satisfied with himself at having held his own against these clever people. "And I am sure Mr. Gordon will agree with me, too," he went on, confidently, with a bow towards the younger man. "He has seen more of the world than any of us, and he will tell you, I am sure, that what happens only suggests the story, it is not complete in itself. That it always needs the author's touch, just as the rough diamond—"

"Oh, thanks, thanks, General," laughed Phillips. "My feelings are not hurt as badly as that."

Gordon had been turning the stem of a wineglass slowly between his thumb and his finger while the others were talking, and looking down at it smiling. Now he raised his eyes as though he meant to speak, and then dropped them again. "I am afraid, Sir Henry," he said, "that I don't agree with you at all."

Those who had said nothing felt a certain satisfaction that they had not committed themselves. The Austrian minister tried to remember what it was he had said, and whether it was too late to retreat, and the General looked blankly at Gordon and said, "Indeed, sir."

"You shouldn't have called on that last witness, Sir Henry," said Phillips, smiling. "Your case was very good as it was."

"I am quite sure," said Gordon, seriously, "that the story Phillips will never write is a true story, but he will not write it because people would say it is impossible, just as you have all seen sunsets sometimes that you knew would be laughed at if any one tried to paint them. We all know such a story, something in our own lives, or in the lives of our friends. Not ghost stories or stories of adventure, but of ambitions that come to nothing, of people who were rewarded or punished in this world instead of in the next, and love stories."

Phillips looked at the young man keenly and smiled. "Especially love stories," he said.

Gordon looked back at him as if he did not understand.

"Tell it, Gordon," said Mr. Trevelyan.

"Yes," said Gordon, nodding his head in assent, "I was thinking of a particular story. It is as complete, I think, and as dramatic as any of those we read. It is about a man I met in Africa. It is not a long story," he said, looking around the table tentatively, "but it ends badly."

There was a silence much more appreciated than a polite murmur of invitation would have been, and the simply smart people settled themselves rigidly to catch every word for future use. They realized that this would be a story which had not as yet appeared in the newspapers, and which would not make a part of Gordon's book. Mrs. Trevelyan smiled encouragingly upon her former protégé; she was sure he was going to do himself credit; but the American girl chose this chance, when all the other eyes were turned expectantly towards the explorer, to look at her lover.

"We were on our return march from Lake Tchad to the Mobaugi," said Gordon. "We had been travelling over a month, sometimes by water and sometimes through the forest, and we did not expect to see any other white men besides those of our own party for several months to come. In the middle of a jungle late one afternoon I found this man lying at the foot of a tree. He had been cut and beaten and left for dead. He was covered with flies; he had been very badly cut. It was as much of a surprise to me, you understand, as it would be to you if you were driving through Trafalgar Square in a hansom, and an African lion should spring up on your horses' haunches. We believed we were the only white men that had ever succeeded in getting that far south. Crampel had tried it, and no one knows yet whether he is dead or alive; Doctor Schlemen had been eaten by cannibals, and Major Bethume had turned back two hundred miles further north, and we could no more account for this man's presence than if he had been dropped from the clouds. Lieutenant Royce, my surgeon, went to work at him, and we halted where we were for the night. In about an hour the man moved and opened his eyes. He looked up at us and said, 'Thank God!'—because we were white, I suppose—and went off into unconsciousness again. When he came to the next time, he asked Royce, in a whisper, how long he had to live. He wasn't the sort of a man you had to lie to about a thing like that, and Royce told him he did not think he could live for more than an hour or two. The man moved his head to show that he understood, and raised his hand to his throat and began pulling at his shirt, but the effort sent him off into a fainting fit again. I opened his collar for him as gently as I could, and found that his fingers had clinched around a silver necklace that he wore about his neck, and from which there hung a gold locket shaped like a heart."

Gordon raised his eyes slowly from the observation of his finger-tips as they rested on the edge of the table before him to those of the American girl who sat opposite. She had heard his story so far without any show of attention, and had been watching, rather with a touch of fondness in her eyes, the clever earnest face of Arbuthnot, who was following Gordon's story with polite interest. But now, at Gordon's last words, she turned her eyes to him with a look of awful indignation, which was followed, when she met his calmly polite look of inquiry, by one of fear and almost of entreaty.

"When the man came to," continued Gordon, in the same conventional monotone, "he begged me to take the chain and locket to a girl whom he said I would find either in London or in New York. He gave me the address of her banker. He said: 'Take it off my neck before you bury me; tell her I wore it ever since she gave it me. That it has been a charm and loadstone to me. That when the locket rose and fell against my breast, it was as if her heart was pressing against mine and answering the beating and throbbing of the blood in my veins.'"

Gordon paused, and returned to the thoughtful scrutiny of his finger-tips.

"The man did not die," he said, raising his head. "Royce brought him back into such form again that in about a week we were able to take him along with us on a litter. But he was very weak, and would lie for hours sleeping when we rested, or mumbling and raving in a fever. We learnt from him at odd times that he had been trying to reach Lake Tchad, to do what we had done, without any means of doing it. He had had not more than a couple of dozen porters and a corporal's guard of Senegalese soldiers. He was the only white man in the party, and his men had turned on him, and left him as we found him, carrying off with them his stock of provisions and arms. He had undertaken the expedition on a promise from the French government to make him governor of the territory he opened up if he succeeded, but he had had no official help. If he failed, he got nothing; if he succeeded, he did so at his own expense and by his own endeavors. It was only a wonder he had been able to get as far as he did. He did not seem to feel the failure of his expedition. All that was lost was the happiness of getting back alive to this woman with whom he was in love. He had been three days alone before we found him, and in those three days, while he waited for death, he had thought of nothing but that he would never see her again. He had resigned himself to this, had given up all hope, and our coming seemed like a miracle to him. I have read about

men in love, I have seen it on the stage, I have seen it in real life, but I never saw a man so grateful to God and so happy and so insane over a woman as this man was. He raved about her when he was feverish, and he talked and talked to me about her when he was in his senses. The porters could not understand him, and he found me sympathetic, I suppose, or else he did not care, and only wanted to speak of her to some one, and so he told me the story over and over again as I walked beside the litter, or as we sat by the fire at night. She must have been a very remarkable girl. He had met her first the year before, on one of the Italian steamers that ply from New York to Gibraltar. She was travelling with her father, who was an invalid going to Tangier for his health; from Tangier they were to go on up to Nice and Cannes, and in the spring to Paris and on to London for this season just over. The man was going from Gibraltar to Zanzibar, and then on into the Congo. They had met the first night out; they had separated thirteen days later at Gibraltar, and in that time the girl had fallen in love with him, and had promised to marry him if he would let her, for he was very proud. He had to be. He had absolutely nothing to offer her. She is very well known at home. I mean her family is: they have lived in New York from its first days, and they are very rich. The girl had lived a life as different from his as the life of a girl in society must be from that of a vagabond. He had been an engineer, a newspaper correspondent, an officer in a Chinese army, and had built bridges in South America, and led their little revolutions there, and had seen service on the desert in the French army of Algiers. He had no home or nationality even, for he had left America when he was sixteen; he had no family, had saved no money, and was trusting everything to the success of this expedition into Africa to make him known and to give him position. It was the story of Othello and Desdemona over again. His blackness lay from her point of view, or rather would have lain from the point of view of her friends, in the fact that he was as helplessly ineligible a young man as a cowboy. And he really had lived a life of which he had no great reason to be proud. He had existed entirely for excitement, as other men live to drink until they kill themselves by it; nothing he had done had counted for much except his bridges. They are still standing. But the things he had written are lost in the columns of the daily papers. The soldiers he had fought with knew him only as a man who cared more for the fighting than for what the fighting was about, and he had been as ready to write on one side as to fight on the other. He was a rolling stone, and had been a rolling stone from the time he was sixteen and had run away to sea, up to the day he had met this girl, when he was just thirty. Yet you can see how such a man would attract a young, impressionable girl, who had met only those men whose actions are bounded by the courts of law or Wall Street, or the younger set who drive coaches and who live the life of the clubs. She had gone through life as some people go through picture-galleries, with their catalogues marked at the best pictures. She knew nothing of the little fellows whose work was skied, who were trying to be known, who were not of her world, but who toiled and prayed and hoped to be famous. This man came into her life suddenly with his stories of adventure and strange people and strange places, of things done for the love of doing them and not for the reward or reputation, and he bewildered her at first, I suppose, and then fascinated, and then won her. You can imagine how it was, these two walking the deck together during the day, or sitting side by side when the night came on, the ocean stretched before them. The daring of his present undertaking, the absurd glamour that is thrown over those of us who have gone into that strange country from which some travellers return, and the picturesqueness of his past life. It is no wonder the girl made too much of him. I do not think he knew what was coming. He did not pose before her. I am quite sure from what I know of him that he did not. Indeed, I believed him when he said that he had fought against the more than interest she had begun to show for him. He was the sort of man women care for, but they had not been of this woman's class or calibre. It came to him like a sign from the heavens. It was as if a goddess had stooped to him. He told her when they separated that if he succeeded, if he opened this unknown country, if he was rewarded as they had promised to re-

ward him, that he might dare to come to her; and she called him her knight-errant, and gave him her chain and locket to wear, and told him whether he failed or succeeded it meant nothing to her, and that her life was his while it lasted, and her soul as well.

"I think," Gordon said, stopping abruptly, with an air of careful consideration, "that those were her words as he repeated them to me."

He raised his eyes thoughtfully towards the face of the girl opposite, and then glanced past her, as if he were trying to recall the words the man had used. The fine beautiful face of the woman was white and drawn around the lips, and she gave a quick appealing glance at her hostess, as if she would beg to be allowed to go. But Mrs. Trevelyan and her guests were watching Gordon or toying with the things in front of them. The dinner had been served, and not even the soft movements of the servants interrupted the young man's story.

"You can imagine a man," Gordon went on, more lightly, "finding a hansom cab slow when he is riding from the station to see the woman he loves; but imagine this man urging himself and the rest of us to hurry when we were in the heart of Africa, with six months' travel in front of us before we could reach the first limits of civilization. That is what this man did. When he was still on his litter he used to toss and turn, and abuse the bearers and porters and myself because we moved so slowly. When we stopped for the night he would chafe and fret at the delay; and when the morning came he was the first to wake, if he slept at all, and eager to push on. When at last he was able to walk, he worked himself into a fever again, and it was only when Royce warned him that he would kill himself if he kept on that he submitted to be carried, and forced himself to be patient. And all the time the poor devil kept saying how unworthy he was of her, how miserably he had wasted his years, how unfitted he was for the great happiness which had come into his life. I suppose every man says that when he is in love; very properly, too; but the worst of it was, in this man's case, that it was so very true. He was unworthy of her in everything but his love for her. It used to frighten me to see how much he cared. Well, we got out of it at last, and reached Cairo, and saw white faces once more, and heard women's voices, and the strain and fear of failure were over, and we could breathe again. I was quite ready enough to push on to London, but we had to wait a week for the steamer, and during that time that man made my life miserable. He had done so well, and would have done so much more if he had had my equipment, that I tried to see that he received all the credit due him. But he would have none of the public receptions, and the audience with the Khedive, or any of the fuss they made over us. He only wanted to get back to her. He spent the days on the quay watching them load the steamer and counting the hours until she was to sail, and even at night he would leave the first bed he had slept in for six months, and would come into my room and ask me if I would not sit up and talk with him until daylight. You see, after he had given up all thought of her, and believed himself about to die without seeing her again, it made her all the dearer, I suppose, and made him all the more fearful of losing her again.

"He became very quiet as soon as we were really under way, and Royce and I hardly knew him for the same man. He would sit in silence in his steamer-chair for hours, looking out at the sea and smiling to himself, and sometimes, for he was still very weak and feverish, the tears would come to his eyes and run down his cheeks. 'This is the way we would sit,' he said to me one night, 'with the dark purple sky and the strange Southern stars over our heads, and the rail of the boat rising and sinking below the line of the horizon. And I can hear her voice, and I try to imagine she is still sitting there, as she did the last night out, when I held her hands between mine.'" Gordon paused a moment, and then went on more slowly: "I do not know whether it was that the excitement of the journey overland had kept him up or not, but as we went on he became much weaker and slept more, until Royce became anxious and alarmed about him. But he did not know it himself; he had grown so sure of his recovery then that he did not understand what the weakness meant. He fell off into long spells of sleep or unconsciousness, and woke only to be fed, and would then fall back to sleep again. And in one of these spells of unconsciousness

he died. He died within two days of land. He had no home and no country and no family, as I told you, and we buried him at sea. He left nothing behind him, for the very clothes he wore were those we had given him—nothing but the locket and the chain which he had told me to take from his neck when he died."

Gordon's voice had grown very cold and hard. He stopped and ran his fingers down into his pocket and pulled out a little leather bag. The people at the table watched him in silence as he opened it and took out a dull silver chain with a gold heart hanging from it.

"This is it," he said, gently. He leaned across the table, with his eyes fixed on those of the American girl, and dropped the chain in front of her. "Would you like to see it?" he said.

The rest moved curiously forward to look at the little heap of gold and silver as it lay on the white cloth. But the girl, with her eyes half closed and her lips pressed together, pushed it on with her hand to the man who sat next her, and bowed her head slightly, as though it was an effort for her to move at all. The wife of the Austrian minister gave a little sigh of relief.

"I should say your story did end badly, Mr. Gordon," she said. "It is terribly sad, and so unnecessarily so."

"I don't know," said Lady Arbuthnot, thoughtfully—"I don't know; it seems to me it was better. As Mr. Gordon says, the man was hardly worthy of her. A man should have something more to offer a woman than love; it is a woman's prerogative to be loved; any number of men may love her; it is nothing to their credit; they cannot help themselves."

"Well," said General Kent, "if all true stories turn out as badly as that one does, I will take back what I said against those the story-writers tell. I prefer the ones Anstey and Jerome make up. I call it a most unpleasant story."

"But it isn't finished yet," said Gordon, as he leaned over and picked up the chain and locket. "There is still a little more."

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" said the wife of the Austrian minister, eagerly. "But then," she added, "you can't make it any better. You cannot bring the man back to life."

"No," said Gordon, "but I can make it a little worse."

"Ah, I see," said Phillips, with a story-teller's intuition—"the girl."

"The first day I reached London I went to her banker's and got her address," continued Gordon. "And I wrote, saying I wanted to see her, but before I could get an answer I met her the next afternoon at a garden party. At least I did not meet her; she was pointed out to me. I saw a very beautiful girl surrounded by a lot of men, and asked who she was, and found out it was the woman I had written to, the owner of the chain and locket, and I was also told that her engagement had just been announced to a young Englishman of family and position who had known her only a few months, and with whom she was very much in love. So you see," he went on, smiling, "that it was better that he died believing in her and in her love for him. Mr. Phillips, now, would have let him live to return and find her married, but nature is kinder than writers of fiction, and quite as dramatic."

Phillips did not reply to this, and the General only shook his head doubtfully and said nothing. So Mrs. Trevelyan looked at Lady Arbuthnot, and the ladies rose and left the room. When the men had left them, a young girl went to the piano, and the other women seated themselves to listen, but Miss Egerton, saying that it was warm, stepped out through one of the high windows on to the little balcony that overhung the garden. It was dark out there and cool, and the rumbling of the encircling city sounded as distant and as far off as the reflection seemed that its million lights threw up to the sky above. The girl leaned her face and bare shoulder against the rough stone wall of the house, and pressed her hands together, with her fingers locking and unlocking and her rings cutting through her gloves. She was trembling slightly, and the blood in her veins was hot and tingling. She heard the voices of the men as they entered the drawing-room, the momentary cessation of the music at the piano and its renewal, and then a figure blocked the light from the window, and Gordon stepped out of it and stood in front of her with the chain and locket in his hand. He held it towards her, and they faced each other for a moment in silence.

"Will you take it now?" he said.

The girl raised her head and drew her-

self up until she stood straight and tall before him. "Have you not punished me enough?" she asked, in a whisper. "Are you not satisfied? Was it brave? Was it manly? Is that what you have learnt among your savages—to torture a woman?" She stopped with a quick sob of pain and pressed her hands against her breast.

Gordon observed her curiously with cold consideration. "What of the sufferings of the man to whom you gave this?" he asked. "Why not consider him? What was your bad quarter of an hour at the table, with your friends around you, to the year he suffered danger and physical pain for you—for you, remember?"

The girl hid her face for a moment in her hands, and when she lowered them again her cheeks were wet and her voice was changed and softer. "They told me he was dead," she said. "Then it was denied, and then the French papers told of it again, and with horrible detail, and how it happened."

Gordon took a step nearer her. "And does your love come and go with the editions of the daily papers?" he asked, fiercely. "If they say to-morrow morning that Arbuthnot is false to his principles or his party, that he is a bribe-taker, a man who sells his vote, will you believe them and stop loving him?" He gave a sharp exclamation of disdain. "Or will you wait," he went on, bitterly, "until the Liberal organs have had time to deny it? Is that the love, the life, and the soul you promised the man who—"

There was a soft step on the floor of the drawing-room, and the tall figure of young Arbuthnot appeared in the opening of the window as he looked doubtfully out into the darkness. Gordon took a step back into the light of the window, where he could be seen, and leaned easily against the railing of the balcony. His eyes were turned towards the street, and he noticed over the wall the top of a passing omnibus, and the glow of the men's pipes who sat on it.

"Miss Egerton?" asked Arbuthnot, his eyes still blinded by the lights of the room he had left. "Is she here? Oh, is that you?" he said, as he saw the movement of the white dress. "I was sent to look for you," he said. "They were afraid something was wrong." He turned to Gordon, as if in explanation of his lover-like solicitude. "It has been a pretty hard week, and it has kept one pretty well on the go all the time, and I thought Miss Egerton looked tired at dinner."

The moment he had spoken, the girl came towards him quickly, and put her arm inside of his, and took his hand.

He looked down at her wonderingly at this show of affection, and then drew her nearer, and said, gently: "You are tired, aren't you? I came to tell you that Lady Arbuthnot is going. She is waiting for you."

It struck Gordon, as they stood there, how handsome they were and how well suited. They took a step towards the window, and then the young nobleman turned and looked out at the pretty garden and up at the sky, where the moon was struggling against the glare of the city.

"It is very pretty and peaceful out here," he said, "is it not? It seems a pity to leave it. Good-night, Gordon, and thank you for your story." He stopped, with one foot on the threshold, and smiled. "And yet, do you know," he said, "I cannot help thinking you were guilty of doing just what you accused Phillips of doing. I somehow thought you helped the true story out a little. Now didn't you? Was it all just as you told it? Or am I wrong?"

"No," Gordon answered; "you are right. I did change it a little, in one particular."

"And what was that, may I ask?" said Arbuthnot.

"The man did not die," Gordon answered.

Arbuthnot gave a quick little sigh of sympathy. "Poor devil!" he said, softly; "poor chap!" He moved his left hand over and touched the hand of the girl, as though to reassure himself of his own good fortune. Then he raised his eyes to Gordon's with a curious puzzled look in them. "But then," he said, doubtfully, "if he is not dead, how did you come to get the chain?"

The girl's arm within his own moved slightly, and her fingers tightened their hold upon his hand.

"Oh," said Gordon, indifferently, "it did not mean anything to him, you see, when he found he had lost her, and it could not mean anything to her. It is of no value. It means nothing to any one—except, perhaps, to me."

GLIMPSES OF WESTERN ARCHITECTURE.

BY MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER.

III.—ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS.

IT is just thirty years since Anthony Trollope ascended the Mississippi to the head of navigation and the Falls of St. Anthony, and recorded his impressions of the works of nature and of man along the shores of that river. As might perhaps have been expected, he admired with enthusiasm the works of nature, and as might certainly have been expected, he found little to admire in the handiwork of man. "I protest that of all the river scenery that I know, that of the upper Mississippi is by far the finest and the most continued. One thinks, of course, of the Rhine; but, according to my idea of beauty, the Rhine is nothing to the upper Mississippi.... The idea constantly occurs that some point on every hill-side would form the most charming site ever yet chosen for a noble residence." Thus Trollope wrote of the upper Mississippi; and thus again of the "twin cities" that are the subject of our present inquisition: "St. Paul contains about 14,000 inhabitants, and, like all other American towns, is spread over a surface of ground adapted to the accommodation of a very extended population. As it is belted on one side by the river, and on the other by the bluffs which accompany the course of the river, the site is pretty and almost romantic." The other "twin" is so much the later born that to few Minneapolitans does it ever occur that it had even seen the light in 1861. "Going on from Minnehaha, we came to Minneapolis, at which place there is a fine suspension-bridge across the river, just above the Falls of St. Anthony, and leading to the town of that name. Till I got there I could hardly believe that in these days there should be a living village called Minneapolis by living men. I presume I should describe it as a town, for it has a municipality and a post-office, and of course a large hotel. The interest of the place, however, is in the saw-mills."

I do not mean to celebrate again the growth of St. Paul and Minneapolis from these small beginnings, which is the marvel even of the marvellous West. But for our immediate purpose it is necessary to bear in mind not only the rapidity of the growth of the two cities, but the intensity of the rivalry between them—a rivalry which the stranger hardly comprehends, however much he may have heard of it, until he has seen the workings of it on the spot. Indeed, it is scarcely accurate to describe the genesis of Minneapolis, in particular, as a growth at all. St. Paul has been developed from the frontier trading-post of the earlier days by an evolution the successive stages of which have left their several records, but Minneapolis has risen like an exhalation, or, to adopt even a mustier comparison, has sprung from the heads of its projectors full-panoplied in brick and mortar. There are traces of the village that Trollope saw, and there are the towering structures of a modern city, and there is nothing between. In this electric air, where there is so little "precipitation" in the atmosphere and so much in everything else, where "the flux of mortal things" is not a generalization of the mind, but a palpable fact of daily experience, where antiquity means the day before yesterday, and posterity the day after to-morrow, the present is the most contemptible of tenses, and men inevitably come to think and live and build in the future-perfect. A ten-story building in a ten-acre lot requires explanation, and this seems to be the explanation;—this, and the adjacency of the hated rival. In St. Paul the elevator came as a needed factor in commercial architecture, since the strip of shore to which the town was confined in Trollope's time still limits and cramps the business quarter, and leaves only the vertical dimension available for expansion. Towering buildings are the normal outcome of such a situation. Minneapolis, on the other hand, occupies a table-land above the river, which at present is practically unlimited. Although, of course, every growing or grown town must have a most frequented part—a centre where land is costlier than elsewhere and buildings rise higher—the altitude of the newest and tallest structures of Minneapolis could scarcely be explained without reference to the nearness of St. Paul, and the intensity of the local pride born of that nearness. If the physical necessities of the case prescribed ten-story

buildings in St. Paul, the moral necessity of not being outdone would prescribe twelve-story buildings for Minneapolis.

Evidently there could be no better places than the twin cities to study the development of Western architecture, or rather to ascertain whether there is any such thing. There seems to be among the Western lay populations a faith that there is, which is none the less firm for being a trifle vague, and this faith is shared by some of the practitioners of architecture in the West. In the inscrutable workings of our official architecture one of these gentlemen came to be appointed a few years ago the supervising architect of the Treasury. It is a measure of the extent and intelligence of the national interest in the art that this functionary, with little more than the official status of a clerk, and with no guarantee that he has any professional status whatever, has little less than the ædiliary powers of an Augustus. To have found a city of brick and to have left a city of marble is a boast that more than one supervising architect could have paraphrased in declaring that he found the government architecture Renaissance and he left it Gothic, or that he found it Gothic and he left it nondescript, while each successive incumbent could have declared that he found it and left it without architectural traditions and without architectural restraints. The ambition of the architect immediately in question was not sectarian so much as sectional. To him it seemed that a bureau had too many traditions which to other students seemed to have none at all. Not personally addicted to swearing to the words of any master, he considered that the influence of authority in his office was much too strong. He was himself from the remote West, and in an interview setting forth his hopes and purposes, shortly after he came into the office from which he was shortly to go out, he explained that "Eastern" conventionalities had had altogether too much sway in the previous conduct of the office, and that he meant to embody "Western ideas" in the public buildings. In the brief interval before his retirement he designed many monuments, from which one should be able to derive some notion of Western architectural ideas, and one of these is the government building at Minneapolis. This edifice is mainly remarkable for the multitude of ill-assorted and unadjusted features which it exhibits, especially for the "grand choice" of pediments which its fronts present—pediments triangular and curved, pediments closed and broken —and for the variety and multiplicity of the cupolas and lanterns and crestings by which the sky-line is tormented into violent agitation. The features themselves cannot be "Western," since they are by no means novel, the most recent of them dating back to Sir Christopher Wren, and it must be the combination or the remarkable profusion of "things" that constitutes the novelty and the Westerness which it was the mission of the author to introduce into our public architecture. The City Hall and Court-house in St. Paul is a large and conspicuous building, the more conspicuous for being isolated in the midst of an open square, and it is unfortunate in design, or the absence of it, the arrangement of its voids and solids being quite unstudied and casual, and the aggregation quite failing to constitute a whole. There are by no means so many features in it as in the government building at Minneapolis, nor are they classic; but the architect has introduced more "things" than he was able to handle, and they are equally irrelevant to the pile and to each other, especially the tower that was intended to be the culminating feature of the composition, but which fails to fulfil its purpose from any point of view, crowning as it does a recessed angle of the front. This also is a congeries of unrelated and unadjusted parts, and in the light of the illustrations of his meaning furnished by our official spokesman, this also may be admitted to be characteristically W——n. The same admission may reluctantly be made concerning the similar Chamber of Commerce, which consists architecturally of two very busy and bustling fronts, compiled of "features" that do not make up a physiognomy, and which stands upon a massive sash frame of plate-glass. As a matter of fact, these things have their counterparts in the East, only there they are not referred to the geography, but to the illiteracy or insensibility of the designer, and this classification seems simpler, and, upon the whole, more satisfactory.

Minneapolis has a compensation for its newness in the fact that when its public buildings came to be projected, the fashion of such edifices as these had passed away. If the work of Mr. Richardson

has been much misunderstood, as I tried to point out in speaking of the domestic architecture of Chicago, if its accidents have been mistaken by admiring disciples for its essence, even if its essential and admirable qualities do not always suffice to make it available as a model, it is necessary only to consider such buildings as have just been mentioned to perceive how beneficial, upon the whole, his influence has been, for it has at least sufficed to make such buildings impossible—impossible, at least, to be done by architects who have any pretensions to be "in the movement"—and it is hard to conceive that they can be succeeded by anything so bad. The City Hall of Minneapolis, for instance, was projected but a few years later than its government building, but in the interval Richardson's influence had been at work. That influence is betrayed both in the accepted design now in course of execution and in the other competitive designs, and it has resulted in a specific resemblance to the public building at Pittsburg which its author professed his hope to make "a dignified pile of rocks." The variations which the authors of the Minneapolis City Hall have introduced in the scheme they have reproduced in its general massing and in its most conspicuous features are not all improvements. By the introduction of grouped openings into its solid shaft the tower of Pittsburg is shorn of much of its power; nor can the substitution be commended in its upper stage of a modification of the motive employed by Richardson in Trinity, Boston, and derived by him from Salamanca, for the simpler treatment used in the prototype of this building as the culminating feature of a stark and lofty tower. The far greater elaboration of the corner pavilions of the principal fronts, also, though in part justified by the greater tractability of the material here employed, tends rather to confusion than to enrichment. On the other hand, the more subdued treatment of the curtain wall between the tower and the pavilions gives greater value and detachment to both, and is thus an advance upon the prototype; and the central gable of the subordinate front is distinctly more successful than the corresponding feature of Pittsburg, the archway, withdrawn between two protecting towers, of which the suggestion comes from mediæval military architecture. Observe, however, that the derivation of the general scheme of the building and of its chief features from an earlier work is by no means an impeachment of the architect's originality, provided the precedent he chooses be really applicable to his problem, and provided he analyze it instead of reproducing it without analysis. In what else does progress consist than in availing one's self of the labor of one's predecessors? If the Grecian builders had felt the pressure of the modern demand for novelty, and had endeavored to comply with it by making dispositions radically new, instead of refining upon the details of an accepted type, or if the mediæval builders had done the same thing, it is manifest that the typical temple or the typical cathedral would never have come to be built, that we should have had no Parthenon and no Cologne. The requirements of the Minneapolis building, a court-house and town-hall, are nearly enough alike to those of the county building at Pittsburg to make it credible that the general scheme of the earlier work may by force of merit have imposed itself upon the architect of the later. The general difference of treatment is the greater richness and elaboration of the newer structure, and this is a legitimate consequence of the substitution of freestone for granite, while the differences of detail and the introduction at Minneapolis of features that have no counterpart at Pittsburg suffice to vindicate the designer from the reproach of having followed his model thoughtlessly or with servility. So far as can be judged from the drawings, the municipal building of Minneapolis, when it comes to be finished, will be a monument of which the Minneapolitans will have a right to be proud for better reasons than mere magnitude and costliness.

Another work, this time completely executed, by the designers of the City Hall, the public library of Minneapolis, betrays also the influence of Richardson. The motive of the principal front, an arcade bounded by round towers and surmounted by a story of blank wall, was pretty evidently suggested by his unexecuted design for a similar building at Buffalo. The precedent here is perhaps not so directly in point, seeing that the effectiveness of an arcade increases with its length, and in a much greater ratio, and that the arcade here is not only much shorter than

in the projected building, but is still further shortened to the eye by being heightened and carried through two stories. The towers, too, would have been more effective had it been practicable to give greater solidity to their lower stages. Yet the building is distinctly successful, and its most happy feature, the gabled centre that includes the entrance, is one which illustrates the inventiveness of the designers, as well as their power of judicious selection and modification.

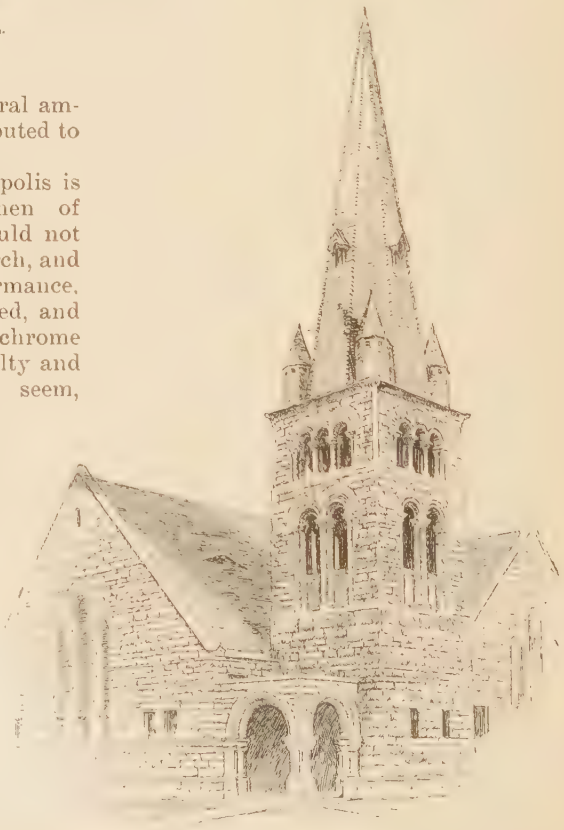
ENTRANCE TO PUBLIC LIBRARY, MINNEAPOLIS.
Long and Kees, Architects.

As was remarked in the paper on Chicago, the architectural activity of the West is not largely ecclesiastical, and the churches are for the most part as near to traditional models as their designers have the knowledge to bring them. In the Eastern States a great many interesting essays have been made towards solving the modern problem of a church in which the pulpit and not the altar is the central point of design, while yet retaining an ecclesiastical expression. There is an edifice in St. Paul called "The People's Church," in which the designer seems purposely to have avoided an ecclesiastical expression, and to have undertaken to typify in brick and stone the wild, free theology of the West. He has so far succeeded that nobody could possibly take the result of his labors for a church in the usual acceptation of the term, but this negative attainment does not yet constitute a positive architectural success. It may be that Western ideas in theology are thus far somewhat too sketchy to form a basis for the establishment of an architectural type, since mere negation is insusceptible of architectural expression. The People's Church does not lack, however, many of the qualities that should belong to every building as a building, apart from its destination. In spite of such unhappy freaks as that by which the stone basement merges into the brick superstructure with no architectural mark of the transition, and cuts the openings quite at random, or as that by which the brick wall, for a considerable but indefinite extent, is quite promiscuously aspersed with irregular bits of stone, it shows a considerable skill in the placing and detailing of features, and the disposition of the openings gives the principal front a grateful sense of stability and repose. The ample entrances designate it as a place of popular assembly, and possibly its religious purpose may be taken to be confessed, though somewhat shamefacedly, in the wheel-window at the centre of one front, and the tall traceried opening at the centre of the other, which are the only relics of ecclesiastical architecture that are suffered to appear. It is evident that it is a "People's" something, and possibly this is as near to a specification of its purpose as the neo-theologians have attained. In this case, as it is notoriously difficult for a man to give expression to an idea of which

THE PEOPLE'S CHURCH, ST. PAUL.
J. W. Stevens, Architect.

position and in the design of the features, especially in the open fenestration of the transept gable, and its strong contrast with the solider flanks of wall pierced only by the smaller openings that indicate the gallery staircases, the slope of which is also expressed in the masonry of the wall itself; and the low polygonal tower effectually unites and dominates the two fronts. The innovation in the treatment of detail, by which what is commonly the "wrought work" of a building in facile sandstone is left rough-faced, is a caprice that seems also to proceed from the pursuit of novelty, and that gains nothing in vigor for what it loses in refinement. A rough-faced moulding seems to be a contradiction in terms, yet here not only are the mouldings rough-faced, but also the columns and colonnettes, and the corbelled pinnacles that detach the tower and the gables, and it is only in the copings of these that the asperities of the sandstone are mitigated. Slovenliness is he is not possessed, the architectural ambiguity is assuredly not to be imputed to the architect.

A Unitarian church in Minneapolis is also an unconventional specimen of church architecture, though it could not be taken for anything but a church, and it is undeniably a vigorous performance, consisting of massive, well-divided, and "well-punched" walls in a monochrome of dark red sandstone. The novelty and the unconventionality, however, seem, both in composition and in detail, to have been sought rather than to have proceeded from the conditions of the problem, and the effect is so far marred by the loss of the naturalness and straightforwardness that justify a departure from convention. For example, even in a galleried church the division into two stories can scarcely be considered the primary fact of the building, though this division is the primary fact of this design, and is emphasized by the torus that is the most conspicuous moulding. For all that, there is much felicity in the general dis-



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, ST. PAUL.—Gilbert and Taylor, Architects.

not vigor, and in the coarsening of this detail the designer, in spite of having produced a vigorous and interesting work, exposes himself to the critical amenity bestowed by Dryden upon Elkanah Settle, that "his style is boisterous and roughhewn."

PUBLIC LIBRARY, MINNEAPOLIS.—Long and Kees, Architects.

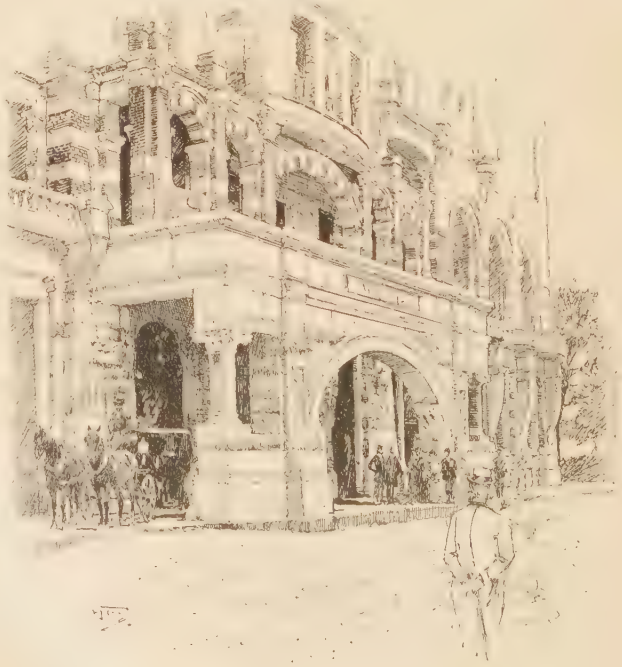
A more conventional and a quite unmistakable example of church building is a Presbyterian church in St. Paul, which follows the established ecclesiastical type, albeit with a recognition of the modern demand that a church shall be a good place in which to preach and to be preached to —a demand which here, as often elsewhere, is met by shortening the arms of the cruciform plan until the church is virtually limited to the crossing. It is no disparagement to the present design to say that in its general composition it seems to have been suggested by,—and at any rate it suggests,—an early and interesting work of Mr. Richardson's, a church in Springfield, Massachusetts, upon which it improves at some points, notably in the emphatic exposition of the masonic structure. At other points the variation is not so successful. The tower at Springfield with its attached turret, the entrance arch at its base, and the broach-spire with pinnacle detached over the squinches, is a very vigorous piece of design. In the corresponding feature at St. Paul the relation between the two superposed open stages is not rhythmic or felicitous, though each in itself is well modelled, and the transition from the tower to the shingled spire, marked by shingled pinnacles without a parapet, is distinctly unfortunate. For all that, the church is a studied and scholarly performance.

In the material and materializing development of the West it is not surprising that the chief object of local pride should not be the local church, but the local hotel. "Of course a large hotel" is now, as in Trollope's time, a necessary ingredient of a local "boom." In respect of architecture the large hotel of Minneapolis has a decided advantage over the large hotel of St. Paul. For the caravansary of the older town is an example of the kind of secular Victorian Gothic that was stimulated by the erection of Sir Gilbert Scott's Midland Hotel in London, than which a less eligible model could scarcely be put before an untrained designer, since there is little in it to redeem an uneasy and uninteresting design except carefully studied and carefully adjusted detail. This careful study and adjustment being omitted, as they are in the Hotel Ryan, and a multiplicity of features retained and still further confused by a random introduction of color, the result is a bewildering and saltatory edifice which has nothing of interest except the banded piers of the basement. The West House in Minneapolis is a much more considerable structure. It has a general composition, both vertically and laterally, consisting in the former case of three divisions, of which the central is rather the most important, and in the latter of an emphasis of the centre and the ends in each front and of a subordination of the intervening wall. Here also there is a multiplicity of features, but they are not so numerous or distributed so much at random as to prevent us from seeing the countenance,—for undeniably the building has a physiognomy, and that is in itself an attainment. In artistic quality the features are very various, and the one trait they seem to have in common is a disregard for academic correctness or for purity of style. This is

UNITARIAN CHURCH, MINNEAPOLIS.—L. S. Buffington, Architect.

mainly for the purpose of being supported. The impregnable criticism of the Vicar of Wakefield that the picture would have been better if the artist had taken more pains, is especially applicable to this edifice. It might have been both chastened and clarified by severer study, but it is a compliment to it, as American hotel architecture goes, to wish that it had been more carefully matured by its designer before being irretrievably executed. The interior presents several interesting points of design as well as of arrangement, but perhaps it owes its chief attractiveness to the rich and quiet

conspicuous in the main entrance, which is perhaps the most effective and successful of them, being a massive and powerful *porte cochère*, in which, however, an unmistakably Gothic dwarf column adjoins a panelled pilaster, which as unmistakably owes its origin to the Renaissance, and a like freedom of eclecticism may be observed throughout the building. In its degree this freedom may be Western, though a European architect would be apt to dismiss it indiscriminately as American, whereas an American architect would be more apt to ask himself, with respect to any particular manifestation of it, whether it was really, and not only conventionally, a solecism. In this place the conjunction does not strike one as incongruous, but there are other features in which the incongruity is real, such as the repeated projections of long and ugly corbels to support things that are pretty evidently there



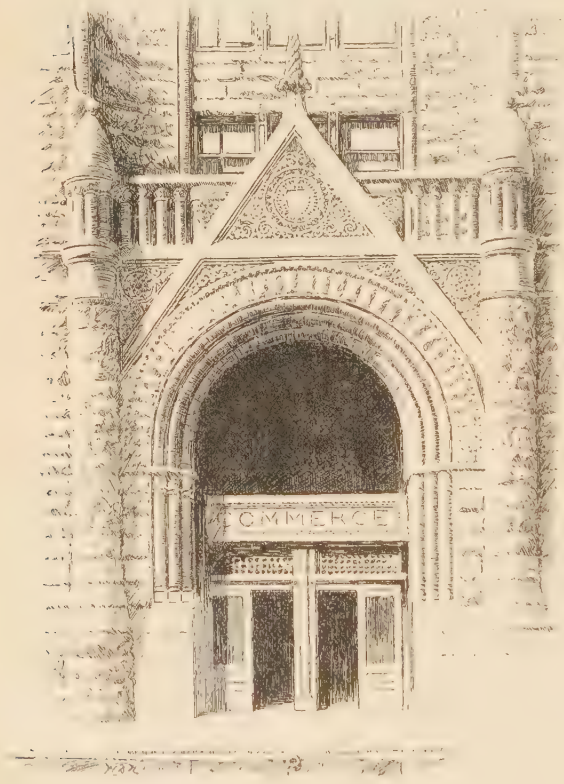
WEST HOTEL, MINNEAPOLIS.—L. S. Buffington, Architect.

decoration of those of its rooms that have been intrusted to Mr. Bradstreet, who for many years has been acting as an evangelist of good taste to the two cities, and who for at least the earlier of those years must have felt that he was an evangelist *in partibus*. The interior design and decoration of the Opera-house at Minneapolis are a yet more important illustration of his skill; but interiors are beyond the scope of this paper. For public works other than public buildings the two cities are not as yet very notable. The site of St. Paul makes a bridge across the river at this point a very conspicuous object, and perhaps nowhere in the world would a noble and monumental bridge be more effective. The existing bridges, however, are works of the barest utility, apparently designed by railroad engineers with no thought of anything beyond efficiency and economy, and they are annoying interruptions to the panorama unrolled to the spectators from the hill-side in the shining reach of the great river. Minneapolis has been more fortunate in this respect, although the river by no means plays so important a part in its landscape. The suspension-bridge of Trollope's time has, of course, long since disappeared, having been replaced by another, built in 1876 from the designs of Mr. Griffith, which was a highly picturesque object, and was perhaps the most satisfactory solution yet attained, though by no means a completely satisfactory solution, of the artistic problem involved in the design of a suspension-bridge—a problem which to most designers of such bridges does not appear to be involved in it at all. It is unfortunate that, although the Minneapolitans appreciated this structure as one of their chief municipal ornaments, they should have sacrificed it, whereas there could scarcely have been any insuperable difficulty in locating the site of the new bridge where the new exigencies demanded so that the old might be preserved. In another respect Minneapolis has derived a great advantage from the necessity of taking long views that is imposed upon her people by the conditions of their lives. This is the reservation, at the instigation of a few provident and public-spirited citizens, of the three lakes that lie in the segment of a circle a few miles inland from the existing city, and of the strip of land connecting them. Even now, with little improvement beyond road making, the circuit of the future parks is a delightful drive, and when Minneapolis shall have expanded until they constitute a bounding boulevard, the value of them as a municipal possession will be quite incalculable.

LUMBER EXCHANGE, MINNEAPOLIS.—Long and Kees, Architects.

The aspect of the commercial quarters of the two cities has more points of difference than of resemblance. The differences proceed mainly from the fact already noted that the commercial quarter

of St. Paul is cramped as well as limited by the topography, and that it is all coming to be occupied by a serried mass of lofty buildings, whereas the lofty buildings of Minneapolis are still detached objects erected in anticipation of the pressure for room that has not yet begun to be felt. It is an odd illustration of the local rivalry that although the cities are so near together, the architects are confined to their respective fields, and it is very unusual, if not unexampled, that an architect of either is employed in the other. Such an employment would very likely be resented as incivism. Eastern architects are admitted on occasion as out of the competition, but in the main each city is built according to the plans of the local designers. The individual characteristics of the busiest and most successful architects are thus impressed upon the general appearance of the towns, and go to widen the difference due to natural causes. The best examples of commercial architecture in Minneapolis, such as the Bank of Commerce, and the Lumber Exchange before its extension and heightening, have the same straightforward and severely business-like character as the buildings designed by Mr. Root in Chicago, and indeed they seem to owe not a little to suggestions derived from him. The entrance to the Lumber Exchange pretty distinctly recalls some of his entrances, and the manner in which the centre of the longer front is signalized also indicates an admiring study of Mr. Root's work. Here this is managed by projecting shallow oriels, carried through the five central stories of the building on each side of the ample opening in each story directly over the entrance, and by flanking this central bay in the upper division with narrow and solid turrets, corbelled and pinnacled. The scheme is not so effectively wrought out as it deserves to be, and as it might be. The central feature is not developed into predominance, and the main divisions of the building are no more emphasized in treatment than the divisions between the intermediate stories. The observer may recur to the Vicar of Wakefield to express his regret that the promise of so promising a scheme should not have been fulfilled, although, in spite of its shortcomings, the result is a very respectable "business block." These remarks apply to the original building, and not to the building as it has since been reconstructed by the addition of two stories, which throw out the relations of its parts, and make it difficult to decipher the original scheme. The Bank of Commerce is as frankly utilitarian as the Lumber Exchange, the designer having relaxed the restraint imposed upon him by the prosaic and pedestrian character of his problem only in the design of the scholarly and rather ornate entrances. For the rest, the architecture is but the expression of the structure, which is ex-



ENTRANCE TO BANK OF COMMERCE, MINNEAPOLIS.
Harry W. Jones, Architect.

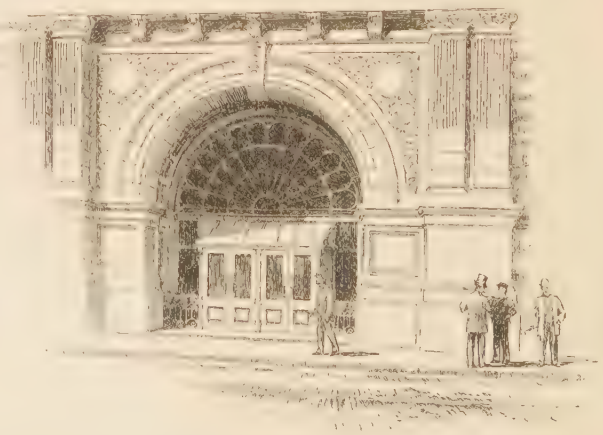
pressed clearly and with vigor. The longer front shows the odd notion of emphasizing the centre by withdrawing it, a procedure apparently irrational, which has, however, the compensation of giving value and detachment to the entrance at its base. The problem was much more promising than that of the Lumber Exchange, seeing that here, with an ample area, there are but six stories against ten, and it is out of all comparison better solved. The four central stories are grouped by piers continued through them and connected by round arches above the fifth, while the first and sixth are sharply separated in treatment, the former as an unmistakable basement, with a plain segment-headed opening in each bay, and the latter as an unmistakable attic, with a triplet of lintelled and shafted openings aligned over each of the round arches. The fronts are, moreover, distinguished, without in the least compromising the utilitarian purpose of the structure, by the use of the architectural devices the lack of which one deplores in the other building, insomuch that the difference between the two is the difference between a building merely blocked out and a finished building, and suggests again that the Lumber Exchange must have been designed under pressure. The building of the *Globe* newspaper in Minneapolis is a vigorous composition in Richardsonian Romanesque, excessively broken and diversified, doubtless, for its extent, but with interesting pieces of detail, and with a picturesque angle tower that comes in very happily from several points of view of the business quarter. The emphatic framing of this tower between two plain piers is a noteworthy point of design, and so is the use of the device that emphasizes the angles throughout their whole extent, while still keeping the vertical lines in subordination to the horizontal.

CORNER OF BANK OF COMMERCE, MINNEAPOLIS.

Among the business blocks of St. Paul the building of the *Pioneer Press* newspaper is eminent for the strictness with which the design conforms itself to the utilitarian conditions of the structure, and the impressiveness of the result attained, not in spite of those apparently forbidding conditions, but by means of them. Here also Mr. Root's buildings, to which this praise belongs in so high a degree, have evidently enough inculcated their lesson upon the designer of the present structure. An uncompromising parallelopiped of brown brick rears itself to the height of twelve stories, with no break at all in its outline, and with no architecture that is not evolved directly from the requirements of the building. One does not seem to be praising a man very highly to praise him for talking prose when he has a prosaic subject. A mere incompetency to poetry would apparently suffice to earn this moderate eulogy. Yet, in fact, nothing is much rarer in our architecture than the power to deny one's

THE GLOBE BUILDING, MINNEAPOLIS.
E. Townsend Mix, Architect.

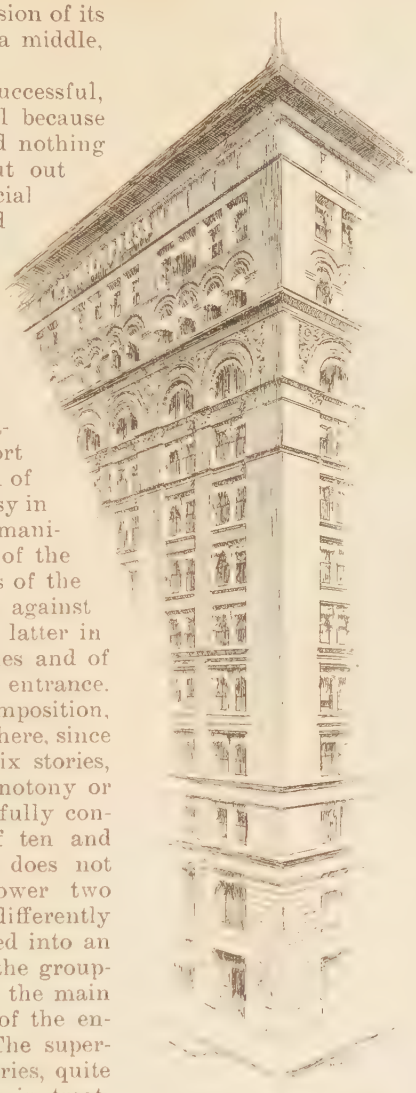
self irrelevant beauties. The *Pioneer Press* building is a basement of three stories, the first story of the brick-work counting in with the two-story substructure of masonry, carrying a superstructure of seven, crowned with an attic of two. This latter feature proceeds, doubtless, from the special requirement of a newspaper office superposed upon a business block, and it may be inferred that to this requirement is due the greater enrichment of the lower of the two attic stories—contrary to the usual arrangement, and testifying the architect's belief, mistaken or not, that the editorial function is of more dignity and worthier of celebration than the typographical. At any rate, the unusual disposition is architecturally fortunate, since it provides, in the absolutely plain openings of what is presumably the composing-room, a grateful interval between the comparative richness of the arcades beneath and of the cornice above. In the main front, the ample entrance at the centre supplies a visible motive for the vertical as well as for the subordinate lateral division. It is developed through the three stories of the basement, and it is recognized in a prolongation upward of its flanking piers through the central division, which is completed by round arches, the spandrels of which are decorated, and through the attic, so as to effect a triple division for the front. The unostentatious devices are highly effective by which the monotony that would result from an identical treatment of the seven central stories is relieved, while the impression made by the magnitude of such a mass is retained. The terminal piers are left entirely unbroken throughout all their extent, except for a continuous string course above the eighth story, which might better have been omitted, since it cuts the intermediate piers very awkwardly, and detracts from the value of the heavier string course only one story higher, that has an evident reason of being as the springing course of the arcade, while the intermediate piers are crossed by string courses above the fifth and the ninth stories, so as to give to the central and dominant feature of the main



ENTRANCE TO "PIONEER PRESS" BUILDING, ST. PAUL.
S. S. Beman, Architect.

composition a triple division of its own into a beginning, a middle, and an end.

The building is very successful, and the more successful because the designer has shirked nothing and blinked nothing, but out of this nettle, commercial demands, has plucked this flower, commercial architecture. The same praise of an entire relevancy to its purpose belongs to the Bank of Minnesota, a well-proportioned and well-divided piece of masonry, in spite of more effort at variety in outline, and of somewhat more of fantasy in detail. The former is manifested in the treatment of the roof, in which the gables of the upper story are relieved against a low mansard; and the latter in the design of these gables and of the rich and effective entrance. The problem, as one of composition, is very much simplified here, since the building is of but six stories, and the dilemma of monotony or miscellany which so awfully confronts the designers of ten and twelve story buildings does not present itself. The lower two stories, though quite differently detailed, are here grouped into an architectural basement, the grouping being emphasized in the main front by the extension of the entrance through both. The superstructure is of three stories, quite identical and very plain in treatment, and above is the lighter and more open fenestration of the gabled attic.



CORNER OF "PIONEER PRESS" BUILDING.

Of far more extent and pretension than this, being indeed perhaps the costliest and most "important" of all the business blocks of St. Paul, is the building of the New York Life-Insurance Company. In saying that the total impression of this edifice is one of picturesque quaintness, one seems to deny its typicalness, if not its appropriateness as a housing and an expression of the local genius, for assuredly there is nothing quaint about the Western business man or his procedures during business hours, however quaint and even picturesque one may find him when relaxing into anecdote in his hours of ease. The building owes its quaintness in great part to the division of its superstructure into two unequal masses flanking a narrow court, at the base of which is the main entrance. The general arrangement is not uncommon in the business blocks of New York. The unequal division into masses of which one is just twice as wide as the other looks capricious in the present detached condition of the building, though when another lofty building abuts upon it the inequality will be seen to be a sensible precaution to secure the effective lighting of the narrower mass, the light for the wider being secured by a street upon one side and by the court upon the other. Even so, this will not be so intuitively beheld as the fact of the inequality itself, and as the differences of treatment to which it gives rise and by which it is emphasized; for the quaintness resulting from the asymmetry is so far from being ungrateful to the designer that he has seized upon it with avidity, and developed it by all the means in his power. Quaintness is the word that everybody uses spontaneously to express the character of the Dutch and Flemish Renaissance, and the treatment of these unequal gables is obviously derived from Flemish examples. The origin of their crow steps and ailerons is unmistakable, and the treatment of the grouped and somewhat huddled openings, and their rounded pediments and bull's-eyes, rich-

BANK OF MINNESOTA, ST. PAUL.—Wilcox and Johnson, Architects.

ly and heavily framed in terra-cotta, is equally characteristic, to the point of being *baroque*. This character and the picturesqueness that results from it, although confined to the gables, give the building its prevailing expression. A massive basement of two stories in masonry carries the five stories of brick-work heavily quoined in stone that constitute the body of the building, and this is itself subdivided by slight but sufficient differences, the lower story being altogether of masonry and the upper arcaded. An intermediate story, emphatically marked off above and below, separates this body from the two-story roof, the gables of which we have been considering. The main entrance, which gives access to a stately and sumptuous corridor, seems itself extraneous to the building, having little congruity either with the straightforward and structural treatment of the main building, or with the bulbous picturesqueness of the gables. The care with which its detail is studied is evident, and also the elegance of the detail in its kind and in its place, but it does not seem to be in its place anywhere out-of-doors, and still less as applied to the entrance of a business block to which it is merely applied, and from which it is not developed. Its extreme delicacy, indeed, almost gives the impression that it is meant to be a still small voice of protest on the part of an "Eastern" architect against a "boisterous and roughhewn" Westernness. A still smaller voice of scholarly protest seems to be emitted by the design of the neighboring Endicott arcade, the voice of one crying, very softly, in the wilderness. So ostentatiously discreet is the detail of this building, indeed, so minute the scale of it, and so studious the avoidance of anything like stress, and the effort for understatement, that the very quietness of its remonstrance gives it the effect of vociferation.

> "He who, in quest of quiet, 'Silence!' hoots,
> Is apt to make the hubbub he imputes."

It seems to be a distinct expostulation, for example, with the architect of the Guaranty Loan building in Minneapolis, which has many striking details, not without ingenuity, and certainly not without "enterprise," but as certainly without the refinement that comes of a studied and affectionate elaboration, insomuch that this also may be admitted to be W——n, and to invite the full force of Dryden's criticism. The building in the exterior of which this mild remonstrance is made has an interior feature that is noteworthy for other qualities than the avoidance of indiscretion and overstatement, the "arcade," so called, from which it takes its name, a broad corridor, sumptuous in material and treat-

ment to the "palatial" point, one's admiration for which is not destroyed, though it is abated, by a consideration of its irrelevancy to a business block. The building of the New York Life in Minneapolis, by the same architects as the building of the same corporation in St. Paul, is more readily recognizable by a New-Yorker as their work. It is a much more commonplace and a much more utilitarian composition—a basement of four stories, of which two are in masonry, carrying a central division also of four and an attic of two, the superstructure being of brick-work. The two principal divisions are too nearly equal, nor does the change of material effected by building the upper two stories of the basement in brick-work achieve the rhythmic relation for the attainment of which it was doubtless introduced, but the structure is nevertheless a more satisfactory example of commercial architecture than the St. Paul building. Its entrance, of four fluted and banded columns of a very free Roman Doric, with the platform on consoles above, has strength and dignity, and is a feature that can evidently be freely exposed to the weather, and that is not incongruous as the portal of a great commercial building. A very noteworthy feature of the interior is the double spiral staircase in metal, that has apparently been inspired by the famous rood screen of St. Étienne du Mont in Paris, and that is a very taking and successful design, in which the treatment of the material is ingenious and characteristic.

TOP OF NEW YORK LIFE-INSURANCE BUILDING, ST. PAUL.
Babb, Cook, and Willard, Architects.

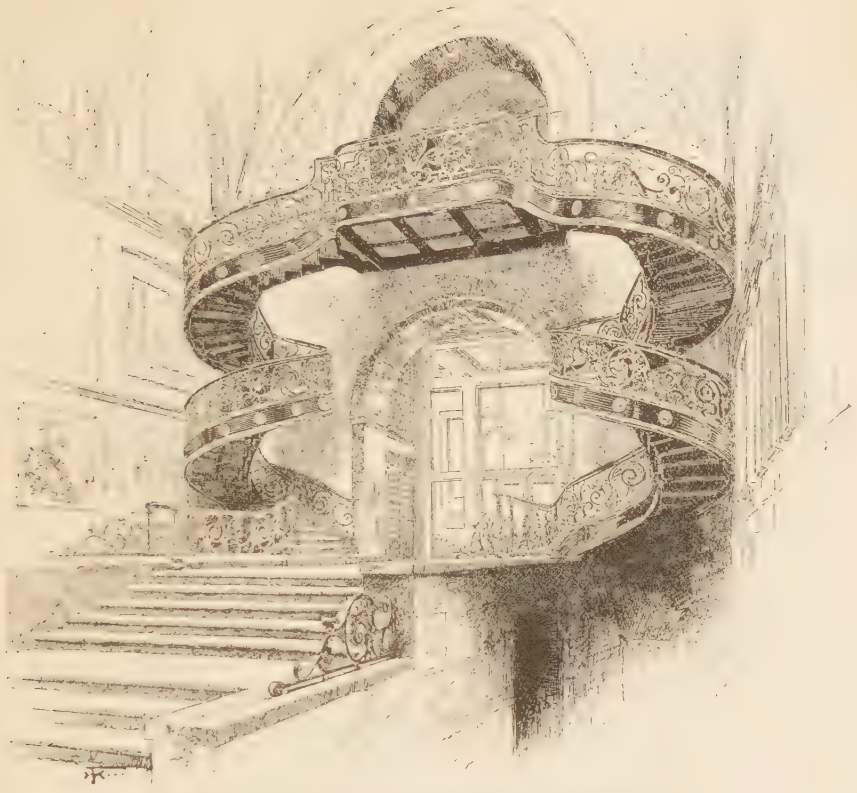
ENTRANCE TO NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING, ST. PAUL.

We have seen that the huddled condition of the business quarter of St. Paul, practically a disadvantage in comparison

NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING, MINNEAPOLIS.
Babb, Cook, and Willard, Architects.

with the spaciousness of Minneapolis, has become architecturally a positive advantage. The natural advantages with respect to the quarters of residence seem to be strongly on the side of St. Paul. The river-front at Minneapolis is not available for house-building, nor is there any other topographical indication of a fashionable quarter, except what is furnished by the slight undulations of the plateau. The more pretentious houses are for the most part scattered, and, of course, much more isolated than the towering commercial buildings. On the other hand, the fashionable quarter of St. Paul is distinctly marked out by nature. It could not have been established anywhere but at the edge of the bluff overhanging the town and commanding the Mississippi. Surely this height must have been one of those eminences that struck the imagination of Trollope when they were yet unoccupied. And now the "noble residences" have come to crown the hill-side, and really noble residences many of them are. There are perhaps as skilfully designed houses in the younger city, and certainly there are houses as costly; but there is nothing to be compared with the massing of the handsome houses of St. Paul upon the ridge above the river. Indeed, there are very few streets in the United States that give in as high a degree as Summit Avenue the sense of an expenditure liberal without ostentation, directed by skill, and restrained by taste. What mainly strikes a pilgrim from the East is not so much the merit of the best of these houses as the fact that there are no bad ones; none, at least, so bad as to disturb the general impression of richness and refinement, and none that make the crude display of "new money" that is to be seen in the fashionable quarters of cities even richer and far older. The houses rise, to borrow one of Ruskin's eloquent phrases, "in fair fulfilment of domestic service and modesty of home seclu-

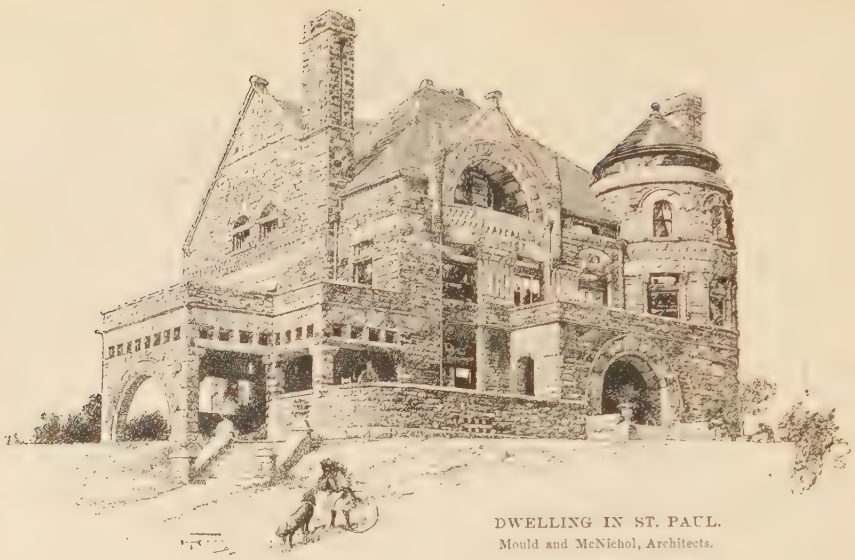
DWELLING IN MINNEAPOLIS.
Harry W. Jones, Architect.



VESTIBULE OF NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING, MINNEAPOLIS.

sion." The air of completeness, of finish, of "keeping," so rare in American towns, is here as marked as at Newport. In the architecture there is a wide variety, which does not, however, suffice to destroy the homogeneousness of the total effect. Suggestions from the Romanesque perhaps prevail, and testify anew to the influence of Richardson, though there are suggestions from the Renaissance and from pointed architecture that show scholarship as well as invention. The cleverness and ingenuity of a *porte cochère* of two pointed arches are not diminished by the likelihood that it was suggested by a canopied tomb in a cathedral. But, indeed, from whatever source the inspiration of the architects may have come, it is everywhere plain that they have had no intention of presenting "examples" of historical architecture, and highly unlikely that they would be disturbed by the detection in their work of solecisms that were such merely from the academic point of view. It is scarcely worth while to go into specific criticism of their domestic work. To illustrate it is to show that the designers of the best of it are quite abreast of the architects of the older parts of the country, and that they are able to command an equal skill of craftsmanship in the execution of their designs.

This does not answer our question whether there is any such thing as Western architecture, or whether these papers should not rather have been entitled, "Glimpses of Architecture in the West." The interest in this art throughout the West is at least as general as the interest in it throughout the East, and it is attested in the twin cities by the existence of a flourishing and enterprising periodical, the *Northwestern Architect*, to which I am glad to confess my obligations. It is natural that this interest, when joined to an intense local patriotism, should lead to a magnifying of the Westernness of such structures as are the subjects of local pride. It is common enough to hear the same local patriot who declaims to you in praise



DWELLING IN ST. PAUL.
Mould and McNichol, Architects.

of Western architecture explain also that the specimens of it which he commends to your admiration are the work of architects of "Eastern" birth or training. Now, if not in Dickens's time, the "man of Boston raisin'" is recognized in the West to have his uses. The question whether there is any American architecture is not yet so triumphantly answered that it is other than provincial to lay much stress on local differences. The general impression that the Eastern observer derives from Western architecture is the same that American architecture in general makes upon the European observer, and that is that it is a very much emancipated architecture. Our architects are assuredly less trammelled by tradition than those of any older countries, and the architects of the West are even less trammelled than those of the East. Their characteristic buildings show this characteristic equally, whether they be good or bad. The towering commercial structures that are forced upon them by new conditions and facilities are very seldom specimens of any historical style, and the best and the worst of them, the most and the least studied, are apt to be equally hard to classify. To be emancipated is not a merit,

PORTE COCHÈRE, ST. PAUL.—Wilcox and Johnson, Architects

and to judge whether or not it is an advantage, one needs to examine the performances in which the emancipation is exhibited. "That a good man be 'free,' as we call it," says Carlyle, in one of his most emphatic jeremiads—"be permitted to unfold himself in works of goodness and nobleness—is surely a blessing to him, immense and indispensable; to him and to those about him. But that a bad man be 'free'—permitted to unfold himself in *his* particular way—is, contrariwise, the fatalest curse you could inflict upon him; curse, and nothing else, to him and all his neighbors."

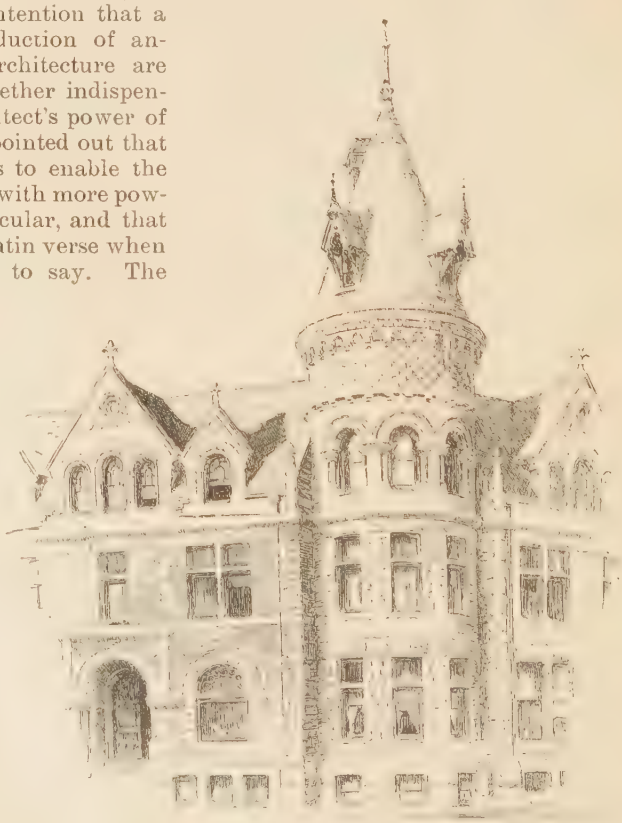
There is here not a question of morals, but of knowledge and competency. The restraints in architecture of a recognized school, of a prevailing style, are useful and salutary in proportion to the absence of restraint that the architect is capable of imposing upon himself. The secular tradition of French architecture, imposed by public authority and inculcated by official academics, is felt as a trammel by many architects, who, nevertheless, have every reason to feel grateful for the power of design which this same official curriculum has trained and developed. In England the fear of the archæologists and of the ecclesiologists operated, during the period of modern Gothic at least, with equal force, though without any official sanction. To be "ungrammatical," not to adopt a particular phase of historical architecture, and not to confine one's self to it in a design, was there the unforgivable offence, even though the incongruities that resulted from transcending it were imperceptible to an artist and obvious only to an archæologist. A designer thoroughly trained under either of these systems, and then transferred to this country as a practitioner, must feel, as many such a practitioner has in fact felt, that he was suddenly unshackled, and that his emancipation was an unmixed advantage to him; but it is none the less true that his power to use his liberty wisely came from the discipline that was now relaxed. The academic prolusions of the Beaux Arts, or the exercises of a draughtsman, have served their purpose in qualifying him for independent design. The advocates of the curriculum of the English public schools maintain that, obsolete as it seems, even the practice of making Latin verses has its great benefits, in imparting to the pupil the command of literary form and of beauty of diction. There are many

PORCH IN ST. PAUL.—Mould and McNichol, Architects.

FROM A DWELLING IN ST. PAUL.
Gilbert and Taylor, Architects.

examples to sustain this contention, as well as the analogous contention that a faithful study and reproduction of antique or of mediæval architecture are highly useful, if not altogether indispensable, to cultivate an architect's power of design. Only it may be pointed out that the use of these studies is to enable the student to express himself with more power and grace in the vernacular, and that one no longer reverts to Latin verse when he has really something to say. The monuments that are accepted as models by the modern world are themselves the results of the labors of successive generations. It was by a secular process that the same structural elements employed at Thebes and Karnac were developed to the perfection of the Parthenon. In proportion to the newness of their problems it is to be expected that the efforts of our architects will be crude; but there is a vast difference between the crudity of a serious and matured attempt to do a new thing and the crudity of mere ignorance and self-sufficiency. Evidently the progress of American architecture will not be promoted by the labors of designers, whether they be "Western" or "Eastern," who have merely "lived in the alms basket" of architectural forms, and whose notion of architecture consists in multiplying "features," as who should think to enhance the expressiveness of the human countenance by adorning it with two noses.

One cannot neologize with any promise of success unless he knows what is already in the dictionary, and a professional equipment that puts its owner really in posses-



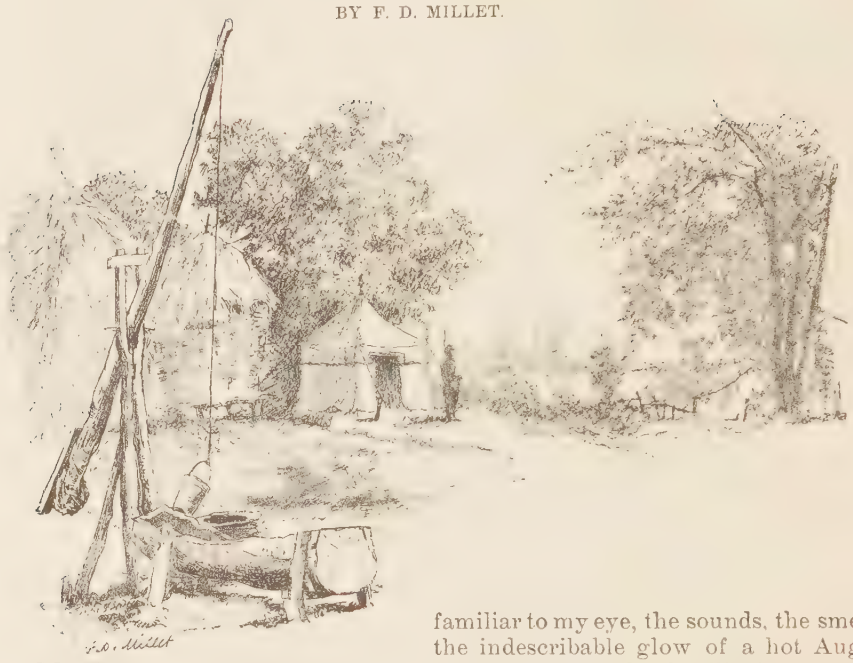
DWELLINGS IN ST. PAUL.
Wilcox and Johnson, Architects.

PORCH IN ST. PAUL.—A. H. Stem, Architect.

sion of the best that has been done in the world is indispensable to successful eclecticism in architecture. On the other hand, it is equally true that no progress can result from the labors of architects whose training has made them so fastidious that they are more revolted by the crudity of the forms that result from the attempt to express a new meaning than by the failure to make the attempt, and so conceal what they are really doing behind a mask of historical architecture, of which the elegance is quite irrelevant. This latter fault is that of modern architecture in general. The history of that architecture indicates that it is a fault even more unpromising of progress than the crudities of an emancipated architecture, in which the discipline of the designer fails to supply the place of the artificial check of a historical style. It is more feasible to tame exuberances than to create a soul under the ribs of death. The emancipation of American architecture is thus ultimately more hopeful than if it were put under academic bonds to keep the peace. It may freely be admitted that many of its manifestations are not for the present joyous, but grievous, and that to throw upon the individual designer the responsibility withheld from a designer with whom fidelity to style is the first duty is a process that fails when his work, as has been wittily said, "shows no more self-restraint than a bunch of fire-crackers." But these papers have also borne witness that there are among the emancipated practitioners of architecture in the West men who have shown that they can use their liberty wisely, and whose work can be hailed as among the hopeful beginnings of a national architecture.

A COURIER'S RIDE.

BY F. D. MILLET.



THE triangular opening of my tent framed in as peaceful and pastoral a landscape as ever met the eye. Between the trunks of tall deciduous trees the broad fertile vale, all opalescent with the summer haze, shimmered in the morning light, and the distant mountains were as blue as Oriental turquoises. To the right, on the shoulder of the hill where our camp was pitched, great fields of Indian-corn waved and rustled, although no breeze could be felt; to the left, a group of straw stacks and a thatched cow-shed contrasted pleasantly with the dense foliage of the trees. Birds were singing cheerily overhead, the lowing of cows and the bleating of sheep came up at intervals from the farm buildings below, and the caw of crows in the corn fields completed the chorus of peaceful melodies. In the shade the untrodden grass still sparkled with dew, although the sun was high and the air was already heavy with the odors of the August heat. As I lay there enjoying the delicious languor of mind and body after a dreamless sleep, I could scarcely realize that I was not in the heart of some prosperous New England farming district. The glistening leaves and nodding plumes of the corn so familiar to my eye, the sounds, the smells, the indescribable glow of a hot August morning, all made the illusion so complete that the realization came but slowly and painfully to my scattered senses. When I crept out of my shelter and looked around me, there was but little to break the homely character of the surroundings. General L——'s white-walled tent was, indeed, the only object, besides my own modest shelter, that was out of harmony in the rustic composition. General L—— was in command of a force of about fifteen hundred men, which held one of the numerous advance-posts of the Czarowitz's army on the Lom in the summer of 1877. After a reconnoissance the day before, we had encamped about nightfall in the outskirts of a Bulgarian village, on an eminence overlooking the valley in the direction of Rasgrad.

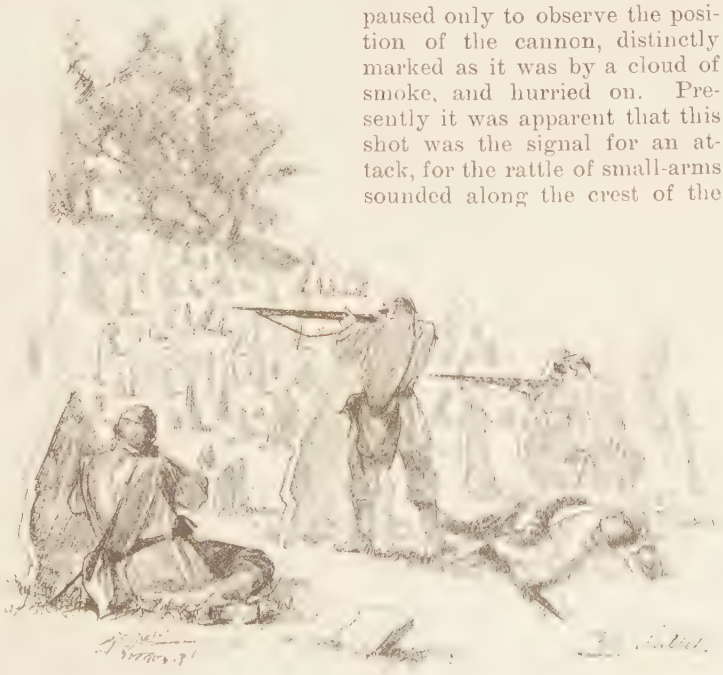
After a brief toilet I strolled around to the door of the General's tent, and found him just dressed and awaiting breakfast. While we were talking, the sound of one shot and then another echoed along the ridge and died away in successive waves of sound in the quiet valley. This was no unusual occurrence, and we paid no attention to it beside remarking on the delicious quiet of the morning. The samovar was soon brought, the teapot put on to draw, and we were just sitting

LINE OF BATTLE.

down at the camp table when a Cossack came galloping up, saluted, and delivered a short, incisive message. The General's eye brightened, and he called sharply for his horse, and proceeded to buckle on his sword and revolver, while I lost no time in making similar preparations to accompany him. Fortunately, as it afterwards turned out, my holsters and despatch-bag had not been removed from the saddle.

Without waiting for tea, or even for a bite of bread, we galloped off after the Cossack, and soon came to the line of videttes on the ridge to the left of the village. Here we found that horsemen had been moving down the slopes opposite at intervals since daybreak, that one of the Cossacks had fired at a moving object in the maize field, that the shot had been returned, and the Cossack killed. The whole line was in a state of expectancy and excitement, for the indications were plain enough that a general hostile movement was in progress. Through my glass I could see a few horsemen slowly moving along the foot of the hills across the vale some ten miles away, but a searching inspection of the corn fields disclosed no clouds of dust, nor anything to indicate the presence of the enemy there. The General looked rather anxious, but said only, "We may as well get our breakfast while we have the opportunity"; and we jogged off towards the camp.

A few hundred yards on our way we came to a ploughed field in front of the village cemetery, and had nearly crossed it when the dull report of a cannon caused us both to stop and turn around. Before we had time to recover from our surprise the screech of a shell filled the air, and with a crash the projectile fell between us in the soft earth, and burst, throwing up a mass of soft soil, covering us both with dust and dirt. We paused only to observe the position of the cannon, distinctly marked as it was by a cloud of smoke, and hurried on. Presently it was apparent that this shot was the signal for an attack, for the rattle of small-arms sounded along the crest of the



THE FIGHT IN THE CEMETERY.

ridge where we had been standing but a few minutes before, and at the same time the whole sky-line was broken by a dark irregular rank of men moving rapidly forward and in our direction, firing as they advanced, and half concealed by a canopy of smoke hovering in the heated air.

I am unable to chronicle the exact incidents of the next few minutes, for my excitement, not to say fear, was so overpowering that my actions were controlled by instinct rather than by reason. The fac-simile of a sketch made in my note-book at the time will sufficiently indicate the condition of my nerves. It may be as well to explain that the sketch covers two periods. The first outline was made while the Turks were firing from the ridge at the retreating videttes, and I added the dark lines on the field to represent the killed and wounded after our infantry had driven them back again for the first time.

THE CORN FIELD.

The main body of our force was encamped near the cemetery before spoken of, and the first shell probably was intended for the camp itself. At that moment the men were falling in for breakfast, and the surprise was so complete that they had scarcely time to seize their rifles and cartridge-boxes and deploy into the cemetery to take shelter behind the mounds and tombstones before the Turkish fire fell heavy upon them. The coolness of the line officers saved the situation, for they brought something like order out of the utter confusion and turmoil. Every one of them took a musket and ammunition and joined in the fight like the private soldiers. With perfect calmness many of them directed the men how to place themselves and how to sight their rifles, exposed to a fearful hail of bullets for several minutes before the shorter range of the Russian muskets would warrant the order to return the fire. Scores of wounded were hobbling to the rear and many were lying among the graves before a shot was fired against the enemy.

THE CHARGE.

Well sheltered by the ricks in a farmyard, I watched the fight with great anxiety until the Turks began to straggle back up the slope out of range, and then our men rallied and drove them over the crest, strewing the brown stubble field with dark bodies of dead and wounded. The fight meanwhile had been severe on the right, though I knew nothing of it, and the General was long since out of my sight. I was unable to reach my tent for the heavy fire across that part of the field, and, leading my horse, made my way around through the village to find a better point of observation.

The hot August day is still fresh in my memory as a period of mental intoxication, and the panorama that unrolls itself before my inner vision every time I think of it could not be adequately described without far exceeding the limits of space at my command. But as I am setting forth a few facts as a prelude to my account of a summer-day's ride, it will not be out of place to make brief allusion to the chief incidents which came within my limited range of observation.

The suddenness of the attack, and the overwhelming numbers opposed to us (for we afterwards learned that the Turkish army counted 35,000 infantry, 5000 cavalry, and 60 field-pieces), instead of demoralizing our small force, as might well have been expected, seemed, on the contrary, to excite a spirit of bitter animosity, which developed as the day went on, and became a tremendous stimulant of strength and energy, and made the resistance quite unparalleled in the history of the campaign. For hours the firing

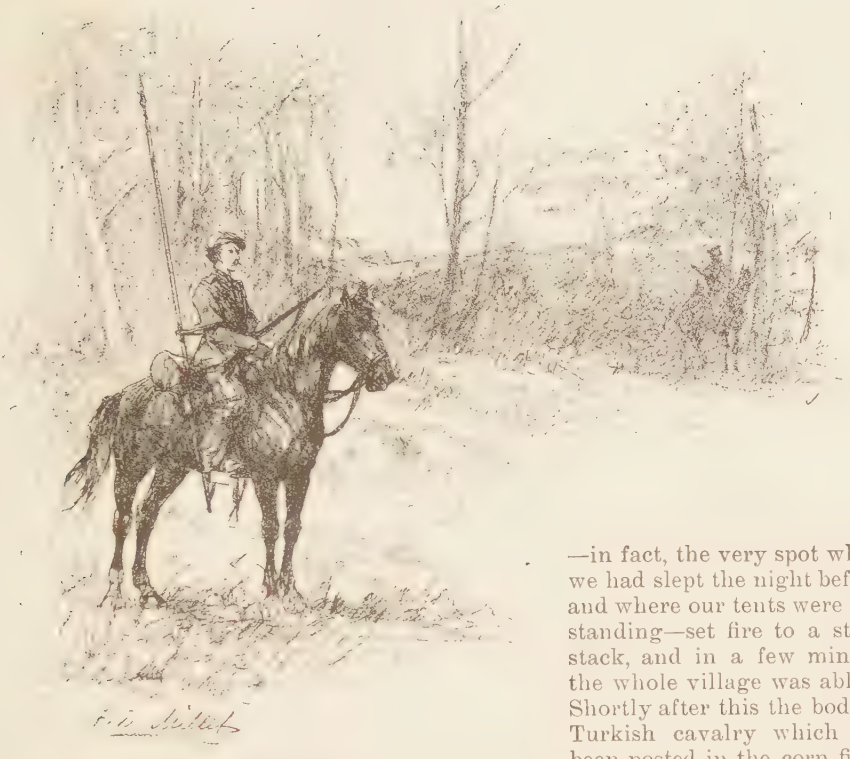
HOSPITAL.

was so continuous that it seemed impossible that there could be one Russian left. The tiny valley which was selected as a hospital, on account of a spring and some cow-sheds as well as for its sheltered position, was crowded half-way up the slopes on all sides with wounded and dead. The surgeon and his assistant looked like butchers, and early in the day were obliged to give all their attention to pressing cases of hemorrhage, and defer all special surgery until the action was over. Everything we possessed in the way of flannel, linen, or cotton was torn into bandages or made into tourniquets, but scores died for the lack of even these simple appliances.

Occasionally there would come a sudden pause in the noise of the conflict—a pause which was at once a relief and a despair, for our hearts stood still with dreadful expectancy that the battle was lost. During one of these pauses I was cautiously making my way through a corn field towards one part of the line where there had been a sharp struggle—cautiously, because the Turkish Circassians often crept up Indian fashion and got a shot at us — when I heard low voices near me. The waving maize was quite as high as my head and very dense, so I could see only a short way, even in the direction the rows were planted. Not daring to stir, I waited breathlessly until the voices became more audible, and I heard the welcome sound of the Russian tongue. Brushing aside the screen of corn leaves, I witnessed a strange and pathetic scene. Four infantrymen had just rescued their captain from the hands of the Turks, and, grievously wounded as he was, and stripped stark naked by the enemy, they had borne him thus far towards the hospital on a small springless cart. Even at that moment, in spite of all their rude but tender care, he had died from exhaustion and loss of blood. The poor fellows, with patient pathos in their voices, were now discussing whether to conceal the body there and return to the front, or to continue their way to the hospital, in the forlorn hope of surgical aid. They finally decided on the latter course, and as they toiled on, I noticed that every one of them was in real need of some surgical treatment himself.

The only cheerful incident of the fight was the arrival of two companies of infantry reserves, who succeeded in getting up about three o'clock in the afternoon. We were hunted and harassed, without food, with very little water, with no shelter from the heat, with rapidly diminishing ammunition, and horribly increasing list of dead and wounded, to say nothing of the numbers disabled by sunstroke. The fresh troops brought balm to every wound and new strength to every heart. With what joy and confidence we looked at their sturdy, honest faces as they laid down the loads of extra ammunition they had been carrying, and formed in line ready to advance over the crest of the hill! How invincible they looked, their ranks as yet unbroken, their fresh white uniforms as yet unstained by blood

THE RESERVES.



A COSSACK OUTPOST.

and the grime of battle! The General and one of the Colonels, with myself, distributed fresh ammunition to a large part of our now contracted line as the men lay flat in a cart path along the crest of the hill, where the assault had been the heaviest. I have reproduced (page 757) the tremulous sketch I made of the line at the time.

An hour or so after the arrival of the reserves, in order to protect our left and assist in covering our retreat—for, to our joy, we saw the black masses of the main body of Russian troops marching over the hill-sides four or five miles in our rear—the General decided to set fire to the village. Six times in the course of the day had the enemy driven us from this wretched collection of wattled and thatched hovels, which, from its position, formed the left heel of the little horseshoe we were defending. Scores of men had fallen there, and although neither side had at any time an important number of men at that point, it had been the scene of almost constant fighting. At the request of the General, I took a Cossack, and gaining the outskirts of the village —in fact, the very spot where we had slept the night before, and where our tents were still standing—set fire to a straw stack, and in a few minutes the whole village was ablaze. Shortly after this the body of Turkish cavalry which had been posted in the corn fields to threaten our line of retreat was slowly withdrawn, and by nightfall the remnants of our little force were in camp with the main body, having left on the battle-field all our baggage and camp equipage.

I had not seen my courier since he had saddled my horse in the early morning, nor, indeed, did I lay eyes on him for a fortnight afterwards, for the engagement I have just described was but one of a series of disasters for that army, and the beginning of a general retreat all along the line, with attendant confusion and complete disorganization. There was nothing for me to do, then, but to carry to Bucharest myself the account of the battle for the newspaper I was serving, a duty which I usually intrusted to the courier, who was with me for that purpose.

There was very little sleep in the camp that night, at least among the staff-officers, for frequent reports came in to the General of the Division, and I was able to gather a great deal of material for my account of the battle, and to add to the facts under my own limited observation, incidents in the experience of others who were in different points of the field. By

DESERTED BULGARIAN VILLAGE.

daybreak my account was written out in shape for transmission by telegraph.

It was almost seventy miles to the river, and although one of the main highways from the Danube to the Balkans was within twenty-five miles of our camp, I found I should be unable to follow it very far, because it was held by the Turks for a long distance south of the river. The first part of my journey was quite unknown to me, and not being able to procure a guide, I had to rely on the compass and an indifferent map. Feeling quite confident that the route would be more or less safe, inasmuch as it was, so far as I could ascertain, entirely within the line of Russian outposts, I asked for no escort, and could, of course, rely on no precautions against meeting the enemy except my own watchfulness and caution. Capture was almost certain death, for the Turks spared few prisoners, and the Turkish Circassians, insane with venomous hatred against the Russians, were as savage and as relentless as Indians. My horse was a medium-sized mare, with a good strain of Arabian blood, a good galloper, and, what was better, a fast walker. Of her powers of endurance I knew nothing, for I had only recently purchased her of another correspondent, who found her too uneasy to ride with comfort. I could not lay hands on any provisions for myself except half a Bulgarian ash-cake, but succeeded in begging enough barley for two feeds for the horse, and slung the same in bags on the saddle, Cossackwise. A despatch-bag, with note-books and writing materials, and a revolver, at once a safeguard and a source of danger, completed my outfit. The General provided me with a pass written on a scrap of paper, and I had my card of identification from the Czar's headquarters. When the sun rose I was well out of sight of the range of hills we occupied, and in the midst of rolling, well-wooded country. The road was but a country cart track, which wound and forked and branched in the most puzzling manner, and I could proceed but slowly. The morning quiet was undisturbed except by the song of birds and the footsteps of my horse. Under other circumstances the peaceful solitude would have been delightful, but now it filled me with anxiety and foreboding. Where were the Russian videttes? Where were the smoke of camp fires and the cheery song of the Cossack?

In the beginning I made a point of dismounting every hour, loosening the girths, and walking ten minutes or more, studying at the same time the topography of the country, and trying to harmonize it with the indications on the map. But after two or three hours I got so nervous at my slow progress and at my failure to keep in touch with the Russian outposts that I gave up this plan of travel, although I knew it was much better for the horse, and pushed ahead with anxious speed. About ten o'clock I came in sight of the first Bulgarian village, the usual cluster of thatched roofs and ricks, and I paused a moment before entering it,

FLAT-BOAT ON THE DANUBE.

to discover, if possible, where the Cossacks were quartered. There was no sign of life there except light wreaths of smoke from one or two chimneys, and I saw, to my dismay, as I trotted through the dusty street, that the houses were all deserted. Both puzzled and disturbed by this fact, I did not stop even to water my horse, but took the road that led in the direction I was going. Just outside of the village, at the right of the road, lay the figure of a man stretched on the grass, and I instinctively paused to examine it. To my horror I soon saw that it was a Turkish soldier, grievously wounded, lying flat on his back, his brawny chest half bare, his shirt all matted and stiff with blood, and swarms of flies on his face and body. He was still breathing, but unconscious, and it was a relief to me to observe that the blood on his shirt was quite dry in places, proving that he had been wounded and left for dead some hours before. The struggle between pity and selfishness was brief. I hardened my heart, and, somewhat ashamed of my inhumanity, rode on without attempting to succor the poor wretch, too much concerned for my own safety to risk a moment's delay.

This was a position I had feared, but had not anticipated. The desertion of the village could have been explained by the fact that the inhabitants often fled *en masse* at the approach of either army; but the wounded Turk, while he bore grewsome testimony to a very recent collision between hostile parties there, did not give any indication whether the place was in the occupation of Turks or of Russians. I tried to revive my confidence in the imaginary line of Russian videttes to the eastward, but the belief grew stronger as I advanced that I was actually between the lines, and that it lay with chance which outposts I should meet first. If, as was probably the case, I was crossing the field of operations of flying columns of both sides, my best, indeed my only course was to keep on my way. My courage, being, as I am sure it is with most men, largely of the touch-elbow order, was not stimulated by the sight of the wounded Turk. Indeed, there is no more shocking and disturbing spectacle, even in war-time, than a solitary victim of the conflict away from the dramatic surroundings of the battle-field. I almost felt as if this wounded man and I had been carrying on the war between us.

A second and a third deserted village were passed within the next hour, but, fortunately for my nerves, no more wounded men lay across my path. The heat was now intense and pitiless, but, with eyes keen to discover any signs of dust clouds in the landscape, and ears acutely pitched to catch any sound, I pushed on until a green valley, two miles or more in length, distinctly marked the boundary of the wooded region. The road followed the course of a brook which had eaten its way deep into the soil. Half-way down the valley I halted, watered and fed my horse, and ate my simple luncheon of putty-like ash-cake. I had just tightened the girths after this brief halt when two mounted Turkish Circassians came slowly along around a turn in the road below me. I cannot say which party was the more surprised, but there is little doubt which was the more frightened. Before any definite plan of action occurred to me, I was galloping off up the road I had come, and the two Circassians were clattering after me as fast as their ponies could carry them.

Between me and the low hills to the westward ran the deep narrow brook, and after galloping a hundred yards or more, half in despair and half in confidence, I reined the mare to the right across a little corner of turf where a bend of the stream carried it away from the road. When she saw the obstacle, the points of her ears almost touched each other, her body seemed to swell, and I knew I was safe. With the ease of a steeple-chaser she took the brook in her stride, and we were off across the meadow and up the ravine beyond in a few seconds. The Circassians drew up at the brook, or their ponies refused the jump, for I was well out of range before they dismounted, unslung their rifles, and wasted cartridges at me. Within two minutes I met a party of Don Cossacks scampering down the hill-side to investigate the cause of the firing. One of them accompanied me back to their camp, while the others went down to interview the ruffians who had fired at me.

It was now about one o'clock, and I had more than half of my journey still before me. The major commanding the little scouting party of Cossacks was intelligent and sympathetic, but had no more knowledge than myself of the best route to reach the river and avoid the Turks. He agreed with me, however, that it was safer for me to cross the highway and

push on to the river higher up towards Sistova than to try to cross anywhere near the ferry on the regular route. My ambition for adventure was fully satisfied, and I left the camp with reluctance, the certainty of scoring an excellent beat over my threescore competitors outweighing all faint-hearted arguments.

The country was now beautifully rolling and fertile, with few or no trees, and with sparse houses hidden away in tiny valleys. Behind me the wooded hills lay in dark broken masses, over which swept the purple shadows of summer clouds, and far away in the southern horizon the serrated summits of the Balkans rose clear and sharp against the sky. Along the dusty ribbon of the highway which I crossed a few miles west of the Cossack camp there was no sign of life as far as the eye could follow the line of telegraph poles into a distant perspective. Trusting to my compass, I rode straight across the country towards the Danube, intending to avoid all villages and roads as far as I could without too much increasing the distance.

As the afternoon wore on, the slant rays of the sun seemed to increase in intensity, and punished both rider and horse severely. The poor animal began to show unmistakable signs of great fatigue, and I became at times quite giddy and faint from the heat, and from both nervous and physical exhaustion. The distance seemed interminable, and our speed materially decreased, for I was obliged to dismount and walk up and down every declivity. Not a human being did I meet the whole of that afternoon. The farm-houses were deserted except by hyena-like dogs, who slunk away and barked at me after I had passed. There were no villages on the route, for I purposely avoided the main roads. The solitude, welcome as it was in one way, became oppressive and disheartening. The cruel heat, the nervous strain of two long days and a sleepless night, the insufficient food and unusual fatigue, so far tarnished the lustre of anticipated success that there were moments when it seemed as if it were useless to go another furlong. But as the sun got low my spirits rose, for I knew the Danube could not be far away, and even at the rate I was proceeding must be reached before dark. Indeed, before the rosy tinge of sunset had dissolved the blue of the western sky, a shimmer of silver in the distance cheered me as if it marked a haven of rest, and not an obstacle in my path. After a few miles more, half walking, half riding, encouraging my tired horse, and consoling myself that in all probability I should find a Russian ferry at the river, I reached a large Bulgarian village, which I saw, long before I came to it, was inhabited by natives and not by troops. There I found that the Russians had left early in the day, and that the Turks had not been heard of. The village had been used as a small ferry station for the transportation of troops and stores, and although the post had been abandoned, there was still a small body of Russians guarding stores on an island in the river.

The only boat left on this side of the stream was one of the ferry flat-boats. A plank was stove in the side of her, and of course there was no means of repairing it. I was determined to cross the river, even if I had to use the boat as a raft, so I hastily made a bargain with the old Bulgarian who seemed to be the head man of the village, hid my bridle and saddle in his rick-yard, and turned my mare out among his ponies and cattle to bury her nose in the barley chaff. I will so far digress as to say that later in the season I recovered the mare from some Russian Circassian Cossacks who had stolen her, and in midwinter had the pleasure of assisting the friendly old Bulgarian in a time of great distress.

We launched the wrecked boat, and soon I found that it would be better to ballast her one side, so as to keep the broken plank out of the water, than to try to paddle her as a raft. There was only one oar, but I cut a notch in the stern-board to serve as a scull hole, and was almost as well off as if I had two; indeed, rather better, for with the great list my ballast gave her, it would have been impossible to row with two oars. It was quite dark before these preparations were completed, and shaking hands with the old villager, I dragged the clumsy craft a long way up the shore to take best advantage of the current, and then pushed off. Fortunately it was a quiet evening, and there were no waves except those caused by the eddies of the current. Sweeping down stream with great rapidity, and then luckily getting into a back eddy as the bulk of the water struck a shoal below the island, I reached the land with little difficulty, tied the boat to the bushes, and scrambled ashore.

For a long time I stumbled and struggled through the swamp before I shouted for guidance; but after a few falls and many scratches I began to halloo, and by the answering cries found my way, with no little toil, to the Russian camp. Of course, under the circumstances, I had little difficulty with the guard, for there was no doubt of my peaceful intentions; but in the person of the lieutenant commanding the post I met an obstacle more difficult to overcome, more aggravating and aggressive in its character, than any I had encountered during the whole day. He was brutal, stupid, and half drunk, deaf to explanation, ignorant of my profession and mission, although my papers explained both, and, to my inexpressible disappointment and disgust, refused to believe anything I said, and proposed to keep me prisoner until next day, when he should be relieved. He sent two men to look for my boat, posted a guard over me, and began to drink his tea without so much as suggesting any hospitality. By lucky chance I caught sight of the number of the regiment on one of the men's shoulder-straps, and a reference to my note-book found the name of the Colonel, whom I had met in the Dobrudscha campaign two months before. This gave me a basis for renewed argument, and to the strength of my new proofs of identity he at last made an ungracious surrender, probably as much to get rid of me as for any other reason, and ordered four men to row me to the north bank, and to lead me to the Colonel. The two hours' delay was more fatiguing than an additional ride of twenty miles would have been.

When we landed, the stupid infantrymen left me to find my way alone across the marshes to the bluff where the camp fires were blazing, either misunderstanding the orders of the lieutenant, or wise enough to know I could reach terra firma only by passing the guard. I floundered in the darkness over the morass a good mile before I heard the welcome challenge on the height. The officer on duty not only recognized my pass, but was very much interested in my story, and insisted on my repeating it to the Colonel, while he procured me a carriage from the posting-house to take me to the railway, twenty miles down the river. After tea and supper with the Colonel, I slept soundly the whole distance to the railway station, and, indeed, the forty miles further by train to Bucharest, having beaten the Russian military couriers by a whole day. That same night I recrossed the Danube by a military ferry, and was on my way back to find my courier in the hurly-burly of a retreating and disorganized army.

AN IMPERATIVE DUTY.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

XI.

THE day of the funeral Bloomingdale arrived. None of his family had come to the last rites, though Olney had made it a point both of conscience and of honor to let them know when and where the ceremony would take place. He felt that their absence was an expression of resentment, but that it was a provisional resentment merely. There was a terrible provisionality about the whole business, beginning with the provisional deposition of the dead in the receiving-vault at Mount Auburn, till it could be decided where the long-tormented clay was finally to rest. Every decision concerning the affair seemed postponed, but he did not know till when; death had apparently decided nothing; he did not see how life should.

Bloomingdale came to see him in the evening, after dinner. His steamer had been late in getting up to her dock, and he had missed the first train on to Boston. He explained the fact briefly to Olney, and he said he had come directly to see him. He recalled their former meeting in Florence, but said, with somehow an effect of disappointment, that he had taken an older man whom he had seen at Professor Garofalo's for Dr. Olney. On his part Olney could have owned to an equal disappointment. He remembered perfectly that Mr. Bloomingdale was a slight, dark man; but the composite Bloomingdale type, from the successive impressions of his mother's and sisters' style, was so deeply stamped in his consciousness that he was surprised to find the young minister himself neither

* Begun in July number, 1891.

large nor blond. His mind wandered from him to the father whom he had never seen, but who had left so distinct a record of himself in his son, and not in his daughters, as fathers are supposed usually to do. Then Olney's thoughts turned to that whole vexed question of heredity, and he lost himself deeply in conjecture of Rhoda's ancestry, while Bloomingdale was feeling his way forward to inquiry about her through explanation and interest concerning Mrs. Meredith, and a fit sympathy, a most intelligent and delicate appreciation of the situation in all its details. Before the fact formulated itself in his mind Olney was aware of feeling that this man was as different from his family in the most essential and characteristic qualities as he was different from them in temperament and complexion.

"And now about Miss Aldgate, Dr. Olney," he said, with a kind of authority, which Olney instinctively, however unwillingly, admitted. "I shall have to tell you why I am so very anxious to know how she is—how she bears this blow. I am afraid my mother betrayed to you the hurt which she felt that Miss Aldgate should not have turned to her in her trouble; but I can understand how impossible it was she should. Without reflecting upon my mother at all for her feeling—for I can see how she would feel as she does—I must say I don't share it. While Miss Aldgate was still uncertain about—about myself—it was simply impossible that she should receive any sort of favor or kindness from my family even in such an exigency as this. It would have been indelicate; it must have been infinitely easier for her to accept the good offices of a total stranger, as she has done. Dr. Olney, I have to ask *your* good offices—and I have first to make you a confidence, as my reason for asking them. I'm *sure* you will understand me!"

In the fervor of his feeling the young man's voice trembled, and Olney felt himself moved with a curious involuntary kindness for him—the sort of admiring pity which men have been said to feel toward a brave foeman they mean to fight to the death. "I had a very great hope—and I think I had grounds for my hope—that Miss Aldgate would have consented to be my wife when she met me, if this terrible visitation—if all had gone well." The words sent a cold thrill through Olney's heart, and the mere suggestion that Rhoda could be anybody's wife but his own steeled it against this pretender to her love. "I offered myself to her in Liverpool before she sailed, and she was to have given me her answer here when we met. Now, I don't know what to do. I don't know anything. The whole world seems tumbled back into chaos. I can't urge anything upon her at such a time. I'm not even sure that I can decently ask to see her. And yet if I don't, what may not she think? Can't you help me in this matter? You were Mrs. Meredith's physician, and you stand in a sort of relation to Miss Aldgate that would authorize you to let her know that I am here, and very anxious to know what her wish—her will—is as to our meeting. It might not be professional, exactly, but—I came to you with the hope that it might be possible. Does it seem asking too much? I should be very sorry—"

Olney saw that the man's sensitiveness was taking fire, and in spite of his resentment of a request which set aside all his own secret hopes and intentions as nonexistent, he could not forbear a concession to his unwitting rival's generous feeling. "Not at all," he said; "but I doubt my authority to intervene in any way. I have no right—"

"Only the right I've suggested," the young man urged. "I wouldn't have you assume anything for my sake. But I know that the circumstances are more than ordinarily distressing, and that Mrs. Meredith's death came in a way that might make Miss Aldgate afraid that—that—there might be some shadow of change in me on account of them. At such times we have misgivings about everybody; but I wish it to be understood that *no* circumstance could influence my feeling toward her."

"I don't know whether I understand you exactly," said Olney, with a growing dread of the man's generosity.

"Why, I suppose, from what I have been able to learn, that poor Mrs. Meredith committed suicide."

"Not at all," Olney promptly returned. "There is no evidence of that. There's every indication that she simply took an overdose of the medicine I prescribed. It wouldn't have killed her of itself, but her forces were otherwise weakened."

"I'm glad, for her sake, to hear it," said Bloomingdale, "but it would have made no difference with me if it had been different. If she had taken her life in a fit of insanity, as I inferred, it would only have made me more constant in the feeling. There is no conceivable disadvantage which would not have endeared Miss Aldgate more to me. I could almost wish for the direst misfortune, the deepest disgrace," he went on, while the tears sprang to his eyes, "to befall her, if only that I might show her that it counted nothing against her, that it counted everything for her!"

Olney's heart sank within him, and he felt guilty before this unselfish frankness, which, if a little boyish, was still so noble. He knew very well that if such a lover could be told everything, it would not matter the least to him; that the girl might be as black as ebony, and his passion would paint her divinely fairer than the lily. Olney knew this from his own thoughts as well as from the other's words; he was himself like the spirit he conceived;

"Du gleichst dem Geist dem du begreifst."

But he was aware of an instant purpose not to let his rival be brought to the test; and he was aware at the same time of a duty he had to let him somehow have his chance. "After all," he reflected, "what reason have I to suppose that she ever cared a moment for me, or ever could care? Very likely she likes this fellow; he is lovable; he is a fine fellow, though I hate him so; and what right have I to stand between them? He must have his chance." When he came to this point he said aloud, coldly, "I don't understand what you expect me to do."

"Nothing! Only this: to let me go and see the lady with whom Miss Aldgate is staying, and learn from her whether and when Miss Aldgate will see me. That's all I can reasonably ask. I ought to ask as much if I meant to give her up—and it's all that I ask meaning never to give her up. Yes, that's all I can ask!" he repeated, desperately.

"That will be a very simple matter," said Olney. "Miss Aldgate is with Mrs. Atherton, at Beverly. I can give you her address, and my card to her."

"Yes, yes! Thank you — thank you ever so much. But—but if I present myself without explanation, what will this lady think?"

"She'll give your name to Miss Aldgate, and that will be explanation enough," said Olney, finding something a little superfine in this hesitation, and refusing to himself to be the bearer of any sort of confidences to Mrs. Atherton, who would be only too likely to take a romantic interest in the devoted young minister. Olney meant to give him an even chance, but nothing more.

"True!" said Bloomingdale, nervously gnawing his lip. "True!" He drew a long breath, and added, "Of course, I can't go now till morning."

Olney said nothing as to this. He was writing on his card Mrs. Atherton's address and the introduction for Bloomingdale which he combined with it. He had resolved to go down himself that night. Bloomingdale clung fervently to his hand in parting.

"I can never thank you enough!" he palpitated.

"You have very little to thank me for," said Olney.

XII.

If Mrs. Atherton thought it strange of Dr. Olney to drive up to her sea-side door at half past nine, out of a white fog that her hospitable hall lamp could pierce only a few paces down the roadway, she dissembled her surprise so well that he felt he was doing the most natural thing, not to say the most conventional thing, in the world. She was notoriously a woman of no tact, but of so much heart that where it was a question at once of friendship and of romance, as the question of Dr. Olney and of Miss Aldgate was with her, she exercised a sort of inspiration in dealing with it. She put herself so wholly at the service of their imagined exigency that she now made Olney feel his welcome most keenly: a welcome which expressed that she would have been equally glad and equally ready to receive him in her sweet-matted, warm-rugged, hearth-fire-lit little drawing-room, if he had as suddenly appeared at half past two in the morning. The Japanese portière had not ceased tinkling behind him when she appeared through it, with outstretched hand. She promptly refused his excuses. "I really believe I was somehow expecting you to-night; and I'm ashamed that Mr. Atherton isn't up to bear witness to my presentiment. But he's had rather a tiresome day, in town, and he's gone to

bed early. I'm glad to say that Miss Aldgate has gone to her room, too. She's feeling the reaction from the tension she's been in, and I hope it will be a complete letting down for her. Have you heard anything more from those strange people? Very odd they shouldn't any of them have come on!"

Mrs. Atherton meant the St. Louis connections of Mrs. Meredith, and Olney said, with an embarrassed frown, "No, they haven't made any sign yet."

"The strange thing about a tragedy of this kind is," Mrs. Atherton remarked, "that you never can realize that it's ended. You always think there's going to be something more of it. I suppose I was thinking that you had heard something disagreeable from those people, though I don't know what they could say or do to heighten the tragedy."

"I don't, either," Olney answered. "But something else has happened, Mrs. Atherton. You were quite right in your foreboding that the end was not yet." He paused with a gloomier air than he knew, for Bloomingdale's appearance was to him by far the most tragical phase of the affair. Then he went on thoughtfully: "I hardly know how to approach the matter without seeming to meddle in it more than I mean to do. I wish absolutely to put myself outside of it. But there's a kind of necessity that I should tell you about it." As he said this the kind of necessity that he had thought there was instantly vanished, and left him feeling rather blank. There was no necessity at all that he should tell Mrs. Atherton what relation Bloomingdale bore, and wished to bear, toward Miss Aldgate. All that he had to do, if he had to do anything, was to tell her that he had given him his card to her, and that she might expect him in the morning, and so leave her to her conjectures. If he went beyond this, he must go very far beyond it, and not make any confidence for Bloomingdale without making a much ampler confidence for himself. "The fact is, I wish to submit a little case of conscience to you."

Mrs. Atherton was delighted; and if she had been drowsy before, this would have aroused her to the most vigilant alertness. She knew that the case of conscience must somehow have something to do with Miss Aldgate; she believed that it was nothing but a love affair in disguise, and a love affair, with a strong infusion of moral question in it, promised a pleasure to Mrs. Atherton's sympathetic nature which nothing else could give. "Yes?" she said.

"Mrs. Atherton," Olney resumed, "how far do you think a man is justified in pursuing an advantage which another has put in his hands unknowingly—say that another, who did not know that I was his enemy, had put in *my* hands?"

"Not very far, Dr. Olney," she answered, promptly. "In fact, not at all. That is, you might justify such a man if the case were some one else's. But you couldn't justify him if the case were yours."

"I was afraid you would say so; I knew you would say so. Well, the case is mine," said Olney, "and it's this. I've run down here to-night to tell you that I've given my card to a gentleman who will call here in the morning."

Olney paused, and Mrs. Atherton said, "I'm sure I shall be glad to see any friend of yours, Dr. Olney."

"He isn't my friend," Olney returned, gloomily.

"Then, any enemy," Mrs. Atherton suggested.

Olney put the little pleasantry by. "The day before Mrs. Meredith died, she told me something that I need not speak of except as it relates to this Mr. Bloomingdale."

"It's Mr. Bloomingdale who's coming, then?"

"Yes. Do you know anything about him?"

"Oh no! Only it's a very floral kind of name."

"I wish I could be light about the kind of person he is. But I can't. He's a very formidable kind of person: very sensible, very frank, very generous."

Mrs. Atherton shook her head with a subtle intelligence. "Those might be very disheartening traits—in another."

"They are. They complicate the business for me. This Mr. Bloomingdale has offered himself to Miss Aldgate." Mrs. Atherton's attentive gaze expressed no surprise; probably she had divined this from the beginning. "He was to have had his answer when he met her in Boston," Olney said, with an effect of finding the words a bad taste in his mouth. "That was the arrangement in Liverpool. But of course, now—"

He stopped, and Mrs. Atherton took the word, with a lofty courage:

"Of course now he has all the greater right to it."

"Yes," said Olney, though he did not see why.

"I shall be glad to see Mr. Bloomingdale when he comes," Mrs. Atherton went on; "and though it's an embarrassing moment, I must manage to prepare Miss Aldgate for his coming. She will certainly have her mind made up by this time."

There was something definitive in Mrs. Atherton's tone that made Olney feel as if he had transacted his business, and he rose. He had felt that he ought to tell Mrs. Atherton of his own hopes or purposes in regard to Miss Aldgate; but now that he had given Bloomingdale away, this did not seem necessary. In fact, by a sudden light that flashed upon it, he perceived that it would be allowing his rival a fairer chance if he let him have it without competition. Afterwards when he got out of the house he thought he was a fool to do this; but he could not go back and make his confession without appearing a greater fool; and he kept on to the station, and waited there till the last train for town came lagging along, and then he put himself beyond temptation, at least for the night.

He spent what was left of it in imaginary interviews, now with Mrs. Atherton, now with Bloomingdale, now with Rhoda, and now with all of them in various combinations, and constructed futures varying in character from the gayest happiness to the gloom of the darkest tragedy lit by the one high star of self-renunciation. Olney got almost as much satisfaction out of the renunciation as out of the fruition of his hopes. It is apt to be so in these hypothetical cases; perhaps it is often so in experience.

He waited heroically about all the next day to hear from Mrs. Atherton. Something in the pressure of her hand at parting had assured him that she understood everything, and that she was his friend; that they were people of honor, who were bound to do this thing at any cost to him, but that a just Providence would probably not let it cost him much, or at least not everything.

When her letter came at last, hurried forward by a special delivery stamp that spoke volumes in itself, it brought intelligence which at first made Olney feel that he must somehow have been guilty of an unfairness towards Bloomingdale, that he had tacitly if not explicitly prejudiced his case. There was a little magnanimous moment in which he could not rejoice that Miss Aldgate had absolutely refused to see Mr. Bloomingdale; that she had shown both surprise and indignation at his coming; and that no entreaty or argument of Mrs. Atherton's had prevailed with her to show him the slightest mercy, or to send him any message but that of abrupt refusal, which Mrs. Atherton softened to him as best she could. She wrote now that she was sure there must be some misunderstanding, but that in Miss Aldgate's state of nervous exaltation it was perfectly useless to urge anything in excuse of him, and she had to resign herself to the girl's decision. She coincided with Olney in his idea of Bloomingdale's character. She owned to a little fancy for him, and to a great deal of compassion. He had borne the severe treatment he received very manfully, and at the same time gently. He seemed to accept it as final, and he did not rebel against it by the slightest murmur. Olney perceived that Mrs. Atherton had been recognized as his rival's confidante far enough to be authorized to pour balm into his wounds, and that she probably had not spared the balm.

XIII.

Olney expected, without being able to say why exactly, a second visit from the man who was now only his former rival. Perhaps it was because he believed he knew why Miss Aldgate had refused to see him that he rather thought the young man would come to ask him. But he did not come, and in the mean time Olney began to perceive that it would have been preposterous for him to have come. Till he learned by inquiry of the clerk at the Vendome that Bloomingdale had left there with his mother and sisters, he did not feel that the minister was out of the story, and that it remained for him alone to read it to the end. He took it for granted that Rhoda treated the man who had certainly a claim upon her kindness in that brusque, not to say brutal manner out of mere hysterical weakness. She had made up her mind to refuse him, and as she felt she might not have strength to endure the sight of the pain she must inflict, she had determined not to witness

it. Whether she had loved him too well to afflict him with her secret, or not well enough to trust him with it, was what remained a question with Olney, and he turned from one point of it to the other with the wish to answer it in a sense different from both. What he wished to believe was that she did not love the poor young fellow at all, but this seemed to be too good to be true, and he could not believe it with the constancy of his desire. Nevertheless he had a fitful hold upon it, and it was this faith, wavering and elusive as it was, that encouraged him to think Miss Aldgate would not refuse to see him, and that he might at any rate go down at once to Mrs. Atherton's, and ask about her if not for her.

When he had reasoned to this conclusion, which he reached with electrical rapidity as soon as he knew that Bloomingdale was gone, he acted upon it. Mrs. Atherton received him with a cheerfulness that ignored, at least in Miss Aldgate's presence, the fact that lay hidden in their thoughts if not in hers. Olney was not obliged to ask about her or for her; she came down with Mrs. Atherton, as if it were entirely natural she should do so; and the pathetic confidingness of her reception of him as an old friend brightened almost into the gayety that was her first and principal charm for him. If it had appeared at once this gayety would have troubled him; he would have doubted it for that levity of nature, of race, for which Mrs. Meredith had seen it; but it came out slowly like sunshine through mist, and flattered him with the hope that he had evoked it upon her tragic mask. At the same time he was puzzled, if not shocked, that she seemed forgetful of the woman, so recently gone forever, who had been in all effects a mother to her, and who had sacrificed and borne more than most mothers for her sake. He was himself too inexperienced, as yet, to know that we grieve for the dead only by fits, by impulses; that the soul from time to time flings off with all its force the crushing burden, which then sinks slowly back and bows it in sorrow to the earth again; that if ever grief is constant, it is madness, it is death.

Mrs. Atherton could have told him of moments when the girl was prostrated by her bereavement, and realized to their whole meaning the desolation and despair which it had left her to. But she could not have told him of the stony weight of unforgiveness at the child's heart: of her unreasoning resentment of the dead woman's revelation, as if she had created the fact that she had felt so sorely bound to impart. The tragic circumstances of her death had not won her pardon for this: the girl felt through all that her aunt had somehow *made it so;* and for her, ignorant of it all her life till that avowal, she had indeed made it so. Whether a wiser and kinder conscience might not have found it possible to keep the secret, in which there was no guilt or responsibility for the girl, and trust the Judge of all the earth for the end, is a question which the casuist of Mrs. Meredith's school could not deal with. Duty with her could mean but one thing, and she had done her duty. Certainly she was not to be condemned for it; but neither was the affection which she had so sorely wounded to blame if it had conceived for her memory the bitter drop of hate which poisoned all Rhoda's thoughts of her. What the girl had constantly said to herself from the first was what she still said: that having kept this secret from her all her life, it was too late for her aunt to speak when she did speak at last. Whether another not involved in the consequences of her act could take this view of it is doubtful; but this was the view taken of it by the girl who felt herself its victim, and who helplessly resented it, in spite of all that had happened since.

Whether she was in any degree excusable, or whether she was wholly in the wrong in this feeling, must remain for each to decide, and to each must be left the question of how far the Puritan civilization has carried the cult of the personal conscience into mere dutiolatry. The daughter of an elder faith would have simplified the affair, and perhaps shirked the responsibility proper to her, by going first with her secret to her confessor, and then being ruled by him. Mrs. Meredith had indeed made a confessor of her physician, after the frequent manner of our shrill-nerved women, but even if Olney could have felt that he had the right to counsel her on the moral side, it is doubtful if she could have found the strength to submit to him.

Olney's interest in her was mainly confined to the episodes of the last few days, and vivid as these had been, it could not hold him long in censure of Miss Aldgate's

behavior; he began to yield to the charm of her presence, and in a little while hazily to wonder what his reserves about her were. She was in the black that seems to grow upon women in the time of mourning, and it singularly became her. It is the color for the South, and for Southern beauty; like the inky shadow cast by the effulgence of tropical skies, it is the counterpart of the glister and flash of hair and eyes which no other hue could set off so well. The girl's splendor dazzled him from the sable cloud of her attire, and in Mrs. Atherton's blond presence, which also had its sumptuousness—she was large and handsome, and had as yet lost no grace of her girlhood—he felt the tameness of the Northern type. It was the elder world, the beauty of antiquity, which appealed to him in the lustre and sparkle of this girl; and the remote taint of her servile and savage origin gave her a kind of fascination which refuses to let itself be put in words: it was like the grace of a limp, the occult, indefinable lovableness of a deformity, but transcending these by its allurement in infinite degree, and going for the reason of its effect deep into the mysterious places of being where the spirit and the animal meet and part in us. When Olney followed some turn of her head, some movement of her person, a wave of the profoundest passion surged up in his heart, and he knew that he loved her with all his life, which he could make his death if it were a question of that. The mood was of his emotional nature alone; it sought and could have won no justification from his moral sense, which indeed it simply submerged and blotted out for the time.

There was no reason why he should not stay now as long as he liked, or why he should not come again as often as Mrs. Atherton could find pretexts for asking him. Between them they treated the matter very frankly. He took her advice upon the taste and upon the wisdom of urging his suit at so strange a time; and she decided that in the anomalous situation to which Miss Aldgate was left, her absolute friendlessness and helplessness, there were more reasons for his wooing than against it. They took Mrs. Atherton's husband into their confidence, and availed themselves of the daylight of a legal mind upon their problem. He greatly assisted to clear up the coarser difficulties by communicating as Miss Aldgate's lawyer with her aunt's connections in St. Louis. Mrs. Meredith had left to her niece the remnant of the property she had inherited from her husband; and his family willingly, almost eagerly, accepted the conditions of the will. They waived any right to question it in any sort, and they made no inquiries about Miss Aldgate, or her purposes or wishes.

Olney agreed with the Athertons that their behavior was very singular, but he kept his own conjectures as to the grounds of it. They were, in fact, hardly conjectures any more; they were convictions. He felt sure that they knew the secret which Mrs. Meredith believed her husband had kept from all the world; but this did not concern him so deeply as the belief that had constantly grown upon him since their first meeting in Mrs. Atherton's presence, that Rhoda knew it too. He had no reasons for his belief; it was quite without palpable proofs; it was mere intuition; and yet he was more and more sure of the fact.

His assurance of it strengthened with his belief that the girl loved him, and had perhaps had her fancy for him from the moment they saw each other in Florence. The evidences that a woman gives of her love before it is asked are always easily resolvable into something else; and in both these things Olney's beliefs were of the same quality, and they were of the same measure. But the one conviction began to taint and poison the other. The man's sweetest and fondest hope became a pang to him, because it involved the fear that the girl might have decided to accept his love and yet keep her secret. In any case he desired her love; as before himself he did not blame her for withholding her secret till she found what seemed to her the best time for imparting it; but for her own sake he could have wished that she would heroically choose the worst. This tacit demand upon her was made from his knowledge of how safe it would be for her to tell him everything, and it left out of the account the fact that till he asked her to be his wife he had no claim upon her, that he could have no terms from her till he owned himself won. Love is a war in which there can be no preliminaries for grace; the surrender must be unconditional, before these can even be mentioned.

There were times, of course, when Olney could not believe that the girl knew what at other times she seemed to with-

hold from him; but at all times the conjecture had to be kept to himself. If she knew, she practised a perfect art in concealing her knowledge which made him fear for the future; and if she did not know, then she showed an indifference to her aunt's memory which seemed not less than unnatural. He conceived the truth concerning her when he said to himself that Rhoda must hold Mrs. Meredith responsible for the fact if she had imparted it; and that time alone could clear away her confusion of mind and enable her to be just to the means which she confounded with the cause of her suffering. But he could not have followed her into those fastnesses of the more intensely personalized feminine consciousness where the girl relentlessly punished her aunt in thought not for doing her duty, but for doing it too late, when she could remain through life only the unreconciled victim of her origin, instead of revealing it early enough to enable her to accept it and annul it by conforming herself to it.

As this was what Rhoda had never ceased to believe would have been possible, her heart remained sore with resentment in the midst of the love which she could not help letting Olney divine. Circumstance had drawn their lives into a sudden intimacy which neither would or could withdraw from; they drifted on toward the only possible conclusion together. For the most part the sense of their love preoccupied them. She turned from her desperate retrospect and blindly strove to keep herself in the present, and to shun the future as she tried to escape the past; he made sure of nothing to build on except the fact that at least she did not know that Mrs. Meredith had confided her secret to him. With this certain, he could take all chances. He could trust time to soften her heart toward the dead, and he could forgive the concealment toward himself which she used.

One thing that he could not understand was her apparent willingness to remain just where and as she was indefinitely; he did not realize that it was apparent only, and as a man he did not account for her patience—if it were patience—as an effect of the abeyance in which the whole training of women teaches them to keep themselves. The moral of their education from the moment they can be instructed in anything is passivity, and to take any positive course must be a negation almost of their being; it must cost an effort unimaginable to a man.

The summer weeks faded away into September, when one morning Olney came to see Rhoda, and found her sitting on a bench to the seaward of a group of birches. The trees had already dropped a few yellow leaves on the lawn, which looked like flowers strewn in the still vividly green grass. It was one of those pale mornings when a silvery mist blots the edge of the sea and lets the sails melt into it. She was looking wistfully out at them, across Mrs. Atherton's wall, which struggled so conscientiously to look wild and unkempt, with its nasturtiums clambering over it; but she did not affect to be startled when Olney's steps made themselves heard on the gravel-walk coming toward her.

She flushed with the same joy that thrilled in his heart, and waited for him to come near enough to take her hand before she asked, "Oh! didn't you see Mrs. Atherton?"

"She sent me word that you were here, as if that were what I wanted," he answered, smiling over the hand he held.

"Well, I can tell you myself, then," she said, sitting down again.

"Yes; or not, as you like," he returned.

"No, it isn't whether I like or not. I am going away?"

"Yes," he said, quietly. "Where?"

"To—to New Orleans. To look up my mother's family." She lifted her eyes anxiously to his face, and then helplessly let her glance fall. "I have been talking it over with Mrs. Atherton, and she thinks too that I ought to try to find them."

Olney's heart gave a leap. He knew that she was hovering on the verge of a confession, which she longed to make for his sake, and that he ought not to suffer her till he had made his own confession. He had the joy of realizing her truth, and he rested nervelessly in that a moment, before he could say lightly, "I don't see why you should do that."

"Don't you think—think—that it's my duty?" she pleaded.

"Not in the least! From the experience I've had with the St. Louis branch of your family I don't think it's your duty to look *any* of them up. Why do you think it is your duty? Have they tried to find you?"

"They are very poor and humble people—the humblest," she faltered piteously. "They—"

Her breath went in silence, and he cried, "Rhoda! Don't go away! Stay! Stay with me. Or, if you must go somewhere, go back with me to Florence, where the happiness of my life began when I first knew you were in the world. I love you! I ask you to be my wife!"

She let her hand seem to sink deeper in his hold, which had somehow not released it yet; she almost pushed it in for an instant, and then she pulled it violently away. "Never!" She sprang to her feet and gasped hoarsely out, "I am a negress!"

Something in her tragedy affected Olney comically; perhaps the belief that she had often rehearsed these words as an answer to his demand. He smiled. "Well, not a very black one. Besides, what of it, if I love you?"

"What of it?" she echoed. "But don't you *know*? You *mustn't!*"

The simpleness of the words made him laugh outright; these she had not rehearsed. She had dramatized his instant renunciation of her when he knew the fatal truth.

"Why not? I love you, whether I must or not!"

As tragedy the whole affair had fallen to ruin. It could be reconstructed, if at all, only upon an octave much below the operatic pitch. It must be treated in no lurid twilight gloom, but in plain, simple, matter-of-fact noonday.

"I can't let you," she began, in a vain effort to catch up some fragments of her meditated melodrama about her. "You don't understand. My grandmother was a slave."

"The more shame to the man that called himself her master!" said Olney. "But I *do* understand—I understand everything—I know everything!" He had not meant to say this. He had always imagined keeping his knowledge from her till they were married, and then in some favored moment confessing that her aunt had told him, and making her forgive her for having told him. But now, in his eagerness to spare her the story which he saw she had it on her conscience to tell him in full, the truth had escaped him.

"You know it!" she exclaimed, with a fierce recoil. "*How* do you know it?"

"Your aunt told me," he answered, hardily. He must now make the best of the worst.

"Then she was false to me with her last breath! Oh, I will never forgive her!"

"Oh, yes you will, my dear," said Olney, with the quiet which he felt to be his only hope with her. "She had to tell me, to advise with me, before she told you. I wish she had never told you, but if she had not told me, she would have defrauded me of the sweetest thing in life."

"The privilege of stooping to such a creature as I?" she demanded, bitterly.

He took her hand and kissed it, and kept it in his. "No: the right of saying that you are all the dearer to me for being just what you are, and that I'm prouder of you for it. And now, don't say you will not forgive that poor soul, who suffered years for every hour that you have suffered from that cause. She felt herself sacredly bound to tell you."

"It was too late then," said the girl, with starting tears. "She killed me. I *can't* forgive her."

"Well, what can that matter to her? She can forgive you; and that's the great thing."

"What do you mean?" she asked, weakly trying to get her hand away.

"How came she to tell you that she hadn't told me?"

"I—I made her," faltered the girl. "I asked her if she had. I was frantic."

"Yes. You had no right to do that. Of course she had to deny it, and you made her take a new lie on her conscience when she had just escaped from one that she had carried for you all your life." Olney gave her back her hand. "Whatever you do with me, for your own sake put away all thoughts of hardness toward that poor woman."

There was a long silence. Then the girl broke into sudden tears. "I do! I will! I see it now! It was cruel, *cruel!* But I couldn't see it then; I couldn't see anything but myself; the world was filled with *me*—blotted out with me! Ah, *can* she ever forgive me? If I could only have one word with her, to say that there never was any *real* hardness in me toward her, and I didn't know what I was doing! Do you think I made her kill herself? Tell me if you do! I can bear it—I deserve to bear it!"

"She never meant to kill herself," said Olney, sincerely. "I feel sure of that. But she's gone, and you are here; the question's of you, not of her; and I only asked you to be just to yourself. I didn't mean to tell you now that I knew your secret from her, but I'm not sorry

I told you, if it's helped you to substitute a regret for a resentment."

"It's done that for all my life long."

"Ah, I didn't mean it to go so far as that!" said Olney, smiling.

"No matter! It's what I must bear. It's a just punishment." She rose suddenly, and put out her hand to him. "Good-by."

"What for?" he asked. "I'm not going."

"But *I* am. I'm going away to find my mother's people, if I can—to help them and acknowledge them. I tried to talk with Mrs. Atherton about it, the other day, but I couldn't rightly, for I couldn't let her understand fully. But it's true—and be serious about it, and don't laugh at me! Oughtn't I to go down there and help them; try to educate them, and elevate them; give my life to them? Isn't it base and cowardly to desert them, and live happily apart from them, when—"

"When you might live so miserably with them?" Olney asked. "Ah, that's the kind of question that I suspect your poor aunt used to torment herself with! But if you wish me to be really serious with you about it, I will say, Yes, you would have some such duty toward them, perhaps, if you had voluntarily chosen your part with them—if you had ever *consented* to be of their kind. Then it *would* be base and cowardly to desert them; it would be a treason of the vilest sort. But you never did that, or anything like it, and there is no more specific obligation upon you to give your life to their elevation than there is upon me. Besides, I doubt if that sort of specific devotion would do much good. The way to elevate them is to elevate *us*, to begin with. It will be an easy matter to deal with those simple-hearted folks after we've got into the right way ourselves. No, if you must give your life to the improvement of any particular race, give it to mine. Begin with *me*. You won't find me unreasonable. All that I shall ask of you are the fifteen-sixteenths or so of you that belong to my race by heredity; and I will cheerfully consent to your giving our colored connections their one-sixteenth."

Olney broke off, and laughed at his joke, and she joined him helplessly. "Oh! don't laugh at me!"

"Laugh at you? I feel a great deal more like crying. If you go down there to elevate the blacks, what is to become of me? I don't really object to your going, but I want to go with you."

"What do you mean?" she entreated, piteously.

"What I said just now. I love you, and I ask you to be my wife."

"I said I couldn't. You know why."

"But you didn't mean it, or you'd have given me some reason."

"Some reason?"

"Yes. What you said was only an excuse. I can't accept it. Rhoda," he added, seriously, "I'm afraid *you* don't understand! Can't you understand that what you told me—what I knew already—didn't make the slightest difference to me, and couldn't, to any man who was any sort of a man? Or yes, it does make a difference! But such a kind of difference that if I could have you other than you are by wishing it, I wouldn't—for my own selfish sake at least, I wouldn't wish it for the world. Can't you understand that?"

"No, I can't understand that. It seems to me that it must make you loathe me. Oh!" she shuddered. "You don't know how hideous they are—a whole churchful, as I saw them that night. And I'm like them!"

Olney's heart ached for her, but he could not help his laugh. "Well, you don't look it. Oh, you poor child! Why do you torment yourself?"

"I can't help it. It's burnt into me. It's branded me one of *them*. I *am* one. No, I can't escape. And the best way is to go and live among them and own it. Then perhaps I can learn to bear it, and not hate them so. But I *do* hate them. I do, I do! I can't help it, and I don't blame you for hating *me!*"

"I don't happen to hate even you," said Olney, going back to his lightness. "My trouble's another kind. Perhaps I should hate you, and hate them, if I'd come of a race of slave-holders, as you have. But my people never injured those poor creatures, and so I don't hate them, or their infinitesimal part in you."

He found himself, whenever it came to the worst with her in this crisis, taking a tone of levity which was so little of his own volition that it seemed rather to take him. He was physician enough already to flatter his patient for her good, and instinctively he treated Rhoda as if she were his patient. It did flatter her to

have that side of her ancestry dwelt upon, and to be treated as the daughter of slaveholders; she who could not reconcile herself to her servile origin, listened with a kind of fascination to his tender mockery, in which she felt herself swayed by the deep undercurrent of his faithful love.

"Come, come!" he went on, and at his touch she dropped weakly back into her seat again, and let him take her hand and hold it. "I know how this fact has seized upon you and blotted everything else out of the world. But life's made up of a great deal else; and you are but one little part injured to many parts injurer. You belong incomparably more to the oppressors than to the oppressed, and what I'm afraid of is that you'll keep me in hopeless slavery as long as I live. Who would ever imagine that you were as black as you say? Who would think—"

"Ah, you've confessed it! You would be ashamed of me, if people knew! That is it!"

"If you'll answer me as I wish, I'll go up with you to the house and tell Mrs. Atherton. I've rather a fancy for seeing how she would take it. But I can't, unless you'll let me share in the disgrace with you. Will you?"

"Never! It shall never be known! For *your* sake! *I* can bear it; but *you* shall not. Promise me that you'll never tell a living soul!" She caught him nervously by the arm, and clung to him. It was her sign of surrender.

He accepted it, and said: "Very well, I promise it. But only on one condition: that you believe I'm not afraid to tell it. Otherwise my self-respect will oblige me to go round shouting it to everybody. Do you promise!"

"Yes, I promise;" and now she yielded to the gayety of his mood, and a succession of flashing smiles lit up her face, in which her doom was transmuted to the happiest fortune. She kept smiling, with her hands linked through his arm and her form drawn close to him; while their talk flowed fantastically away from all her awful questions. Their love performed the effect of common-sense for them, and in its purple light they saw the every-day duties of life plain before them. They spoke frankly of the incidents of the past few days, and he told her now of his interview with the Bloomingdale family, and how he felt that he had hardened Mrs. Bloomingdale's heart against her by his unsympathetic behavior in denying them an interview with Rhoda herself.

This made her laugh, but she said, with a shudder: "I couldn't have borne to look at them. From the first moment after my aunt *told* me, I felt that I must prevent their ever seeing me again. I wrote to him, and I carried the letter out with me to post it, and make sure it went; and then somehow I forgot to post it."

"Ah," said Olney, "I suppose that's the reason why he came to see me, and to ask where he could find you."

"Yes," answered Rhoda, placidly.

"There is only one thing in the whole affair that really troubles me," said Olney, "and that's the very short shrift you gave that poor fellow."

"Why, when I had written to him I would not see him again, I supposed he was persisting, and it was only the other day that I found the letter, which I'd forgotten to post. It was in the pocket of the dress I wore that night to the church."

"And you don't think his persisting—his caring so much for you—gave him the right to see you?"

"Not the least."

"Ah, a man never understands a woman's position on that question."

"Why, of course, if I had cared for *him*—"

"I don't know but I've a little case of conscience here myself. I had awful qualms when that poor fellow was talking with me. I perceived that he was as magnanimous as I was on the subject of heredity, and that, I thought, ought to count in his favor. Will you let it?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't care for him."

"How simple it is! Well, he's off my conscience, at any rate."

She began to grieve a little. "But if you are sorry—"

"Sorry?"

"If you think you will ever regret—if you're not sure that you'll never be troubled by—by—*that*, then we had better—"

"My dear child," said Olney, "I'm going to leave all the trouble of that to you. I assure you that from this on I shall never think of it. I am going to provide for your future, and let you look after your past."

She dropped her head with a sob upon his shoulder, and as he gathered her in

his arms he felt as if he had literally rescued her from her own thoughts of herself.

He was young and strong, and he believed that he would always be able to make her trust him against them, because now in the fulness of their happiness he prevailed.

There are few men who, when the struggle of life is mainly over, do not wonder at the risks they took in the days of their youth and strength; and it could not be pretended that Olney found more than the common share of happiness in the lot he chose; but then it could be said honestly enough that he did not consider either life or love valuable for the happiness they could yield. They were enough in themselves. He was not a seeker after happiness, and when he saw that even his love failed at times to make life happy for his wife, he pitied her, and he did not blame her. He knew that in her hours of despondency there was that war between her temperament and her character which is the fruitful cause of misery in the world, where all strains are now so crossed and intertangled that there is no definite and unbroken direction any more in any of us. In her, the confusion was only a little greater than in most others, and if Olney ever had any regret it was that the sunny-natured antetypes of her mother's race had not endowed her with more of the heaven-born cheerfulness with which it meets contumely and injustice. His struggle was with that hypochondria of the soul into which the Puritanism of her father's race had sickened in her, and which so often seems to satisfy its crazy claim upon conscience by enforcing some aimless act of self-sacrifice. The silence in which they lived concerning her origin weighed upon her sometimes with the sense of a guilty deceit, and it was her remorse for this that he had to reason her out of. The question whether it ought not to be told to each of their acquaintance who became a friend had always to be solved anew, especially if the acquaintance was an American; but as yet their secret remains their own. They are settled at Rome, after a brief experiment of a narrower field of practice at Florence; and the most fanciful of Olney's compatriot patients does not dream that his wife ought to suffer shame from her. She is thought to look so very Italian that you would really take her for an Italian, and he represents to her that it would not be the ancestral color, which is much the same in other races, but the ancestral condition which their American friends would despise if they knew of it; that this is a quality of the despite in which hard work is held all the world over, and has always followed the children of the man who earns his bread with his hands, especially if he earns other people's bread too.

THE END.

COMMON-SENSE IN SURGERY.

BY HELEN H. GARDENER.

THERE are certain forms of expression which once heard fit themselves into the mind so firmly, and reappear in one connection or another so frequently, that one scarcely recognizes the fact even when one changes a word or two in order to make the original idea fit the case in point. So when I stood watching the ingenious method by which the trainers of the English fox-hounds induced each dog to perform his own surgical operations after a hunt, I remarked, with no recognition of the plagiarism from Dr. Holmes, "Every dog his own doctor."

"No," replied the trainer, with a fine sense of distinction which I had not before observed—"no; I am the doctor; the dogs are the surgeons. I prescribe; they perform the operation. They do that part far better than I could; but they wouldn't do it in time to save the pain and trouble of a much more serious operation that they could not perform, if I did not set them at it in time, and keep them at work until all danger of inflammation is past."

It was after a hunt. The dogs—splendid blooded fellows, a great pack of over sixty of them—had gotten many thorns and briers in their feet. They came back limping, foot-sore, and with troubled eyes that looked up piteously for relief from their pain. They were very hungry too, after the long chase; but "no doctor will allow a patient to eat just before a surgi-

cal operation," remarked the trainer, dryly. "Now watch."

He threw open a door leading into an outer room of the splendid Hunt Club Kennel, and gave the word of command.

There was a rush, and the entire pack burst through the wide entrance. Then every dog lay suddenly down, and began to lick his feet with great vigor.

Why? Simply because in rushing through that door they had waded through a wide shallow trough or sink of pretty warm soup. This basin was sunk in the stone floor, and reached entirely across the door, and was too wide to jump over, even had it been visible from the outside, which it was not.

The dogs had plunged into it before they knew it was there, and were out of its rather uncomfortable heat instantly.

Each dog worked at his feet with vigor. He was hungry. The soup was good; but dogs object to soup on their feet. This process was continued and repeated until it was thought that all thorns and briers and pebbles had been licked and picked from the crippled feet. Then the dogs were fed and put to bed—or allowed to lie down and sleep—in their fresh straw-filled bunks.

"A doctor and a surgeon may be the same person," remarked the philosophical trainer, oracularly, "but they seldom are. If you whine—as the dogs do when their feet hurt after a hunt—or if you limp or complain, a doctor guesses what is the matter with you. Then he guesses what will cure you. If both guesses are right, you are in luck, and he is a skilful doctor. In nine cases out of ten he is giving you something harmless, while he is taking a second and a third look at you (at your expense, of course) to guess over after himself."

His medical pessimism and his surgical optimism amused and entertained me, and I encouraged him to go on.

"Now with a surgeon it is different. Surgery is an exact science. Before I took this position I was a surgeon's assistant in a hospital. In some places we are called trained nurses. In our place we were called surgeons' assistants. That's why I make such a distinction between doctors and surgeons. I've seen the two work side by side so long. I've seen some of the funniest mistakes made, and I've seen mistakes that were not funny. I've seen post-mortem examinations that would have made a surgeon ashamed that he had ever been born, looked upon by the doctor who treated the case as not at all strange; didn't stagger him a bit in his own opinion of himself and his scientific knowledge next time. I remember one case. It was a Japanese boy. He was as solid as a little ox, but he told Dr. G—— that he'd been taking a homœopathic prescription for a cold. That was enough for Dr. G——. A red rag in the van of a bovine animal is nothing to the word 'homœopathy' to Dr. G——. Hydropathy gives him fits, and eclecticism almost lays him out. Not long ago he sat on a jury which sent a man to prison who had failed in a case of 'mind-cure.' That gave deep delight to his 'regular' soul. Well, Dr. G—— questioned the little Jap, who could not speak good English, and had the national inclination to agree with whatever you say. Ever been in Japan? No? Well, they are a droll lot. Always strive to agree with all you say or suggest.

"'Did you ever spit blood?' asked Dr. G——, by-and-by, after he could find nothing else wrong except the little cold for which the homœopathic physician was treating the boy.

"'Once,' replied that youthful victim.

"'Aha! we are getting at the root of this matter now,' said Dr. G——. 'Now tell me truly. Be careful! Did you spit *much* blood?'

"'Yes, sir; a good deal.'

"The doctor sniffed. He always knew that a homœopathic humbug could not diagnose a case, and would be likely to get just about as near the facts as a light cold would come to tuberculosis.

"'How long did this last?' he inquired of the smiling boy.

"'I think—it seem to me—'

"'A half-hour?' queried the doctor; 'twenty minutes?'

"'I think so. Yes, sir. About half an hour—twenty minutes,' responded the obliging youth.

"I heard that talk. Common-sense told me the boy's lungs were all right; but it was none of my business, and so I watched him treated, off and on, for lung trouble for over a month before I got a chance to ask him any questions. Then I asked, incidentally,

"'What made you spit that blood that time, Gihi?'

"'I didn't know I ought to swallow

him,' he replied, wide-eyed and anxious. 'Dentist pull tooth. He say to me, "Spit blood here." I do like he tell me. Your doctor say ver' bad for lungs, spit blood. Next time I swallow him.'

"I helped another practitioner, in good and regular standing, to examine a man's heart. He found a pretty bad wheeze in the left side. I had to nurse that man. He had been on a bat, and all on earth that ailed him was that spree, but he got treated for heart trouble. It scared the man almost to death.

"I'd learned how a heart should sound, so one day I tried his. He was in bed then, and it sounded all right, so when the doctor came in, I took him aside, and told him that I didn't want to interfere, but that man was scared about to death over his heart, and it seemed to me it was all right—sounded like other hearts—and his pulse was all right too. The doctor was mad as a March hare, though he had told me to make two or three tests, and keep the record for him against the time of his next visit. Well, to make a long matter short, the final discovery was—the man don't know it yet, and he is going around in dread of dropping off any minute with heart failure—that at the first examination the man had removed only his coat and vest, and his new suspender on his starched shirt had made the squeak. That is a cold fact, and that man paid over eighty dollars for the treatment he had for his heart."

I was so interested in the drollery of this ex-nurse, and in his scorn for one branch of a profession, while he entertained almost a superstitious awe and admiration for surgery *per se*, that I decided upon my return to New York to visit a great surgeon, and ask him to allow me to see an operation that would fairly represent the advance-guard, so to speak, the upward reach of the profession as it is to-day.

We all know the physician who follows his profession strictly and solely as a means of support. Most of us also happily know something of one or more medical men who are a credit to humanity, in that they subordinate their ability to extort money from suffering to their desire to relieve pain, even though such relief conduces not to their own financial opulence. But few of us who are not close students of the medical profession realize, I think, some of the magnificent developments not only of surgery, but of the character of the surgeon. We are led to think of them as rather hard and brutal men. The side of their work and nature that means tenderness and devotion to the relief of those who, but for the skilled and brave surgeon, must die or suffer for life, is seldom laid before us. The quiet, sweet, and simple devotion of such men does not reach the public ear.

The operation of which I learned, and which is the first of its kind on record, was so strange, so great, and so far-reaching in its suggestion and promise that it seemed to me it could not fail to interest and inspire the general reader, who never sees a medical or surgical journal, and who would not read it if he did.

Can you think of an operation that would create a mind? Can you conceive of the meaning to humanity of a discovery that would transform a congenital imbecile into a rational being? Such an operation was the one I was privileged to see.

The patient was a child about one year old. Of good parentage and of healthy bodily growth aside from the fact that its skull was that of a new-born child, and it had hardened and solidified into that shape and size. The "soft spot" was not there, and the sutures or seams of the skull had grown fast and solid, so that the brain within was cramped and compressed by its unyielding bony covering.

The body could grow—did grow—but the poor little compressed brain, the director of the intelligent and voluntary actions of the body, was kept at its first estate. Even worse than this, its struggle with its bony cage made a pressure which caused distortion and aimless or unmeaning movement. The arm and leg turned in, in that helpless, pathetic way that tells of imbecility. In short, the baby was a physically healthy imbecile—the most pathetic object on this sad earth. Upon examination, the surgeon, a gentle, sweet-natured man, whose enthusiasm for his profession—for the relief of suffering—makes him the object of devotion of many to whom he has given life and health, and the inspirer and final appeal for many a brother practitioner, discovered what he believed to be the trouble. Led by that most uncommon of all things, common-sense, he believed that this little victim of nature's mistake

might be changed from a condition far worse than death to one of comfort for itself, and to those who now looked upon it only in anguish of soul.

After explaining to the parents and the surgeons who had come to witness the wonderful experiment (for, after all, at this stage it was but an experiment based upon common-sense) that it might fail; after a modest and simple statement of his reason for undertaking so dangerous an operation, with no precedent before him; after explaining that the parents fully understood that not to try it meant hopeless idiocy, and that the trial might mean death—he began the work. I will try to tell what it was in language that is not scientific, and may seem to those accustomed to surgical terms inadequate and unlearned; but to those who are not technical medical students I believe the less technical language will be far clearer.

The child's skull was laid bare in front. Two tracks were cut from a little above the base (or top) of the nose up and over to the back of the head. One of these tracks was cut on each side, the surgeon explained, because it would give equal expansion to the two sides of the brain, and because it would cause death to cut through the middle of the top of the head, where lies "the superior longitudinal sinus." He left, therefore, the solid track of bone through the middle, and cut two grooves or tracks of bone, one on either side, where nature (when she does not make a mistake) leaves soft or yielding edges, by means of which the normal skull expands to fit the needs of the brain within.

The trench made displaced or cut away one-quarter of an inch of solid bone all the way from near the base of the nose to the back part of the head. In the middle of the top of the head on each side a crosswise cut was made, and one inch of bone divided. Another cut was made on either side, slanting toward the ears. This was one and a half inches long. The surgeon then tenderly inserted his forefingers, pressed the internal mass loose from the bones where it adhered, and pushed the bones wider apart. This process widened the trenches to one inch.

The wound was now dressed with the wonderfully effective new aseptics, and the flesh and skin closed over. The operation had taken an hour and a half. There was little bleeding. The baby was, of course, unconscious during the entire time. Oh, the blessings of anæsthetics! And now comes the wonderful result of this bold and radical but tender and humane operation.

The baby rallied well. In three days it showed improved intelligence. In eight days this improvement was marked. From a creature that sat listless, deformed, and unmindful of all about it, it began to "take notice," like other children. From an "it," it had been transformed into a "he." It had been given personality. It ate and slept fairly well.

On the tenth day the wound was exposed and dressed. It had healed, or "united by first intention," as the doctors say; and again one can but exclaim, "Oh, those wonderful aseptic dressings!" It had united without suppuration. It was a clean wound, cleanly healing.

One month after the operation the feet and hands had straightened out, and lost their jerky, aimless movements. The child is now a child. It acts and thinks like other children, laughs and cooes and makes glad the hearts of those who love it.

Not like other children of its age, perhaps, for it has several months yet to "catch up," but the last report, in one of the leading medical journals, said:

"One month after the operation the change in its condition was surprising and gratifying. The deformities in the extremities had entirely disappeared, and there was evidently a remarkable increase in intelligence. It noticed those about it, took hold of objects offered it, laughed, and behaved much as children of ordinary development at six or eight months. The pupils were no longer widely dilated, but appeared normal. It eats and sleeps well, and is in general greatly improved as a result of the operation."

If in one month the little imprisoned brain was able to "catch up" six or eight months, we may surely believe that the remaining four or five months which it lost because nature sealed the little thinking-machine firmly in too small a casket will be wiped away also, and the little victim of nature's mistake be given full and normal opportunity through the skill and genius of man.

Could anything be more wonderful? Could any operation open to the future of the race wider possibilities and offer more brilliant hope? I may quote here farther from the same journal:

"The operation differs from any yet done. Lannelongue, Keen, and others cut a trench

about a quarter of an inch in width, and on one side, at a single operation. It seemed to me if the brain was penned in by premature ossification of the cranial bones, these should be torn loose and permanently lifted, thus allowing a thorough expansion. Should only temporary benefit be secured, the operation should be repeated. Experience alone can demonstrate whether the expansion of the brain will be able to spread the cranial bones to such an extent that it may reach even an ordinary development. The condition of these patients is so hopeless and deplorable that, in my opinion, very great risk is justifiable in any surgical interference which offers even a hope of amelioration."

Is not that common-sense in surgery? Thus the race is quietly achieving mastery over the blind forces of nature, and the steady hand of science, coupled with tenderness and sincerity, is pushing back some of the worst horrors of life, and throwing a flood of light and hope into the future! And I owed this new inspiration to my pessimistic acquaintance—he of the Hunt Club Kennel—and the introduction he gave me to the rudiments of applied surgery. It was indeed a long sweep from the one operation to the other.

My first and second glimpses of the operating-room were surely the two extremes, and yet when I suggested this to the surgeon, he smilingly replied that, after all; either or both—indeed, all of it, was simply common-sense in surgery.

LONDON—PLANTAGENET.

BY WALTER BESANT.

III.—THE PEOPLE.

THROUGH broad Chepeside rode the great lord—haply the King himself—followed by his regiment of knights, gentlemen, and men-at-arms, all wearing his livery. The Abbot, with his following, passed along on his way to Westminster in stately procession. The Alderman, in fur gown and gold chain, with his officers, walked through the market inspecting weights and measures and the goods exposed for sale. Priests and friars crowded the narrow ways. To north and south, in sheds which served for shops, the prentices stood bawling their wares. This was the outward and visible side of the city. There was another side—the city of the London craftsman.

Who was he — the craftsman — and whence? London has always opened her hospitable arms to foreigners. They still come to the city and settle, enjoying its freedom, and in the next generation are pure English. In the days of Edward the Confessor the men of Rheims and of Flanders became citizens with rights equal to the English. Later on, the names of the people show their origin and the places whence they or their forefathers had come. Then William Waleys is William the Welchman; Walter Norris is Walter of Norway; John Francis is John the Frenchman; Henry Upton is Henry of that town; William Sevenoke, Lord Mayor of London, took his name from the village of Sevenoaks in Kent, where he was born. The first surnames were bestowed not only with reference to the place of birth, but partly to trades, partly to the place of residence, partly to personal defects or peculiarities. But it is obvious from the earliest names on record how readily London received strangers from any quarter of western Europe, Norway, Denmark, Flanders, Lorraine, Picardy, Normandy, Guyenne, Spain, Provence, and Italy. It is noteworthy in studying the names: first, that, as was to be expected, there is not in the fourteenth century a single trace of British or Roman British name, either Christian or surname, just as there was not in the Saxon occupation a single trace of Roman customs or institutions; next, that the Saxon names have all vanished. There are no longer any Wilfreds, Ælfgars, Eadberhts, Sigeberts, Harolds, or Eadgars among the Christian names. They have given place to the Norman names of John, Henry, William, and the like. The London craftsman was therefore a compound of many races. The dominant strain was Saxon—East Saxon; then came Norman; then Fleming; and then a slight infusion of every nation of western Europe.

In the narrow lanes leading north and south of the two great streets of Thames and Chepe the craftsmen of London lived in their tenements, each consisting of a

room below and a room above. Some of them followed their trade at home; some worked in shops. There were those who sold and those who made. Of the former the mercers and haberdashers kept their shops in West Chepe; the goldsmiths in Guthrun's Lane and Old Change; the pepperers and grocers in Soper's Lane; the drapers in Lombard Street and Cornhill; the skinners in St. Mary Axe; the fishmongers in Thames Street; the ironmongers in Ironmongers' Lane and Old Jewry; the vintners in the Vintry; the butchers in East Chepe, St. Nicolas Shambles, and the Stocks Market; the hosiers in Hosiers' Lane; the shoemakers and curriers in Cordwainer Street; the paternoster-sellers in Paternoster Row; patten-sellers by St. Margaret Pattens; and so forth.

It is easy, with the help of Stow, and with the names of the streets before one, to map out the chief market-places and the shops. It is not so easy to lay down the places where those dwelt who carried on handicrafts. Stow indicates here and there a few facts. The founders of candlesticks, chafing-dishes, and spice mortars carried on their work in Lothbury; the coal-men and woodmongers were found about Billingsgate stairs; since the Flemish weavers met in the church-yard of Lawrence Pountney, they lived presumably in that parish. For the same reason the Brabant weavers probably lived in St. Mary Somerset parish. The furriers worked in Walbrook; the curriers opposite London Wall; upholsterers or undertakers on Cornhill; cutlers worked in Pope's Head Alley; basket-makers, wire-drawers, and "other foreigners" in Blond Chapel, or Blanch Appletone Lane. In Mincing Lane dwelt the men of Genoa and other parts who brought wine to the port of London in their galleys. The turners of beads for prayers lived in Paternoster Row; the bowyers in Bowyer Row; other crafts there are which may be assigned to their original streets. Sometimes, but not always, the site of a company's hall marks the quarter chiefly inhabited by that trade. Certainly the vintners belonged to the Vintry, where is now their hall, and the weavers to Chepe, where they still have their hall. When, however, the management of a trade or craft passed into the hands of a company, there was no longer any reason, except where men had to work together, why they should live together. Since there could be no combined action by the men, but, on the contrary, blind obedience to the warden, they might as well live in whatever part of the city should be the most convenient. From the absence of great houses, whether of nobles or princes, in the north of the city, one is inclined to believe that great numbers of craftsmen lived in that part, namely, between what is now called Gresham Street and London Wall.

The trades carried on within the walls covered very nearly the whole field of manufacture. A mediæval city made nearly everything that it wanted—wine, spices, silks, velvets, precious stones, and a few other things excepted, which were brought to the port from abroad; but the city could get on very well without those things. Within the walls they made everything. It is not until one reads the long lists of trades collected together by Riley that one understands how many things were wanted, and how trades were subdivided. Clothing in its various branches gave work to the wympler, who made wimples or neckerchiefs for women; the retunder, or shearman of cloth; the batour, or worker of cloth; the caplet-monger; the callere, who made cauls or coifs for the head; the quilter; the pinner; the chaloner, who made chalons or coverlets; the bureller, who worked in burel, a coarse cloth; the chaucer, or shoemaker; the plumer, or feather-worker; the pelliper, pellercer, or furrier; the white tawyer, who made white leather; and many others. Arms and armor wanted the bowyer; the kissere, who made armor for the thighs; the bokelsmyth, who made bucklers; the bracere, who made armor for arms; the gorgiarius, who made gorgets; the tabourer, who made drums; the heaulmere, who made helmets; the makers of haketons, pikes, swords, spears, and bolts for crossbows. Trades were thus divided; we see one man making one thing and nothing else all his life. The equyler made porringers, the brochere made spits, the haltier made halters, the corder made ropes, the sacker made sacks, the melmallere made hammers, and so on.

The old city grows gradually clearer to the vision when we think of all these trades carried on within the walls. There were mills to grind the corn; breweries for making the beer—one remains still; the linen was spun within the walls, and

the cloth made and dressed; the brass pots, tin pots, iron utensils, and wooden platters and basins were all made in the city; the armor, with its various pieces, was hammered out and fashioned in the streets; all kinds of clothes, from the leathern jerkin of the poorest to the embroidered robes of a princess, were made here; nothing that was wanted for household use in the country but was made in London town. Some of those trades were offensive to their neighbors. Under Edward the First, for instance, the melters of tallow and lard were made to leave Chepe, and to find a more convenient place at a distance from that fashionable street. The names of Stinking Lane, Scalding Lane, and Sheer Hog sufficiently indicate the pleasing effect of the things done in them upon the neighbors. The modern city of London—the city proper—is a place where they make nothing, but sell everything. It is now quite a quiet city; the old rumbling of broad-wheeled wagons over a stone-laid roadway has given way to the roll of the narrow wheel over the smooth asphalt; the craftsmen have left the city. But in the days of Whittington there was no noisier city in the whole world; the roar and the racket of it could be heard afar off—even at the rising of the Surrey Hills or the slope of Highgate or the top of Parliament Hill. Every man in the city was at work except the lazy men-at-arms of my lord's following in the great house that was like a barrack. They lay about waiting for the order to mount and ride off to the border, or the Welsh march, or to fight the French. But roundabout their barracks the busy craftsmen worked all day long. From every lane rang out without ceasing the tuneful note of the hammer and the anvil; the carpenters, not without noise, drove in their nails, and the coopers hooped their casks; the blacksmith's fire roared; the harsh grating of the founders set the teeth on edge of those who passed that way; along the river-bank, from the Tower to Paul's stairs, those who loaded and those who unloaded, those who carried the bales to the warehouses, those who hoisted them up, the ships which came to port and the ships which sailed away, did all with fierce talking, shouting, quarrelling, and racket. Such work must needs be carried on with noise. In silence it droops and languishes. The pack-horses plodded along the streets coming into the city and going out. Wagons with broad wheels rumbled and groaned along; the prentices bawled from the shops; the fighting-men marched along to sound of trumpet; the church bells and the monastery bells rang out all day long, and all night too. And at the doors of the houses or the open windows, where there was no glass, but a hanging shutter, sat or stood the women, preparing the food, washing, mending, sewing, or spinning, their children playing in the street before them. There are many towns of France, especially southern France, which recall the mediæval city. Here the women live and do their work in the doorways; the men work at the open windows; and all day there is wafted along the streets and up to the skies the fragrance of soup and onions, roasted meats and baked confections, with the smell of every trade which the people carry on.

Everything was made within the walls of the city. When one thinks upon the melting of tallow, the boiling of soap, the crushing of bones, the extracting of glue, the treatment of feathers and cloth and leather, the making and grinding of knives and all other sharp weapons, the crowding of the slaughter-houses, the decaying of fruit and vegetables, the roasting of meat at cooks' shops, the baking of bread, the brewing of beer, the making of vinegar, and all the thousand and one things which go to make up the life of a town, the most offensive of which are now carried on without the town; when one considers, further, the gutter, which played so great a part in every mediæval city; the gutter stream, which was almost Sabbatical, because it ceased to run when people ceased to work; the brook of the middle of the street, flowing with suds, the water used for domestic and for trade purposes, and with everything that would float or flow; when, again, one thinks of the rags and bones, the broken bits and remnants and fragments, the cabbage stalks and pea pods and onion peelings which were thrown into the street, though against the law, and of the lay stalls, where filth and refuse of every kind were thrown to wait the coming of carts, more uncertain than those of a modern vestry—when, I say, one thinks of all these things, and of the small boundaries of the city and its crowded people and of its narrow streets, one understands how there hung over the city day and night, never quite blown

away by those most terrible storms that sometimes swept o'er pale Britannia, a richly confected cloud of thick and heavy smell which the people had to breathe.

They liked it; without it, the true Londoner languished. The mediæval smell, the smell of great towns, has left London, but in old towns of the Continent, as in the old streets of Brussels, it meets and greets us to the present day. Breathing this air with difficulty, and perhaps with nausea, you may say, "Such and such was the air in which the citizens of London delighted when Edward III. was King."

The craftsman in those days had to do good work, or he would hear of it. He had to obey his company, or he would hear of it; and he had to take, with outward show of contentment, the wages that were assigned to him, or he would hear of it. He might be imprisoned, or put in pillory. We shall see a few cases of his punishment presently. As a final punishment, he might be thrust outside the gates of the city, and told to go away and to return no more.

Then, one fears, there would be nothing left for the craftsman but to turn *ribaud*, if he was clever enough to learn the arts of *ribauderie;* or to sink into the lowest depth and become a *villein*, bound to the soil.

If it was a city of hard work, it was also a city of play in plenty. London citizens, old and young, have always delighted beyond measure in games, shows, sports, and amusements of every kind. There were many holidays, and Sunday was not a day of gloom.

The calendar of sport begins with the first day of the year, and ends with the last day.

The year began with New-Year's gifts:

"These giftes the husband gives his wife and father eke the child,
And master on his men bestows the like with favour milde,
And good beginning of the year they wish and wish again,
According to the ancient guise of heathen people vaine.
These eight days no man doth require his debtes of any man;
Their tables do they furnish forth with all the meat they can."

There was skating and sliding upon the ice in Moorfields, where the shallow ponds froze easily; or they played at quarter-staff, at hocking, at single-stick, at football, and at bucklers. In the evening they played at cards and "tables" and dice.

"Now men and maids do merry make
At stool-ball and at barley break."

On Shrove-Tuesday they had cock-fighting, a sport continued with unabated popularity until within the memory of man—nay, it is rumored that he who knows where to look for it may still enjoy that humanizing spectacle. Every Friday in Lent the young men went forth to Smithfield and held mock fights, but the custom was in time discontinued; at Easter they had boat tournaments. At this holy season also they had boar fights, and the baiting of bulls and bears. They had stage plays—the parish clerk in Chaucer "played Herod on a scaffold high." In the year 1391 the parish clerks had a play at Skinners' Well, Smithfield, which lasted for three days. In 1409 they represented the creation of the world, and it lasted eight days.

Then there were the pageants, shows, and ridings in the city. Whenever an excuse could be found, the Mayor, Sheriffs, and Aldermen held a solemn riding in all their bravery. Not even in Ghent or Antwerp were there such splendid ridings and so many of them. "Search all chronicles," says an old writer, "all histories and records, in what language or letter soever, let the inquisitive man waste the deere treasures of his time and eyesight, he shall conclude his life only in the certainty that there is no subject received into the place of his government with the like style and magnificence as is the Lord Mayor of the city of London." We shall see later on what kind of show would be held in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

As for pageants, they were so splendid that he was unhappy, indeed, who could not remember one. But there were few so unfortunate. Whenever the King paid a visit to the city, on his accession, on his marriage, on the birth of a prince, the city held a pageant. When you read the account of the pageant when Henry V. and the city returned thanks for the victory of Agincourt, remember to cover in imagination the houses with scarlet cloth, to dress the people with such bravery of attire and such colors as you can imagine, to let music play at every corner, to let the horses be apparelled as bravely as their riders, to let the bells be pealing and clashing, to fill up the narrative with the things which the historian neglects,

and then own that in the matter of pageants we are poor indeed compared with our forefathers five hundred years ago.

Of ecclesiastical functions and processions I say little. The people belonging to the Church, as well as the churches themselves, were in every street and in every function. At funerals there followed the Brotherhood of Sixty, the singing clerks, and the old priests of the Papey chanting the psalms for the dead. And see, here is a company of a hundred and twenty. They are not Londoners; they are Dutchmen; and they have come across the sea—such are the amenities of mediæval piety—to flagellate themselves for the sins of this city. Will the English follow their example? For there are sins to be expiated even at Amsterdam. They are stripped to the waist; every man is armed with a whip, and is belaboring the man in front. It is a moving spectacle. London cannot choose but repent. The tears should be running down the cheeks of toper, tosspot, and "rorere." Alas! we hear of no tears. The Dutchmen have to go home again, and may, if they please, flagellate themselves for their own good, leaving London impenitent.

Then there is the great day of the company—its saint's day—the day of visible greatness for the trade. On this day is the whole livery assembled; there must be none absent, great or small; all are met in the hall, every man in a new gown of the trade color. First to church; the boys and singing clerks lead the way, chanting as they go. Then march the Lord Mayor's sergeants, the servants of the company, and the company itself, with its wardens and the officers. Mass despatched, they return home in the same order to the hall, where they find a banquet spread for them, such a banquet as illustrates the wealth and dignity of the trade; the music is in the gallery, the floor is spread with rushes newly laid, clean, and warm; the air is fragrant with the burning of that scented Indian wood called sanders; at the high table sit the master or warden, the guests—even the King will sometimes dine with a city company—and the court. Below, at the tables, arranged in long lines, are the freemen of the company, and not the men alone, but with every man sits his wife, or, if he be a bachelor, he is permitted to bring a maiden with him if he chooses. Think not that a city company of the olden time would call together the men to feast alone while the women staid at home. Not at all. The wardens knew very well that there is no such certain guard and preservative of honesty and order, which are the first requisites for the prosperity of trade, as the worship of man for maiden and of maid for man.

When dinner is over, they will elect the officers for the year, and doubtless hear a word of admonition on the excellence of the work and the jealousy with which the standard of good work should be guarded. Then the loving-cup goes round, and the mummers come in to perform plays and interludes, dressed up in such fantastic guise as makes the women scream and the men laugh and applaud.

On the day before Ascension day there was beating of the bounds, a custom still observed, but with grievous shrinkage of the ceremonies.

Perhaps the greatest festival of the year was May day, which fell in the middle of our month of May. It must be a hard year indeed when the east winds are not over and done with by the middle of May. Spring was upon them. Only think what was meant by spring to a people whose winters were spent, as must have been the case with most of them, in small houses, dark and cold, huddled round the fire without candles, going to bed early, rising before daylight, eating no fresh meat, fruit, or vegetables, waiting impatiently for the time to return when they would live again in the open, shutters down and doors thrown wide.

All the young people on the eve of May-day went out into the fields to gather boughs and white-thorn flowers. In Chaucer's "Court of Love," "Forth goeth all the court, both most and least, to fetch the flowers fresh." Later on, Herrick writes:

> "Come, my Corinna, come, and coming, mark
> How each field turns a street, each street a park
> Made green and trimmed with trees; see how
> Devotion gives each house a bough
> Or branch; each porch, each door, on this
> An ark, a tabernacle is
> Made up of white thorn neatly interwoven."

It was the prettiest festival in the world. In every parish they raised a Maypole hung with garlands and ribbons; they elected a Queen of the May, and they danced and sang about their pole. The London parishes vied with each oth-

er in the height and splendor of the pole. One was kept in Gerard's Hall, Basing Lane (now swept away by the new streets). This was forty feet high. A much later one, erected in the Strand, 1661, in defiance to the Puritans, was 130 feet high. And there was the famous May-pole of St. Andrews Under-shaft, destroyed by the Puritans as an emblem of idolatry and profligacy. The girls came back from their quest of flowers singing, but not quite in these words:

"We have been rambling all the night,
And almost all the day,
And now returning back again
We have brought you a branch of May.

"A branch of May we have brought you,
And at your door it stands;
It is but a sprout, but it's well budded out,
By the work of our Lord's hands."

And there was morris-dancing, with Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, Little John, Tom the Piper, and Tom the Fool, with hobby-horses, pipe and tabor, mummers and devils, and I know not what; and Chepe and Cornhill and Gracechurch Street were transformed into leafy lanes and woodland ways and alleys cut through hawthorn and wild rose. You may see to-day the hawthorn and the wild rose growing in Epping Forest just as they grew four hundred years ago. But the forest has been miserably curtailed of its proportions. A great slice, wedge-shaped, has been cut out bodily, and is now built upon. Hainault Forest has perished these forty years, and is converted into farms, save for a fragment, and of Middlesex Forest nothing remains except the little piece enclosed in Lord Mansfield's park. But in those days the forest came down to the hamlet of Iseldun, afterwards merry Islington.

And in the month of June there were the burning of bonfires to clear and cleanse the air, and the marching of the watch on the vigils of St. John Baptist and St. Peter.

On the feast of St. Bartholomew there were wrestlings, foot-races, and shooting with the bow for prizes. On Holyrood day (September 14th) the young men and the maidens went nutting in the woods. At Martinmas (November 1st) there was feasting to welcome the beginning of winter. Lastly, the old year ended and the new year began with the mixture and succession of religious services, pageants, shows, feasting, drinking, and dancing which the London citizen of every degree loved so much.

Then there were the city holidays. St. Lubbock had predecessors. There were Christmas day, Twelfth day, Easter, the day of St. John the Baptist, on June 24th, and of St. Peter and St. Paul, on June 29th. On the last two days, to discourage the people from keeping it up all night, the vintners had to close their doors at ten.

The city of London has always been famous for the great plenty and variety of its food. Beef, mutton, and pork formed then, as now, the staple of the diet; small-beer was the drink of all, men, women, and children. When, for instance, the Franciscans first set up their humble cells, the small-beer being short in quantity, they did not drink water, but mixed water with the beer, in order to make it go round. There were so many fast-days in the year that fish was as important a form of food as mutton or beef. They ate lampreys, porpoise, and sturgeon among other fish. Ling, cod, and herring furnished them with salted fish. Peacocks and swans adorned their tables at great banquets. Their dishes were sweetened with honey, for sugar was scarce, but spices were abundant. By the thirteenth century they had begun to make plentiful use of vegetables. They were fond of pounding meats of different kinds, such as pork and poultry, and mixing them in a kind of *rissole*. At a certain great banquet the *menu* of which has survived there appears neither beef nor mutton, probably because those meats belonged to the daily life, but there are great birds and little birds, brawn, rabbits, swans, and venison for meats, soup of cabbage, then the *rissoles* just mentioned, and various sweetmeats. Their drink was strong ale for banquets, hot spiced ale with a toast, the loving-cup of hypocras, and for wines, Rhenish, sack, Lisbon, and wine of Bordeaux.

Since every man in the city who practised a trade must be a freeman and a member of a company or trade guild, and since every company looked after its livery, there should have been no poor in the city at all. But performance falls short of promise; laws cannot always be enforced; there was, it is quite certain, a mass of poverty and worthlessness in the city even in those days. Perhaps the city proper, with its wards, was tolerably free from rogues and vagabonds, but there

were the suburbs of Southwark, that of the Strand, that already springing up outside Cripplegate, and the city of Westminster. Plenty of room here for the rogues to find shelter. There were also the trades of which the city took no heed, that of minstrels, jugglers, and actors, and all those who lived by amusing others; also the calling of servant in every kind, as drover, carter, waggoner, carrier, porter (not yet associated), and so forth. And there were the men who would never do any work at all, yet wanted as much drink and food as the honest men who did their share. For all these people, when they were hungry, there were the charities of the great men, the bishops, and the monasteries. For instance, the Earl of Warwick allowed any man to take as much meat as he could carry away on a dagger; the Bishop of Ely (but this was later, in the sixteenth century) gave every day bread, drink, and meat to two hundred poor people; the Earl of Derby fed every day, twice, sixty old people; thrice a week all comers; and on Good Friday 2700 men and women. In the year 1293, being a time of dearth, the Archbishop of Canterbury fed daily four or five thousand. In 1171 Henry II., as part of his penance for the murder of à Becket, fed 10,000 people from April till harvest. In the reign of Edward III., the Bishop of Durham bestowed on the poor every week eight quarters of wheat, besides the broken victuals of his house. The almshouses, of which there are so many still existing, belong for the most part to a later time. The citizens founded hospitals for the necessitous as well as for the sick; they rebuilt and beautified churches; they endowed charities, and gave relief to poor prisoners. The first almshouses recorded were founded in the fourteenth century by William Elsing, mercer, who, in 1332, endowed a house for the support of a hundred blind men, and by John Stodie, citizen and vintner, Mayor in 1358, who built and endowed thirteen almshouses for as many poor citizens. In 1415 William Sevenoke, citizen and grocer, founded a school and almshouses in his native place, and two years later Whittington founded by will his college and almshouses. The college has been swallowed up, but the almshouses remain, though transferred to Highgate. After this the rich citizens began to remember the poor in their wills, choosing rather, like Philip Malpas, Sheriff in 1440, to give clothing to poor men and women, marriage dowries to poor maidens, and money for the highways than to bequeath the money for the singing of masses or the endowment of charities.

One more amusement must be mentioned, because it is the only one of which the honest Londoners have never wearied. It is mentioned by the worthy Fitz Stephen. It still continues to afford joy to millions. The craftsman of the fourteenth century found it at the Mermaid in Cornhill, or the Three Tuns of Newgate, or the Swan of Dowgate, or the Salutation of Billingsgate, or the Boar's Head of London Stone. He found it in company with his fellows, and whether he took it out of a glass or a silver mazer or a black jack, he took it joyfully, and he took it abundantly. Tosspots and swinkers were they then; tosspots and swinkers are they still.

To set against this eagerness for pleasure, this avidity after sports of every kind, we must remember the continual recurrence of plague and pestilence, especially in the fourteenth century, when the loss of shows and feasting was at its highest, and when the Black Death carried off half the citizens. Is it not a natural result? When life is so uncertain that men know not to-day how many will be alive to-morrow, they snatch impatiently at the present joy; it is too precious to be lost; another moment, and the chance will be gone — perhaps forever. As is the merriment of the camp when the battle is imminent, so is the joy of the people between the comings of the plague. Life never seems so full of rich and precious gifts as at such a time. As for the lessons in sanitation that the plague should teach, the people had not as yet begun to learn them. The lay stalls and the river-bank, despite laws and proclamations, continued to be heaped with filth, and the narrow street received the refuse from every house.

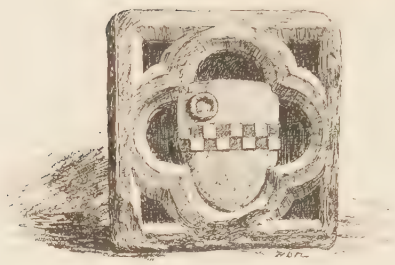
The earliest schools of the city were those of St. Paul's, Westminster, and St. Saviour's, Bermondsey. Each of the religious houses in turn, as it was erected, opened another school. When, however, Henry V. had suppressed the alien priories, of which four certainly, and perhaps more, belonged to London, their schools were also suppressed. So much was the loss felt that Henry VI., the

greatest founder of schools of all the kings, erected four new grammar-schools, namely: at St. Martin's le Grand, St. Dunstan in the West, St. Mary le Bow, and St. Anthony's; and in the following year he made four more, namely, in the parishes of St. Andrew's, Holborn; All Hallows the Great, Thames Street; St. Peter's, Cornhill; and St. Thomas of Acon.

But to what extent education prevailed, whether the sons of craftsmen were taught to read and write before they were apprenticed, I know not. For them the *trivium* and the *quadrivium* of the mediæval school, the grammar, rhetoric, dialectic, music, arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy, could not possibly be of use. On the other hand, one cannot understand that the child of a respectable London craftsman should be allowed to grow up to the age of fourteen with no education at all. As for the children of gentle birth, we know very well how they were taught. Their education was planned so as to include very carefully the mastery of those accomplishments which we call good manners. It also included Latin, French, reading, writing, poetry, and music. In the towns the merchants and the better class understood very well the necessity of education for their own needs. The poor scholar, however—the lad who was born of humble parents and received his education for nothing—was a young man well known and recognized as a common type. But he never intended his learning to adorn a trade; rather should it lead him to the university, to the Church, even to a bishopric. It is significant that throughout Riley's *Memorials* there is no mention of school or of education; there is no hint anywhere how the children of the working classes were taught. One thing is certain, the desire for learning was gradually growing and deepening in those years; and when the Reformation set the Bible free, there were plenty—thanks perhaps to King Henry's grammar-schools—in the class of craftsmen who could read it. But as yet we are two hundred years from the freeing of the Book.

THE STRAND (1547), WITH THE STRAND CROSS, COVENT GARDEN, AND THE PROCESSION OF EDWARD VI. TO HIS CORONATION AT WESTMINSTER.

It is always found that the laws are strict in an inverse proportion to the strength of the executive. Thus, had the laws been properly carried out, London would have been the cleanest and the most orderly town of the present, past, and future. Every man was enjoined to keep the front of his house clean; no refuse was to be thrown into the gutter; no one was to walk the streets at night. When the curfew-bell rang, first from St. Martin's, and afterwards from all the churches together, the gates of the city were closed; the taverns were shut; no one was allowed to walk about the streets; no boats were to cross the river; the ser-



ARMS OF SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON.—GREY-FRIARS, LONDON.

geants of Billingsgate and Queenhithe had each his boat, with its crew of four men, to guard the river and the quays; guards were posted at the closed gates; a watch of six men was set in every ward, all the men of the ward being liable to serve upon it. These were excellent rules. Yet we find men haled before the Mayor charged with being common *rorers* (roarers), with beating people in the streets, enticing them into taverns, where they were made to drink and to gamble. Among the common *rorers* was once found, alas! a priest. What, however, were the other people doing in the street after curfew? And why were not the taverns shut? As is the strength of the ruling arm, so should be the law. We are not ourselves free from the reproach of passing laws which cannot be enforced because they are against the will of the people, and the executive is too weak to carry them out against that will. People, you see, cannot be civilized by statute.

Such were the people of London in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Such was Plantagenet London, the land of Cocaigne—Cockney Land—whither the penniless young gentleman, the son of the country squire, made his way in search of the fortune which others had picked up on its golden pavement.

> "Strewed with gold and silver sheen,
> In Cockneys' streets no molde is seen;
> Pancakes be the shingles alle
> Of church and cloister, bower and halle;
> Running rivers, grete and fine,
> Of hypocras and ale and wine."

But, indeed, a pavement of flints and stones the City offered to any who tried to win her fortunes save by the way prescribed. Of course there were—there always are—many who cannot enter by the appointed gate, nor keep to the ordered way. As it is now, so it was then. There were rogues and cheats; there were men who preferred any way of life to the honest way. How the City in its wisdom dealt with those, we shall now see.

At first sight one may be struck with the leniency of justice. In cases which in later years were punished by flogging at the cart tail, by hanging, by long imprisonment, the criminal of the fourteenth century stood in pillory, or was made to ride through the streets, the nature of his crime symbolized by something hung from his neck. There were as yet no burnings, no slicing off of ears; there was no rack, no torture by rope, boot, or water. It is true that those who ventured upon violence to the sacred person of an Alderman were liable to have the right hand struck off; but at the last moment that officer always begged and obtained a commutation, while the criminal made humble submission. Those who have entered upon an inheritance of law-abiding and of order have forgotten by what severities men were forced into external forms of respect for the officers of justice. Then, again, the Alderman knew every man in his ward; he was no stranger among his people; he knew the circumstances and the condition of every one; he was punishing a brother who had

ARMS GRANTED TO THE CRAFT OF THE IRONMONGERS OF LONDON BY LANCASTER KING OF ARMS, A.D. 1466.

GUILDHALL, KING STREET, LONDON.

brought the ward into disrepute by his unruly conduct; he was therefore tender, saving the dignity of his office and his duty to the city.

For instance, it was once discovered that wholesale robberies were carried on by certain bakers who made holes in their moulding-boards, and so filched the dough. These rogues in the last century would have been flogged unmercifully. Robert de Bretaigne, Mayor A.D. 1387, was satisfied by putting them in pillory till after vespers at St. Paul's, with dough hung about their necks, so that all the world might know why they were there. When certain "tapicers" were charged with selling false blankets, that is, blankets which had been "vamped" in foreign parts with the hair of oxen and cows, the blankets were ordered to be burned. On the other hand, highway robbery, burglaries, and some cases of theft were punished by hanging. The unhappy Desiderata de Torgnton, for instance, in an evil moment stole from a servant of the Lady Alice de Lisle thirty dishes and twenty-four salt-cellars of silver. The servant was bound by sureties that he would prosecute for felony, and did so, with the result that Desiderata was hanged, and her chattels confiscated; but of chattels had she none.

For selling putrid meat the offender was put in pillory, and the bad meat—dreadful addition to the sentence—burned beneath his nose. The sale of "false" goods—that is, things not made as they should be made, either of bad materials or of inferior materials—was always punished by destruction of the things.

What should be done to a man who spoke disrespectfully of the Mayor? One Roger Torold, citizen and vintner, in the year of grace 1355, and in the twenty-eighth year of our Sovereign Lord King Edward III., said one day, in the presence of witnesses, that he was ready to defy the Mayor, and that if he should catch the Mayor outside the City, then the Mayor should never come back to it alive. These things being reported, the Mayor caused him to be brought before himself, the Aldermen, and Sheriffs at the Guildhall. The prisoner confessed his crime, and put himself upon the favor of the Court. He was committed to prison while the Court considered what should be done to him. Being brought to the bar, he offered to pay a fine of one hundred tuns of wine for restoration to the favor of the Mayor. This was accepted, on the condition that he should also make a recognizance of £40 sterling to be paid if ever again he should abuse or insult the name or person of the Mayor. For perjury, the offender was, for a first crime, taken to the Guildhall, and there placed upon a high stool, bareheaded, before the Mayor and Aldermen. For the second offence he was placed in pillory. For women, the thew was substituted for the pillory. One Alice, wife of Robert de Causton, stood in the thew for thicken-

BLACKWELL HALL, KING STREET.

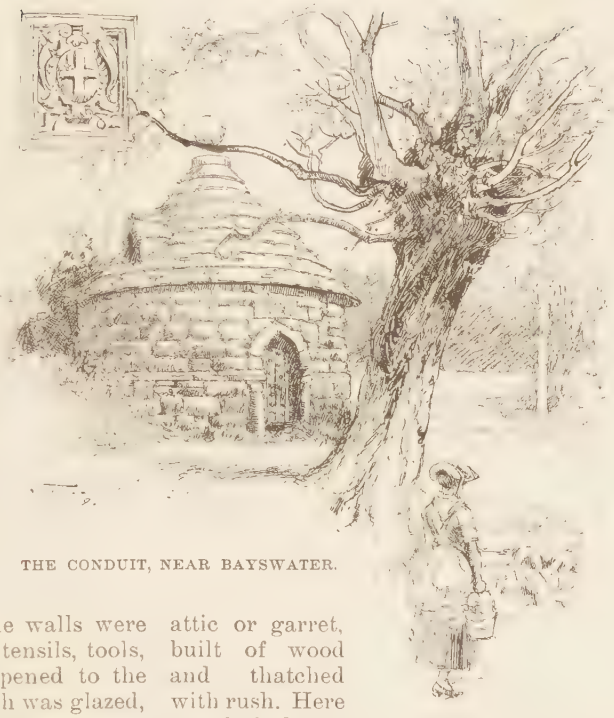
ing the bottom of a quart pot with pitch, so as to give short measure. The said quart pot was divided into two parts, of which one half was tied to the pillory in sight of the people, and the other half was kept in the Guildhall.

As an illustration of the times I give the story of William Blakeney. He was a shuttle-maker by trade, but a pilgrim by profession. He dressed for the part with long hair, long gown, and bare feet. He loitered about in places where men resorted—taverns and such—and there entertained all comers with travellers' tales. He had been everywhere, this pious and adventurous pilgrim. He had seen Seville, city of sacred relics; Rome, the abode of his Holiness the Pope; he had even seen the Pope himself. He had been to the Holy Land, and stood within the very sepulchre of our Lord. And what with the strange creatures he had met with in those far-off lands, and the men and women among whom he had sojourned, and the things he could tell you, and the things which he postponed till the next time, the story would fill volumes. For six years he lived in great comfort, eating and drinking of the best, always at the expense of his hearers. This man must have been an unequalled story-teller. Six years of invention ever fresh and new! Then he was found out—he had never been a pilgrimage in his life. He had never been out of sight of the London walls. So he stood in pillory—this poor novelist, who would in these days have commanded so much respect and such solid rewards—he stood in pillory, with a whetstone round his neck, as if he had been a common liar! And then he had to go back to the dull monotony of shuttle-making, and that in silence, with nobody to believe him any more. Well, he shortly afterwards died, I am convinced, of suppressed fiction. But perhaps his old friends rallied round him, and by the light of the fire he still beguiled the long evenings by telling for the hundredth time of the one-eyed men, and the men with tails, and the men who have but one leg, and use their one foot for an umbrella against the scorching sun—all of whom he had seen in the deserts on the way from Jerusalem to Damascus, where St. Paul was converted.

Would you know how a young married couple set up house-keeping? Here is the inventory of the household furniture of such a pair in the fourteenth century. It is not the only document of the kind which exists, but it is interesting because it forms part of a story which remains unfinished.

The inventory belongs to the year 1337. The proprietor's name was Hugh le Be-

vere; that of his wife, Alice. Hugh le Bevere was a craftsman of the better sort, but not a master. He was so well off that the furniture of his house, including clothes, was valued at £12 18*s.* 4*d.*, which, being interpreted into modern money, means about £200. He had been married but a short time when the events occurred which caused this inventory to be drawn up. The newly married pair lived in a house consisting of two rooms, one above the other. The lower room, which was kitchen and keeping-room in one, was divided from the houses on either side by solid stone walls; it had a chimney and a fireplace; the walls were hung round with kitchen utensils, tools, and weapons; a window opened to the street, the upper part of which was glazed, while the lower part could be closed by a stout shutter; the door opened into the street; there was another door at the back which opened upon a buttery, where there stood ranged in a row six casks of wine. One folding table and two chairs served for their wants, because they were not rich enough to entertain their friends. A ladder led to the upper room, which was an attic or garret, built of wood and thatched with rush. Here was the bed with a mattress, three feather beds, and two pillows. A great wooden coffer held their household gear; here were six blankets and one serge, a coverlet with shields of sendale (a kind of thin silk), eight linen sheets, four table-cloths. The clothes, which were laid in chests or hung upon the wall, consisted of three surcoats of worsted and ray; one coat with a hood of perset (peach-colored cloth), and another of worsted; two robes of perset; one of medley, furred; one of scarlet, furred; a great hood of sendale with edging; one camise (only one!); and half a dozen savenapes (aprons). One perceives that the inventory omits many things. Where, for instance, were the hosen and the shoon? For kitchen utensils there were brass pots, a grate, andirons, basins, washing vessels, a tripod, an iron horse, an iron spit, a frying-pan, a funnel, two ankers (tubs), etc. They had one candlestick "of lattone"; two plates; an aumbrey (cabinet or small cupboard); curtains to hang before the doors to keep out the cold; cushions and a green carpet; and for the husband a haketon, or suit of leather armor, and an iron head-piece. Of knives, forks, wooden plates, cups, glasses, or drinking measures there is nothing said at all. But it



THE CONDUIT, NEAR BAYSWATER.

ANCIENT PLATE.

SOUTHEAST VIEW OF STEPNEY CHURCH.

is evident that the house was provided with everything necessary for solid comfort; plenty of kitchen vessels, for instance, and plenty of soft feather beds, blankets, pillows, curtains, and sheets.

Every morning at six o'clock, after a hunch of bread, a substantial slice of cold meat, and a pull at the black-jack of small-ale, Hugh le Bevere walked off to his day's work. Then Alice, left at home, washed and scoured, made and mended, cooked the dinner, talked to the neighbors, and, when all was done, sat in the doorway enjoying the sunshine and spinning busily.

They had been married but a short time. There were no children. Then—one knows nothing; no one must judge harshly; there may have been jealousy; there may have been cause for jealousy; perhaps the woman had a tongue unendurable (fourteenth-century tongues were cruelly sharp); perhaps the man had a temper uncontrolled (in that century there were many such); but no one knows, and, again, we must not judge—then, I say, the end came, suddenly and without warning. When it was all over, some of the neighbors thought they had heard high words and a smothered shriek, but then we often think we have heard what probably happened. In the morning Hugh le Bevere went not forth to his work as usual; Alice did not open the door; the shutters remained closed. The neighbors knocked; there was no answer. They sent for the Alderman, who came with his sergeants, and broke open the door. Alas! alas! They found the body of Alice lying stark and dead upon the floor; beside her sat her husband with white face and haggard eyes, and the evidence of his crime, the knife itself, lying where he had thrown it.

They haled him to the Lord Mayor's Court. They questioned him. He made no reply at first, looking as one distraught; when he spoke, he refused to plead. For this, in later times, he would have been pressed to death. What was done to him was almost as bad; for they took him to Newgate, and shut him up in a cell with penance, that is to say, on bread and water, until he died.

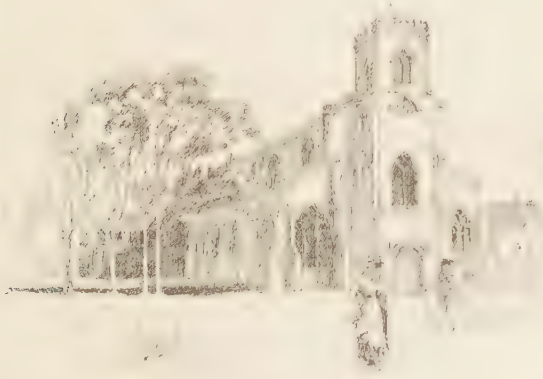
This done, they buried the unfortunate Alice, and made the inventory of all the chattels, which the City confiscated, and sold for £12 18*s.* 4*d.*, out of which, no doubt, they paid for the funeral of the woman and the penance of the man. The rest, one hopes, was laid out in masses, as far as it would go, for the souls of the hapless pair. Death has long since released Hugh le Bevere; he has entered his plea before another Court; but the City has never learned why he killed his wife, or if, indeed, he really did kill her.

Of Plantagenet London this is my picture. You see a busy, boisterous, cheerful city; with the exception of the cities of Ghent and Bruges and Antwerp, the busiest and the most prosperous city of the western world, with the greatest liberty of the people, the greatest plenty of all good things, and the happiest conditions of any town. You have seen that though the sovereign was King within as well as without the walls, there was no other over-lord; the royal hand was sometimes heavy, but its weight was better to bear than the internal dissensions that ravaged the Italian cities; it was better that London should suffer with the rest of the country than that she should sit, like Venice, secure and selfish beside her quays, though the people of the land behind were torn with civil wars and destroyed by famine and overrun by a foreign enemy.

When we think of this period let us never forget its external splendor—the silken banners, the heralds in their embroidered coats, the livery of the great lords, the Mayor and Aldermen in their robes riding to hear mass at St. Paul's, the cloth of gold, the vair and miniver, the ermine and the sable, the robes of perset and the hoods of sendale, the red velvet and the scarlet silk, the great gold chains, the caps embroidered with pearls, the horses with their trappings, the banners and the shields, the friars jostling the parish priests, the men-at-arms, the City ladies, as glorious with their raiment as the ladies of the court, the knights, the common folk, the merchant, and the prentice. Mostly I like to think of the prentice. One always envies the young; theirs is the inheritance. The prentice lived amidst these glories, which seemed like shows invented for his delight. It was a time when the fleeting shows and vanities of life were valued all the more because they were so fleeting. He looked around, and his heart swelled with the joy of thinking that some day these things would fall to him if he was lucky, diligent, and watchful. His was the threefold vow of industry, obedience, and duty. By keeping this vow he would attain to the place and station of his master.

OLD CHARING CROSS.

For the continued noise and uproar of the City, for its crowds, for its smells, the people cared nothing. They were part of the City. They liked everything that belonged to it—their great cathedral; their hundred churches; their monasteries; their palaces and the men-at-arms; the nobles, priests, and monks; the Mayor and Aldermen; the ships and the sailors; the merchants and the craftsmen; the ridings and the festivals and the holydays; the ringing, clinging, clashing of the bells all day long; the drinking at the taverns; the wrestling and the archery; the dancing; the pipe and tabor; the pageants, and the mumming and the love-making—all, all they loved. And they thought in their pride that there was not anywhere in the whole habitable world—witness the pilgrims and the ship-captains, who had seen the habitable world—any city that might compare with famous London Town.



CHURCH OF ST. KATHERINE'S, NEAR THE TOWER.

TRIALS OF A PAINTER'S WIFE.—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

SIR BINKS (*who always piques himself on saying just the right thing*): "A what I like so much about that milkmaid, don'tcherknow, is that your husband hasn't fallen into the usual mistake of painting a lady dressed up in milkmaid's clothes! She's so unmistakably a milkmaid and nothing else, don'tcherknow!"

Editor's Easy Chair.

CYNICUS remarked the other day, as he was watching the carriages roll along Bellevue Avenue at Newport, that there seemed to be a good deal of interest in morality just now. The newspapers especially, he said, are prodigious preachers upon the subject, and he insisted that they dilated and perorated upon immorality as if it were a recent discovery.

But what is so old? he asked. Doesn't the Scriptural history of the race begin with what is represented as an immoral act of disobedience? And to come down suddenly to a late period of our history, what is the story of the politics of our noble English branch of the human race but a long tale of immorality? When you have deducted selfishness, intrigue, personal ambition, love of power, place-hunting, envy, jealousy, and all uncharitableness from politics, how much patriotism, principle, and morality are left? Dr. Johnson was a shrewd observer, and he had seen much of men. He was not unkindly; on the contrary, he had a heart as large as the rest of him; and when he defined patriotism he described what he saw. He certainly did not mean that there was no such thing, for he was himself an illustration of it. He was an Englishman in every drop of his blood and every beat of his heart. He meant only that something else than patriotism called itself by that name.

When Cynicus was reminded that nobody denied the antiquity of immorality, but that his own remark seemed to be a sneer at morality, he replied, "No, but at the affectation of it." Yet when he was asked whether the affectation of a virtue is not a recognition of the honor in which the virtue is really held, he did not answer, but said that he hated cant, and was of opinion that the politicians who rebuke Walpole's corruption are as corrupt as Walpole.

But he evaded the question. If what he said was true, did it excuse Walpole? If you wish to steal or forge or lie, it is very easy to say that people

> "Compound for sins they are inclined to,
> By damning those they have no mind to."

The proposition may be true, but what then? Are there no sins! Are there no sinners? Or is there nothing else but sin and sinners?

Cynicus was asked his opinion of Mr. Gladstone. "A mere fraud," he answered. "Ten years ago I thought him the greatest and best of men, but he has undeceived me. He has thrown away the mask, and I now see him as he is, a reckless schemer and conspirator, who would dissolve the British Empire to be Prime Minister for a year. He is enough to sicken any man of what is called morality in politics. People call Walpole immoral. He was playing the same game as Gladstone, but at least his stakes were British unity and power."

But when Cynicus was asked whether a Prime Minister who takes a course which throws him from power, breaks up his party, draws upon his head the fiercest hatred and opprobrium, and all without a whisper of personal corruption, can be reasonably supposed to act from a desire to gain what he already has, Cynicus was silent.

Did Sir Robert Peel advocate the repeal of the corn laws in order that he might be Prime Minister of England and the Tory leader? The answer is that already he was both Prime Minister and Tory leader. What then could have been his motive? It was not political aggrandizement, nor pecuniary gain, nor personal consideration. What was it? Must it necessarily have been a mean motive? Might it not have been what he believed to be the public benefit, the welfare of his country; an unselfish, not a personal, end; a moral, not an immoral, purpose? Did he not deliberately but conscientiously sacrifice himself to his country, and was he not as purely a patriot as Leonidas or Winkelried?

There may be as much cant of political morality as Cynicus believes, but does the fact that somebody cants prove that Gladstone's motive in risking his political place and power and contemporary fame, in transforming the admiration of friends into hostility, and apparently justifying the disdain of foes, was a mean motive? Which was the rosy path of personal ease and applause and triumph? It was the same both for Peel and Gladstone, and it was the path they did not take.

When Cynicus says that there seems to be great interest just now in morality, he is ridiculing what is always the most

hopeful sign of the times. His feeling, indeed, is partly generous. That is to say, it is impatience of cant, and of the constant failure fully to attain. But even if the motives are not unmixed with which rascality is now pitilessly exposed and lofty standards are raised, the acts themselves are most serviceable. The tipsy bearer of a flag inscribed with "Temperance forever" is a droll figure. But his flag displays the truth, however his feet falter. Cynicus would not deny that there are such virtues as honor and courage and fidelity, and that there are those who are loyal to them, although the greater number may pass by on the other side. He ought also to reflect that a sneer helps nothing. It confirms those who do not believe or are too weak to trust their faith, while it does not cheer or strengthen those who are true.

The Americans love a majority, but it is the minority that saves. A sneer is the sigh of weakness which knows its duty and also its inability to do it; or it is weakness laughing bitterly at its own impotence. Cynicus will stroll on with the crowd at which he jeers. He will follow, but he will never lead. He will sneer at the minority to-day, and to-morrow, when it has become a majority, he will declare that it is useless to kick against the pricks.

THE newspaper is always an entertaining and suggestive text, for it is one of the most powerful forces in modern civilization. Like the philosopher, it takes all knowledge for its province, and it assumes to treat everybody's business as its own. Its legend may well be that of the ancient church a little varied: *Semper, ubique, omnibus.* With the artist in the poem, who in his enthusiasm cries to his beloved, "Into paint will I grind thee, my bride," the newspaper proposes to grind all things into news. It brings to its task untiring energy, unbounded resource, immense intelligence, and most inventive enterprise. And yet it is sometimes baffled in the simplest effort.

There has been recently a very amusing illustration of its inability to accomplish what would seem to be its easiest task. It could not ascertain the condition of the health of Mr. Blaine. No ingenuity of reporting, no skill of the interviewer, no prolonged, detailed, double-leaded, and hugely head-lined statement availed. The more the newspaper asserted and described, the less the public knew. The spectacle was that of a great leviathan splashing the ocean into foam far and wide, but doing nothing else. There was an elaborate uproar of allegation, but no knowledge. Nobody really knew from the newspaper how Mr. Blaine was.

The assertion and counter-assertion were both apparently equally authentic and probable. One morning the most alarming statements were made public, and declared to rest upon the highest professional authority. The next morning they were contradicted, as was alleged, by members of the Secretary's family. This contradiction was countered by a scientific abstract of medical examinations demonstrating fell disease. This, in turn, was immediately overtaken by the most emphatic denunciations of its falsity from the most intimate friends of the Secretary. Finally a detailed interview with the distinguished victim of the cyclone of rumors was published in papers most friendly to him. This seemed to conclude the dispute, but it was hardly read before the friendly papers themselves confessed that they had been deceived.

The situation would have been merely ludicrous except for the gravity of the truth involved, the health of the Secretary of State. The ignorance was so universal and profound and insuperable that at length an ingenious theory was propounded to explain the inability to know. It was suddenly and widely announced that the reports of serious illness were due to a political conspiracy. They were published, it was said, to produce the impression that the state of the Secretary's health, whatever it might actually be, was such as to make it impossible for him to be a candidate for the Presidential nomination. It was a malicious plot, it was alleged, to poison the public mind with suspicion and distrust, and it was the more infamous because it was a plot of his own political associates.

This theory of a conspiracy was the more amusing because it was wholly superfluous. The situation required no such theory. Not only would the leaders in such a conspiracy have known that a single word would expose them, but they knew that the whole situation was due to the fact that the word was unspoken, although at any moment it might be uttered. The detailed assertion and coun-

ter-assertion sprang from a perfectly obvious cause. It was the omission to publish a frank professional bulletin which produced the whispering of rumor. This was the spring of all the mischief. It was evidently foolish to imagine an organized scheme to represent the Secretary as seriously ill, when a few words from himself or his physicians or his family might at once state the precise fact, and dispose of all surmises and assertions. Moreover, it was monstrous to suppose that so unnecessary a cruelty would be the resort of any considerable body even of American politicians.

But wholly apart from the personal consideration, the entertaining fact remained that the newspaper was baffled, and at last cried for quarter. It could tell us every day what Bismarck intended and what the German Emperor had said, what Parnell hoped and how ill Mr. Spurgeon was, but with all its power and skill and money and persistence it could not tell us how Mr. Blaine was, and finally it declared that somebody ought to speak authentically. But this was only to say that somebody ought to tell what the newspaper could not tell.

In another way, however, the victory remained with the newspaper. It was not able, indeed, to say how ill the Secretary was, but it was able to show the extreme probability that he was not well. Here, again, the process was simple. When the newspaper announced that the Secretary of State, the real leader of the party of administration, and the most conspicuous public figure of the hour, was alarmingly ill, it was a natural supposition that if the report was unfounded, or if his illness had been slight and unimportant, its character would have been at once stated, and in the most conclusive and unquestionable manner. That this was not done naturally suggested every kind of surmise and assertion, which became more startling and detailed with the increasing belief that no authoritative assurance would be given.

The newspaper could not tell us how ill, if ill at all, the Secretary was, but it succeeded in impressing the country with the conviction that he was seriously ill. *Omne ignotum* is a proverb which may well be borne in mind in dealing with subjects which are essentially of public interest, like the health of eminent public officers. It is undoubtedly true that the newspaper meddles with much which is really private, but it is no less true that it will continue to meddle, and wise men deal with facts.

The assumption of the newspaper, however, that anything by the sensational publication of which it can make money is therefore news, and may be rightfully published, is a very frequent but very mistaken assumption. Privacy, indeed, may be invaded and made public, as a man's purse may be stolen and the money spent by the thief. But theft does not convey title. There may be ill-gotten gains displayed in newspapers as well as hidden in pockets. A newspaper is no more justified in doing whatever it may be able to do than Yankee Sullivan or the Russian Czar.

Mr. Henry Irving lately declined to discuss the moral influence of the stage; not in deference to the sneer of Cynicus that there is a great deal of attention now paid to morality, but on the ground that the moral influence of the stage is no more open to discussion than that of any other form of art. This was a fair reason, although the morality of art, like the morality of life, is always a legitimate subject of debate. There is no more frequent dispute, for example, than that about the place of morals in literary art, in which a large and aggressive party insists that it has no conscious place at all, except as fidelity in art may be held to be a moral duty.

These, however, are metaphysics in which Mr. Irving does not choose to entangle himself. He is content, professionally, to obey as he can the great masters of the drama, and to hold the mirror up to nature. But there are several aspects of the question which he might have considered. For instance, he might have viewed the theatre or playhouse as distinct from the play. The written drama is literature, but acting is not literature, and the stage is not literature. He might have treated the source of the moral disfavor under which the theatre so long lay—a disfavor which still survives, and which a quarter of a century ago made so many good people regret that Abraham Lincoln should have been in a theatre when he was assassinated, and forty years ago secured to Jenny Lind in this country a triumph in the

concert-room which she could not have achieved in the playhouse.

Or Mr. Irving might have pointed out the root of the Puritan hatred of the stage. The excesses of the English theatre, the stage of the Restoration, of Aphra Behn and the later artificial comedy, the theatre of Wycherley and Vanbrugh—all these were not the reason of the Puritan protest; on the contrary, all these were the reaction against Puritanism. The sting of the ribaldry was ridicule of Puritanism. The licentious drama was not the cause of the antipathy which the Pilgrims brought to Plymouth and the Non-conformists to Boston and Salem, for it did not then exist.

Their dislike of the theatre had the same origin as their feeling toward bear-baiting and dancing and pleasure in general. Pleasure was wanton; it was trifling; it was a lust of the flesh, a desire of the natural man. But the natural man was the child of Belial. He was to be mortified, chastised, and subdued. Christmas itself was a mockery and a snare. Governor Bradford at Plymouth reproved the children at their holiday sports. But so strong is the impress of his spirit upon New England that the other day when Hannibal Hamlin died in Maine, serious regret was expressed that he should have been stricken in a club-house while playing a game of cards. Such regret is a form of the feeling which sent Simeon Stylites to his pillar.

The modern ban of the stage is not merely a Puritan heritage, it is a logical consequence of the reaction against Puritanism. For this reaction made the playhouse a house of sin. If the drama of Charles the Second was but a reflex of his court and of the fine society of his time, what then? If the artificial comedy that followed was a similar picture of a later day, what then? Then the playhouse was a school of vice. The social ideal of life at the Restoration was the pursuit of unlawful gallantry. Was that a noble aim to set before youth? In the theatre of that time was any generous emotion quickened, any lofty thought inspired, any heroic purpose fired? Was it surprising that as a finer moral sensibility was developed, it outlawed the theatre?

This was the playhouse which was banned by our fathers and mothers in this country. In ways familiar to the older generation still living, it opened its doors to vice, with the purpose of enticing youth. It was a doubtful and intermittent pleasure even in the larger towns. The players were a peculiar and somewhat separate class. Those who associated with them familiarly were regarded as of rather easy morality. Religion denounced the theatre. Respectability evaded it. A clergyman in a theatre would have been a spectacle as monstrous as a bishop gambling.

But, like Sir John, the theatre of tradition, to visit which the young Washington Irving let himself stealthily out of the window of his Presbyterian home, has now purged and lives cleanly. The late Mr. Barnum, a generation ago, in his American Museum showed that a theatre could be as innocent as a concert-room. Barnum practically Bowdlerized the playhouse. He eliminated the wickedness. He provided a family theatre, a purged playhouse, in which even the clergy could sit harmless, even the cloth could be unsoiled. Dr. Bellows, one of the most active, humane, high-minded, and courageous of citizens, made, in the old Academy of Music, an eloquent and persuasive plea for the stage. They were all signs of the changing spirit. The devil was no longer to have all the good tunes. The theatre was not to be forever the gate through which whosoever passed must leave morality behind. And if to-day, as he enters the scene, Mr. Henry Irving sees before him the clergy and the laity commingled, it is not that the theatre has pulled them down, but that morality and decency have lifted the playhouse up.

Yes, undoubtedly there is the doubtful opera, and there is the leering play. But again, what then? There are also the slimy novel and the picture of Cyprus. But because there are chilly days, and even lingering sheltered snow banks in May, do we deny that summer is coming in?

THE valley of the Connecticut has not only a tranquil pastoral charm, but it has also the historical traditions and associations that belong to the earliest settlements of New England. The river is a placid stream, and from its mouth at Saybrook, on Long Island Sound, northward to Hartford, the traveller passes through a gentle landscape of rich fields and broad meadows, rising sometimes into green uplands,

but with no bold outlines. Still ascending, as he approaches Springfield he sees the striking form of Mount Tom, which seems to rise suddenly without gradation from the lowland.

Leaving Springfield, he winds with the railroad beside the curving Connecticut, and presently sees before him the lofty rampart of hills which just below Northampton is pierced by the river. The bold height to the east is Mount Holyoke, and to the west Mount Tom. The two mounts make the noble gateway of the broadest and finest expanse of the valley. Holyoke, a long, tossing, and broken wooded ridge, gradually declines into distant undulations, and Tom falls precipitously away toward the southwest. Passing between them, the traveller enters upon a broad and softly beautiful landscape, with an air of refinement and finish, of singularly graceful and gentle outlines, an Arcadian scene of contentment and repose.

Here is Northampton, where Jonathan Edwards preached. Here is the famous ox-bow of the Connecticut River in which lies Hadley, where the white-haired warrior suddenly appeared in the Indian fray, and vanished after leading the villagers to victory. Here is Hatfield, where the convention of Shays' rebellion met to draft a statement of grievances. Beyond, on the eastern height, above the broad meadows, is Amherst of the college, whither General Lincoln followed Shays; and still beyond is the blue line of the Pelham hills, over which, in the January snow, Lincoln pushed Shays to Petersham and surrender. A little further to the north, but still within this broad area of meadow-land, is Bloody Brook, where the flower of Essex was stricken in King Philip's war, and the Deerfield Mountain rises over the village which the French and Indians sacked, bearing off their prisoners to Canada, of which the Rev. John Williams's *The Redeemed Captive returning to Zion* is *A Faithful History of Remarkable Occurrences.*

Of this storied and lovely region, Hadley, one of the most characteristic and beautiful of New England villages, is a central point. It is a group of houses built on both sides of a street which runs from bank to bank of the river. But the street is such a breadth of turf, shaded with elm-trees, that it is more a common than a street. The silence is so profound, and the highway so solitary, that the houses become spectral. Under the drowsy spell the whole scene glimmers—a village enchanted; and if suddenly the warwhoop should sound, and the Puritans, with peaked hats, grasping their firelocks, muster upon the green, and the tall warrior with streaming white hair wave high his sword that flashed and struck on Marston Moor, what else would it be than another picture in the slumberous vision of midsummer Hadley?

This was the scene of remoter New England life in the early day, and a charming and interesting little volume has been recently published, composed of passages from a diary kept in one of these old houses, and from letters of reminiscence, with an account of its later life. It is called *Under a Colonial Roof-tree*, and is the work of one of the latest daughters of the house, Miss Arria S. Huntington, daughter of the Bishop of Central New York, who was born under the roof-tree, and returns every summer to the meadows whence he sprang.

It is a delightful glimpse of the character, the quality, the trials, and discipline of former rural life in New England, illustrating the truth of the motto of the book, felicitously taken from Mulford: "There has been no nation but, in the beginning of its history, there was the consciousness of its relation to a world which it did not conquer with its swords, and whose fruits it did not gather in its barns nor exchange in its markets."

A good idea of the New England of the Revolution, of the character which made the republic of the United States possible and practicable, may be gained from a personal description of Mr. Charles Phelps, who at the time of the Revolution was the most important citizen of Hadley. He was a man of large frame and fine presence, but "his dress on ordinary, every-day occasions was mean, badly attended to, and slovenly. But when dressed for public occasions nothing could be more magnificent, fashionable, or in better taste. The finest linen, frilled at wrists and bosom with the most costly cambrics; golden buckles to his stock; costly gems for buttons to his wristbands; deep blue broadcloth coat of the finest and firmest material; buff vest and smallclothes; silk stockings, with shoes or boots to fit. And then the wig—that ample, full-bottomed,

full-powdered wig of the style of Louis XIV. or George III.; to which add the brilliant on his finger and the rings in his ears, the whole being surmounted with the tasteful chapeau-de-bras, with buttons of gold."

In the rural parts of New England everywhere there were not only intelligence and conscience, but courtly grace and stately manner, the habit of leadership, the mastery of the gentleman. Each little community was a microcosm of the larger republic. There was never a riper political fruit than the republic of 1789. It was detached from the old stock of monarchy with as little organic disturbance as when a pear falls ripened from the tree in these autumn orchards of Hadley.

The heritage of the happy denizens of the placid realm of the Connecticut Valley sprang from sturdy character and the primitive virtues, from heroic training and moral persistence. *Under a Colonial Roof-tree* is a glance at the family portrait-gallery, and its pervasive moral—wisely unenforced by the quiet guide who turns the light upon the pictures, from that of the brave young captain, Moses Porter, who fell at Crown Point, and whose bride, like the bride of Montgomery, lived for forty-three years a widow, down to "the third Elizabeth"—is the familiar but ever-fresh *noblesse oblige.* Who that lives where heroes dwelt is willing to be quite a coward? Who that inherits a noble estate from ancestors who were brave, persistent, self-sacrificing, self-contained, but feels the mighty shadow of some unseen power attending him, and himself consecrated to be worthy of his heritage?

Editor's Study.

I.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S life of her kinsman Laurence Oliphant, and Mrs. Sutherland Orr's life of Robert Browning, are two books dealing with matters of such importance that they ought to have the character of human events; but they somehow fail of it. Why they fail of it might be easier to say than how they should have achieved it. They are both very entertaining books, and both very intelligent books, up to a certain point, and after that the authors seem either not to understand the men whose stories they are telling, or not to care for the edification of their readers. In Mrs. Oliphant this is the effect of her limitations, apparently; her agreeable talent could go so far and no farther; but with Mrs. Orr the shortcoming seems a bound voluntarily set.

II.

That is, Mrs. Orr impresses the observer as having chosen to interpret Browning, in his life and in his work, only to a given degree, which she had fixed in her mind before she began; to make you his acquaintance, but not his intimate. It is always possible that the fault is in him, and not in her theory of the way she should write his personal history: some men have no intimacy to impart or to be imparted; they are either of natures so recluse that they cannot be got at, or so simple that a bare statement is all there is of them. It is incredibly all in the case of a man like Browning, and though it may really be all, the world which he perplexed and piqued so much will not be satisfied that it is so by one assurance. The world will insist that it is only the more obvious self of Browning that has been set before it; that within this plain letter there must be a spirit to be expounded; and Mrs. Orr will always suffer from the charge of inadequacy, and of not being that prophetess which she never set up to be, which she clearly refuses to be.

It is rather hard, and we shall not be the foremost to urge it. We certainly find her philosophization of Browning scanty, but that it is inadequate we are not so sure. We fancy that though a darkling soul, he was not very complex. He belonged to the order of great men who are constituted like common men; the stuff is finer, but it is put together in much the same way. He was of strictly citizen stock; he had not the romance of a low original like Keats or Burns, nor the glamour of high birth like Byron or Shelley. He had not the charm of anything bohemian; he was of the class that handles money; and though his own family had minds above money, their lives were of a clerkly conventionality: the Bank of England could tolerate nothing else. He was not a Jew, Mrs. Orr takes the

pains to prove against conjecture to that effect, and he had no picturesque quarrel with conditions as Heine had. After a deeply domesticated youth, he indulged the one dramatic impulse of his life; he ran away with the gifted sufferer whom he lured from her sick-room to be his wife. He settled quietly in Italy, where his pleasant sojourn was often broken with pleasant journeys; and after her death he came back to great social acceptance in England, to be the cult of intellectual countesses, and the desired guest at dinners. Nothing could be more commonplace. The vein of poetry, running rich and full to the last through his life, was his love for his wife, whom he passionately believed his superior; but he had many æsthetic friendships, chiefly with women, and he was a man of warm and constant affections. He seems never to have hated anything so much as modern spiritism, and, for a moment, Mr. Edward Fitzgerald. But both these hates were the nether side of his faithful and beautiful love of his wife, whom he believed to have been deluded by mediums in her life, and insulted in her death by Fitzgerald.

There are few lives, even literary lives, so uneventful as Browning's. He had no struggle with poverty, as most authors have; and he suffered no persecution for opinion's sake, as many great ones have. At the most he had to endure the long indifference of the public, which did not even condemn his work, which simply ignored it. This was no doubt enough, for Browning must always have known that he was Browning, and a poet worthy fame. But still it was not misery, it was not sorrow; material comfort stayed him in it; he had the means to wait; he neither hungered, nor tasted *il pane altrui*. A certain placid security from the worst is reflected in his letters, which are almost unfailingly unimportant, as far as Mrs. Orr quotes them. What light and lift comes into the story of his life is rather from Mrs. Browning's letters; but these again are not of the letters that reveal the inner life: they have perhaps no expression of more intense feeling than that which she experienced when Browning shaved his beard.

III.

These facts derogate nothing from the greatness of the two extraordinary poets in question. They were so fortunately circumstanced that they could give themselves to poetry without care or anxiety for most things that break the heart and distract the mind in most poets. The nightingale can sing even without a thorn in his breast, and we should be the last to wish one always planted there. We are quite able to accept Browning's greatness while fully recognizing the simplicity of his nature, and the uneventful quiet of his career. We do not find his external ease and his happy domesticities inconsistent with greatness. We do not deny that "the camomile the more it is trodden the faster it grows," but we know that there are plants that do not require this harsh culture. From that prospered life of Browning's came the deepest if not the loftiest voice of our time, clothing itself in terms which will always be the clearer the more simply they are taken, and worth carefully listening to when of darkest meaning. At the end, if we remain a little dissatisfied with Mrs. Orr, we do not see why we should be so with Browning; and perhaps we are not justly so with her. Perhaps there was really no more of Browning, outside of his poems, than she has suggested if not shown. This would not be wonderful. Why should we ask a man to live as well as to write his poetry? That seems unreasonable, emotional, romantic; and when we have said romantic we have said enough.

IV.

In fact, we are disposed to praise Mrs. Orr's book for a certain self-respectful manliness which we find, or which we fancy we find in it. Possibly it is to this restraint that we owe a bareness in the lines of her characterization; she is so afraid of sentimentalizing her subject that she may withhold some colors of feeling which would have helped us know him better. In that case it is the defect of a virtue; and it is a defect which we cannot blame in Mrs. Oliphant's study of her surprising kinsman's career.

Surprising, very surprising, he always is to her; but whether he will be so to a people of other horizons may be doubted. Hers are strictly pinned down to the social, political, and spiritual state of her native island. All the world beyond is strange, vague, and somewhat regrettable, or at least not very nice. There is nothing severe or even unkind in her atti-

tude toward the outside universe, and nothing perhaps worse than the consciousness that it is outside. That flutter of chimney-corner sensibilities throughout the book does not exclude any deserving portion of the human race; the exclusion of the vastly greater part of it was accomplished by an all-wise, loyal British Providence before the flutter began. This of course is saying it too large, but the like of this is the like of the work; and it would be hard to tell whether Mrs. Oliphant is more amusing when she is devoutly printing Sovereign with a capital letter, as one should print, say, Deity, or when she is taking her mind in both hands and trying to lift and broaden it to a conception of the curious psychical and geographical immensities beyond the British Isles, where Laurence Oliphant chiefly periculated. Her success in this endeavor is not commensurate with her good will. After all we get from her no impression of an America like the America we are accustomed to, and we suppose the poor Syrians and Cingalese would be equally confounded by her ideas of them. This inability to imagine other people she shares with all the English-born; but it is too bad that she should not have informed herself a little concerning the philosophy of Swedenborg before she identified it with the doctrine of Mr. Harris, and attributed to the Swedish seer the notion of a dual, father-and-mother Godhead.

Still, these are minor offences, and we are not alleging them in disqualification of the book as the biography of Laurence Oliphant. Oddly enough it does, reversibly, and by reason of its very limitations, tangibly present him; but we should think it portrayed him more conceivably to us barbarians than to the elect whom it directly addresses. We, from our point of view, can see, as they can, what a winning and lovable creature he always was, and how true and unspoiled at heart he remained in spite of the adoration of his home and the flattery of his world; and we can see also that, though a good man and a gifted man, he was never at all a great man. He was a newspaper man, and not a newspaper man of the first quality, but of the second—the journalist who holds the middle ground between the reporter and the writer of leaders, and makes the best sort of special correspondent. When it came to fiction, to literary art, he was the victim of a tendency to exaggerate, to caricature, which kept him in the ranks of the second-rate novelists, and which leaves his work immemorable. If we may judge from his comments on America, he was, like all Englishmen, an astigmatic observer of alien people; and his forecasts of events prove him to have been a hasty and inadequate student of political conditions. Much talk is made of his diplomatic services, but these were always rendered in subordinate capacities, and he cannot be even charitably regarded as a first-rate man in that kind. What was beautiful and what was great in him was his steady perception, through all the glamour of worldly success, that the life of the spirit was the only real life, and any other was vanity of vanities. He came to this early, and he never lost it; if he was not one of the finest artists or wisest statesmen, he had the sense of universal proportion that set him far above literature and politics; he felt how cheaply the world is pleased and governed. His just perspective showed the monstrous irrelevance of most human endeavor, and he longed to turn aside from all our self-seeking ways, and find the one thing needful. When Mr. Thomas L. Harris appeared upon the horizon, with his assumption of confidential relations with God, Oliphant seems to have asked no other proof of his claim than the invitation to a life of absolute self-sacrifice which the prophet gave him. He embraced this life, and if he had embraced it in the interest of the poor and suffering, it would have given him the liberty and rest which he luminously desired; but he does not seem to have seen for many wasted years that he had taken up the cross for no real end, and that he had found only slavery and sore labor in his self-sacrifice.

V.

It is all a very melancholy story, and most pitiable where his mother and wife come into it, and make themselves the bondwomen of the prophet, at Brocton, New York; but we are unable to find it so surprising as it appears to his biographer. We can quite dispense with any hypnotic hypothesis in explaining the case. Such people were the natural prey of such a man, who, after all, was doubtless self-deceived before deceiving, and not at all out of the order of Providence. The Oliphants might have known that particular kind of tree by its fruits,

but they seem not to have asked for fruits, but contentedly to have gathered thistles, Lady Oliphant to the last, and Laurence Oliphant and his wife till even an infatuation so gross as theirs could no longer ignore the facts.

Yet the test is so simple, so accessible in such a case, that it seems to us the dupes inculpated themselves and helped to breed self-deceit in their oppressor when they failed to apply it. People have only to ask themselves what good to others their self-sacrifice is doing, and then, if they see any good, the gentlest born may honorably serve in the lowliest use; the lady may wash dishes and mend laborers' clothes; the gentleman may fitly chop wood and clean stables. It was not the rude toil imposed upon the Oliphants by their prophet which degraded the Oliphants; it was their voluntary subjection to a bondage that meant nothing. The mere work itself was creditable to them, and would be so to any well-born idler that did it. There is no difference of quality in men and women which warrants the wiser and stronger in devoting the weaker to the repulsive drudgery of the world. It is an insult to the reason to maintain that by virtue of more fortunate birth and happier circumstance one man should be exempt from labors which all may fairly share; but the constant implication that it was shocking to set such nice people as the Oliphants hoeing and digging and washing and ironing exasperates the intelligent reader throughout this part of their story. What is really shocking is that they wasted their energies for the prosperity of a delusion, and failed to see that their prophet did not even propose any general good to the suffering world from which he withdrew them. It was shocking that Oliphant should not see this, but should willingly submit his wife and mother to the same barren bondage whose yoke he took upon himself from no better motive than the desire we all have to escape from ourselves. They followed him for their love of him, but his was a selfish self-sacrifice, and it cannot be said that he had his reward altogether unjustly. Perhaps the mystical Harris might say in his own defence that he was not without injury when a man so gifted as Oliphant slavishly did his bidding; and that Oliphant's infatuation had helped to confirm him in his own. Here, at any rate, is a very pretty suggestion for a psychological story, which we make over to any deserving writer in want of a plot. To the general reader we commend a comparison of the self-sacrifice of Oliphant at Brocton with the self-sacrifice of Oliphant in Syria. At Haifa he devoted his wife's energies and his own to the poor people about them, and so approached the source of all good in the happiest and usefulest days of his life. At Brocton he devoted them to Harris, by whose grace he hoped somehow to achieve the intimacy of the Almighty, with a result of abject misery and sterile suffering. Oliphant's yearning for self-forgetfulness was without merit and without fruition, till he began to forget himself for the sake of the plain and simple good he could do the least of his brethren; then his riddle was read.

It is easy for others to see his error, and it seems strange that he should have tried so long to gather grapes of thorns; but this sort of vintage is very common, and it ought not to be strange to any observer. The world yields no other harvest to those who live its life, and it is doubtful whether diplomacy, for instance, with its tricks and masks, is not a worse slavery than that which Oliphant embraced at the behest of Harris. It looks like lamentable waste when a gifted and accomplished man turns and does the work of a peasant, but it may be questioned whether most gifts and most accomplishments are not put to worse use in what we call civilization. Oliphant did not find rest unto his soul at Brocton, because his life there did not go beyond itself and reach out to the life of others, and so was not the Christ life but the Antichrist life. No doubt he at first felt a brute bliss in the utter self-surrender demanded of his self-weary soul; no doubt he tasted the bliss of non-being, of death in life; but his experience is the allegory of every spirit which seeks good in oblivion, and not oblivion in good.

VI.

It must often occur to the reader of Miss Bacon's delightful book about *Japanese Girls and Women* to ask why in the world we should want to change the creeds and customs which have resulted in such lovely types of character as she portrays. Apparently we have nothing to teach the most artistic of peoples in the beauty of behavior or the graces of

spirit. It would be hard to say how Christianity-in-name, as we mostly have it, could improve the conduct or character of the Japanese women, who seem always to have been very good Christians without knowing it, if we are to believe Miss Bacon. Perhaps the answer to the conundrum is that Christianity is not primarily a purifying force, but is first an enlightening force; that its ideal is virtue, not innocence; Gethsemane, not Eden. The harmlessness of the dove will not avail without the wisdom of the serpent; the impulse of our faith is towards consciousness, knowledge. No doubt this is what the Japanese feel in it; probably it is what makes them willing to change their civilization for ours. They really seem a race of better and sweeter nature than ourselves; unless their witnesses misreport them they are gentler, kinder, even truer, than we are naturally. But something seems lacking to them, and they look towards us for it; they fancy spiritual possibilities on the plane which we tell them is above theirs. The fine perfection of their art is a stunted beauty; it has never the infinite reach of the Greek; the loveliness of their lives is childlike; it has not the celestial aspiration of the Hebrew; and no doubt they feel this as clearly as they perceive the difference between us and our ideals. We are ourselves mostly so obtuse to this difference that we suppose our women, if not our men, to conform to the ideal of goodness and softness. At least we are always telling them they do; we think they are lovely; at any rate a pretty woman of our race is by no means terrible to us; but they affect the Japanese, used to the meek beauty of their maidens and matrons, very differently. They do not see the charm we feel in "the fair, curling hair, the round, blue eyes, the erect, slim-waisted, large-hipped figures of many foreign beauties,—the rapid, long, clean-stepping walk, and the air of almost masculine strength and independence, which belong especially to English and American women. . . . Blue eyes, set into deep sockets, with the bridge of the nose rising as a barrier between them, impart a fierce grotesqueness to the face that the untravelled Japanese seldom admire. The very babies will scream with horror at first sight of a blue-eyed, light-haired foreigner, and it is only after considerable familiarity with such persons that they can be induced to show anything but the wildest fright in their presence. Foreigners," Miss Bacon tells us, "who have lived a good deal among the Japanese find their standards unconsciously changing, and see, to their own surprise, that their countrywomen look ungainly, fierce, aggressive, and awkward among the small, mild, shrinking, and graceful Japanese ladies." The Japanese, who think our women's manners no better than their looks, severely criticise the deportment of such of their own girls as are educated in our missionary schools, and even "to a foreigner who has lived almost entirely among Japanese ladies of pure Japanese education, the manners of these girls were brusque and awkward."

VII.

It would be unjust to Miss Bacon's important and conscientious study of the life of Japanese women to leave the reader with the impression that it is confined to sketches of their manners, or that in her admiration of their character she ignores the wrong and hardship of their conditions. From these conditions come the sweet children, the lovely maidens, the true wives, the tender mothers who, as Miss Bacon teaches us, abound in Japan; but she teaches us that what they are they are in spite of their conditions, and makes us feel how lavishly kind nature must have been to their race. There is no mistaking the meaning of her attractively written, well philosophized observations of their life, and it would be a very perverse Study indeed that would darken counsel with any pretence that their conditions ought not to be changed. But our own are yet so far from perfect that we could wish that charming and gifted people, when the change comes, something better and wiser than our status. It does not seem too much to hope in their behalf; it is not incredible that if they are left to work out their own salvation they may achieve one yet that will not involve so much social and moral damnation as ours, and that if they finally receive Christianity it will be in the form of a life as well as a creed.

In the mean time they remain perpetually fascinating not only in the close and special scrutiny of such books as Miss Bacon's, but in such intelligent and agreeable sketches as Miss Scidmore's *Jinrikisha Days*, which we may com-

mend as one of the most attractive volumes of foreign sojourn we have seen for a long time. Even in the snapshots of Miss Bisland, who has been kodaking the globe in *A Flying Trip Round the World*, these favored children of the Graces, if not the Muses, impart their witchery to the hastiest blue-print glimpses of their life. They are a moment only, however, in her course, which describes itself in all manner of vivid and graphic lines. Miss Bisland has, in fact, written such an instantaneous book as can well give us hopes of what the newspaper of the future may be in the hands of artists.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 12th of August.—The Ohio Democratic Convention on the 15th of July renominated James E. Campbell for Governor of that State.

The Maryland Democratic Convention on the 30th of July nominated Frank Brown for Governor.

At the State election held in Kentucky August 3d the Democrats gained a decisive victory. John Young Brown was elected Governor. A new State constitution was adopted by a very large majority.

A reciprocity treaty between the United States and Spain was made public by proclamation of the President July 31st. By the terms of this treaty the ports of Cuba and Porto Rico were opened to American products.

On the 10th of August the President appointed Richard Cotts Shannon, of New York, to be minister resident and consul-general to Salvador, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica.

In July, a change having taken place in the channel of the Colorado River, the Colorado desert in Southern California was overflowed with water, and a lake many miles in circumference was formed.

On the 20th of July a body of 1000 miners at Briceville, Tennessee, attempted to compel the withdrawal of the convicts who were working in the mines at that place. The Governor, by ordering ten companies of militia to hold themselves in readiness to march to the place, succeeded in preventing a more serious disturbance. Five days later the dissatisfied miners withdrew upon the assurance of the Governor that he would call an extra session of the Legislature to act on the convict lease system authorized by the law of the State.

The civil war in Chili continued with but few movements of importance on either side. The election of Claudio Vicuña as President of the Republic was confirmed.

Intelligence was received July 22d of an attempted revolution in the province of Corrientes, in the Argentine Republic. After some fighting the outbreak was suppressed, and the leaders in the revolt were arrested.

The census of England and Wales, just taken, showed a total population of 29,001,018—an increase of 3,026,572, or 11.65 per cent., since the last census was taken.

The official census of France showed a total population of 38,095,150. This was an increase since the last census of 208,584. The increase was entirely in the urban population, the rural population having decreased.

Upon the death of King Pomare of Tahiti early in July, that island, by the terms of a treaty previously made, became a French colony. It had been under French protection for many years.

Details were reported July 29th of a recent attempt by nihilists to assassinate the Czar. After a desperate resistance, during which seven were killed, the conspirators were captured.

On the 3d of August a reputed band of Spanish Republicans attempted to surprise the garrison at Barcelona, Spain, but were repulsed after a sharp fight, and many of the leaders were taken prisoners. Later developments proved that the movement was the result of a plot by stock speculators to influence the market in Spanish securities.

During the month of July cholera prevailed to a fearful extent in Mecca, Arabia. The death rate from that cause alone was reported to be as high as 140 per day.

Despatches received August 1st from Foo-Choo, China, stated that mission buildings in some of the neighboring cities had been attacked by Chinese mobs and several of the inmates killed, and that throughout that province a general feeling of hostility towards foreigners was manifested. Later intelligence announced that the government at Pekin had taken measures to prevent further disturbances.

DISASTERS.

July 16th.—A tornado at West Superior, Wisconsin, demolished a building, and buried more than forty workmen beneath the ruins, killing many of them.

July 21st.—The steamer *Circe* was wrecked off Anticosti Island, and five men were drowned.

July 25th.—At Middletown, Ohio, by a collision of trains on the Cincinnati, Hamilton, and Dayton Railroad, seven persons were killed outright, and others were fatally injured.

July 26th.—A collision between excursion trains occurred at St.-Mandé, near Paris, and forty-three persons were killed. More than 100 were injured.

July 29th.—In the Ruhr River, at Essen, fourteen persons were drowned.—The towns of Mahooda and Bhownugger in India were flooded with water, and more than 300 people were drowned.—News was received of the sinking of the steamer *Tamœ Maru* by coming into collision with another vessel off Shiragami, Japan. Two hundred and sixty persons were reported drowned.

OBITUARY.

July 26th.—At Waterbury, Vermont, Paul Dillingham, ex-Governor of Vermont, aged ninety-two years.

July 29th.—At Evanston, Illinois, the Rev. Daniel Parish Kidder, D.D., aged seventy-six years.

August 4th.—At Blackpool, Lancashire, England, Colonel George W. Williams (colored), of Ohio, lawyer and author.

August 12th.—At Cambridge, Massachusetts, James Russell Lowell, aged seventy-two years.—At Poland Springs, Maine, George Jones, of the *New York Times*, aged eighty years.

Editor's Drawer.

IDLENESS seems to be the last accomplishment of civilization. To be idle gracefully and contentedly and picturesquely is an art. It is one in which the Americans, who do so many things well, do not excel. They have made the excuse that they have not time, or, if they have leisure, that their temperament and nervous organization do not permit it. This excuse will pass for a while, for we are a new people, and probably we are more highly and sensitively organized than any other nation—at least the physiologists say so; but the excuse seems more and more inadequate as we accumulate wealth, and consequently have leisure. The Drawer will not criticise the American colonies in Paris and Rome and Florence, and in other Continental places where they congregate. They know whether they are restless or contented, and what examples they set to the peoples who get their ideas of republican simplicity and virtue from the Americans who sojourn among them. They know whether with all their leisure they get placidity of mind and the real rest which the older nations have learned to enjoy. It may not be the most desirable thing for a human being to be idle, but if he will be, he should be so in a creditable manner, and with some enjoyment to himself. It is no slander to say that we in America have not yet found out the secret of this. Perhaps we shall not until our energies are spent and we are in a state of decay. At present we put as much energy into our pleasure as into our work, for it is inbred in us that laziness is a sin. This is the Pilgrim idea, and it must be said for it that in our experience virtue and idleness are not commonly companions. But this does not go to the bottom of the matter.

The Italians are industrious; they are com-

pelled to be in order to pay their taxes for the army and navy and get macaroni enough to live on. But see what a long civilization has done for them. They have the manner of laziness, they have the air of leisure, they have worn off the angular corners of existence, and unconsciously their life is picturesque and enjoyable. Those among them who have money take their pleasure simply and with the least expense of physical energy. Those who have not money do the same thing. This basis of existence is calm and unexaggerated; life is reckoned by centimes, not by dollars. What an ideal place is Venice! It is not only the most picturesque city in the world, rich in all that art can invent to please the eye, but how calm it is! The vivacity which entertains the traveller is all on the surface. The nobleman in his palace—if there be any palace that is not turned into a hotel, or a magazine of curiosities, or a municipal office—can live on a diet that would make an American workman strike, simply because he has learned to float through life; and the laborer is equally happy on little because he has learned to wait without much labor. The gliding, easy motion of the gondola expresses the whole situation; and the gondolier who with consummate skill urges his dreamy bark amid the throng and in the tortuous canals for an hour or two, and then sleeps in the sun, is a type of that rest in labor which we do not attain. What happiness there is in a dish of polenta, or of a few fried fish, in a cup of coffee, and in one of those apologies for cigars which the government furnishes, dear at a cent—the cigar with a straw in it, as if it were a julep, which it needs five minutes to ignite, and then will furnish occupation for a whole evening! Is it a hard lot, that of the fishermen and the mariners of the Adriatic? The lights are burning all night long in a café on the Riva del Schiavoni, and the sailors and idlers of the shore sit there jabbering and singing and trying their voices in lusty hallooing till the morning light begins to make the lagoon opalescent. The traveller who lodges near cannot sleep, but no more can the sailors, who steal away in the dawn, wafted by painted sails. In the heat of the day, when the fish will not bite, comes the siesta. Why should the royal night be wasted in slumber? The shore of the Riva, the Grand Canal, the islands, gleam with twinkling lamps; the dark boats glide along with a star in the prow, bearing youth and beauty and sin and ugliness, all alike softened by the shadows; the electric lights from the shores and the huge steamers shoot gleams on towers and façades; the moon wades among the fleecy clouds; here and there a barge with colored globes of light carries a band of singing men and women and players on the mandolin and the fiddle, and from every side the songs of Italy, pathetic in their worn gayety, float to the entranced ears of those who lean from balconies, or lounge in gondolas and listen with hearts made a little heavy and wistful with so much beauty.

Can any one float in such scenes and be so contentedly idle anywhere in our happy land? Have we learned yet the simple art of easy enjoyment? Can we buy it with money quickly, or is it a grace that comes only with long civilization? Italy, for instance, is full of accumulated wealth, of art, even of ostentation and display, and the new generation probably have lost the power to conceive, if not the skill to execute, the great works which excite our admiration. Nothing can be much more meretricious than its modern art, when anything is produced that is not an exact copy of something created when there was genius there. But in one respect the Italians have entered into the fruits of the ages of trial and of failure, and that is the capacity of being idle with much money or with none, and getting day by day their pay for the bother of living in this world. It seems a difficult lesson for us to learn in country or city. Alas! when we have learned it shall we not want to emigrate, as so many of the Italians do? Some philosophers say that men were not created to be happy. Perhaps they were not intended to be idle.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

A PROPHETIC MIRROR.

ADOWN the darkened hall at twelve she crept,
The while all others in the household slept.
She'd heard how that when Night her pall had spread
On Halloween, the face of him she'd wed
Would in the mirror's silver depths appear,
And she approached it now, not knowing fear—
She wished to have divulged which one of ten
She was to make the happiest of men.

She stands before the mirror now—she turns—
The candle in her soft white hand low burns;
And now a backward glance she furtive throws
To learn if life is poetry or prose.
A shriek rings out upon the midnight air.
Poor maid! alas! no single face is there.

This dreadful prophecy of unkind fate
Took place far back in eighteen sixty-eight;
And strange enough, I say it with regret,
It is fulfilled—the maid's unmarried yet.

CARLYLE SMITH.

IN THE EYES OF YOUTH.

IT is told of Bishop Doane, of Albany, that while dining recently at the house of one of his friends, he was pleased to observe that he was the object of marked attention from the small son of his host, whose eyes were riveted upon him. After dinner the bishop approached the boy, and said:

"Well, my young friend, you seem to be interested in me. Do you find that I am all right?"

"Yes, sir," returned the boy, with a glance at the bishop's knee-breeches, "you're all right, but, say, won't your mamma let you wear pants yet?"

A SOVEREIGN REMEDY.

A YOUNG physician commencing practice had among his first patients an uncommonly unclean infant brought to his office in the arms of a mother whose face showed the same abhorrence of soap. Looking down upon the child a moment, he solemnly remarked,

"It seems to be suffering from hydropathic hydrophobia."

"Och, docther dear, is it as bad as that?" cried the mother. "That's a big sickness for such a mite. Whatever shall I do for the crathur?"

"Wash its face, madam; the disease will go off with the dirt."

"Wash its face—wash its face, indade!" exclaimed the matron, losing her temper. "What next, I'd like to know?"

"Wash your own, madam—wash your own."

A MUSICAL PRODIGY.

A PRECOCIOUS Boston youngster, whose soul was so attuned to music that he was set all on edge by inharmonious sounds, heard the dishes being washed lately, and stamping his foot, and writhing as if in torture, he wailed out, "Oh dear! the forks are all in A, and the spoons all in D!"

JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.

THERE is a tradition in the Navy Department at Washington, to the effect that Colonel D——, one of the civilian clerks of that establishment, was once witty. The force of this fact might possibly be lost upon those who do not know this gentleman as a strict adherent to the pomp and dignity of the old school, dry as dust, a firm believer in all sorts of sobriety, a wearer of collars reminiscent of stocks, and the possessor of the style of a Turveydrop. The story is laid at one of those socio-official receptions that are the predominant feature of Washington's winter festivities, where everybody with an office meets everybody who has ever held an office, and a great many others who would like offices. It so happened that a bill was then pending in Congress providing for a material and comfortable increase in the salaries of certain naval clerks, including the staid colonel, who, as was his wont, was present on this occasion in all the glory of correct attire. Deftly managing to obtain an introduction to a prominent and influential statesman whose services were just then peculiarly desirable to anybody, the veteran diplomatist seized his first opportunity to advance the interests of the bill, and when he had securely corralled his victim in a corner away from the crowd, he proceeded to impress upon his mind the grave necessity of just such legislation as that bill contemplated. It chanced that he inadvertently mentioned the fact that he was one of the would-be beneficiaries, whereat the Senator, who was immensely bored, and anxious to avoid the embarrassment of promising his support, thought to discount his assailant by remarking, in a tone of grave surprise: "Why, my dear sir, I cannot see why you should want more salary. I am sure I am not exaggerating when I say that you are one of the very best dressed men here."

The colonel was unmoved, and with great dignity he replied: "Quite true, sir—quite true. You may be right, Senator, *but you should see my under-clothes.*" G. A. LYONS, JUN.

AT THE ACADEMY.

"IN cloud effects I most excel."
The artist waits his friend's reply.
"Ah! now indeed I see full well
The reason they are hung so high."

W. B. WAY.

NOT A CLERICAL ACCOMPLISHMENT.

BURNAND, the editor of London *Punch*, occasionally refers, with an appearance of regret, to the loss of his bishopric. Not that he ever occupied that rank in the Church, but he is convinced that he would have been a prelate—possibly even a cardinal—by now, if he had stuck to the ecclesiastical profession. It was ventriloquism which led to his abandonment of the priesthood, to which he had been destined and for which he had been trained from his earliest boyhood. Addicted to practical jokes, and possessed of a fund of humor which is so delightful to the readers of *Punch*, he devoted his efforts while an inmate of the seminary of Our Lady of the Angels, at Bayswater, not to mastering theology, but to harassing the venerable rector of the institution. The life of the latter was rendered a perfect burden to him by Burnand's pranks and jokes. These were frequently of a ventriloquial character, and were mostly played in chapel. Indeed, the solemnity of the surroundings seemed invariably to have the effect of calling into activity all his fun and deviltry, and both matins and vespers were disorganized by the extraordinary voices and extravagant remarks which the young ventriloquist caused to proceed from bodies both animate and inanimate in the sacred edifice. Words of the most terrible heresy, intermingled with fiendish chuckles, would seem to issue from the pulpit when occupied by the rector, and the old gentleman, at the conclusion of his sermon, would be in the act of resuming his seat, when suddenly a volley of protesting mews and angry spitting would cause him to leap almost clear into the air with the conviction that he had sat plump down on the monastic cat. Finally the rector was unable to stand it any longer, and declined to permit Burnand to remain an inmate of the seminary, recommending him at the same time to abandon a vocation for which he did not appear to be suited. The young seminarist took the advice to heart, and instead of applying himself to preparation of his countrymen for a future existence, has devoted his energies to more or less successful efforts to cheer and brighten their life here on earth.

A VENETIAN ELOPEMENT

"THERE'S MANY A SLIP 'TWIXT THE CUP AND THE LIP."

NO PERTINACITY.

ESTELLE. "Why do you seem so cast down, Maud?"
MAUD. "Haven't you heard that Harry Henderson is engaged to Pauline?"
ESTELLE. "Yes; but you had your chance, and rejected him."
MAUD. "But he only asked me three times."

WIDOW MULCAHEY'S SUDDEN DEMISE.

IN a Western village an Irishman named Casey kept a small general store. On a very cold but clear day in winter a fellow-countryman dropped in, and was greeted by the storekeeper with the words,

"That's a fine day, Mr. Mooney."

"It is, Mr. Casey. What's new wid you today?"

"Sorra much I have that's new, Mr. Mooney, but mournful news. You heard of the death of the widow Mulcahey? You did? Yis—no?"

"Not a word av it, Mr. Casey, and I hope it's not true, anyway. But what disease did she die av? The neighbors 'ill miss her."

"Yis, Mr. Mooney, a dacent woman was Mrs. Mulcahey. Many a yard of calico I sold her, and many a spool of thread, for whin she had the money she never spared expinse, and she always looked nate and illigant."

"But what did ye say she died av, Mr. Casey?"

"Well, ye see, she just went out in the yard to the pump with a pail in her hand to get a drap of wather. She fell an the ice, struck the back of her head, and walked into the house a corpse."

VERY STRANGE.

"I'M surprised to see you looking so hale and hearty, major," said Boggs to the veteran.

"And why shouldn't I, pray?" queried the major.

"Well, to tell the truth, major," returned Boggs, "I heard you lost your head at Antietam, and that's generally hard on the system."

"AND SHE FRANKLY TOLD HER PASSION."

See "The Inn of the Good Woman," page 817.

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THE INN OF THE GOOD WOMAN.

A Thanksgiving-Day Story.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

"'HIS hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground.'

Sing!"

The fine old choir of the Cockerel Church—a church long gone, but whose haughty vane still turns in the shifting winds on a weather-stained spire in Cambridge, Massachusetts—were practising for the Thanksgiving service. The precentor, or singing-master, as he was called, was a tall young man in a black suit with white ruffles, who held in his right hand a steel tuning-fork, which he bit with lifted brow, held to his ear as though it were an oracle, and dropped by his side.

"Now, all—

'His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground'—

sing!"

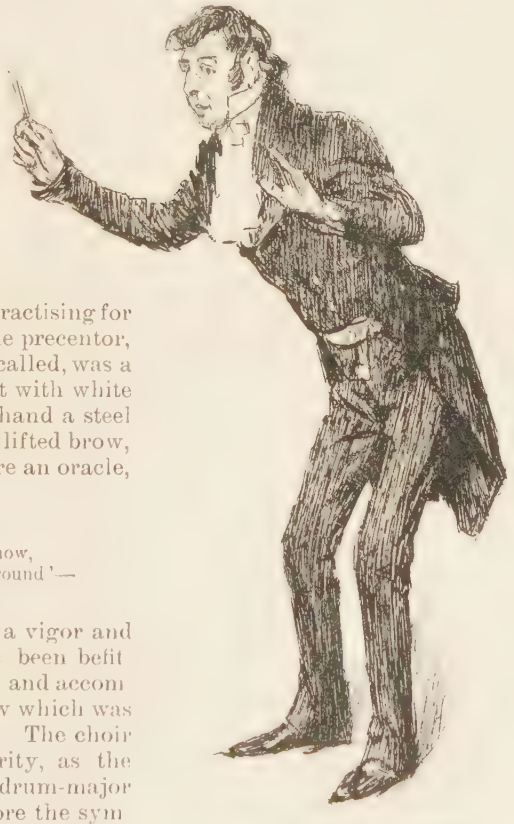
The word was spoken with a vigor and earnestness that would have been befitting in an officer in the army, and accompanied by a jack-knife-like bow which was more emphatic than graceful. The choir obeyed with spirit and alacrity, as the band used to be swayed by the drum-major in the same artless times, before the symphony orchestra was so much as a dream.

"Fine! fine! Now again! Attention! *Sing!*"

The young master bowed as before, and lifted his hand and tuning-fork to mark the time.

"'The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.'

Sing!"



"NOW, ALL SING!"

The music of this "autumnal selection," or "winter piece," as it was called, was written long before the troubled days of Richard Wagner, but it anticipated the realistic method of the great German school. The "liquid streams" of the high soprano glided on in silvery ripples into

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one pure and continuous tone. The high soprano, or "first treble," on this eventful occasion was Penelope Vassal, who had come over from the Mystic Meadows with the singing-master to make the best possible preparation for the service on the bountiful New England festival, the Feast of Trumpets, that crowned the declining year.

"That was fine again, especially the upper part. I can hear the winter coming in that glorious voice of yours! That is what I call art. Now we will all take a pinch of snuff."

The white face of the soprano caught the flush of early years again. She was a sturdy little woman in a vandyke dress, prim and neat, and looking as though she wished that she was a few years younger. There was a sprinkling of frost in her hair, which was rolled back over her earnest, intellectual forehead.

The singing-master's name was Joseph Strange. He was a well-known character at the inns and ordinaries in Julien's days, and bore the sobriquet of "Town-meeting Joe." He lived on the Mystic Meadows, and for years and years *and* years he had attended Penelope Vassal to the singing-school and the choir, and during all these years the charms of the courtly Mystic maiden had undergone a perceptible change.

"Town-meeting Joe," as a characteristic name, would not be easily understood to-day; it was clear then to all, for the memories of Faneuil Hall were yet vivid in the minds of the disappearing generation of original patriots.

We must explain.

In the primitive days of Sam Adams, when Boston was a town, and the folk-mote governed the town, and the selectmen were men of great dignity and power, there was developed a class of reformers whose highest ambition was to speak in public on town-meeting days. They were men of progressive ideas, to whom literature at that time offered little opportunity, but who once a year might unfold their plans for the better adjustment of human affairs to their "feller-citizens." The idea that every moral man had the right to be a freeman was electrical and in the air. Great minds had grasped it with prudence, and small ones with a fiery zeal for popular rights. The folk-mote, or town meeting, was the common forum. After the Revolution the town-meeting orator became a kind of local Cicero in his zeal for republican ideas, and among those who made a great noise at town meetings in the old town of Medford, Massachusetts, in the picturesque days of forensic oratory, was a philosophical cordwainer and music-teacher of a large head and great horizons. He was the hero of our tale, Town-meeting Joe.

When the rehearsal was over, our *maestro* and his silver-voiced soprano came out of the church, where their carriage was waiting to take them over the Mystic, on the turnpike of "Dick Turpin's" (Mike Martyn's) awful deeds. It was a crisp autumn evening, and the harvest-moon, like a night sun, was ascending the dusky blue sky. There were fitful gusts of light wind, which turned the golden cockerel hither and thither, "just like the mind of Peter," to use Joe's Scriptural comparison, as he helped Penelope into the vehicle, and shouted "Whoa!" as the impatient horse began to move a little too soon toward the stables over the glimmering river. At a little distance Copps Hill rose like a shadow, and masts of ships and schooners swayed beneath it on the tides like a bare forest in the wind. The horse started at a rapid rate toward the river.

"How beautifully you did sing that there passage!" said Town-meeting Joe. "How it did draw upon my imagination! Music is the true language of the soul. We never know what a person is until we hear him *sing*."

Past rope-walks into the marshes, sweet with rosemary and glimmering with frost, the horse hurried home, leaving Penelope at her own bowery house on the river. As the musical couple parted, Joe said:

"They say that the old anchor-maker is sick and is going to die. The doctor told Father Cleveland that he couldn't last the night out. Poor man! he will have to cast anchor now. We'll all have to some time. Wonder if they'll send for me to lay him out, and watch with him?"

"If they do, you will send for me, of course," said Penelope. "I am not afraid. You would need me, and I shall await your call."

The music-teacher lifted his brow silently and said: "Whoa! Good-night! Whoa!"

Then the horse flew homeward, under the spur of the memory of a well-filled barn among the corn heaps, pumpkin piles, and cider-presses.

Since the days when the Mathers governed New England opinions, and peopled the sky with witches and the graveyards with avenging spectres, and had attributed most nervous diseases to obsession, many curious customs in regard to death and burial had prevailed in the superstitious towns. In the old colonial houses on the capes, the wood-tick was held to be a death-watch; and on the decease of a member of the family in rural neighborhoods, the nearest relative went and told the bees, and sometimes trimmed the straw hives under the quince or peach or apple trees with crape. It was a touching sight to see an aged woman go out into the green yard and knock on the hives, and give the final word to the golden inhabitants of the air and flowers. The bees in those domestic times, like the cat and dog, were a part of the family, and were supposed to possess occult knowledge, and so to these mysterious botanists were taken the family bereavements. The dog howled when death was approaching; the cat saw spirits, and started up and ran; and any unusual occurrence fell under the suspicion of being a death-fetch.

Most curious of the old-time superstitions was the custom of requiring lovers to watch the corpse. It associated the hopes of marriage with the silent vigil, was poetic, and has only disappeared from the oldest towns within a generation. No obligation of the social conscience was more scrupulously regarded than that a dead body should never be left alone at night. In the earliest days the solemn watchers were old men and women, deacons, select-men; but as the colonies grew, honest lovers with plighted troths were frequently selected for these long vigils. Awful were the stories that used to be told in the old inns and ordinaries of lovers who were disturbed amid such depressing duties by cats, owls, mysterious noises, and spectral visions. A few of these stories were odd and comical, and we recall no tale that we ever heard from the lips of the natural story-tellers, who were the novelists of those days, that people better liked to hear than a very eventful episode in the only courtship of that early apostle of art and pioneer advocate of human rights, Town-meeting Joe.

THE "FIRST TREBLE."

There was a hospitable ordinary at the North End, Boston, during the early part of the present century that was called the Inn of the Good Woman. The sign was a picture of a woman without a head. It was an old English device, which had served a purpose in some merrymaking hostel in the days of Queen Anne. The suggestion of the sign that the head was a dispensable part of a truly good woman, and that service and silence became a landlady, was quite Pauline, but if ever a device set a woman's tongue in motion it was that, and the flow of wit that it inspired was never unwelcome among the visitors at the inn. The sign was commonly the topic of conversation at the dinner hour, and here probably began the first lively discussions of woman's rights in the Puritan city.

The Inn of the Good Woman was famous for its humor and lively tales, and the after-dinner stories on Thanksgiving Days were a feature of the period of polit-

ical expectancy. Thanksgiving was the Puritan Christmas in colonial times, the one day of merrymaking and good cheer, but it was not until after the long sermon and the bountiful dinner that the religious purpose of the day changed into social amusements. It was Thanksgiving afternoon and night that were given to the musician, the riddler, and the story-teller.

The wayfarer, the bachelor, the traveller, the immigrant, sought the hospitality of the inn during this bountiful festival; and Julien's, with its famous soups and songs, and the ordinary of the Good Woman, with its cheerful dining-room, were favorite resorts of people without an established home. In these cordial hostelries great fires blazed for all. The jug, the beef, the turkey, the brown-bread, the succotash, the great pans of Tallman sweetings, the pumpkin cake, the apple puddings, were for all broken families. The Inn of the Good Woman had an especially American *cuisine* on that day. There the peppery sausages were browned for all in the morning; the apple dumplings with potato crusts and pandowdy were served for a dessert for all at noon, and the hot gingerbread with like liberality at the evening meal. There the best, the cleverest, the most thrilling of all the marvellous stories were told.

Town-meeting Joe was a bachelor, and lived on one of the bowery farms of Medford, on the Mystic, between the old Craddock House, which is supposed to be the oldest building in New England, and which has been changed into a museum, and the grand old Royall House, now famous in folk-lore as Hobgoblin Hall. There were great forests then near the long sea-meadows of the river Mystic. The Craddock House had been a garrison in the early days of the colony, and had had a secret window in one of its chimneys, and port-holes in the walls, which may still be seen. It was surrounded by a park. Near it ships were built and launched; and here was one of the old shops of Blingo, the blacksmith, who made anchors in Boston and ship nails here, and whose open doors in this place were covered with posters on which the news of the two towns might be read, especially when a "caravan" or circus was coming.

It was Town-meeting Joe's mission and calling to regulate the opinions and conduct of the town, and not to let a few people have their ways and says, but compel them to follow his own wiser and more restricted views. The old Medford town meeting was his field-day—he was never able to keep step well at the general training; he walked independently, and so never rose from the ranks. But on town-meeting days he arose to the eventful demands and opportunities of the hour, and addressed his "fellow-citizens" on every topic and occasion with words that were plain and homely, but that rung and stung. Tall and lank, he wore a tile hat, the top of which was filled with a handkerchief large enough for a national flag, a stiff black stock in which he might have been hung with perfect safety, a substantial gray coat, and a vest and trousers made on Medford looms. One could see that he was a man of ideas, and that he had found many things wrong in the world.

Penelope Vassal was a descendant of one of the families of royalists who had fled to Barbadoes, or one of the Windward Islands, at the beginning of the Revolution. The property of the Vassals had been confiscated, and Penelope, being left with nothing but an education and a name, was compelled to open a dame school in Medford. She taught the school with great credit for a quarter of a generation, and among her patrons and advisers were supposed to be Maria Gowen Brooks, called by Southey "Maria del Occidente"; Mrs. Susannah Rowson, author of *Charlotte Temple;* and Lydia Maria Child, the earliest pen in children's literature in America. She lived at the literary period of Medford, and her lofty and exact manners sustained the traditional dignity of the fine old town. Her dignity never relapsed, except in the matter of her weakness for her musical and patriotic hero.

With her grand name and education and distinguished patronage she had this one weakness, an affection for Town-meeting Joe. He had never meant to win her affections. He was not a candidate for the affections of any one; his one ambition was to make a noise. He had gone to her to rehearse his town-meeting orations, and to receive "p'ints," and to sing. But his eloquence was so engaging, and his interest in public affairs so lively, and his voice so uplifting, that poor Dame Vassal conceived a great affection for him, and idealized him, and covered his head with the aureole of ideality. He

felt complimented by her regard at first, for to be appreciated by a teacher of such high social connections and distinction he held to be no ordinary recognition of ability. But he had never thought of love or marriage in the matter. Love would hinder his ambitions. Dame Vassal hinted loftily at the disturbed state of her affections at opportune times, and their relations would have become strained but for her watchfulness and assiduous attention.

One day her feelings rose to an affectionate admiration beyond all restraint; she could stand the stress no longer, and she frankly told her passion.

"Cracky, good woman!" said Joe; "I never thought of such a thing as that. I am wedded to the town, and to art, don't you know."

"FOR YEARS AND YEARS AND YEARS HE HAD ATTENDED PENELOPE VASSAL TO THE SINGING-SCHOOL."

"And I may venture to hope," said Dame Vassal, at a loss of her wonted dignity, "that you will one day be wedded to another. Every man needs a heart and a home. I have a home now—a house."

"Cracky, good woman! I suppose so. Who would you have me have?"

The little woman rose up before him, tall and taller, until she seemed to be the tallest woman that he had ever known. His eyes rose to the unexpected altitude, and he stared with uplifted brows.

"She who now stands before you," was her frank avowal.

His brows fell. "If ever I do marry, I'll—I'll reckon on you—I reckon I will," said Joe, in great hesitancy and mental confusion—"I reckon I will." Joe lifted his brows again.

"Then we are betrothed," said Penelope, to whom Joe's dubious words were rainbows and apple blooms.

Joe dropped his eyes with a look of despair. What had he said? What had he done? The affair would ruin his

reputation among his "fellow-citizens," and he would not be able to oppose Provided Willows from being elected a select-man with any show of success. Had he pronounced a death-sentence to all his cherished hopes of life? The gray matter under his cranium began to be much agitated.

"My feelings overpower me," said he. "I never can describe them. There is a ringin' in my head—up here in the tower. It is so unexpected—the honor. I will come again. I want to feel the cool air. I must!"

He hurried out of the door, under the moon and stars.

"I am a ruined man," he muttered to himself, "and I'll never marry, never, not for all the planets in the sky. What an idjut I have been! How did it all happen?"

He was a burdened man for years. His thought day and night was how he might free himself from the awful promise that Dame Penelope thought that he had made to her.

The prosperous year of 18— found the great fields of Medford yellow with corn and pumpkins. Governor Brooks, of Medford, had issued a goodly Thanksgiving proclamation; the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts was in a grateful mood; and Dame Penelope read the annual State document with becoming hopefulness, and resolved to invite Joe to spend the day with her, that they might unite their gratitude for the general prosperity of the year. She had rehearsed with him, as we have seen, for the public service in Cockerel Hall, Boston, when everything looked propitious. But when she approached him with the beneficent invitation for the day, she was greatly surprised at his answer:

"I can't come—I can't now—"

"Why, Joe? It is the proper thing. Don't you remember our everlasting vows that we plighted to each other on that sacred occasion?"

He certainly did. That cloud in his sky had never disappeared for an hour.

"I can't—"

"Why?"

"I've got to watch with the korps."

"*Ma foi*, is he dead, Joe?" said Penelope, in a spasm of disappointment.

"Yes, Blingo the blacksmith is gone at last—the anchor's cast. His body is in the Good Woman Inn. He's to be buried from the Old North Church, in Copps Hill Buryin'-ground, and they have asked me to watch with the korps. I couldn't refuse. He hadn't any relations, but used to sleep in the storehouse chamber in the inn. I was a particular friend of Blingo. He will never make anchors no more, nor ship bolts, nor shoe hosses, nor nothin'. The ships are all anchored in the port to which he has gone. We shall all sail away some day. It will make a dreadful solemn Thanksgivin' at the inn."

Penelope considered the imperative situation.

"Joe, I would think it would be a very solemn thing to watch with a dead body of a fellow-mortal like Blingo all alone."

"Yes, but he was a Federal. There were no hants about him. Don't let it worry you at all; be as happy and contented as you can on Thanksgivin' Day, and that will make me happy and contented."

"But *you* will be so lonely, Joe. A dead man isn't company; and just think what might happen!"

"Yes, but he never had any difficulty with the Lord, nor me, nor anybody. He always turned to the right, and went straight ahead, Blingo did. That's wot he's done now—gone right on. I wouldn't be any more afraid of his body than of his old leather apron. I wouldn't—would you, now?"

"No; but the *custom*."

"The custom? What custom?"

"Joe, when a betrothed man watches with the dead, you know whom he invites to watch with him. I will watch with you, Joe. I've been wanting to have a serious talk with you about the vital issues of life, and our wedding day, and all that we hope to be to each other in this world and the world to come."

"The world to come?" Here was a wide perspective, and the suggested addition to the mortal association startled Joe. The cloud was sweeping across the whole horizon.

"The world to come? Folks ain't married there, the Scripture says," he ventured.

"No; but we would wish to be near each other there as here—wouldn't we, Joe? I would—wouldn't you?"

Joe went down into the wells of deep thought. "Penelope, I'm sorry for ye, but—but it wouldn't be proper for you to

watch with me at the inn, would it, now, at Thanksgivin'-time, when the house is full and runnin' over? It wouldn't do, now, would it? And you a Royall, too, and a school-ma'am, too, and a friend of the Governor, too. I forgot to tell ye: they've laid out old Blingo in the store-room chamber, where he breathed his last; so they told me. It makes me think of the Scripture that 'There was no room for him in the inn.'" Joe rolled his eyes nervously, and added: "That old chamber is a dreadful place; all herbs and rats and old chests, and ghosts of cats, and dead folks' things; and the pepper-mill is there, and the chopper block for mince-meat. The house is so full and all runnin' over on Thanksgivin' that they had to let old Blingo rest there, just where he died. It wouldn't be any good place for you to go to, now would it? You are a Royall, don't you know. A Royall never forgets his place."

"Yes, but to be loyal to one's betrothed is more than to inherit the blood of famous ancestors. My heart has been loyal to you ever since the day that you told me you would never marry another. My affections are not like the weather-vane, but are deep and firm and lasting—true as Penelope of old to Ulysses. I have long been waiting to have a talk with you, and make definite and explicit arrangements in regard to the blessed institution of matrimony. *That* will give me an opportunity. It will be a solemn night to talk about such joyful events. No, Joe, the eyes of this world and the world above are upon us, and your vows are before your own eyes, and it shall never be said that the betrothed of Joe Strange was untrue to him in any dark hour of his life. Penelope is my name, and I am a true Penelope."

"Oh, Madame Royall, I wouldn't have you do it for all the world. Watch with old Blingo's korps in the storehouse chamber—why!"

"But I'd rather. 'Tis for *your* sake, Joe."

"What would Governor Brooks say?"

"That I was ready to do my duty—a real true Penelope, and one worthy of the name that stands for the heart of all womankind."

"But, Madame—Madame Royall—oh, Madame—oh, Penelope—I have heard—it is so dreadful—I *have* heard that old store-rooms in taverns are *hanted*."

"But you said that you were not afraid of the body of Blingo."

"No, but there might be other people's hants—pirates or cats or somethin'. Old Cotton Mather, who lived and died up there, used to see black people in the air who would *explode*. There, now, he did, and he's buried in Copps Hill, right there."

"That's why I ought to be true to you, Joe—a real Penelope. I will be true. How could I bear to think of you watching there all alone in that old store-chamber with the body of Blingo the blacksmith? Penelope Royall knows her duties better than that. I'll be there to comfort you, you may be sure of that, and we'll lay out all our plans in life, and if anything happens there, we will share the danger together. There shall be no hants find you alone, Joe, in such a place as that, while Penelope Royall is living. You may be sure that I will be there to comfort you."

If ever a man had a doleful prospect of Thanksgiving that year, it was Town-meeting Joe. He was anything but the Ulysses of poor Penelope's fancy. He had dreamed of going to the Inn of the Good Woman, eating of roast pig and succotash and pandowdy, and interpolating wonder stories between the courses of the cuisine; of smoking, and telling more rollicking stories; listening to harrowing legends and droll jokes from others; of having supper of sweet-apple pudding and pumpkin pie and fuming coffee; telling more stories; then going to the old storehouse chambers with some jovial friend, and spending the night by the corpse of poor Blingo; telling more stories, and drinking apple cider and eating more pie. The winds might howl and the seas dash in Boston Harbor, but he was sure that poor Blingo would never harm him.

But to have Penelope for company, that was another matter. To sit up all night with Blingo, with classical-minded Penelope nagging him to marry her, and imparting to him moral precepts from the correct example of the Odysseus or the Book of Ruth; to be put at his wits' end how to turn the subject; and to hear the wind howl and the sea roar in Boston Harbor without the invigorating pie and cider, which Dame Vassal would surely not have regarded as a proper luxury for such a vigil! This picture was as appalling to him as it would have been to

search a cellar for thieves or spectral lights or alarming midnight noises.

It should not be. He would go to Penelope and tell her that he would not expect her. So one evening, as the red twilight faded behind the bare oaks over the brown sea-meadows, he knocked at Penelope's door. An earnest face soon appeared in the framework.

"I came over to say," said he—"you are real good—but I came over to say that I won't need you on Thanksgivin' night to watch. You are real good, but I will get Provided Usher to watch with me. He'd just as lives. You are real good, and that is what I came over to say."

Penelope surveyed her Ulysses with some misgivings, but said: "But what we are to each other, Joe, you know, and any true heart will stand by her betrothed at a time like this. It is the custom, Joe. I am ready."

"Yes, I know that you are real good, but I have heard that that old chamber is full of herbs and red peppers, and dead folks' things, and rafters and beams and pigeons and things, and it ain't any suitable place for womenkind. I told you so before. You are real good, but I shall not need ye. Hope you'll have a good Thanksgivin'. I'll see you home after church that day. You're real good. Good-by."

"You will see me *there*, too," said Penelope, as Joe moved away with a quaking heart. "You will see me there. No Provided Usher shall keep you company when you need *me*."

Thanksgiving came, with a mellow air and a lingering summer splendor. Carriages full of merry people rolled to and fro, guns cracked in the woods, and the Boston bells rang, and the Old North chimes pealed out joyful airs. At noon a thin cloud passed over the sun; the day turned gray; the wind rose; there came gusts of snow, and the harbor grew white with foam. The season was changing.

"It will be a fearful night," said Joe. "The Lord pity the sailor! *She* won't come now, and what a good time I'll have! These wild evenings are great for story-tellin' and apple cider. I'll tell my story of Peter Rugg, who has been ridin' and ridin' about on snowy nights like that that is comin', for the Lord knows how many years, tryin' to find Boston town. He's doomed to ride forever; and I'll tell 'em how a boy threw a pumpkin at him on Charlestown Bridge, and it went right through him, and came out on the other side. With the wind, and the sea moanin', and old Blingo up there in the store-room, it will be a solemn night at the inn! But, thanks to gracious, it will all be nothing to what it would ha' been to have set up with Penelope! The winds do howl like music to me. Howl! howl on! as Shakespeare says."

With this dramatic address to Æolus, Joe harnessed his reluctant horse, and prepared to take his Penelope to the old Cockerel Church, where the principal Thanksgiving service was to be observed.

The day was one of all kinds of weather, such as only comes in November and March. The white-caps rolled on the waves. Half of the sky was a placid arch of purple, and half a belt of slaty cloud; there were gusts of wind and spiral snow, and gleams of sunlight on the far brown hills. In the parting days of Indian-summer such fitful and uncertain minglings of all weathers came to the coast.

"One does not know what to think," said Penelope—which applied to her own experience as well as to the weather on that remarkable day.

The wind had sharply shaken the trees, and the ground was red with apples along the Mystic and Charles. The dark cloud grew, and rose like a hood over the blue arch. Dogs ran and geese flew before the gusts of wind.

"I know what to think," said Joe, after a long silence; "it is going to be an awful night—awful! The snow will fly, and the shutters will bang. How thankful you ought to be that you've got a home to stay to!"

"All the powers of the storm will not deter me from being at my post of duty," said Penelope.

Late in the afternoon Joe set out for the inn alone, where he was to dine with the living and watch with the dead. He little minded the storm. His mind was rid of Penelope, and that made the whole world serene to him.

The inn was crowded. A sumptuous dinner was served, which lasted from two o'clock to four o'clock, when the guests, the stage-drivers, and the idlers gathered in the office before the great fire, and while most of them smoked their pipes and rested their feet on the brass fenders, a few told stories on the old red settle in

the corner—an article of furniture then found in every inn, ordinary, and farmhouse. The storm increased towards evening; the wind whirled, and the gusts of snow in the streets became blinding. The sign of the Good Woman creaked, and the dry shutters banged and rattled. The teamsters came in from the great sheds, stamping their feet, and saying "Cracky!" The cats hid under the settle, and the dogs lay down on the mats near the fire, and curled themselves into ominous heaps.

"It will be an awful night," said the landlord to Joe. "Heaven save them on the sea!" The Inn of the Good Woman was to-night indeed a house of refuge. Few of the guests knew that the old anchor-maker lay dead in the storehouse chamber, or even that there was such a place.

The inn had *two* storehouses and *two* storehouse chambers. Each contained old ancestral bedsteads, uncertain furniture, and outworn utensils of many kinds. One of these was large, and one was small. In the small chamber was a grand old mahogany bedstead, with a valance, or canopy. It looked like a royal bed, and it was kept here because it had belonged to a member of the Vassal family, and was ordered to be preserved as a relic. Near it was a high-backed settle, and over all hung strings of dried apples and peppers.

"A CLOAKED TRAVELLER CAME IN."

It was not in the great storehouse chamber of herbs, the looms, and the pepper-mill that the body of hard-working Blingo had been laid out, as Joe had supposed, but in the more retired room of the grand bedstead, leading out of the apartments where the stage-drivers and teamsters slept. The landlord had told Joe that the body would remain in the storehouse chamber, and it had not occurred to the latter that there were *two* chambers that bore that name. The only storehouse chamber that Joe had ever visited, though he had often slept in the inn, was the herb-room, in which were old wheels and looms and carding-machines and the sausage block and pepper-mill and the usual inventory of a New England garret.

Just at night, amid the fury of the storm, an event not unusual happened. A cloaked traveller came in, asked quietly for a room for the night, and was told that the inn was full. The man was an Irish gentleman of a marked brogue, but of excellent bearing, and there were but few persons of his nationality in the city at that time.

"An' surely you would not sind a gentlemin out into the storm," said he, quietly. "I would be willin' to slape anywhere on a night like this, I would, even though the conveniences were small. I do not often ask favors the like o' this."

The landlord led the man out to the servants' room, to see the chamber-maid as to what might be done.

"There is only one place where we can put him," said the maid; "that is the storehouse chamber. He might sleep there, but we would want to be going in and out. We have put the provisions there from the *other* store chamber, so as to leave the place to the body of Blingo."

"Ara, now, ara, you wouldn't disturb me any. Come in and out as much as ye loike—only give me a bed. I'll cover meself all over, and slape as peaceful as a kitten. Hear the wind howl! In Hea-

ven's name, let me slape in the storehouse, or anywhere. I have been turned away from two inns. I am half sick. I want to go to my room now. Hear the wind—wharra!"

There was a tone of hearty good humor in his voice as he made this vigorous plea.

"Well, show him to the storehouse chamber," said the landlord.

The maid did so speedily, leading the way with a wax taper to the unoccupied room. She arranged the musty bed, and bade the worn traveller good-night, and left him to go to sleep in the very bed where Joe supposed the body of poor Blingo had been laid out. The Irish traveller hurriedly took off his clothing, laid it on the foot of the bed, covered his body over with the antique bedclothing, and his head with a sheet, and went to sleep, little caring who should enter the room during the night.

He was the only sleeper in the house at this early hour, except poor Blingo, in the other store-room. The servants gave themselves up to merriment, notwithstanding the solemn illustration of mortality in the lean-to. The dining-room was cleared; the red settles were set before the roaring log fire. The apple cider flowed, and the usual crowd assembled to listen to the stories told on Thanksgiving evening. It was a typical Thanksgiving night, and wild and fearful these stories were. Never in any land was there folk-lore like that started by imaginative old Cotton Mather in his *Wonders of the Invisible World*. Hoffman's *Strange Stories* are dreamy impressions to them. The spirits of the Puritan's day were all dark and avenging, desolate and troubled as the windy graveyards on the bleak coasts.

The story-telling began with the awful legend of "Nix's Mate," which was followed by the tale of the "Shrieking Woman," of "Giles Corey the Wizard," the "Bell Tavern Mystery," and the "Spectre Leaguers of Cape Ann." After the blood-chilling account of the "Stone-throwing Devil of Portsmouth," which had lately been published in London, and which may be found in Increase Mather's *Wonderful Providences*, the white-capped landlady gave a very picturesque version of "Jonathan Moulton and the Devil," a harrowing tale of Hampton. Every one's nerves were now receptive, and Town-meeting Joe saw that his opportunity to relate the old Boston wonder tale of "Peter Rugg, the Missing Man," had come. It was the night for such a tale. Peter, according to the tradition, had been doomed to ride forever in search of Boston on wild nights like this. What his offence was, we do not know. Perhaps he had said that baked pulse was not good, or something of that kind; but he was often met on wild nights inquiring the way to Boston, and driving his spectral steed, with fiery eyes and streaming hair, with a poor white-faced little girl crying beside him.

Joe was in his element when defending popular rights in the town meeting and when telling such a story. He loved to feel his power. To-night he seemed possessed of the story-telling inspiration and magnetism. The storm, the crowded room, the great fire, and the well-schooled superstition of his hearers, all tended to make the scene dramatic, and bring the nervous atmosphere under his control.

At the point of the story when Peter Rugg and his crying child approached Charlestown Bridge, Joe rose to his feet, and pictured the scene with all his resources of provincial dialect and startling gestures; his hand flew about his head in such a way as made the eyes and mouth of the old black cook, who stood looking in at the door, open so wide that her head seemed all mouth and eyes.

"The old toll-gatherer saw the chaise comin'," he said, "and ran out into the rivers of wind and rain to meet it, his lantern swingin' in his hand—*so*, *so*. He heard the black waters runnin' under the piers of the bridge, but no sound of any horse's feet or of wheels. The chaise was comin' on as silent as a chaise of the air. But it *was* comin'; the old toll-gatherer could see it—it might have been with spiritual eyes—and Peter Rugg was in it. It might have been the spiritual vision that saw him; I can't tell. The spiritual world is awfully mysterious. But the toll-gatherer saw Peter Rugg, and the hanted Peter seemed drivin' on the air, and he leaned his head out of the chaise, *so*, and his daughter was sobbin' and sobbin' by his side. The old toll-gatherer lifted his lantern, *so*, swingin' it aloft in the darkness and rain, *so*. But the steed was runnin' as for life. 'Hold!' shouted the toll-gatherer. The horse rose into the air and—"

The door of the dining-room slowly opened on the rural actor and his nervous

listeners. A woman in a long cloak and quilted bonnet appeared, covered with snow. She bent her face on Joe reproachfully, and he withered before it. She glanced over the room, and each one seemed to feel a kind of moral shrinkage under the sweep of her eye. Though Peter Rugg's chaise was just rising in the air in the imagination of the company, and the minds of all were excited to the highest pitch to know what became of him and the toll-gatherer, the sweeping look of the sturdy woman instantly destroyed the spell of the story.

"Joe," said the storm-beaten lady, "I have come. I told you I would. Penelope Royall does her duty, in stormy nights and always. Meet me in the women's room. This is no night for story-telling, Joe; no time for cider-drinking. The dead deserve more respect than this. The elements are abroad. There is one under this roof sleeping his last sleep. He has cast anchor, and the anchor holds. Good people, all be reverent. *Your* time will come."

She turned away, leaving the room in silence. Joe sank down, saying only, "Well, the chaise passed over the toll-gatherer's head," omitting the usual dialogue between Peter and the toll-collector about the way to the lost town of Boston.

There are nervous conditions that belong to special periods of time, and that rise and fall with popular beliefs, for faith creates the moods of the soul. Could any one have seen the nervous thrill on the faces in the ordinary that night of some sixty years ago, and have painted it on canvas, he would have produced a picture of the facial effect of superstitious fancies such as will never be seen again in New England, or possibly elsewhere. When Joe lifted his hand to indicate that the chaise of Peter Rugg was about to rise in the air, he seemed to hypnotize the listeners. All saw the spectral vehicle mentally, as no one could now. Even the cat felt the force of the spectral atmosphere, and uttered a mysterious cry.

The long room was smoky and shadowy in the languishing lights that struggled to consume the thick whale oil. The great sticks of wood in the black fireplace were falling into coals and white ashes. The people had been unconsciously drawing their chairs nearer each other all the evening, their nervous terrors calling forth a need of close companionship. The long

"THE OLD TOLL-GATHERER SAW THE CHAISE COMIN', HE SAID."

room seemed to be filled with a kind of nervous air, in which the story-telling hypnotizer might produce effects at will. Into this supersensitive atmosphere Dame Vassal came like an illumination, and shattered the spell. She changed into life again the colorless faces, and the fixed and dilated expression of all eyes, especially the eyes of the ebony cook. The people sank back as though their souls had been withdrawn from another world.

Amid a long and powerful silence, the old English clock sounded nine bells, and Joe arose and went to the women's room.

Penelope was there with a tall wax candle and a foot-stove of coals waiting. She was very neatly dressed in a gray silk. She really looked handsome.

"You needn't 'a' come," said Joe; "I told you that you needn't. It wasn't prudent. It is an awful night — just *awful!*"

"Do you think that I would leave you to watch with the anchor-maker all alone? Is that the kind of woman that you thought me to be? I hope not, Joe."

"But Provided, the cordwainer—"

"One wants nearer hearts than such as his for duties like these. Let us go at once to the room and show our respect for the dead, and not leave the body alone. Come, the night is before us."

"I shouldn't want to be left alone if I were dead," said Joe. "I wish it were morning, I do. This is the way;" and Joe led Penelope towards the old storehouse chamber in which the Irish traveller was quietly sleeping under the parted curtains of the ancient post bed, but which our two watchers supposed was occupied by the dead anchor-maker, the beat of whose hammer had rent the air of the Charles River, and the gleam of whose forges had illumined the Mystic for over forty years.

The room was under the roof. The rafters were bare, and under them were wasps' nests and cobwebs, and long poles on which sausages (after "killing-time") were hung to dry. The quilting frames were hung there also, on tow strings, and there was a scaffolding on the cross-beams covered with ancient pennyroyal, motherwort, everlasting, and other herbs. There were old chests in the corners, and on the sides of the room were hung brass warming-pans, warped spits, and spiders. In one corner were old flax wheels and abandoned looms.

Over a rude mantle, which seemed to have been a receptacle for all manner of things, were two silhouettes. Under them was the legend of "The Deacon and His." Some one had added, "We are not handsome, but pious." Penelope peered into the queer cupboard-like place, behind which was a dormer-window that overlooked the sea. She surveyed the antique bedstead solemnly as she passed around the room. To her imagination it was the last bed of the anchor-maker, and the form under the faded white counterpane was breathless forever.

"So still!" she said; "so still! There he lies, so still!"

She put down the foot-stove of coals, placed the light on a shelf, and arranged an old settle for the long vigil with the supposed tenantless body.

"Now, Joe, sit down. This is a solemn night, and I want to talk with you. Don't you feel solemn? You look so."

The wind lulled. The storm was clearing. The town was still. The old inn became still. The furious wind waves seemed to move away over the ocean. The full moon came out, and the broken clouds flew past it. The half-parted curtains of the single window revealed white roofs and white waters. The world all seemed as dead as the supposed Blingo.

Penelope dropped the window curtains, and partly shut out the light of the room. She approached the bed of the supposed anchor-maker reverently, and surveyed the form of the body under the bedclothing in the deep shadows, and said, in a deep, reverent voice, "He is dead!"

Joe approached her on tiptoe, and repeated the words in a very oratorical way, as though he were in the town-hall addressing his "feller-citizens." "He is dead. Poor Blingo! 'After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.'"

Joe was a student of Shakespeare. He used to quote Shakespeare on all occasions, and especially in his public orations on town-meeting days, in a provincial dialect, and a deep voice that awed the old Medford farmers.

Penelope turned away from the affecting scene. Joe followed her. The two sat down on the settle, Joe looking very distressed, and Penelope very resolute.

"Now," said Penelope, "we will talk. Next to the day of one's funeral, what day is the most sacred in human experience?" she began, in a mathematical tone, smoothing her rolled hair.

"Town-meetin' day," answered Joe, promptly. "But don't let's talk. Remember the sign of the Good Woman."

"Oh, no, no. Joe, listen. The wind has gone down. This is a solemn time, isn't it, Joe?"

"I never felt solemer in all my life. I'd give five dollars if it were only mornin'."

There was a long silence. It was broken by Penelope, who was not to be admonished by the recollection of the Good Woman. "Joe, listen. What day is that that is most sacred to the human heart?"

"You just said it was the day of one's funeral. I think it is the town-meetin' day. Stands to reason it is. This is the day that regulates everything. Wonder what time it is gettin' to be?"

There was another long silence. A mouse ran along the herb shelf, and struck the pennyroyal, and the air of the chamber became fragrant with a medicinal odor.

"Joe, listen. There is a day in life more eventful than the folkmote, or that which ends the great drama of all. Joe, think, now—what day is that? It is the day of which we both should be thinking now, if ever we expect to be happy. The long procession of years is passing. Man goeth, and he is not. We are not

young now, as we once were. What day is it, now?"

"General trainin' day. Oh, don't bother me so! Think of the Good Woman."

"Oh, Joe!"

There was another long silence. Then Penelope slowly raised her hand and placed it on Joe's shoulder, and said, in a decisive tone:

"I must be plain—I must. It is our wedding day, Joe. There!"

He started. "Hippograffs and thunder! Where's my snuff-box gone?"

"Eh, Joe?"

"The dragon! Let's say over Watts's hymns to each other. You begin."

"Joe, listen. It is customary— But before I proceed to call your mind to this point let us do our duty, and be true to our solemn office. Let us go and examine Blingo."

She took the wax candle, and the two went to the catafalque-looking structure where the supposed Blingo lay in his last repose; "the anchors he had forged holding fast on many a coast, and himself anchored in the home port beyond all the hills and hollows of this changeable world," as Penelope pictured him now.

Penelope gazed on the outline under the sheets and repeated the solemn words: "He's dead. Seems so he is breathing and the bed is living. Don't it to you? 'Tis my imagination."

Joe repeated the formula, "He's dead," adding, "May the Lord have mercy on his soul!"—a frequent remark of a late Judge Sewall, who was not sparing in the exercise of his prerogatives.

Penelope's mind began to be greatly agitated, and she wandered about the chamber, examining chests and boxes, and even peering into the *boogah* hole—a name of uncertain orthography, but one used to designate a cavernous place under the eaves, the hiding-place of cats and of children fleeing from justice, and of "boogars" or "boogahs," whatever these mysterious beings may have been. If the children of early New England had ever published a dictionary, the word would have found a conspicuous place, and its orthography would have been decided.

In her excited wanderings Penelope chanced to do a very careless thing. She disturbed an ancient string of peppers, which had an immediate effect on the atmosphere, and she began to sneeze. Joe also became afflicted in the same way, and the violent noises woke up the traveller who was occupying the supposed bed of the deceased anchor-maker. He pulled the sheet from over his head, took one draught of the peppery atmosphere, and gave a suppressed sneeze.

Joe started. "What was *that*?"

"It was an echo," said Penelope. "Sounds echo along the rafters of these old rooms. We're both of us nervous to-night."

"You don't think that Blingo has come to life again, do you? Pepper is powerful stuff;" and Joe sneezed again violently, with an effort to suppress the act.

Penelope sat down again on the settle, drew up to her the foot-stove, and quoted Shakespeare, saying, "'Trifles light as air.'"

There was a long silence, broken only by the wood-ticks, which were numerous in the old rafters. The moonlight fell through a dormer-window upon her really handsome form. She had dressed to look well, even on this solemn occasion. Her light gray silk seemed luminous as the moon.

"They do sound solemn," at last said Joe, referring to the wood-ticks. "I feel just as though there was somethin' livin' in the room. Don't you? Somethin' breathin'. I do, now."

"Joe, listen. Your imagination is excited. Let it be calm. I was about to say that it is the custom for the betrothed lady to appoint the wedding day. Don't you know—eh?"

"No, I don't know anything about such things, Penelope, I don't."

"Well, I will tell you. Now, in my case, I would rather that *you* would appoint the day. When shall it be?"

There was a long silence.

"Eh, Joe?"

"Not on town-meetin' day."

"No."

"Nor in plantin'-time."

"No."

"Nor on Fourth of July day."

"No. But when—eh?"

"Hear that sign creak. That woman hasn't got any head."

"But I have, Joe."

"Let's go and examine Blingo. I do feel as though there must be somethin' wrong there, I do. That pepper is powerful powerful. I'll go—you follow with the light."

"But the day?"

"I'd rather be married in October than any other time of the year, if I've got to be. It's kind o' melancholy then, and one sees everything goin' to pieces, and don't mind what one does. Funerals and weddin' days are awful solemn times."

Penelope took the wax taper again and moved with light tread towards the bed. Joe followed her with a woe-begone look, like a shrivelled apology of his former self, saying, abruptly, "Oh, what would I give if it were only mornin'?"

Penelope said again, "He's dead."

Joe repeated the words as before, then both in chorus.

"I wonder if he looks natural?" asked Joe. "The funeral is going to be on Saturday, from the Old North Church. How thankful we ought to be that his troubles are over at last! What did they leave his clothes on the foot of the bed for? It looks very mysterious. Don't it seem so to you?"

Penelope turned to the window, nervously, and looked out on the snowscape. The clocks were striking the hour of twelve. The night was silent after the snow-gust, and the light-house loomed afar under the low moon.

She sat down again on the settle beside the unhappy Joe, and they listened for a time to the wood-ticks. Joe sighed often, and repeated over and over again, "How I wish it was mornin'!"

There was now another wretched being in the shadowy chamber—the Irish traveller in the bed. He had been listening half awake. He had heard the mysterious sentence, "He is dead," spoken above him, and he pinched himself and stretched out his feet to see if any unusual thing had happened him. He seemed to be the same person physically and mentally as when he fell asleep, but, like the old woman in the nursery rhyme, he wondered if he was really himself or not. He thought he would rise very silently and cautiously, and get out of bed, and try to solve these mysterious sentences that forbade sleep. He wrapped the white counterpane around him, and in this condition very noiselessly prepared to emerge from the bed.

His movements would have startled the couple at once had it not been for a rasping sound that broke upon the stillness of the midnight hour. A revelling servant had forgotten to grind the coffee for breakfast at the proper time, and began to turn the coffee-mill in the room below. Fifty years ago the drowsy people of New England were often awakened in the morning by the grinding of the coffee-mill, which sound was a kind of long growl, like a mad dog spinning in the air.

"The coffee-mill goes on," said Joe. "I wonder if it will go on when *I* am dead?"

The Irishman quietly got out of the bed on the back side, and slowly approached the high-backed settle. He stopped a little, and gazed upon the two occupants of that antique bench. Who were they? Why were they there? He comprehended that that resolute, trim-looking woman had been trying to make the thin, clerical-faced man fix her wedding day.

While he was thus standing in the habiliments of the bedclothes, his olfactory nerves began to be affected by the peppery atmosphere, and he felt a desire to sneeze, which he was able for a time to repress.

"Joe, listen," said the woman. "This is a night of decision. The wings of the wind are spent. It is near one o'clock. Mark the hour, for I want you always to remember it. In the old storehouse chamber, in the chamber of the dead, under the midnight moon, amid the silence of the inn— Merciful heavens! what is *that?*"

A sneeze directly behind the vigilant pair turned Joe for a moment into a statue. He presently glanced around mechanically with fixed eyes, and beheld what he took to be an awful apparition.

"Ap—pollion!"

He started up as by a shock of human electricity. One bound brought him to the narrow stairway, and another took him to the foot of the stairs.

Penelope rose slowly, faced the giant spectre, and stood firm.

"Who are you?" she demanded.

"Pennypacker—just Pennypacker—a gentleman from Dublin, Ireland, travellin' in this foine country, and comin' late to the inn, and findin' it full, they put me here."

"But—you ain't alive."

"Sure that I am, madam." He sneezed again. "Dead people do not sneeze. How came you here? This is a mighty queer place for a nice-lookin' woman like you to be at the dead o' night!"

"I came to watch with you. I thought

"HE GLANCED AROUND, AND BEHELD WHAT HE TOOK TO BE AN AWFUL APPARITION."

you were a dead man—the old anchor-maker."

"That is a queer story that you are tellin', but you look like an honest woman and a real lady; but what should a lady like you be naggin' a spokeshite like him to marry you for? He don't want you at all. I could sense that lyin' in me bed there and hearin' him put ye off. Sure I'm a widower meself, and there isn't a likelier man in all Ireland. I trated me fust wife well. I'll have ye meself. What do ye say? Don't ever try to court a bachelor," he added. "Try a widower always. The bachelor hasn't any heart; his blood flows through a muscle; but a widower can feel."

Penelope thought of Joe; a flush of anger rose in her cheeks, and her honest indignation made her form a sudden resolution.

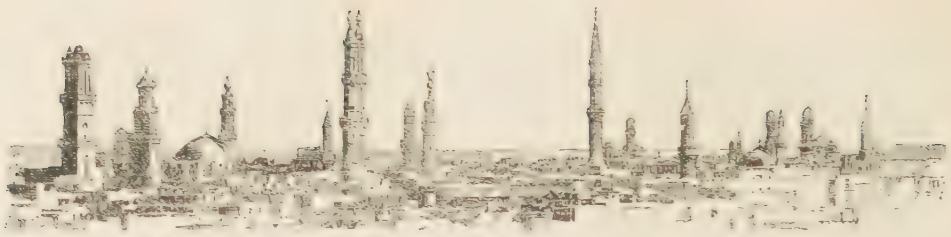
"If you'll prove to me that you are what you say, I'll consider the matter. I will; in justice I will. I do not believe in long courtships."

"An' a good woman ye be, and this is the Inn of one Good Woman. So we are engaged."

"Yes, engaged, if what you say is true. Heaven only knows what I have endured from that man. Suspense? The most awful state of anything is suspense! I'm desperate! I'll have ye, if you be anybody—*any*body!"

A blast on a stage horn in the office aroused the inn. The landlord came running to the foot of the stairs to the storehouse chamber, calling: "Blingo isn't there; he's in the *other* chamber. Penelope! Penelope! Come down! come down!"

Penelope came down stairs slowly, in a very unconcerned and stately way, and confronted Joe. "I'll give you up," she said. "You are not a Ulysses. I am engaged. I do not believe in long courtships. I never shall sing with you any more. Heaven pity you! I do. You needn't stand there staring like a *stuck pig*. I am engaged," with which unclassical comparison she forever dismissed her Ulysses.



CAIRO IN 1890.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

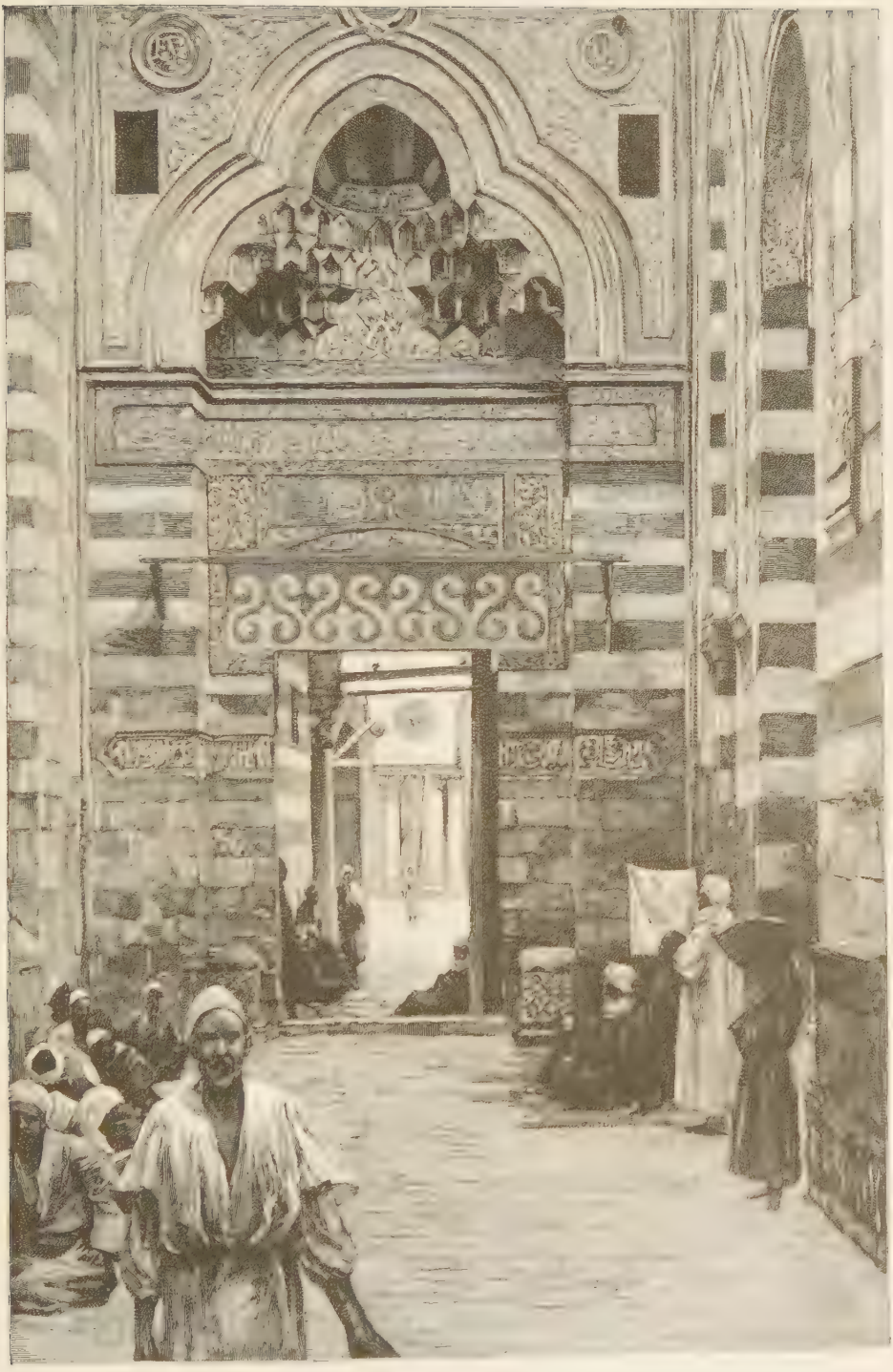
Part Second.

أحب العرب لثلاث لأني عربي والقرآن عربي وكلام أهل الجنة عربي

"I LOVE the Arabian language for three reasons: because I am an Arab myself; because the Koran is in Arabic; because Arabic is the language of Paradise." This hadith, or saying, of Mohammed might be put upon the banner of the old university of Cairo, El Azhar, that is, the Splendid. El Azhar was founded in the tenth century, when Cairo itself was hardly more than a name. In its unmoved attachment to the beliefs of its founders, to their old enthusiasms, their methods and hates, El Azhar has opposed an inflexible front to the advance of European ideas, sending out year after year its hundreds of pupils to all parts of Egypt and to Nubia, to the Soudan and to Morocco, to Turkey, Arabia, and Syria, to India and Ceylon, and to the borders of Persia, believing that so long as it could keep the education of the young in its grasp, the reign of the Prophet was secure. It is to-day the most important Mohammedan college in the world; for though it has no longer the twenty thousand students who crowded its courts in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, there is still an annual attendance of from seven to ten thousand; by some authorities the number is given as twelve thousand.

The twelve thousand have no academic groves; they have not even one tree. There is nothing sequestered about El Azhar; it is near the bazars in the old part of the town, where the houses are crowded together like wasps' nests. One sees nothing of it as one approaches save the minarets above, and, in the narrow, crowded lane, an outer portal. Here the visitor must show his permit, and put on the mosque shoes, for El Azhar was once a mosque, and is now mosque and university combined. After the shoes are on he steps over the low bar, and finds himself within the porch, which is a marvel as it stands, with its fretwork, carved stones, faded reds, and those old plaques of inscription which excite one's curiosity so desperately, and which no dragoman can ever translate, no matter in how many languages he can complacently ask, "You satisfi?" One soon learns something of the older tongue; hieroglyphics are not difficult; any one with eyes can discover after a while that the A of the ancient Egyptians is, often, a bird who bears a strong resemblance to a pigeon; that their L is a lion; and that the name of the builder of the Great Pyramid, for instance, is represented by a design which looks like two freshly hatched chickens, a foot-ball, and a horned lizard (speaking, of course, respectfully of them all). But one can never find out the meaning of the tantalizing characters, so many thousand years nearer our own day, which confront us, surrounded by arabesques, over old Cairo gateways, across the fronts of the street fountains, or inscribed in faded gilt on the crumbling walls of mosques. It is probable that they are Kufic, and one would hardly demand, I suppose, that an English guide should read black-letter? But who can be reasonable in the land of Aladdin's lamp?

The porch leads to the large central court, which is open to the sky, the breeze, and the birds; and this last is not merely a possibility, for birds of all kinds are numerous in Egypt, and unmolested. On the pavement of this court, squatting in groups, are hundreds of the turbaned



PORCH OF EL AZHAR.

After a photograph by Sebah, Cairo

students, some studying aloud, some reading aloud (it is always aloud), some listening to a professor (who also squats), some eating their frugal meals, some mending their clothes, and some merely chatting. These groups are so many and so close together that often the visitor can make the circuit of the place only on its outskirts; he cannot cross. There is generally a carrier of drinking-water making his rounds amid the serried ranks. "For whoever is thirsty, here is water from God," he chants. One is almost afraid to put down the melodious phrase, for the street cries of Cairo have become as trite as the *Ranz des Vaches* of Switzerland. Still, some of them are so imaginative and quaint that they should be rescued from triteness and made classic. Here is one which is chanted by the seller of vegetables—the best beans, it should be explained, come from Embebeh, beyond Boulak—"Help, O Embebeh, help! The beans of Embebeh are better than almonds. Oh-h, how *sweet* are the little sons of the river!" (This last phrase makes poetical allusion to the soaking in Nile water which is required before the beans can be cooked.) Certain famous baked beans nearer home also require preliminary soaking. Let us imagine a huckster calling out in Boston streets, as he pursues his way: "Help, O Beverly, help! The beans of Beverly are better than peaches. Oh-h, how *sweet* are the little sons of Cochituate!"

The central court of the Splendid is surrounded by colonnades, whose walls are now undergoing repairs; but the propping beams do not appear to disturb either the pupils or teachers. On the east side is the sanctuary, which is also a school-room, but a covered one; it is a large, low-ceilinged hall, covering an area of thirty-six hundred square yards; by day its light is dusky; by night it is illuminated by twelve hundred twinkling little lamps suspended from the ceiling by bronze chains. The roof is supported by three hundred and eighty antique columns of marble and granite placed in irregular ranges; there are so many of these pillars that to be among them is like standing in a grove. The pavement is smoothly covered with straw matting; and here also are assembled throngs of pupils—some studying, some reciting, some asleep. I paid many visits to El Azhar, moving about quietly with my venerable little dragoman, whom I had selected for an unusual accomplishment—silence. One day I came upon an arithmetic class; the professor, a thin, ardent-eyed man of forty, was squatted upon a beautiful Turkish rug at the base of a granite column; his class of boys, numbering thirty, were squatted in a half-circle facing him, their slates on the matting before them. The professor had a small blackboard which he had propped up so that all could see it, and there on its surface I saw inscribed that enemy of my own youth, a sum in fractions—three-eighths of seven-ninths of twelve-twentieths of ten thirty-fifths, and so on; evidently the terrible thing is as savage as ever! The professor grew excited; he harangued his pupils; he did the sum over and over, rubbing out and rewriting his ferocious conundrum with a bit of chalk. Slender Arabian hands tried the sum furtively on the little slates; but no one had accomplished the task when, afraid of being remarked, I at last turned away. The outfit of a well-provided student at El Azhar consists of a rug, a low desk like a small portfolio easel, a Koran, a slate, an inkstand, and an earthen dish. Instruction is free, and boys are admitted at the early age of eight years. The majority of the pupils do not remain after their twelfth or fourteenth year; a large number, however, pursue their studies much longer, and old students return from time to time to obtain further instruction, so that it is not uncommon to see a gray-bearded pupil studying by the side of a child who might be his grandson. To me it seemed that two-thirds of the students were men between thirty and forty years of age; but this may have been because one noticed them more, as collegians so mature are an unusual sight for American eyes.

All the pupils bow as they study, with a motion like that of the bowing porcelain mandarins. The custom is attributed to the necessity for bending the head whenever the name of Allah is encountered; as the first text-book is always the Koran, children have found it easier to bow at regular intervals with an even motion, than to watch for the numerous repetitions of the name. The habit thus formed in childhood remains, and one often sees old merchants in the bazars reading for their own entertainment, and bowing themselves to and fro as they read. I have even beheld young men, smartly

STUDENTS IN THE OUTER COURT, EL AZHAR.

After a photograph by Abdullah Ferres, Cairo.

dressed in full European attire, who, lost in the interest of a newspaper, had forgotten themselves for the moment, and were bending to and fro unconsciously at the door of a French café. A nation that enjoys the rocking-chair ought to understand this. Some of the students of El Azhar have rooms outside, but many of them possess no other shelter than these two courts, where they sleep upon their rugs spread over the matting or pavement. Food can be brought in at pleasure, but those two Oriental time-consumers, pipes and coffee, are not allowed within the precincts. In one of the porches barbers are established; there is generally a row of students undergoing the process of head-shaving. The fierce fanatical blind pupils, so often described in the past by travellers, are no longer there; the porter can show only their empty school-room. Blindness is prevalent in Egypt; no doubt the sunshine of the long summer has something to do with it, but another cause is the neglected condition of young children. There is no belief so firmly established in the minds of Egyptian mothers as the superstition that the child who is clean and well dressed will inevitably attract the dreaded evil-eye, and suffer ever afterward from the effects of the malign glance. I have seen women who evidently belonged to the upper ranks of the middle class—women dressed in silk, with gold ornaments, and a following servant—who were accompanied by a poor baby of two or three years of age, so dirty, so squalid and neglected, that any one unacquainted with the country would have supposed it to be the child of a beggar.

In addition to the bowing motion, instruction at El Azhar is aided by a mnemonic system, the rules of grammar, and other lessons also, being given in rhyme. I suppose our public schools are above devices of this sort; but there are some of us among the elders who still fly mentally, when the subject of English history comes up, to that useful poem beginning "First, William the Norman"; and I have heard of the rules for the use of shall and will being properly remembered only when set to the tune of "Scotland's burning!" Surely any tune—even "Man the Life-boat"—would become valuable if it could clear up the bogs of the subjunctive.

It must be mentioned that El Azhar did not invent its mnemonics; it has inherited them from the past. All the mediæval universities made use of the system.

The central court is surrounded on three sides by chambers, one of which belongs to each country and to each Egyptian province represented at the college. These sombre apartments are filled with oddly shaped wardrobes, which are assigned to the students for their clothes. There is a legend connected with these rooms: At dusk a man whose heart is pure is sometimes permitted to see the elves who come at that hour to play games in the inner court under the columns; here they run races, they chase each other over the matting, they climb the pillars, and indulge in a thousand antics. The little creatures are said to live in the wardrobes, and each student occasionally places a few flowers within, to avert from himself the danger that comes from their too great love of tricks. There are other inhabitants of these rooms who also indulge in tricks. These are little animals which I took to be ferrets; twice I had a glimpse of a disappearing tail, like a dark flash, as I crossed a threshold.

In beginning his education the first task for a boy is to commit the Koran to memory. As he learns a portion he is taught to read and to write those paragraphs; in this way he goes through the entire volume. Grammar comes next; at El Azhar the word includes logic, rhetoric, composition, versification, elocution, and other branches. Then follows law, secular and religious. But the law, like the logic, like all the instruction, is founded exclusively upon the Koran. As there is no inquiry into anything new, the precepts have naturally taken a fixed shape; the rules were long ago established, and they have never been altered; the student of 1890 receives the information given to the student of 1490, and no more. But it is this very fact which makes El Azhar interesting to the looker on; it is a living relic, a survival in the nineteenth century of the university of the fourteenth and fifteenth. It is true that when we think of those great colleges of the past, the picture which rises in the mind is not one of turbaned, seated figures in flowing robes; it is rather of aggressive, agile youths, with small braggadocio caps perched on their long locks, their slender waists outlined in the shortest of jackets,

BEFORE THE SACRED NICHE.

After a photograph by Sebah, Cairo

and their long legs encased in the tightest of parti-colored hose. But this is because the great painters of the past have given immortality to these astonishing scholars of their own lands by putting them upon their canvases. They confined themselves to their own lands too, unfortunately for us; they did not set sail, with their colors and brushes, upon Homer's "misty deep." It would be interesting to see what Pinturicchio would have made of El Azhar; or how Gentile da Fabriano would have copied the crowded outer court.

The president of El Azhar occupies, in native estimation, a position of the highest authority. Napoleon, recognizing this power, requested the aid of his influence in inducing Cairo to surrender in 1798. The sheykh complied; and a month later the wonderful Frenchman, in full Oriental costume, visited the university in state, and listened to a recitation from the Koran.

Now that modern schools have been established by the government in addition to the excellent and energetic mission seminaries maintained by the English, the Americans, the Germans, and the French, one wonders whether this venerable Arabian college will modify its tenets, or shrink to a shadow and disappear. There are hopeful souls who prophesy the former; but I do not agree with them. Let us aid the American schools by all the means in our power. But as for El Azhar, may it fade (as fade it must) with its ancient legends draped untouched about it.

All who visit Cairo see the Assiout ware—pottery made of red and black earth, and turned on a wheel; it comes from Assiout, 230 miles up the Nile, and the simple forms of the vases and jugs, the rose-water stoups and narrow-necked perfume-throwers, are often very graceful. Assiout ware is offered for sale in the streets, but the itinerant venders are sent out by a dealer in the bazars, and the fatality which makes it happen that the vender has two black stoups and one red jug when you wish for one black stoup and two red jugs sent us to headquarters. But the crowded booth did not contain our heart's desire, and as we still lingered, making ourselves, I dare say, too pressing for the Oriental ease of the proprietor, it was at last suggested that Mustapha might perhaps go to the store-room for more? (the interrogation point meaning baksheesh.) Seizing the opportunity, we asked permission to accompany the messenger. No one objecting—as the natives consider all strangers more or less mad—we were soon following our guide through a dusky passageway behind the shop, the darkness lit by the gleam of his white teeth as he turned, every now and then, to give us an encouraging smile and a wink of his one eye, over his shoulder. At length—still in the dark—we arrived at a stairway, and ascending, found ourselves in a second-story court, which was roofed over with matting. This court was surrounded by chambers fitted with rough sliding fronts: almost all of the fronts were at the moment thrown up, as a window is thrown up and held by its pulleys. In one of these rooms we found Assiout ware in all its varieties; but we made a slow choice. We were evidently in a lodging-house of native Cairo; all the chambers save this one store-room appeared to be occupied as bachelors' apartments. The two rooms nearest us belonged to El Azhar students, so Mustapha said: he could speak no English, but he imparted the information in Arabic to our dragoman. Seeing that we were more interested in the general scene than in his red jugs, Mustapha left the Assiout ware to its fate, and lighting a cigarette, seated himself on the railing with a disengaged air, as much as to say: "Two more mad women! But it's nothing to me." One of the students was evidently an ascetic; his room contained piles of books and pamphlets, and almost nothing else; his one rug was spread out close to the front in order to get the light, and placed upon it we saw his open inkstand, his pens, and a page of freshly copied manuscript. When we asked where he was, Mustapha replied that he had gone down to the fountain to wash himself, so that he could say his prayers. The second chamber belonged to a student of another disposition; this extravagant young man had three rugs; clothes hung from pegs upon his walls, and he possessed an extra pair of lemon-colored slippers; in addition we saw cups and saucers upon a shelf. Only two books were visible, and these were put away in a corner; instead of books he had flowers; the whole place was adorned with them; pots containing plants in full bloom were standing on the floor round the walls of his largely exposed abode, and were also drawn up in two rows in the passageway outside, where

he himself, sitting on a mat, was sewing. His blossoms were so gay that involuntarily we smiled. Whereupon he smiled too, and gave us a salam. Opposite the rooms of the students there was a large chamber, almost entirely filled with white hue, that it resembled vegetation of some sort—a colossal cabbage. Directly behind him, also on the threshold, squatted a large gray baboon, whose countenance expressed a fixed misanthropy. Every now and then this creature, who was secured by a

AN EGYPTIAN DANCING GIRL.

bales, like small cotton bales; in a niche between these high piles, an old man, kneeling at the threshold, was washing something in a large earthen-ware tub of a pink tint. His body was bare from the waist upward, and as he bent over his task, his short chest, with all the ribs clearly visible, his long brown back with the vertebræ of the spine standing out, and his lean seesawing arms, looked skeleton-like, while his head, supported on a small wizened throat, was adorned with such an enormous bobbing turban, dark green in long loose cord, ascended slowly to the top of the bales and came down on the other side, facing his master. He then looked deeply into the tub for several minutes, touched the water carefully with his small black hand, withdrew it, and inspected the palm, and then returned gravely, and by the same roundabout way over the bales, to resume his position at the door-sill, looking as if he could not understand the folly of such unnecessary and silly toil.

In another chamber a large very black

negro, dressed in pure white, was seated upon the floor, with his feet stretched out in front of him, his hands placed stiffly on his knees, his eyes staring straight before him. He was motionless; he seemed hardly to breathe.

"What is he doing?" I said to the dragoman.

"He? Oh, he *berry* good man; he pray."

In a chamber next to the negro two grave old Arabs were playing chess. They were perched upon one of those Cairo settees which look like square chicken-coops. One often sees these seats in the streets, placed for messengers and porters, and for some time I took them for actual chicken-coops, and wondered why they were always empty. Chickens might well have inhabited the one used by the chess-players, for the central court upon which all these chambers opened was covered with a layer of rubbish and dirt several inches thick, which contained many of their feathers.

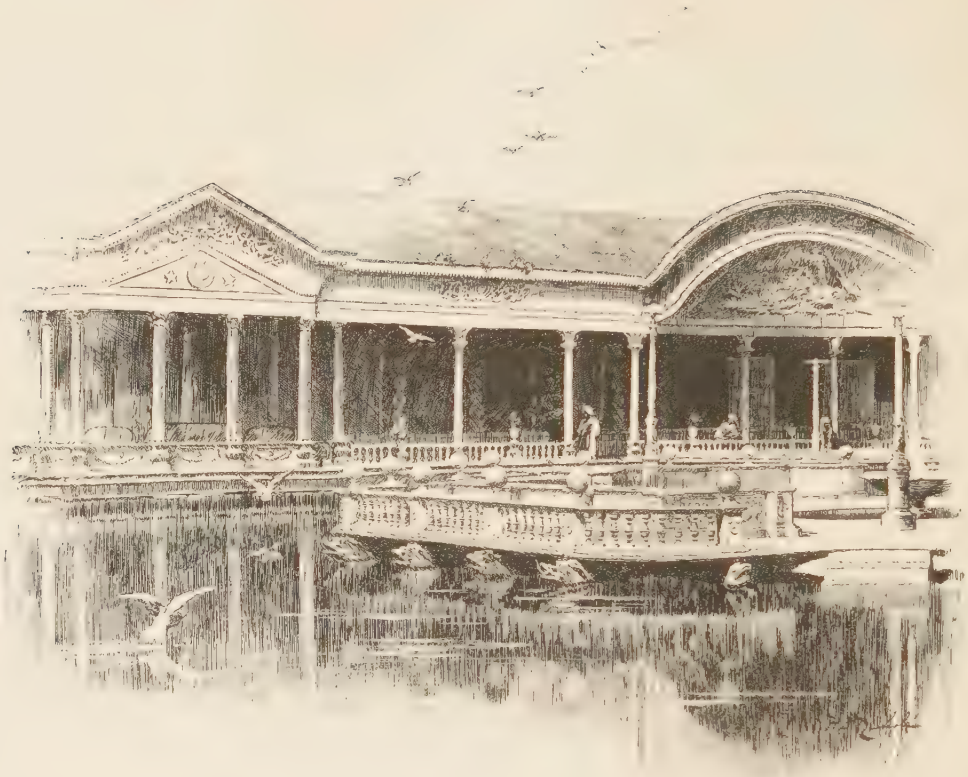
The same day we made search for the Khan of Kait Bey. No dragoman knows where it is. The best way, indeed, to see the old quarters is to select from a map the name of a street as remote as possible from the usual thoroughfares beloved by these tasselled guides, and then demand to be conducted thither. We did this in connection with the Khan of Kait Bey. But when we had achieved the distinction of finding it, we discovered that it was impossible to see it. The winding street is so narrow, and so constantly crowded with two opposed streams of traffic, that your donkey cannot pause to give you a chance to inspect the portion which is close to your eyes, and there is no spot where you can get a view in perspective of the whole. So you pass up the lane, turn, and come down again; and, if conscientious, you repeat the process, obtaining for all your pains only a confused impression of horizontal plaques and panels, with ruined walls tottering above them, and squalid shops below. There is a fine arched gateway adorned with pendentives; that, on account of its size, you can see; it leads into the khan proper, where were once the chambers for the travelling merchants and the stalls for their beasts; but all this is now a ruin. One of the best authorities on Saracenic art has announced that this khan is adorned with more varieties of exquisite arabesques than any single building in Cairo. This may be true. But to appreciate the truth of the statement one needs wings or a ladder. The word ladder opens the subject of the two ways of looking at architecture—in detail or as a whole. The natural power of the eye has more to do with this than is acknowledged. If one can distinctly see, without effort and aid, a whole façade at a glance, with the general effect of its proportions, the style of its ornament, the lights and shadows, the outline of the top against the sky, one is more interested in this than in the small traceries, for instance, over one especial window. There are those of us who remember the English cathedrals by their great towers rising in the gray air, with the birds flying about them. There are others who, never having clearly seen this vision—for no opera-glass can give the whole—recall, for their share of the pleasure, the details of the carvings over the porches, or of the old tombs within. It is simply the far-sighted and the near-sighted view. Another authority, a master who has had many disciples, has (of late years at least) devoted himself principally to the near-sighted view. In his maroon-colored Tracts on Venice he has given us a minute account of the features of the small faces of the capitals of the columns of the Doge's palace (all these ofs express the minuteness of it); but when we stand on the pavement below the palace—and naturally we cannot stand in mid-air—we find that it is impossible to follow him: I speak of the old capitals, some of which are still untouched. The solution lies in the ladder. And Ruskin, as regards his later writings, may be called the ladder critic. The poet Longfellow, arriving in Verona during one of his Italian journeys, learned that Ruskin was also there, and not finding him at the hotel, went out in search of his friend. After a while he came upon him at the Tombs of the Scaligers. Here, high in the air, at the top of a long ladder, with a servant keeping watch below, was a small figure. It was Ruskin, who, nose to nose with them, was making a careful drawing of some of the delicate terminal ornaments of those splendid Gothic structures. One does not object to the careful drawings any more than to the descriptions of the little faces at Venice. They are good in their way. But one wishes to put upon record the suggestion that architectural beauty as viewed from a ladder, inch by inch, is not the only aspect of that beau-

ty; nor is it, for a large number of us, the most important aspect. A man who is somewhat deaf, if talking about a symphony, will naturally dwell upon the strains which he has heard—that is, the louder portions; but he ought not therefore to assume that the softer notes are insignificant.

On the 31st of January, 1890, we took part in a horse-race. It was a long race of great violence, and the horses engaged in it were disgracefully thin and weak. "Very Mohammedan that," some one comments. The race was Mohammedan from one point of view, for it was connected with the dervishes, Mohammedans of fanatical creed. The dervishes, however, remained in their monasteries—with their fanaticism; the race was made by Christians, who, crowded into rattling carriages, flew in a body from the square of Sultan Hassan through the long, winding lanes that lead toward old Cairo at a speed which endangered everybody's life, with wheels grating against each other, coachmen standing up and yelling like demons, whip-lashes curling round the ribs of the wretched, ill-fed, galloping horses, and natives darting into their houses on each side to save themselves from death, as the furious procession, in clouds of dust, rushed by. The cause of this sudden madness is found in the fact that the two best-known orders of these Mohammedan monks (one calls them monks for want of a better name; they have some resemblance to monks, and some to Freemasons) go through their rites once a week only, and upon the same afternoon; by making this desperate haste it is possible to see both services; and as travellers, for the most part, make but a short stay in Cairo, they find themselves taking part, *nolens volens*, in this frantic progress, led by their ambitious dragomans, who appear to enjoy it. The service of the Dancing Dervishes takes place in their mosque, which is near the square of Sultan Hassan. Here they have a small circular hall; round this arena, and elevated slightly above it, is an aisle where spectators are allowed to stand; over the aisle is the gallery. This January brought a crowd of visitors who filled the aisle completely. Presently a dervish made the circuit of the empty

OUTER ENTRANCE OF THE CITADEL, CAIRO.

After a photograph by Sebah, Cairo.



GARDEN HOUSE AT CHOUBRA, SHOWING PART OF THE LAKE NEAR CAIRO.
After a photograph by Sebah, Cairo.

arena, warning, by a solemn gesture, those who had seated or half seated themselves upon the balustrade that the attitude was not allowed. As soon as he had passed, some of the warned took their places again. Naturally, these were spectators of the gentler sex. I am even afraid that they were pilgrims from the land where the gentler sex is accustomed from its earliest years to a profound deference. Two of these pretty pilgrims transgressed in this way four times, and at last the dervish came and stood before them. They remained seated, returning his gaze with amiable tranquillity. What he thought I do not know—this lean Egyptian in his old brown cloak and conical hat. I fancied, however, that it had something to do with the great advantages of the Mohammedan system regarding the seclusion of women. He did not conquer.

At length began the music. The band of the dervishes is placed in one of the galleries; we could see the performers squatting on their rugs, the instruments being flutes or long pipes, and small drums like tambourines without the rattles. Egyptian music has a marked time, but no melody: no matter how good an ear one has, it is impossible to catch and re-sing its notes, even though one hears them daily. Pierre Loti writes: "The strains of the little flutes of Africa charm me more than the most perfect orchestral harmonies of other lands." If by this he means that the flutes recall to his memory the magic scenes of Oriental life, that is one thing; but if he means that he really loves the sounds for themselves, I am afraid we must conclude that this prince of verbal expression has not an ear for music (which is only fair; a man cannot have everything). The band of the dervishes sends forth a high wail, accompanied by a rumble. Neither, however,

is distressingly loud. Meanwhile the dervishes have entered, and, muffled in their cloaks, are standing, a silent band, round the edge of the arena; their sheykh —a very old man, much bent, but with a noble countenance—takes his place upon the sacred rug, and receives with dignity their obeisances. All remain motionless for a while. Then the sheykh rises, heads the procession, and, with a very slow step, they all move round the arena, bowing toward the sacred carpet as they pass it. This opening ceremony concluded, the sheykh again takes his seat, and the dervishes, divesting themselves of their cloaks, step one by one into the open space, where, after a prayer, each begins whirling slowly, with closed eyes. They are all attired in long full white skirts, whose edges have weights attached to them; as the speed of the music increases, their whirl becomes more rapid, but it remains always even; though their eyes are closed, they never touch each other. From the description alone, it is difficult to imagine that this rite (for such it is) is solemn. But, looked at with the actual eyes, it seemed to me an impressive ceremony; the absorbed appearance of the participants, their unconsciousness of all outward things, the earnestness of the aspiration visible on their faces — all these were striking. The zikr, as this species of religious effort is named, is an attempt to reach a state of ecstasy (hallucination, we should call it), during which the human being, having forgotten the existence of its body, becomes for the moment spirit only, and can then mingle with the spirit world. The Dancing Dervishes endeavor to bring on this trance by the physical dizziness which is produced by whirling; the Howling Dervishes try to effect the same by swinging their heads rapidly up and down, and from side to side, with a constant shout of "Allah!" "Allah!" The latter soon reach a state of temporary frenzy. For this reason the dancers are

THE ROAD TO CHOUBRA.
After a photograph by Sebah, Cairo.

more interesting; their ecstasy, being silent, seems more earnest. The religion of the Hindoos has a similar idea in another form, namely, that the highest happiness is a mingling with God, and an utter unconsciousness of one's humanity. Christian hermits, in retiring from the world, have sought, as far as possible, the same mental condition; but for a lifetime, not, like the dervishes, for an hour. These enthusiasts marry, if they please; many of them are artisans, tradesmen, and farm laborers, and go only at certain times to the monasteries to take part in the zikrs. There are many different orders, and several other kinds of zikr besides the two commonly seen by travellers.

Travellers see also the Mohammedan prayers. These prayers, with alms-giving, fasting during the month Ramadan, and the pilgrimage to Mecca, are the most important religious duties of all Muslims. The excellent new hotel, the Continental, where we had our quarters, a hotel whose quiet and comfort are a blessing to Cairo, overlooked a house which was undergoing alteration; every afternoon at a certain hour a plasterer came from his work within, and, standing in a corner under our windows, divested himself of his soiled outer gown; then, going to a wall faucet, he turned on the water, and rapidly but carefully washed his face, his hands and arms, his feet, and his legs as far as his knees, according to Mohammed's rule; this done, he took down from a tree a clean board which he kept there for the purpose, and placing it upon the ground, he kneeled down upon it, with his face toward Mecca, and went through his worship, many times touching the ground with his forehead in token of self-humiliation. His devotions occupied five or six minutes. As soon as they were over, the board was quickly replaced in the tree, the soiled gown put on again, and the man hurried back to his work with an alertness which showed that he was no idler. On the Nile, at the appointed hour, our pilot gave the wheel to a subordinate, spread out his prayer carpet on the deck, and said his prayers with as much indifference to the eyes watching him as though they did not exist. In the bazars the merchants pray in their shops; the public cook prays in the street beside his little furnace; on the shores of the river at sunset the kneeling figures outlined against the sky are one of the pictures which all travellers remember. The official pilgrimage to Mecca takes place each year, the departure and return of the pilgrim train being celebrated with great pomp; the most ardent desire of every Mohammedan is to make this sacred journey before he dies. When a returning Cairo pilgrim reaches home, it is a common custom to decorate his doorway with figures, painted in brilliant hues, representing his supposed adventures. The designs, which are very primitive in outline, usually show the train of camels, the escort of soldiers, wonderful wild beasts in fighting attitudes, nondescript birds and trees, and garlands of flowers. One comes upon these Mecca doorways very frequently in the old quarters. Sometimes the gay tints show that the journey was a recent one; often the faded outlines speak of the zeal of an ancestor.

While in the city of the Khedive, if one has a wish for the benediction of a far-stretching view, he must go to the Citadel. The prospect from this hill has been described many times. One sees all Cairo, with her minarets; the vivid green of the plain, with the Nile winding through it; the desert meeting the verdure and stretching back to the red hills; lastly, the pyramids, beginning with those of Gizeh, near at hand, and ending, far in the distance, with the hazy outlines of those of Abouseer and Sakkarah. The Citadel was built by Saladin in the twelfth century. Saladin's palace, which formed part of it, was demolished in 1824 to make room for the modern mosque, whose large dome and attenuated minarets are now the last objects which fade away when the traveller leaves Cairo behind him. This rich Mohammedan temple was the work of Mehemet Ali, the founder of the present dynasty. It is not beautiful, in spite of its alabaster, but Mehemet himself would probably admire it, could he return to earth (the mosque was not completed until after his death), as he had to the full that bad taste in architecture and art which, for unexplained reasons, so often accompanies a new birth of progress in an old country. Mehemet was born in Roumelia; he entered the Turkish army, and after attaining the rank of colonel he was sent to Egypt. Here he soon usurped all power, and had it not been for the intervention of Russia and France, and later of England and Austria, it is probable that he

would have succeeded in freeing himself and the country whose leadership he had grasped from the domination of Turkey. Every one has heard something of the terrible massacre of the Memlooks by his order, in this Citadel, in 1811. The Memlooks were opposed to all progress, and Mehemet was bent upon progress. Freed from their power, this ferocious liberator built canals; he did his best to improve agriculture; he established a printing-office and founded schools; he sent three hundred boys to Europe to be educated as civil engineers, as machinists, as printers, as naval officers, and as physicians; his idea was that, upon their return, they could instruct others. When the first class came back, he filled his public schools by the simple method of force. The translators of the French text-books which had been selected for the use of the schools were taken from the ranks of the returned students. A text-book was given to each, and all were kept closely imprisoned in the Citadel a period of four months, until they had completed their task. Mehemet had a dream of an Arabian kingdom in Egypt which should in time rival the European nations without joining them. It is this dream which makes him interesting. He was the first modern. A Turk by birth, and remaining a Turk as regards his private life, he had great ideas. Undoubtedly he possessed genius of a high order.

A MECCA DOOR.

As to his private life, one comes across a trace of it at Choubra. This was Mehemet's summer residence, and the place remains much as it was during his lifetime. The road to Choubra, which was until recently the favorite drive of the Cairenes, is now deserted. The palace stands on the banks of the Nile, three miles from town, and its gardens, which cover nine acres, are beautiful even in their present neglected condition; in the spring the fragrance from the mass of blossoms is intoxicatingly sweet. But the wonder of Choubra is a richly decorated garden-house, containing, in a marble basin, a lake which is large enough for skiffs. Here Mehemet often spent his evenings. Upon these occasions the whole place was brilliantly lighted, and the hareem disported itself in little boats on the fairy-like pool, and in strolling up and down the marble colonnades, unveiled (as Mehemet was the only man present), and in their richest attire. The marbles have grown dim, the fountains are choked, the colonnades are dusty, and the lake has a melancholy air. But even in its decay Choubra presents to the man of fancy—a few such men still exist—a picture of Oriental scenes which he has all his life imagined, perhaps, but whose actual traces he no more expected to see with his own eyes in 1890 than to behold the silken sails of Cleopatra furled among Cook's steamers on the Nile. Mehemet's last years were spent at Choubra, and here he died, in 1849, at the age of eighty-one. As he had forced from Turkey a firman assigning the throne to his own family, he was succeeded by one of his sons.

In 1863 (after the short reign of Ibrahim, five years of Abbas, and eight of Said), Ismail, Mehemet's grandson, ascended the throne. Ismail had received his education in Paris.

Much has been written about this man. The opening, in 1869, of the Suez Canal turned the eyes of the entire civilized world upon Egypt. The writers swooped down upon the ancient country in a flock, and the canal, the land, and its ruler were described again and again. The ruler was remarkable. Ismail was short (one speaks of him in the past tense, although he is not dead), with very broad shoulders; his hands were singularly thick; his ears also were thick, and oddly placed; his feet were small, and he always wore finically fine French shoes. There was nothing of the Arab in his face, and little of the Turk. One of his eyelids had a natural droop, and vexed diplomatists have left it upon record that he had the power of causing the other to droop also, thus making it possible for him to study the faces of his antagonists at his leisure, he, meanwhile, presenting to them in return a blind mask. The mask, however, was amiable; it was adorned almost constantly with a smile. The man must have had marked powers of fascination. At the present day, when some of the secrets of his reign are known—though by no means all—it is easy to paint him in the darkest colors; but during the time of his power his great schemes dazzled the world, and people liked him—it is impossible to doubt the testimony of so many pens. European and American visitors always left his presence pleased.

There are in Cairo black stories of cruelty connected with his name. These for the most part are unwritten; they are told in the native cafés and in the bazars. It does not appear that he loved cruelty for its own sake, as some of the Roman emperors loved it; but if any one rebelled against his power or his pleasure, that person was sacrificed without scruple. In some cases it took the form of a disappearance in the night, without a sound or a trace left behind. This is the sort of thing we associate with the old despotic ages. But 1869 is not a remote date, and at that time the present Emperor of Austria, the late Emperor Frederick (then Crown-Prince of Prussia), the Empress Eugénie, Prince Oscar of Sweden, Prince Louis of Hesse, the Princess of the Netherlands, the Duke and Duchess of Aosta, and other distinguished Europeans, were the guests of this enigmatic host, eating his sumptuous dinners and attending his magnificent balls. The festivities in connection with the opening of the canal are said to have cost Ismail twenty-one millions of dollars. The sum seems large; but it included the furnishing of palaces, lavish hospitality to an army of guests besides the sovereigns and their suites, and an opera to order, namely, Verdi's *Aïda*, which was given with great brilliancy in Cairo, in an opera-house erected for the occasion. Ismail, like Mehemet, had his splendid dream. He, too, wished to free Egypt from the power of Turkey; but, unlike his grandfather, he wished to take her bodily into the circle of the civilized nations, not as a rival, but as an ally and friend. An Egyptian kingdom, under his rule, was to extend from the Mediterranean to the equator; from the Red Sea westward beyond Darfur. His bold ambition ended in disaster. His railways, telegraphs, schools, harbors, and postal service, together with his personal extravagance, brought Egypt to the verge of bankruptcy. All Europe now had a vital interest in the Suez Canal, and the powers therefore united in a demand that the Sultan should stop the career of his audacious Egyptian Viceroy. The Viceroy might perhaps have resisted the Porte; he could not resist the united powers. In 1879 he was deposed, and his son Tufik appointed in his place. Ismail left Egypt. For several years he travelled, residing for a time in Naples; at present he is living in a villa near Constantinople. There is a rumor in Cairo that he is more of a prisoner there than he supposes. But this may be only one of the legends that are always attached to Turkish affairs. His dream has come true in one respect at least: Egypt has indeed joined the circle of the European nations, but not in the manner which Ismail intended; she is only a bondwoman — if the pun can be permitted.

The Gezireh road is to-day the favorite afternoon drive of the Cairenes. It is a broad avenue, raised above the plain, and overarched by trees throughout its course. At many points it commands an uninterrupted view of the pyramids. Two miles from town the Gezireh Palace rises on the right, surrounded by gardens, which, unlike those of Choubra, are carefully tended. It was built by Ismail. Of all these Cairo palaces it must be explained that they have none of the characteristics of castles or strongholds. They are merely lightly built residences, designed for a

THE KHEDIVE.
From a photograph by Sebah, Cairo

climate which has ten months of summer. The central hall and grand staircase of Gezireh are superb; alabaster, onyx, and malachite adorn like jewels the beautiful marbles, which came from Carrara. The drawing-rooms and audience-chambers have a splendid spaciousness: the state apartments of many a royal palace in Europe sink into insignificance in this respect when compared with them. Much of the furniture is rich, but again (as in the old house of the Sheykh es Sadat) one finds it difficult to forgive the tawdry French carpets and curtains, when the bazars close at hand could have contributed fabrics of so much greater beauty. But Ismail's taste was French—that is, the lowest shade of French—as French is still the taste of modern Egypt among the upper classes. It remains to be seen

CHIEF WIFE OF EX-KHEDIVE ISMAIL, WITH HER PRIVATE BAND.

After a photograph by Schoefft, Cairo.

whether the English occupation will change this. During the festivities at the time of the opening of the canal, Ismail's royal guests were entertained at Gezireh. On the upper floor are the rooms which were occupied by the Empress Eugénie, the walls and ceilings covered with thick satin, tufted like the back of an arm-chair, its tint the shade of blue which is most becoming to a blond complexion—Ismail's compliment to his beautiful guest. During these days there were state dinners and balls at Gezireh, with banks of orchids, myriads of wax-lights, and orchestras playing strains from *La Belle Hélène* and *La Grande Duchesse.* During one of these balls the Emperor of Austria made a progress through the rooms with Ismail, band after band taking up the Austrian national anthem as the imperial guest entered. The vision of the stately, grave Franz Josef advancing through these glittering halls by the side of the waddling little hippopotamus of the Nile, to the martial notes of that fine hymn (which we have appropriated for our churches under another name, and without saying "By your leave"), is one of the sinister apparitions with which this rococo palace, a palace half splendid, half shabby, is haunted.

In the garden there is a kiosk whose proportions charm the eye. The guide-books inform us that this ornamentation is of cast iron; that it is an imitation of the Alhambra; that it is "considered the finest modern Arabian building in the world"—all of which is against it. Nevertheless, viewed from any point across the gardens, its outlines are exquisite. Within there are more festal chambers, and a gilded dining-room, which was the scene of the suppers (they were often orgies) that were given by Ismail upon the occasion of his private masked balls. At some distance from the palace, behind a screen of trees, are the apartments reserved for the hareem. This smaller palace has no beauty, unless one includes its enchanting little garden; such attraction as it has comes from the light it sheds upon the daily life of Eastern women. Occidental travellers are always curious about the hareem. The word means simply the ladies, or women, of the family, and the term is made to include also the rooms which they occupy, as our word "school" might mean the building or the pupils within it. At Gezireh the hareem, save that its appointments are more costly, is much like those caravansaries which abound at our inland summer resorts. There are long rows of small chambers opening from each side of narrow halls, with a few sitting-rooms, which were held in common. The carpets, curtains, and such articles of furniture as still remain are all flowery, glaring, and in the worst possible modern taste, save that they do not exhibit those horrible hues, surely the most hideous with which this world has been cursed—the so-called solferinos and magentas. Besides their private garden, the women and children of the hareem had for their entertainment a small menagerie, an aviary, and a confectionery establishment, where fresh bonbons were made for them every day, especially the sugared rose leaves so dear to the Oriental heart. The chief of Ismail's four wives had a passion for jewels. She possessed rubies and diamonds of unusual size, and so many precious stones of all kinds that her satin dresses were embroidered with them. She had her private band of female musicians, who played for her, when she wished for music, upon the violin, the flute, the zither, and the mandolin. The princesses of the royal house, Ismail's wives and his sisters-in-law, could not bring themselves to admire the Empress of the French. They were lost in wonder over what they called her "pinched stiffness." It is true that the uncorseted forms of Oriental beauties have nothing in common with the rigid back and martial elbows of modern attire. Dimples, polished limbs, dark long-lashed eyes, and an indolent step are the ideals of the hareem.

The legends of these jewelled sultanas, of the masked balls, of the long train of royal visitors, of the orchids, the orchestras, and the wax-lights, are followed at Gezireh by a tale of murder which is singularly ghastly. Ismail's Minister of Finance was his foster-brother Sadyk, with whom he had lived upon terms of closest intimacy all his life. The two were often together; frequently they drove out to Gezireh to spend the night. One afternoon in 1878 Ismail's carriage stopped at the doorway of the palace in Cairo occupied by his minister. Sadyk came out. "Get in," Ismail was heard to say. "We will go to Gezireh. There are business matters about which I must talk with you." The two men went away together.

Sadyk never came back. When the carriage reached Gezireh, Ismail gave orders that it should stop at the palace, instead of going on to the kiosk, where they generally alighted. He himself led the way within, crossing the reception-room to the small private salon which overlooks the Nile. Here he seated himself upon a sofa, drawing up his feet in the Oriental fashion, which was not his usual custom. Sadyk was about to follow his example, when he found himself seized suddenly from behind. The doors were now locked from the outside, leaving within only the two foster-brothers and the man who had seized Sadyk. This was a Nubian named Ishak, a creature celebrated for his strength. He now proceeded to murder Sadyk after a fashion of his own country, a process of breaking the bones of the chest and neck in a manner which leaves on the skin no sign. Sadyk fought for his life; he dragged the Nubian over the white velvet carpet, and finally bit off two of his fingers. But he was not a young man, and in the end he was conquered. During this struggle Ismail remained motionless on the sofa, with his feet drawn up and his arms folded. A steamer lay at anchor outside, and during the night Sadyk's body was placed on board; at dawn the boat started up the river. At the same hour Ismail drove back to Cairo, where, in the course of the morning, it was officially announced that the Minister of Finance, having been detected in colossal peculations, had been banished to the White Nile, and was already on his way thither. Sadyk's body rests somewhere at the bottom of the river. But Ismail's little drama of banishment and the steamer was set at naught when, after he had left Cairo, Ishak the Nubian returned, with his mutilated hand and his story. Such is the tale as it is told in the bazars. Ismail's motive in murdering a man he liked (he was incapable of true affection for any one) is found in the fact that he could place upon the shoulders of the missing minister the worst of the financial irregularities which were trying the patience of the European powers. It did him no good. He was deposed the next year.

During the spring of 1890, Gezireh awoke to new life for a time. A French company had purchased the place, with the intention of opening it as an Egyptian Monte Carlo. But Khedive Tufik, who has prohibited gambling throughout his domain, forbade the execution of this plan. So the tarnished silks remain where they were, and the faded gilded ceilings have not been renewed. When we made our last visit, during the heats of early summer, the blossoms were as beautiful as ever, and the ghosts were all there—we met them on the marble stairs—the European princes led by poor Eugénie; the sultanas with their jewels and their band; Ismail with his drooping eyelids; and Sadyk, followed by the Nubian.

The present Khedive (or Viceroy) is thirty-eight years of age. Well-proportioned, with fine dark eyes, he may be called a handsome man; but his face is made heavy by its expression of settled melancholy. It is said in Cairo that he has never been known to laugh. But this must apply to his public life only, for he is much attached to his family—to his wife and his four children; in this respect he lives strictly in the European manner, never having had but this one wife. He is a devoted father. Determined that the education of his sons should not be neglected as his own education was neglected by Ismail, he had for them, at an early age, an accomplished English tutor. Later he sent them to Geneva, Switzerland; they are now in Vienna. Tufik's chief interest, if one may judge by his acts, is in education. In this direction his strongest efforts have been made; he has improved the public schools of Egypt, and established new ones; he has given all the support possible to that greatest of modern innovations in a Mohammedan country, the education of women. With all this, he is a devout Mohammedan; he is not a fanatic; but he may be called, I think, a Mohammedan Puritan. He receives his many European and American visitors with courtesy. But they do not talk about him as they talked about Ismail; he excites no curiosity. This is partly owing to his position, his opinions and actions having naturally small importance while an English army is taking charge of his realm; but it is also owing, in a measure, to the character of the man himself. One often sees him driving. On Sunday afternoons his carriage in semi-state leads the procession along the Gezireh Avenue. First appear the outriders, six mounted soldiers; four brilliantly dressed saises follow, rushing

along with their wands high in the air; then comes the open carriage, with the dark-eyed, melancholy Khedive on the back seat, returning mechanically the many salutations offered by strangers and by his own people. Behind his carriage are four more of the flying runners; then the remainder of the mounted escort, two and two. At a little distance follows the brougham of the Vice-reine; according to Oriental etiquette, she never appears in public beside her husband. Her brougham is preceded and followed by saises, but there is no mounted escort. The Vice-reine is pretty, intelligent, and accomplished; in addition, she is brave. Several years ago, when the cholera was raging in Cairo, and the Khedive, almost alone among the upper classes, remained there in order to do what he could for the suffering people, his wife also refused to flee. She staid in the plague-stricken town until the pestilence had disappeared, exerting her influence to persuade the frightened women of the lower classes to follow her example regarding sanitary precautions. Tufik is accused of being always undecided; he was not undecided upon this occasion at least. It is probable that some of his moments of indecision have been caused by real hesitations. And this brings us to Arabi.

Arabi (he is probably indifferent to the musical sound of his name) was the leader of the military revolt which broke out in Egypt in 1881—a revolt with which all the world is familiar, because it was followed by the bombardment of Alexandria by the English fleet. Arabi had studied at El Azhar; he knew the Koran by heart. To the native population he seemed a wonderful orator; he excited their enthusiasm; he roused their courage; he almost made them patriotic. The story of Arabi is interesting; there were many intrigues mixed with the revolt, and a dramatic element throughout. But these slight impressions—the idle notes merely of one winter—are not the place for serious history. Nor is the page completed so that it can be described as a whole. Egypt at this moment is the scene of history in the actual process of making, if the term may be so used—making day by day and hour by hour. Arabi has been called the modern Masaniello. The watchword of his revolt was, "Egypt for the Egyptians"; and there is always something touching in this cry when the invaded country is weak, and the incoming power strong. But it may be answered that the Egyptians at present are incapable of governing themselves; that the country, if left to its own devices, would revert to anarchy in a month, and to famine, desolation, and barbarism in five years. Americans are not concerned with these questions of the Eastern world. But if a similar cry had been successfully raised about two hundred years ago on another coast —"America for the Americans"—would the Western continent have profited thereby? Doubtless the original Americans—those of the red skins—raised it as loudly as they could. But there was not much listening. The comparison is stretched, for the poor Egyptian fellah is at least not a savage; but there is a grain of resemblance large enough to call for reflection, when the question of the occupation and improvement of a half-civilized land elsewhere is under discussion. The English put down the revolt, and sent Arabi to Ceylon, a small Napoleon at St. Helena. The rebel colonel and his fellow-exiles are at present enjoying those spicy breezes which are associated in our minds with foreign missions and a whole congregation singing (and dragging them fearfully) the celebrated verses. Arabi has complained of the climate in spite of its perfumes, and it is said that he is to be transferred to some other point in the ocean; there are, indeed, many of them well adapted for the purpose. The English newspapers of to-day are dotted with the word shadowed, which signifies, apparently, that certain persons in Ireland are followed so closely by a policeman that the official might be the shadow. Possibly the melancholy Khedive is shadowed by the memory of the exile of Ceylon. For Tufik did not cast in his lot with Arabi. He turned toward the English. To use the word again, though with another signification, though ruler still, he has but a shadowy power.

Near the city gate named the Help of God, on the northeastern border of Cairo, is the old mosque El Hakim. Save its outer walls, which enclose, like the mosques of Touloon and Amer, a large open square, there is not much left of it; but within this square, housed in a temporary building, one finds the collection of Saracenic antiquities which is called the Arab Museum.

This museum is interesting, and it ought

to be beautiful. But somehow it is not. The barrack-like walls, sparsely ornamented with relics from the mosques, the straight aisles and glass show-cases, are not inspiring; the fragments of Arabian wood-carving seem to be lamenting their fate; and the only room which is not desolate is the one where old tiles lie in disorder upon the floor, much as they lie on the broken marble pavements of the ancient houses which, half ruined and buried in rubbish, still exist in the old quarters. Why one should be so inconsistent as to find no fault with Gizeh, where rows of antiquities torn from their proper places confront us, where show-cases abound, and yet at the same time make an outcry over this poor little morsel at El Hakim, remains a mystery. Possibly it is because the massive statues and the solid little gods of ancient Egypt do not require an appropriate background, as do the delicate fancies of Saracenic taste. However this may be, to some of us the Arab Museum looks as if a New England farmer's wife had tried her best to make things orderly within its borders, poor soul, in spite of the strangeness of the articles with which she was obliged to deal. It must, however, be added that the museum will not make this impression upon persons who are indifferent to the general aspect of an aisle, or of a series of walls—persons who care only for the articles which adorn them—the lovers of detail, in short. And it is well for all of us to join this class as soon as our feet have crossed the threshold. For we shall be repaid for it. The details are exquisite.

The Arab Museum has been established recently. Every one is grateful to the zeal which has rescued from further injury so many specimens of a vanishing art. One covets a little chest for the Koran which is made of sandal-wood. It is encrusted with arabesques carved in ivory, and has broad hasps and locks of embossed silver. There are many koursis, or small stool-like tables; one of these has panels of silver filigree, and fretted medallions bearing the name of the Sultan Mohammed ebn Kalaoon, thus showing that it once belonged to the mosque at the Citadel which was built by that Memlook ruler—the mosque whose minarets are ornamented with the picturesque bands of emerald-hued porcelain. The illuminated Korans are not here; they are kept in the Public Library in the Street of the Sycamores. Perhaps the most beautiful of the museum's treasures are the old lamps of Arabian glass. In shape they are vases, as they were simply filled with perfumed oil which carried a floating wick; the colors are usually a pearly background, faintly tinged sometimes by the hue we call ashes of roses; upon this background are ornaments of blue, gold, and red; occasionally these ornaments are Arabic letters forming a name or text. These lamps were made in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; the glass, which has as marked characteristics of its own as Palissy ware, so that once seen it can never be confounded with any other, has a delicate beauty which is unrivalled.

Like the pyramids, Heliopolis belongs to Cairo. On the way thither, one first traverses the pleasant suburb of Abbasieh. How one traverses it depends upon his taste. The most enthusiastic pedestrian soon gives up walking in the city of the Khedive save in the broad streets of the new quarter. The English ride, one meets every day their gallant mounted bands; but these are generally residents and their visitors, and the horses are their own; for the traveller there are only the street carriages and the donkeys. The carriages are dubiously loose-jointed, and the horses (whose misery has already been described) have but two gaits—the walk of a dying creature and the gallop of despair; unless, therefore, one wishes to mount a dromedary, he must take a donkey. But the "must" is not a disparagement; the white and gray donkeys of Cairo—the best of them—are good-natured, gay-hearted, strong, and even handsome. They have a coquettish way of arching their necks and holding up their chins (if a donkey can be said to have a chin), which always reminded me of George Eliot's description of Gwendolen's manner of poising her head in *Daniel Deronda*. George Eliot goes on to warn other young ladies that it is useless to try to imitate this proud little air, unless one has a throat like Gwendolen's. And, in the same spirit, one must warn other donkeys that they must be born in Cairo to be beautiful. Upon several occasions I recognized vanity in my donkey; he knew perfectly when he was adorned with his holiday necklaces—one of imitation sequins, the other of turquoise-hued beads. I am sure that he would have felt much depressed if deprived of his charm against magic—

the morsel of parchment inscribed with Arabic characters which decorated his breast. His tail and his short mane were dyed fashionably with henna, but his legs had not been shaved in the pattern which represents filigree garters, and whenever a comrade who had this additional glory passed him, he became distinctly melancholy, and brooded about it for several minutes. There is nothing in the world so deprecating as the profile of one of these Cairo donkeys when he finds himself obliged, by the pressure of the crowd, to push against a European; his long nose and his polite eye as he passes are full of friendly apologies. The donkey-boy, in his skull-cap and single garment, runs behind his beast. These lads are very quick-witted. They have ready for their donkeys five or six names, and they seldom make a mistake in applying them according to the supposed nationality of their patrons of the moment, so that the Englishman learns that he has Annie Laurie; the Frenchman, Napoleon; the German, Bismarck; the Italian, Garibaldi; and the Americans, indiscriminately, Hail Columbia, Yankee Doodle, and General Grant.

In passing through the Abbasieh quarter, we always came, sooner or later, upon a wedding. The different stages of a native marriage require, indeed, so many days for their accomplishment that nuptial festivities are a permanent institution in Cairo, like the policemen and the water-carts, rather than an occasional event as in other places. One day, upon turning into a narrow street, we discovered that a long portion of it had been roofed over with red cloth; from the centre of this awning four large chandeliers were suspended by cords, and at each end of the improvised tent were hoops adorned with the little red Egyptian banners which look like fringed napkins. In the roadway, placed against the walls of the houses on each side, were rows of wooden settees; one of these seats was occupied by the band, which kept up a constant piping and droning, and upon the others were squatted the invited guests. Every now and then a man came from a gayly adorned door on the left, which was that of the bridegroom, bringing with him a tray covered with the tiny cups of coffee set in their filigree stands; he offered coffee to all. In the mean while, in the centre of the roadway between the settees, an Egyptian in his long blue gown was dancing. The expression of responsibility on his face amounted to anxiety as he took his steps with great care, now lifting one bare foot as high as he could, and turning it sidewise, as if to show us the sole; now putting it down and hopping upon it, while he displayed to us in the same way the sole of the other. This formal dancing is done by the guests when no public performers are employed. Some one must dance to express the revelry of the occasion; those who are invited, therefore, undertake the duty one by one. When at last we went on our way we were obliged to ride directly through the reception, our donkeys brushing the band on one side and the guests on the other; the dancer on duty paused for a moment, wiping his face with the tail of his gown.

The road leading to Heliopolis has a charm which it shares with no other in the neighborhood of Cairo: at a certain point the desert—the real desert—comes rolling up to its very edge; one can look across the sand for miles. The desert is not a plain, the sand lies in ridges and hillocks; and this sand in many places is not so much like the sand of the seashore as it is like the dust of one of our country roads in August. The contrast between the bright green of the cultivated fields (the land which is reached by the inundation) and these silvery, arrested waves is striking, the line of their meeting being as sharply defined as that between sea and shore. I have called the color silvery, but that is only one of the tints which the sand assumes. An artist has jotted down the names of the colors used in an effort to copy the hues on an expanse of desert before him; beginning with the foreground, these were brown, dark red, violet, blue, gold, rose, crimson, pale green, orange, indigo blue, and sky blue. Colors supply the place of shadows; for there is no shade anywhere, all is wide open and light; and yet the expanse does not strike one in the least as bare. For myself, I can say that of all the marvels which one sees in Egypt, the desert produced the most profound impression; and I fancy that, as regards this feeling, I am but one of many. The cause of the attraction is a mystery. It cannot be found in the roving tendencies of our ancestor, since he was arboreal, and there are no trees in the strange tint-

ed waste. The old legend says that Adam's first wife, Lilith, fled to Egypt, where she was permitted to live in the desert, and where she still exists.

> "It was Lilith, the wife of Adam;
> Not a drop of her blood was human."

Perhaps it is Lilith's magic that we feel.

Heliopolis, the City of the Sun, the On of the forty-first chapter of Genesis, is five miles from Cairo. Nothing of it is now left above-ground save an obelisk and a few ruined walls. The obelisk, which is the oldest yet discovered, bears the name of the king in whose reign it was erected; this gives us the date, 5000 years ago; that is, more than a millennium before the days of Moses. At Heliopolis was the Temple of the Sun, and the schools which Herodotus visited "because the teachers are considered the most accomplished men in Egypt." When Strabo came hither, four hundred years later, he saw the house which Plato had occupied; Moses here learned "all the wisdom of the Egyptians." Papyri describe Heliopolis as "full of obelisks." Two of these columns were carried to Alexandria 1937 years ago, and set up before the Temple of Cæsar. According to one authority, this temple was built by Cleopatra; in any case, the two obelisks acquired the name of Cleopatra's Needles, and though the temple itself in time disappeared, they remained where they had been placed—one erect, one prostrate—until, in recent years, one was given to London and the other to New York. One recites all this in a breath in order to bring up, if possible, the associations which rush confusedly through the mind as one stands beside this red granite column rising alone in the green fields at Heliopolis. No myth itself, it was erected in days which are to us mythical—days which are the jumping-off place of our human history; yet they were not savages who polished this granite, who sculptured this inscription; ages of civilization of a certain sort must have preceded them. Beginning with the Central Park, we force our minds backward in an endeavor to make these dates real. "Homer was a modern compared with the designers of this pillar," we say to ourselves. "The Mycenæ relics were *articles de Paris* of centuries and centuries later." But repeating the words (and even rolling the *r*'s) are useless efforts; the imagination will not rise; it is crushed into stupidity by such a vista of years. As reaction, perhaps as revenge, we flee to geology and Darwin; here, at least, one can take breath.

Near Heliopolis there is an ostrich yard. The giant birds are very amusing; they walk about with long steps, and stretch their necks. If allowed, they would tap us all on the head, I think, after the fashion of the ostriches in that vivid book, *The Story of an African Farm.*

Gerard de Nerval begins his volume on Egypt by announcing that the women of Cairo are so thickly veiled that the European (*i. e.*, the Frenchman?) becomes discouraged after a very few days, and, in consequence, goes up the Nile. This, at least, is one effort to explain why strangers spend so short a time in Cairo. The French, as a nation, are not travellers; they have small interest in any country beyond their own borders. A few of their writers have cherished a liking for the East; but it has been what we may call a home-liking. They give us the impression of having sincerely believed that they could, owing to their extreme intelligence, imagine for themselves (and reproduce for others) the entire Orient from one fez, one Turkish pipe, and a picture of the desert. Gautier, for instance, has described many Eastern landscapes which his eyes had never beheld. Pictures are, indeed, much to Frenchmen. The acme of this feeling is reached by one of the Goncourt brothers, who writes, in their recently published journal, that the true way to enjoy a summer in the country is to fill one's town-house during the summer months with beautiful paintings of green fields, wild forests, and purling brooks, and then stay at home, and look at the lovely pictured scenes in comfort. French volumes of travels in the East are written as much with exclamation points as with the letters of the alphabet. Lamartine and his disciples frequently paused "to drop a tear." Later Gallic voyagers divided all scenery into two classes; the cities "laugh," the plains are "amiable," or they "smile"; if they do not do this, immediately they are set down as "sad." One must be bold indeed to call Edmond About, the distinguished author of *Tolla*, ridiculous. The present writer, not being bold, is careful to abstain from it. But the last scene of his volume on Egypt (*Le Fellah*, published in 1883), describing the hero, with all his clothes rolled into a

gigantic turban round his head, swimming after the yacht which bears away the heroine — a certain impossible Miss Grace—from the harbor of Port Said, must have caused, I think, some amused reflection in the minds of English and American readers. It is but just to add that among the younger French writers are several who have abandoned these methods. Gabriel Charmes's volume on Cairo contains an excellent account of the place. Pierre Loti and Maupassant have this year (1890) given to the world pages about northwestern Africa which are marvels of actuality as well as of unsurpassed description.

The French at present are greatly angered by the continuance of the English occupation of Egypt. Since Napoleon's day they have looked upon the Nile country as sure to be theirs some time. They built the Suez Canal when the English were opposed to the scheme. They remember when their influence was dominant. The French tradesmen, the French milliners and dressmakers in Cairo, still oppose a stubborn resistance to the English way of counting. They give the prices of their goods and render their accounts in Egyptian piasters, or in napoleons and francs; they refuse to comprehend shillings and pounds. And here, by-the-way, Americans would gladly join their side of the controversy. England alone, among the important countries of the world, has a currency which is not based upon the decimal system. The collected number of sixpences lost each year in England, by American travellers who mistake the half-crown piece for two shillings, would make a large sum. The bewilderment over English prices given in a coin which has no existence is like that felt by serious-minded persons who read *Alice in Wonderland* from a sense of duty. Talk of the English as having no imagination when the guinea exists!

France lost her opportunity in Egypt when her fleet sailed away from Alexandria Harbor in July, 1882. Her ships were asked to remain and take part in the bombardment; they refused and departed. The English, thus being left alone, quieted the country later by means of an army of occupation. An English army of occupation has been there ever since.

At present it is not a large army. The number of British soldiers in 1890 is given as three thousand; the remaining troops are Egyptians, with English regimental officers. During the winter months the short-waisted red coat of Tommy Atkins enlivens with its cheerful blaze the streets of Cairo at every turn. The East and the West may be said to be personified by the slender supple Arabs in their flowing draperies, and by these lusty youths of light complexion, with straight backs and stiff shoulders, who walk, armed with a rattan, in the centre of the pavement, wearing over one ear the cloth-covered saucer which passes for a head-covering. Tommy Atkins patronizes the donkeys with all his heart. One of the most frequently seen groups is a party of laughing scarlet-backed youths mounted on the smallest beasts they can find, and careering down the avenues at the donkey's swiftest speed, followed by the donkey-boys, delighted and panting. As the spring comes on, Atkins changes his scarlet for lighter garments, and dons the summer helmet. This species of hat is not confined to the sons of Mars; it is worn in warm weather by Europeans of all nationalities who are living or travelling in the East. It may be cool. Without doubt, æsthetically considered, it is the most unbecoming head-covering known to the civilized world. It has a peculiar power of causing its wearer to appear both ignoble and pulmonic; for, viewed in front, the most distinguished features, under its tin-pan-like visor, become plebeian; and, viewed behind, the strongest masculine throat looks wizened and consumptive.

The English have benefited Egypt. They have put an end to the open knavery in high places which flourished unchecked; they have taught honesty; they have so greatly improved the methods of irrigation that a bad Nile (*i.e.*, a deficient inundation) no longer means starvation; finally, they have taken hold of the mismanaged finances, disentangled them, set them in order, and given them at least a start in the right direction. The natives fret over some of their restrictions. And they say that the English have, first of all, taken care of their own interests. In addition, they greatly dislike seeing so many Englishmen holding office over them. But this last objection is simply the other side of the story. If the English are to help the country, they must be on the spot in order to do it; and it appears to be a fixed rule in all British colonies that the representatives of the gov-

ernment, whether high or low, shall be made, as regards material things, extremely comfortable. Egypt is not yet a British colony; she is a viceroyalty under the suzerainty of the Porte. But practically she is to-day governed by the English; and, to the American traveller at least (whatever the French may think), it appears probable that English authority will soon be as absolute in the Khedive's country as it is now in India.

In Cairo, in 1890, the English colony played lawn-tennis; it attended the races; when Stanley returned to civilization it welcomed him with enthusiasm; and when, later, Prince Eddie came, it attended a gala performance of *Aïda* at the opera-house—a resurrection from the time of Ismail ordered by Ismail's son for the entertainment of the heir-presumptive (one wonders whether Tufik himself found entertainment in it).

In the little English church, which stands amidst its roses and vines in the new quarter, is a wall tablet of red and white marble—the memorial of a great Englishman. It bears the following inscription: "In memory of Major-General Charles George Gordon, C.B. Born at Woolwich, Jan. 28, 1833. Killed at the defence of Khartoum, Jan. 26, 1885." Above is a sentence from Gordon's last letter: "I have done my best for the honor of our country."

St. George of Khartoum, as he has been called. If objection is made to the bestowal of this title, it might be answered that the saints of old lived before the age of the telegraph, the printer, the newspaper, and the reporter; possibly they too would not have seemed to us faultless if every one of their small decisions and all their trivial utterances had been subjected to the electric-light publicity of to-day. Perhaps Gordon was a fanatic, and his discernment was not accurate. But he was single-hearted, devoted to what he considered to be his duty, and brave to a striking degree. When we remember how he faced death through those weary days we cannot criticise him. The story of that rescuing army which came so near him and yet failed, and of his long hoping in vain, only to be shot down at the last, must always remain one of the most pathetic tales of history.

As the warm spring closes, every one selects something to carry homeward. Leaving aside those fortunate persons who can purchase the ancient carved woodwork of an entire house, or Turkish carpets by the dozen, the rest of us keep watch of the selections of our friends while we make our own. Among these we find the jackets embroidered in silver and gold; the inevitable fez; two or three blue tiles of the thirteenth century; a water jug, or kulleh; a fly brush with ivory handle; attar of roses and essence of sandal-wood; Assiout ware in vases and stoups; a narghileh; the gauze scarfs embroidered with Persian benedictions; a koursi inlaid with mother-of-pearl; Arabian inkstands—long cases of silver or brass, to be worn like a dagger in the belt; a keffiyeh, or delicate silken head-shawl with white knotted fringe; the Arabian finger-bowls; the little coffee-cups; images of Osiris from the tombs; a native bracelet and anklet; and finally a scarab or two, whose authenticity is always exciting, like an unsolved riddle. A picture of these mementos of Cairo would not be complete for some of us without two of those constant companions of so many long mornings — the dusty, shuffling, dragging, slipping, venerable, abominable mosque shoes.

"We who pursue
Our business with unslackening stride,
Traverse in troops, with care-fill'd breast,
The soft Mediterranean side,
The Nile, the East,
And see all sights from pole to pole,
And glance and nod and bustle by,
And never once possess our soul
Before we die."

So chanted Matthew Arnold of the English of to-day. And if we are to believe what is preached to us and hurled at us, it is a reproach even more applicable to Americans than to the English themselves. One American traveller, however, wishes to record modestly a disbelief in the universal truth of this idea. Many of us are, indeed, haunted by our business; many of us do glance and nod and bustle by; it is a class, and a large class. But these hurried people are not all; an equal number of us, who, being less in haste, may be less conspicuous perhaps, are the most admiring travellers in the world. American are the bands who journey to Stratford-upon-Avon, and go down upon their knees—almost—when they reach the sacred spot; American are the pilgrims who pay reverent visits to all the English cathedrals, one after the other, from Car-

THE INUNDATION NEAR CAIRO.

lisle to Exeter, from Durham to Canterbury. In the East, likewise, it is the transatlantic travellers who are so deeply impressed by the strangeness and beauty of the scenes about them that they forget to talk about their personal comforts (or rather the lack of them).

There is another matter upon which a word may be said, and this is the habit of judging the East from the stand-point of one's home customs, whether the home be American or English. It is, of course, easy to find faults in the social systems of the Oriental nations; they have laws and usages which are repugnant to all our feelings, which seem to us horrible. But it is well to remember that it is impossible to comprehend any nation not our own

A MOHAMMEDAN CEMETERY, CAIRO.

unless one has lived a long time among its people, and made one's self familiar with their traditions, their temperament, their history, and, above all, with the language which they speak. Anything less than this is observation from the outside alone, which is sure to be founded upon misapprehension. The French and the English are separated by merely the few miles of the channel, and they have, to a certain extent, a common language; for though the French do not often understand English, the English very generally understand something of French. Yet it is said that these two nations have never thoroughly comprehended each other either as nations or individuals; and it is even added that, owing to their differing temperaments, they will never reach a clear appreciation of each other's merits; demerits, of course, are easier. Our own country has a language which is, on the whole, nearer the English tongue perhaps than is the speech of France; yet have we not felt now and then that English travellers have misunderstood us? If this is the case among people who are all Occidentals together, how much more difficult must be a thorough comprehension by us of those ancient nations who were old before we were born?

The East is the land of mystery. If one cares for it at all, one loves it; there is no half-way. If one does not love it, one really (though perhaps not avowedly) hates it—hates it and all its ways. But for those who love it the charm is so strong that no surprise is felt in reading or hearing of Europeans who have left all to take up a wandering existence there for long years or for life—the spirit of Browning's "What's become of Waring?"

All of us cannot be Warings, however, and the time comes at last when we must

take leave. The streets of Cairo have been for some time adorned with placards whose announcements begin, in large type, "Travellers returning to Europe." We are indeed far away when returning to Europe is a step towards home. We wait for the last festival—the Shem-en-Neseem, or Smelling of the Zephyr—the annual picnic day, when the people go into the country to gather flowers and breathe the soft air before the opening of the regular season for the Khamsin. Then comes the journey by railway to Alexandria. We wave a handkerchief (now fringed on all four sides by the colored threads of the laundresses) to the few friends still left behind. They respond; and so do all the Mustaphas, Achmets, and Ibrahims who have carried our parcels and trotted after our donkeys. Then we take a seat by the window to watch for the last time the flying Egyptian landscape—the green plain, the tawny Nile, the camels on the bank, the villages, and the palm-trees, and behind them the solemn line of the desert.

At sunset the steamer passes down the harbor, and pushing out to sea, turns westward. A faint crescent moon becomes visible over the Ras-et-Teen palace. It is the moon of Ramadan. Presently a cannon on the shore ushers in, with its distant sound, the great Mohammedan fast.

SOUVENIRS OF CAIRO.

CALL NOT PAIN'S TEACHING PUNISHMENT.

BY AMÉLIE RIVES.

I.

CALL not pain's teaching punishment: the fire
That lights a soul, even while it tortures blesses;
The sorrow that unmakes some old desire,
And on the same foundation builds a higher,
Hath more than joy for him who acquiesces.

II.

Ah, darkness teaches us to love the light:
Not as 'tis loved of children, warm abed,
And crying for the toys put by at night,
But even as a blinded painter might
Whose soul paints on in dreams of radiance fled.

PETER IBBETSON.*

BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Part Sixth.

SOME petty annoyance to which I had been subjected by one of the prison authorities had kept me awake for a little while after I had gone to bed, so that when at last I awoke in "Magna sed Apta," and lay on my couch there (with that ever-fresh feeling of coming to life in heaven after my daily round of work in an earthly jail), I was conscious that Mary was there already, making coffee, the fragrance of which filled the room, and softly humming a tune as she did so —a quaint, original, but most beautiful tune, that thrilled me with indescribable emotion, for I had never heard it with the bodily ear before, and yet it was as familiar to me as "God save the Queen."

As I listened with rapt ears and closed eyes, wonderful scenes passed before my mental vision: the beautiful white-haired lady of my childish dreams, leading a small *female* child by the hand, and that child was myself; the pigeons and their tower, the stream and the water-mill; the white-haired young man with red heels; a very fine lady, very tall, stout, and middle-aged, magnificently dressed in brocaded silk; a park with lawns and alleys and trees cut into trim formal shapes; a turreted castle—all kinds of charming scenes and people of another age and country.

"What on earth is that wonderful tune, Mary?" I exclaimed, when she had finished it.

"It's my favorite tune," she answered. "I seldom hum it for fear of wearing away its charm. I suppose that is why you have never heard it before. Isn't it lovely? I've been trying to lull you awake with it.

"My grandfather, the violinist, used to play it with variations of his own, and made it famous in his time; but it was never published, and it's now forgotten.

"It is called 'Le Chant du Triste Commensal,' and was composed by his grandmother, a beautiful French woman, who played the fiddle too; but not as a profession. He remembered her playing it when he was a child and she was quite an old lady, just as I remember *his* playing it when I was a girl in Vienna, and he was a white-haired old man. She used to play holding her fiddle downward, on her knee, it seems; and always played in perfect tune, quite in the middle of the note, and with excellent taste and expression; it was her playing that decided his career. But she was like 'Single-speech Hamilton,' for this was the only thing she ever composed. She composed it under great grief and excitement, just after her husband had died from the bite of a wolf, and just before the birth of her twin daughters — her only children — one of whom was my great-grandmother."

"And what was this wonderful old lady's name?"

"Gatienne Aubéry; she married a Breton squire called Budes, who was a 'gentilhomme verrier' near St. Prest, in Anjou—that is, he made glass—decanters, water-bottles, tumblers, and all that, I suppose—in spite of his nobility. It was not considered derogatory to do so; indeed, it was the only trade permitted to the 'noblesse,' and one had to be at least a squire to engage in it.

"She was a very notable woman, 'la

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belle Verrière,' as she was called; and she managed the glass-factory for many years after her husband's death, and made lots of money for her two daughters."

"How strange!" I exclaimed; "Gatienne Aubéry! Dame du Brail—Budes—the names are quite familiar to me. Mathurin Budes, Seigneur de Monhoudéard et de Verny le Moustier."

"Yes, that's it. How wonderful that you should know! One daughter, Jeanne, to keep me quiet. Perhaps we are related by blood, you and I."

"Oh, that would be too delightful!" said Mary. "I wonder how we could find out? Have you no family papers?"

I. "There were lots of them, in a horse-hair trunk, but I don't know where they are now. What good would family papers have been to me? Ibbetson took charge of them when I changed my name. I suppose his lawyers have got them."

THE PASQUIER PEDIGREE.

married my great-grandfather, an officer in the Hungarian army, and Seraskier the fiddler was their only child. The other (so like her sister that only her mother could distinguish them) was called Anne, and married a Count de Bois something."

"Boismorinel. Why, all those names are in my family too. My father used to make me paint their arms and quarterings when I was a child, on Sunday mornings,

She. "Happy thought; we will do without lawyers. Let us go round to your old house, and make Gogo paint the quarterings over again for us, and look over his shoulder."

Happy thought indeed! We drank our coffee and went straight to my old house, with the wish (immediate father to the deed) that Gogo should be there, once more engaged in his long-forgotten accomplishment of painting coats of arms.

It was a beautiful Sunday morning, and we found Gogo hard at work at a small table by an open window. The floor was covered with old deeds and parchments and family papers; and le Beau Pasquier, at another table, was deep in his own pedigree, making notes on the margin—an occupation in which he delighted—and unconsciously humming as he did so. The sunny room was filled with the penetrating soft sound of his voice, as a conservatory is filled with the scent of its flowers.

By the strangest inconsistency my dear father, a genuine republican, a would-be scientist, who in reality was far more impressed by a clever and industrious French mechanic than by a prince (and would, I think, have preferred the former's friendship and society), yet took both a pleasure and a pride in his quaint old parchments and obscure quarterings. So would I, perhaps, if things had gone differently with me.

He was fond of such proverbs and aphorisms as "noblesse oblige," "bon sang ne sait mentir," "bon chien chasse de race," etc., and had even invented a little aphorism of his own, to comfort him when he was extra hard up: "bon gentilhomme n'a jamais honte de la misère." All of which sayings, to do him justice, he reserved for home consumption exclusively, and he would have been the first to laugh on hearing them in the mouth of any one else.

Of his one great gift, the treasure in his throat, he thought absolutely nothing at all.

"Ce que c'est que de nous!"

Gogo was coloring the quarterings of the Pasquier family—"la maison de Pasquier," as it was called—in a printed book (*Armorial Général du Maine et de l'Anjou*), according to the instructions that were given underneath. He used one of Madame Liard's three-sou boxes, and the tints left much to be desired.

We looked over his shoulder and read the picturesque old jargon, which sounds even prettier and more idiotic in French than in English. It ran thus:

"Pasquier (branche des Seigneurs de la Marière et du Hirel), party de 4 pièces et coupé de 2.

"Au premier, de Hérault, qui est écartelé de gueules et d'argent.

"Au deux, de Budes, qui est d'or au pin de sinople.

"Au trois, d'Aubéry—qui est d'azur a trois croissants d'argent.

"Au quatre, de Busson, qui est d'argent au lyon de sable armé couronné et lampassé d'or." And so on, through the other quarterings: Bigot, Epinay, Malestroit, Mathefelon. And, finally, "Sur le tout, de Pasquier qui est d'or a trois lyons d'azur, au franc quartier écartelé des royaumes de Castille et de Léon.

Presently my mother came home from the English chapel in the Rue Marbœuf, where she had been with Sarah, the English maid. Lunch was announced, and we were left alone with the family papers. With infinite precautions, for fear of blurring the dream, we were able to find what we wanted to find—namely, that we were the great-great-grandchildren and only possible living descendants of Gatienne, the fair glass-maker and composer of "Le Chant du Triste Commensal."

Thus runs the descent:

Jean Aubéry, Seigneur du Brail, married Anne Busson. His daughter, Gatienne Aubéry, Dame du Brail, married Mathurin Budes, Seigneur de Verny le Moustier et de Monhoudéard.

Anne Budes, Dame de Verny le Moustier, married Guy Hérault, Comte de Boismorinel.	Jeanne Budes, Dame du Brail et de Monhoudéard, married Ulric Seraskier.
Jeanne Françoise Hérault de Boismorinel married François Pasquier de la Marière.	Otto Seraskier, violinist, married Teresa Pulci.
Jean Pasquier de la Marière married Catharine Ibbetson-Biddulph.	Johann Seraskier, M.D., married Laura Desmond.
Pierre Pasquier de la Marière (*alias* Peter Ibbetson, convict).	Mary Seraskier, Duchess of Towers.

We walked back to "Magna sed Apta" in great joy, and there we celebrated our newly discovered kinship by a simple repast, out of *my* répertoire this time. It

consisted of oysters from Rules', in Maiden Lane, where they were sixpence a dozen, and bottled stout ("l'eau m'en vient à la bouche"), and spent the rest of the hours allotted to us that night in evolving such visions as we could from the old tune "Le Chant du Triste Commensal," with varying success; she humming it, accompanying herself on the piano with one hand, and seeing all that I saw by holding my hand with the other.

LA BELLE VERRIÈRE.

By slow degrees the scenes and people evoked grew less dim, and whenever the splendid and important lady, whom we soon identified for certain as Gatienne, our common great-great-grandmother, appeared—"la belle verrière de Verny le Moustier"—she was more distinct than the others, no doubt because we both had part and parcel in her individuality, and also because her individuality was so strongly marked.

And before I was called away at the inexorable hour, we had the supreme satisfaction of seeing her play the fiddle to a shadowy company of patched and powdered and bewigged ladies and gentlemen, who seemed to take much sympathetic delight in her performance, and actually, even, of just hearing the thin unearthly tones of that most original and exquisite melody, "Le Chant du Triste Commensal," to a quite inaudible accompaniment on the spinet by her daughter, evidently Anne Hérault, Comtesse de Boismorinel (*née* Budes), while the small child Jeanne de Boismorinel (afterward Dame Pasquier de la Marière) listened with dreamy rapture.

And just as Mary had said, she played her fiddle with its body downward, and resting on her knees, as though it had been an undersized 'cello. I then vaguely remembered having dreamed of such a figure when a small child.

Within twenty-four hours of this strange adventure the practical and business-like Mary had started, in the flesh and with her maid, for that part of France where these, my ancestors, had lived, and within a fortnight she had made herself mistress of all my French family history, and had visited such of the different houses of my kin as were still in existence.

The turreted castle of my childish dreams, which, with the adjacent glass-factory, was still called Verny le Moustier, was one of these. She found it in the possession of a certain Count Hector du Chamorin, whose grandfather had purchased it at the beginning of the century.

He had built an entirely new plant, and made it one of the first glass-factories in western France. But the old turreted "corps de logis" still remained, and his foreman lived there with his wife and family. The "pigeonnier" had been pulled down to make room for a shed with a steam-engine, and the whole aspect of the place was revolutionized; but the stream and water-mill (the latter a mere picturesque ruin) were still there; the stream

was, however, little more than a ditch, some ten feet deep and twenty broad, with a fringe of gnarled and twisted willows and alders, many of them dead.

It was called "Le Brail," and had given its name to my great-great-grandmother's property, whence it had issued thirty miles away (and many hundred years ago); but the old Château du Brail, the manor of the Aubérys, had become a farm-house.

The Château de la Marière, in its walled park, and with its beautiful, tall, hexagonal tower, dated 1550, and visible for miles around, was now a prosperous cider-brewery; it is still, and lies on the highroad from Angers to Le Mans.

The old forest of Boismorinel that had once belonged to the family of Hérault was still in existence; charcoal-burners were to be found in its depths, and a stray roebuck or two; but no more wolves and wild-boars as in the olden time. And where the old castle had been now stood the new railway station of Boismorinel et Saint Maixent.

Most of such Budes, Bussons, Hérault, Aubérys, and Pasquiers as were still to be found in the country, probably distant kinsmen of Mary's and mine, were lawyers, doctors, or priests, or had gone into trade and become respectably uninteresting; such as they were, they would scarcely have cared to claim kinship with such as I.

But a hundred years ago and more these were names of importance in Maine and Anjou; their bearers were descended for the most part from younger branches of houses which in the Middle Ages had intermarried with all there was of the best in France, and although they were looked down upon by the "noblesse" of the court and Versailles, as were all the provincial nobility, they held their own well in their own country; feasting, hunting, and shooting with each other; dancing and fiddling and making love and intermarrying; and blowing glass, and growing richer and richer, till the Revolution came and blew them and their glass into space, and with them many greater than themselves, but few better. And all record of them and of their doings, pleasant and genial people as they were, is lost, and can only be recalled by a dream.

Verny le Moustier was not the least interesting of these old manors.

It had been built three hundred years ago, on the site of a still older monastery (whence its name); the ruined walls of the old abbey were (and are) still extant in the house garden, covered with apricot and pear and peach trees which had been sown or planted by our common ancestress when she was a bride.

Count Hector, who took a great pleasure in explaining all the past history of the place to Mary, had built himself a fine new house in what remained of the old park, and a quarter of a mile away from the old manor-house. Every room of the latter was shown to her; old wood panels still remained, prettily painted in a by-gone fashion; old documents, and parchment deeds, and leases concerning fish-ponds, farms, and the like, were brought for her inspection, signed by my grandfather Pasquier, my great-grandfather Boismorinel, and our great-great-grandmother and her husband, Mathurin Budes, the lord of Verny le Moustier; and the tradition of Gatienne, la belle Verrière (also nicknamed "la reine de Hongrie," it seems), still lingered in the county; and many old people still remembered, more or less correctly, "Le Chant du Triste Commensal," which a hundred years ago had been in everybody's mouth.

She was said to have been the tallest and handsomest woman in Anjou, of an imperious will and very masculine character, but immensely popular among rich and poor alike; of indomitable energy, and with a finger in every pie; but always more for the good of others than her own—a typical managing, business-like French woman, and an exquisite musician to boot.

Such was our common ancestress, from whom, no doubt, we drew our love of music and our strange susceptibility to the power of sound; from whom had issued those two born nightingales of our race—Seraskier, the violinist, and my father, the singer.

During this interesting journey of Mary's in the flesh, we met every night at "Magna sed Apta" in the spirit, as usual; and I was made to participate in every incident of it.

We sat by the magic window, and had for our entertainment, now the Verrerie de Verny le Moustier in its present state, all full of modern life, color, and sound, steam and gas, as she had seen it a few hours before; now the old château as it was a hundred years ago; dim and indistinct, as though seen by near-sighted eyes at the close of a gray misty afternoon in

OUR GREAT-GREAT-GRANDMOTHER AND OUR TWIN GREAT-GRANDMOTHERS.

late autumn through a blurred window-pane, with busy but silent shadows moving about—silent, because at first we could not hear their speech: it was too thin for our mortal ears, even in this dream within our dream! Only Gatienne, the authoritative and commanding Gatienne, was faintly audible.

Then we would go down and mix with them. Thus, at one moment, we would be in the midst of a charming old-fashioned French family group of shadows: Gatienne, with her lovely twin daughters Jeanne and Anne, and her gardeners round her, all trailing young peach and apricot trees against what remained of the ancient buttresses and walls of the Abbaye de Verny le Moustier—all this more than a hundred years ago—the pale sun of a long-past noon casting the fainter shadows of these faint shadows on the shadowy garden-path.

Then, presto! Changing the scene as one changes a slide in a magic-lantern, we would skip a century, and behold!

Another French family group, equally charming, on the selfsame spot, but in the garb of to-day, and no longer shadowy or mute by any means. Little trees have grown big; big trees have disappeared to make place for industrious workshops and machinery; but the old abbey walls have been respected, and gay, genial father, and handsome mother, and lovely daughters, all pressing on "la belle Duchesse Anglaise" peaches and apricots of her great-great-grandmother's growing.

For this amiable family of the Chamorin became devoted to Mary in a very short time—that is, the very moment they first saw her; and she never forgot their kindness, courtesy, and hospitality; they made her feel in five minutes as though she had known them for many years.

I may as well state here that a few months later she received from Mademoiselle du Chamorin (with a charming letter) the identical violin that had once belonged to la belle Verrière, and which Count Hector had found in the posses-

"THAT NEVER STILL SMALL VOICE."

sion of an old farmer—the great-grandson of Gatienne's coachman—and had purchased, that he might present it as a New-Year's gift to her descendant, the Duchess of Towers.

It is now mine, alas! I cannot play it; but it amuses and comforts me to hold in my hand, when broad and wide awake, an instrument that Mary and I have so often heard and seen in our dream, and which has so often rung in by-gone days with the strange melody that has had so great an influence on our lives. Its aspect, shape, and color, every mark and stain of it, were familiar to us before we had ever seen it with the bodily eye, or handled it with the hand of flesh. It thus came straight to us out of the dim and distant past, heralded by the ghost of itself!

. . . . . .

To return. Gradually, by practice and the concentration of our united will, the old-time figures grew to gain substance and color, and their voices became perceptible, till at length there arrived a day when we could move among them, and hear them and see them as distinctly as we could our own immediate progenitors close by—as Gogo and Mimsey, as Monsieur le Major, and the rest.

The child who went about hand in hand with the white-haired lady (whose hair was only powdered) and fed the pigeons was my grandmother, Jeanne de Boismorinel (who married François Pasquier de la Marière). It was her father who wore red heels to his shoes, and made her believe she could manufacture little cocked hats in colored glass; she had lived again in me whenever, as a child, I had dreamed that exquisite dream.

I could now evoke her at will; and, with her, many buried memories were called out of nothingness into life.

Among other wonderful things, I heard the red-heeled gentleman, M. de Boismorinel (my great-grandfather), sing beautiful old songs by Lulli and others to the spinet, which he played charmingly—a rare accomplishment in those days. And lo! these tunes were tunes that had risen oft and unbidden in my consciousness, and I had fondly imagined that I had composed them myself—little impromptus of my own. And lo, again! His voice, thin, high, nasal, but very sympathetic and musical, was that never still small voice that has been singing unremittingly for more than half a century in the unswept, ungarnished corner of my brain where all the cobwebs are.

And these cobwebs?

Well, I soon became aware, by deeply diving into my inner consciousness when awake and at my daily prison toil (which left the mind singularly clear and free), that I was full, quite full, of slight elusive reminiscences which were neither of my waking life nor of my dream life with Mary: reminiscences of sub-dreams during sleep, and belonging to the period of my childhood and early youth; sub-dreams which no doubt had been forgotten when I woke, at which time I could remember only the surface dreams that had just preceded my waking.

Ponds, rivers, bridges, roads and streams, avenues of trees, arbors, windmills and water-mills, corridors and rooms, church functions, village fairs, festivities, men and women and animals, all of another time, and of a country where I had never set my foot, were familiar to my remembrance. I had but to dive deep enough into myself, and there they were; and when night came, and sleep, and "Magna sed Apta," I could re-evoke them all, and make them real and complete for Mary and myself.

That these subtle reminiscences were true antenatal memories was soon proved

by my excursions with Mary into the past; and her experience of such reminiscences, and their corroboration, were just as my own. We have heard and seen her grandfather play the "Chant du Triste Commensal" to crowded concert-rooms, applauded to the echo by men and women long dead and buried and forgotten!

Now, I believe such reminiscences to form part of the sub-consciousness of others, as well as Mary's and mine, and that by perseverance in self-research many will succeed in reaching them—perhaps even more easily and completely than we have done.

It is something like listening for the over-tones of a musical note: we do not hear them at first, though they are there, clamoring for recognition; and when at last we hear them, we wonder at our former obtuseness, so distinct are they.

Let a man with an average ear, however uncultivated, strike the C low down on a good piano-forte, keeping his foot on the loud pedal. At first he will hear nothing but the rich fundamental note C.

But let him become *expectant* of certain other notes: for instance, of the C in the octave immediately above, then the G immediately above that, then the E higher still; he will hear them all in time as clearly as the note originally struck; and, finally, a shrill little ghostly and quite importunate B flat in the treble will pulsate so loudly in his ear that he will never cease to hear it whenever that low C is sounded.

By just such a process, only with infinitely more pains (and in the end with what pleasure and surprise), will he grow aware in time of a dim, latent, antenatal experience that underlies his own personal experience of this life.

We also found that we were able not only to assist as mere spectators at such past scenes as I have described (and they were endless), but also to identify ourselves occasionally with the actors, and cease for the moment to be Mary Seraskier and Peter Ibbetson. Notably was this the case with Gatienne. We could each be Gatienne for a space (though never both of us together), and when we resumed our own personality again we carried back with it a portion of hers, never to be lost again—a strange phenomenon, if the reader will but think of it, and constituting the germ of a comparative personal immortality on earth.

At my work in prison, even, I could distinctly remember having been Gatienne; so that for the time being, Gatienne, a provincial French woman who lived a hundred years ago, was contentedly undergoing penal servitude in an English jail during the latter half of the nineteenth century.

A questionable privilege, perhaps.

But to make up for it, when she was not alive in me she could be brought to life in Mary (only in one at a time, it seemed), and travel by rail and steamer, and know the uses of gas and electricity, and read the telegrams of "our special correspondents" in the *Times*, and taste her nineteenth century under more favorable conditions.

Thus we took la belle Verrière by turns, and she saw and heard things she little dreamed of a hundred years ago. Besides, she was made to share in the glories of "Magna sed Apta."

And the better we knew her the more we loved her; she was a very nice person to descend from, and Mary and I were well agreed that we could not have chosen a better great-great grandmother, and wondered what each of our seven others was like, for we had fifteen of these between us, and as many great-great-grandfathers.

Thirty great-great-grandfathers and great-great-grandmothers had made us what we were; it was no good fighting against them and the millions at their backs.

Which of them all, strong, but gentle and shy, and hating the very sight of blood, yet saw scarlet when he was roused, and thirsted for the blood of his foe?

Which of them all, passionate and tender, but proud, high-minded, and chaste, and with the world at her feet, was yet ready to throw her cap over the windmills, and give up all for love, deeming the world well lost?

. . . . . .

That we could have thus identified ourselves, only more easily and thoroughly, with our own more immediate progenitors, we felt certain enough. But after mature thought we resolved to desist from any further attempt at such transfusion of identity, for sacred reasons of discretion which the reader will appreciate.

But that this will be done some day (now the way has been made clear), and

also that the inconveniences and possible abuses of such a faculty will be obviated or minimized by the ever-active ingenuity of mankind, is to my mind a foregone conclusion.

It is too valuable a faculty to be left in abeyance, and I leave the probable and possible consequences of its culture to the reader's imagination.

Thus roughly have I tried to give an account of this, the most important of our joint discoveries in the strange new world revealed to us by chance. More than twenty years of our united lives have been devoted to the following out of this slender clew—with what surprising results will, I trust, be seen in subsequent volumes.

"THE MAMMOTH!"

We have not had time to attempt the unravelling of our English ancestry as well—the Crays and the Desmonds, the Ibbetsons and Biddulphs, etc.—which connect us with the past history of England. The further we got back into France, the more fascinating it became, and the easier—and the more difficult to leave.

To have seen Molière act in his own plays, to have hobnobbed with Montaigne, to have slummed with François Villon.... but all that (and it is almost endless) will appear in due time, with such descriptions and illustrations as I flatter myself the world will value as it has never valued any historical records yet.

Day after day, for more than twenty years, Mary has kept a voluminous diary (in a cipher known to us both); it is now my property, and in it every detail of our long journey into the past has been set down.

Contemporaneously, day by day (during the leisure accorded to me by the kindness of Governor ——) I have drawn over again from memory the sketches of people and places I was able to make straight from nature during those wonderful nights at "Magna sed Apta." I can guarantee the correctness of them, and the fidelity of the likenesses; no doubt their execution leaves much to be desired.

Both her task and mine (to the future publication of which this autobiography is but an introduction) have been performed with the minutest care and conscientiousness; no time or trouble has been spared. For instance, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew alone, which we were able to study from seventeen different points of view, cost us no less than two months' unremitting labor.

As we reached further and further back through the stream of time, the task became easier in a way; but we have had to generalize more, and often, for want of time and space, to use types in lieu of individuals. For with every successive generation the number of our progenitors increased in geometrical progression (as in the problem of the nails in the horseshoe), until a limit of numbers was reached, namely, the sum of the inhabitants of the terrestrial globe. In the seventh century there was not a person living in France (not to mention Europe) who was not in the line of our direct ancestry, excepting, of course, those who had died without issue and were mere collaterals.

To think that we have even just been able to see, as in a glass darkly, the faint shadows of the Mammoth and the cave bear, and of the man who hunted and

killed and ate them, that he might live and prevail!

The Mammoth!

We have walked round him and under him as he browsed, and even *through* him where he lay and rested, as one walks through the dun mist in a little hollow on a still, damp morning; and turning round to look (at the proper distance), there was the unmistakable shape again, just thick enough to blot out the lines of the dim primæval landscape beyond, and make a hole in the blank sky. A dread silhouette, thrilling our hearts with awe—blurred and indistinct like a composite photograph—merely the *type*, as it had been seen generally by all who had ever seen it at all, every one of whom ("exceptis excipiendis") was necessarily an ancestor of ours, and of every man now living.

There it stood or reclined, the monster, like the phantom of an overgrown hairy elephant; we could almost see, or fancy we saw, the expression of his dull, cold, antediluvian eye—almost perceive a suggestion of russet-brown in his fell.

Mary firmly believed that we should have got in time to our hairy ancestor with pointed ears and a tail, and have been able to ascertain whether he was arboreal in his habits or not. With what passionate interest she would have followed and studied and described him! And I! With what eager joy, and yet with what filial reverence, I would have sketched his likeness—with what conscientious fidelity, as far as my poor powers would allow!

Fate, alas, has willed that it should be otherwise, and on others, duly trained, must devolve the delightful task of following up the clew we have been so fortunate as to discover.

. . . .

And now the time has come for me to tell as quickly as I may the story of my bereavement—a bereavement so immense that no man, living or dead, can ever have experienced the like—and to explain how it is that I have not only survived it and kept my wits (which some people seem to doubt), but am here calmly and cheerfully writing my reminiscences, just as though I were a famous Academician, actor, novelist, statesman, or general diner-out—blandly garrulous and well-satisfied with myself and the world.

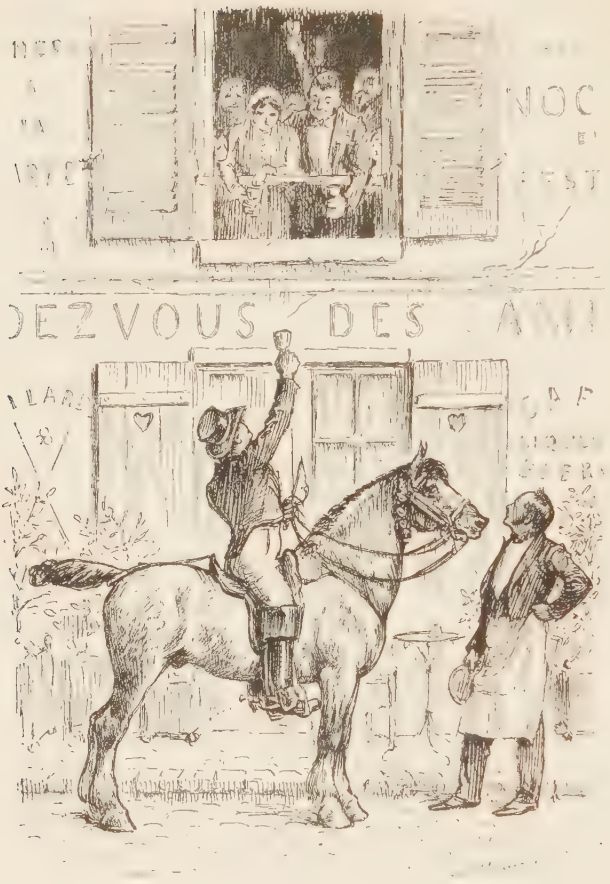
During the latter years of our joint existence, Mary and I, engrossed by our fascinating journey through the centuries, had seen little or nothing of each other's outer lives, or rather I had seen nothing of hers (for she still came back sometimes with me to my jail); I saw her only as she chose to appear in our dream.

Perhaps at the bottom of this there may have been a feminine dislike on her part to be seen growing older, for at "Magna sed Apta" we were always twenty-eight or thereabouts—at our very best. We had truly discovered the fountain of perennial youth and drunk thereof! And in our dream we always felt even younger than we looked; we had the buoyancy of children and their freshness.

Often had we talked of death and separation and the mystery beyond, but only as people do for whom such contingencies are remote; yet in reality time flew as rapidly for us as for others, although we were less sensible of its flight.

There came a day when Mary's exuber-

WAITING.



"À VOT' SANTÉ!"

and be as if it had never been, with its endless galleries and gardens and magic windows, and all the wonders it contained.

Sometimes I felt a hideous nervous dread, on sinking into sleep, lest I should find it was so, and the ever heavenly delight of waking there, and finding all as usual, was but the keener. I would kneel by her inanimate body, and gaze at her with a passion of love that seemed made up of all the different kinds of love a human being can feel; even the love of a dog for his mistress was in it, and that of a wild beast for her young.

With eager, tremulous anxiety and aching suspense I would watch for the first light breath from her lips, the first faint tinge of carmine in her cheek, that always heralded her coming back to life. And when she opened her eyes and smiled, and stretched her long young limbs in the joy of waking, what transports of gratitude and relief!

Ah me! the recollection!

. . . . . .

ant vitality, so constantly overtaxed, broke down, and she was ill for a while; although that did not prevent our meeting as usual, and there was no perceptible difference in her when we met. But I am certain that in reality she was never quite the same again as she had been, and the dread possibility of parting, any day, would come up oftener in our talk; in our minds, only too often, and our minds were as one.

She knew that if I died first, everything I had brought into "Magna sed Apta" (and little it was) would be there no more: even to my body, ever lying supine on the couch by the enchanted window, if she had woke by chance to our common life before I had, or remained after I had been summoned away to my jail.

And I knew that if she died not only her body on the adjacent couch, but all "Magna sed Apta" itself would melt away,

At last a terrible unforgettable night arrived when my presentiment was fulfilled.

I awoke in the little lumber-room of "Parva sed Apta," where the door had always been that led to and from our palace of delight; but there was no door any longer—nothing but a blank wall....

I woke back at once in my cell, in such a state as it is impossible to describe. I felt there must be some mistake, and after much time and effort was able to sink into sleep again, but with the same result: the blank wall, the certainty that "Magna sed Apta" was closed forever, that Mary was dead, and then the terrible jump back into my prison life again.

This happened several times during the night, and when the morning dawned I was a raving madman. I took the warder who first came (attracted by my

cries of "Mary!") for Colonel Ibbetson, and tried to kill him, and should have done so, but that he was a very big man, almost as powerful as myself and only half my age.

Other warders came to the rescue, and I took them all for Ibbetsons, and fought like the maniac I was.

When I came to myself, after long horrors and brain-fever and what not, I was removed from the jail infirmary to another place, where I am now.

I had suddenly recovered my reason, and woke to mental agony such as I, who had stood in the dock and been condemned to a shameful death, had never even dreamed of.

I soon had the knowledge of my loss confirmed, and heard (it had been common talk for more than nine days) that the famous Mary, Duchess of Towers, had met her death at the —— station of the Metropolitan Railway.

A woman, carrying a child, had been jostled by a tipsy man just as a train was entering the station, and dropped her child on to the metals. She tried to jump after it but was held back, and Mary, who had just come up, jumped in her stead, and by a miracle of strength and agility was just able to clutch the child and get on to the six-foot way as the engine came by.

She was able to carry the child to the end of the train, and was helped on to the platform. It was her train, and she got into a carriage, but she was dead before it reached the next station. Her heart, which, it seems, had been diseased for some time, had stopped, and all was over.

So died Mary Seraskier, at fifty-three.

. . . . .

I lay for many weeks convalescent in body, but in a state of dumb, dry, tearless despair, to which there never came a moment's relief, except in the dreamless sleep I got from chloral, which was given to me in large quantities—and then, the *waking!*

I never spoke nor answered a question, and hardly ever stirred. I had one fixed idea—that of self-destruction; and after two unsuccessful attempts I was so closely bound and watched night and day that any further attempt was impossible. They wouldn't trust me with a toothpick or a button or a piece of common packthread.

I tried to starve myself to death and refused all solid food, but an intolerable thirst (perhaps artificially brought on) made it impossible for me to refuse any liquid that was offered, and I was tempted with milk, beef tea, port, and sherry, and these kept me alive . . . .

. . . . . .

I had lost all wish to dream.

At length, one afternoon, a strange, inexplicable, overwhelming nostalgic desire came over me to see once more the Mare d'Auteuil—only once; to walk thither for the last time through the Chaussée de la Muette, and by the fortifications.

It grew upon me till it became a torture to wait for bedtime, so frantic was my impatience.

When the long-wished-for hour arrived at last I laid myself down once more (as nearly as I could) in the old position I had not tried for so long, my will intent upon the Porte de la Muette, an old stone gateway that separated the Grande Rue

"I SAT DOWN AND RESTED."

"IT IS MARY SERASKIER!"

de Passy from the entrance to the Bois de Boulogne—a kind of Temple Bar.

It was pulled down forty-five years ago.

I soon found myself there, just where the Grande Rue meets the Rue de la Pompe, and went through the arch and looked toward the Bois.

It was a dull, leaden day in autumn; few people were about, but a gay "repas de noces" was being held at a little restaurant on my right-hand side. It was to celebrate the wedding of Achille Grigoux, the green-grocer, with Felicité Lenormand, who had been the Seraskiers' house-maid. I suddenly remembered all this, and that Mimsey and Gogo were of the party—the latter, indeed, being "premier garçon d'honneur," on whom would soon devolve the duty of stealing the bride's garter, and cutting it up into little bits to adorn the button-holes of the male guests before the ball began.

In an archway on my left some forlorn, worn-out old rips, broken-kneed and broken-winded, were patiently waiting, ready saddled and bridled, to be hired—Chloris, Murat, Rigolette, and others: I knew and had ridden them all nearly half a century ago. Poor old shadows of the long-dead past, so lifelike and real and pathetic—it "split me the heart" to see them!

A handsome young blue-coated, silver-buttoned courier, of the name of Lami, came trotting along from St. Cloud on a roan horse, with a great jingling of his horse's bells and clacking of his short-handled whip. He stopped at the restaurant and called for a glass of white wine, and, rising in his stirrups, shouted gayly for Monsieur et Madame Grigoux. They appeared at the first-floor window, looking very happy, and he drank their health, and they his. I could see Gogo and Mimsey in the crowd behind them, and mildly wondered again, as I had so often wondered before, how I came to see it all from the outside—from another point of view than Gogo's.

Then the courier bowed gallantly, and said, "Bonne chance!" and went trotting down the Grande Rue on his way to the Tuileries, and the wedding guests began to sing: they sang a song beginning,

> "Il était un petit navire
> Qui n'avait jamais navigué. . . ."

I had quite forgotten it, and listened till the end, and thought it very pretty; and was interested in a dull, mechanical way at discovering that it must be the original of Thackeray's famous ballad of "Little Billee," which I did not hear till many years after.

When they came to the last verse,

> "Si cette histoire vous embête
> Nous allons la recommencer,"

I went on my way. This was my last walk in dream-land, perhaps, and dream hours are uncertain, and I would make the most of them, and look about me.

I walked toward Ranelagh, a kind of

casino, where they used to give balls and theatrical performances on Sunday and Thursday nights, and where afterward Rossini spent the latter years of his life; then it was pulled down, I am told, to make room for many smart little villas.

In the meadow opposite M. Erard's park, Saindou's school-boys were playing rounders — "la balle au camp" — from which I concluded it was a Thursday afternoon, a half-holiday; if they had had clean shirts on (which they had not), it would have been Sunday, and the holiday a whole one.

I knew them all, and the two "pions," or ushers, M. Lartigue and "le petit Cazal," but no longer cared for them, or found them amusing or interesting in the least.

Opposite the Ranelagh a few old hackney-coachmen were pacifically killing time by a game of "bouchon"—knocking sous off a cork with other sous—great fat sous and double-sous, long gone out of fashion. It is a very good game, and I watched it for a while, and envied the long-dead players.

Close by was a small wooden shed, or "baraque," prettily painted and glazed, and ornamented at the top with little tricolor flags; it belonged to a couple of old ladies, Mère Manette and Grand'mère Manette—the two oldest women ever seen. They were very keen about business, and wouldn't give credit for a centime—not even to English boys. They were said to be immensely rich and quite alone in the world. How very dead they must be now! I thought. And I gazed at them and wondered at their liveliness and the pleasure they took in living. They sold many things: nougat, pain d'épices, mirlitons, hoops, drums, noisy battledoors and shuttlecocks, and little ten-sou hand-mirrors, neatly bound in zinc, that could open and shut.

I looked at myself in one of these that was hanging outside; I was old and worn and gray, my face badly shaven, my hair almost white. I had never been old in a dream before.

I walked through the gate in the fortifications on to the outer talus (which was quite bare in those days), in the direction of the Mare d'Auteuil. The place seemed very deserted and dull for a Thursday. It was a sad and sober walk; my melancholy was not to be borne—my heart was utterly broken, and my body so tired I could scarcely drag myself along. Never before had I known in a dream what it was to be tired.

I gazed at the famous fortifications in all their brand-new pinkness, the scaffoldings barely removed — some of them still lying in the dry ditch between — and smiled to think how little these brick and granite walls would avail to keep the Germans out of Paris thirty years later (twenty years ago). I tried to throw a stone across a narrow part, and found I could no longer throw stones, so I sat down and rested. How thin my legs were! and how miserably clad — in old prison trousers, greasy, stained, and frayed, and ignobly kneed — and what boots!

Never had I been shabby in a dream before.

Why couldn't I, once for all, walk round to the other side, and take a header "à la hussarde" off those lofty bulwarks, and kill myself for good and all? Alas! I should only blur the dream, and perhaps even wake in my miserable strait-waistcoat. And I wanted to see the Mare once more, very badly.

This set me thinking. I would fill my pockets with stones, and throw myself into the Mare d'Auteuil after I had taken a last good look at it, and around. Perhaps the shock of emotion, in my present state of weakness, might really kill me in my sleep. Who knows? it was worth trying, anyhow.

I got up and dragged myself to the Mare. It was deserted but for one solitary female figure, soberly clad in black and gray, that sat motionless on the bench by the old willow.

I walked slowly round in her direction, picking up stones and putting them into my pockets, and saw that she was gray-haired and middle-aged, with very dark eyebrows, and extremely tall, and that her magnificent eyes were following me.

Then, as I drew nearer, she smiled and showed gleaming white teeth, and her eyes crinkled and nearly closed up as she did so.

"Oh, my God!" I shrieked; "it is Mary Seraskier!"

. . . . . .

I ran to her—I threw myself at her feet, and buried my face in her lap, and there I sobbed like a hysterical child, while she tried to soothe me as one soothes a child.

After a while I looked up into her face. It was old and worn and gray, and her hair nearly white, like mine. I had never seen her like that before; she had always been eight-and-twenty. But age became her well—she looked so benignly beautiful and calm and grand that I was awed—and quick, chill waves went down my backbone.

Her dress and bonnet were old and shabby; her gloves had been mended—old kid gloves with fur about the wrists. She drew them off, and took my hands and made me sit beside her, and looked at me for a while with all her might in silence.

At length she said: "Gogo mio, I know all you have been through by the touch of your hands. Does the touch of mine tell you nothing?"

It told me nothing but her huge love for me, which was all I cared for, and I said so.

She sighed, and said: "I was afraid it would be like this. The old circuit is broken, and can't be restored—not yet!"

We tried again hard; but it was useless.

She looked round and about and up at the tree-tops, everywhere; and then at me again, with great wistfulness, and shivered, and finally began to speak, with hesitation at first, and in a manner foreign to her. But soon she became apparently herself, and found her old swift smile and laugh, her happy, slight shrugs and gestures, and quaint polyglot colloquialisms (which I omit, as I can't always spell them), her homely, simple ways of speech, the winning and sympathetic modulations of her voice, its quick, humorous changes from grave to gay—all that made everything she said so suggestive of all she wanted to say besides.

"Gogo, I knew you would come. I *wished* it! How dreadfully you have suffered! How thin you are! It shocks me to see you! But that will not be any more; we are going to change all that.

"Gogo, you have no idea how difficult it has been for me to come back, even for a few short hours, for I can't hold on very long. It is like hanging on to the window sill by one's wrists. This time it is Hero swimming to Leander, or Juliet climbing up to Romeo.

"Nobody has ever come back before.

"I am but a poor husk of my former self, put together at great pains for you to know me by. I could not make myself again what I have always been to you. I had to be content with this, and so must you. These are the clothes I died in. But you knew me directly, dear Gogo.

"I have come a long way—such a long way—to have an 'abboccamento' with you. I had so many things to say. And now we are both here, hand in hand as we used to be, I can't even understand what they were, and if I could I couldn't make *you* understand. But you will know some day, and there is no hurry whatever.

"Every thought you have had since I died I know already; *your* share of the circuit is unbroken at least. I know now why you picked up those stones and put them in your pockets. You must never think of *that* again—you never will. Besides, it would be of no use, poor Gogo!"

Then she looked up at the sky and all round her again, and smiled in her old happy manner, and rubbed her eyes with the backs of her hands, and seemed to settle herself for a good long talk—an "abboccamento"!

. . . . . .

Of all she said I can only give a few fragments—whatever I can recall and understand when awake. Wherever I have forgotten I will put a line of little dots. Only when I sleep and dream can I recall and understand the rest. It seems all very simple then. I often say to myself, "I will fix it well in my mind, and put it into well-chosen words—*her* words—and learn them by heart, and then wake cautiously and remember them, and write them all down in a book, so that they shall do for others all they have done for me, and turn doubt into happy certainty, and despair into patience and hope and high elation."

But the bell rings and I wake, and my memory plays me false. Nothing remains but the knowledge *that all will be well for us all, and of such a kind that those who do not sigh for the moon will be well content.*

Alas, this knowledge: I cannot impart it to others. Like many who have lived before me, I cannot prove—I can only affirm....

. . . . . .

"How odd and old-fashioned it feels," she began, "to have eyes and ears again, and all that—little open windows on to what is near us! They are very clumsy

contrivances! I had already forgotten them.

. . . . . .

"Look, there goes our old friend the water-rat, under the bank—the old fat father—'le bon gros père'—as we used to call him. He is only a little flat picture moving upside down in the opposite direction across the backs of our eyes, and the farther he goes the smaller he seems. A couple of hundred yards off we shouldn't see him at all. As it is, we can see only the outside of him, and that only on one side at a time; and yet he is full of important and wonderful things that have taken millions of years to make. And to see him at all we have to look straight at him—and then we can't see what's behind us or around—and if it was dark we couldn't see anything whatever.

"Poor eyes! Little bags full of water, with a little magnifying-glass inside, and a nasturtium leaf behind—to catch the light and feel it!

"A celebrated German oculist once told papa that if his instrument-maker were to send him such an ill-made machine as a human eye, he would send it back and refuse to pay the bill. I can understand that now; and yet on earth where should we be without eyes? And afterward where should we be if some of us hadn't once had them on earth?

. . . . . .

"I can hear your dear voice, Gogo, with both ears. Why two ears? Why only two? What you want, or think, or feel, you try to tell me in sounds that you have been taught—English, French. If I didn't know English and French, it would be no good whatever. Language is a poor thing. You fill your lungs with wind and shake a little slit in your throat, and make mouths, and that shakes the air; and the air shakes a pair of little drums in my head—a very complicated arrangement, with lots of little bones behind—and my brain seizes your meaning in the rough. What a roundabout way, and what a waste of time!

. . . . . .

"And so with all the rest. We can't even smell straight! A dog would laugh at us—not that even a dog knows much!

"And feeling! We can feel too hot or too cold, and it sometimes makes us ill, or even kills us. But we can't feel the coming storm, or which is north and south, or where the new moon is, or the sun at midnight, or the stars at noon, or even what o'clock it is by our own measurement. We cannot even find our way home blindfolded—not even a pigeon can do that, nor a swallow, nor an owl! Only a mole, or a blind man, perhaps, feebly groping with a stick, if he has already been that way before.

"And taste! It is well said there's no accounting for it.

"And then, to keep all this going, we have to eat, and drink, and sleep, and all the rest. What a burden!

. . . . . .

"And you and I are the only mortals that I know of who ever found a way to each other's inner being by the touch of the hands. And then we had to go to sleep first. Our bodies were miles apart; not that *that* would have made any difference, for we could never have done it waking—never; not if we had hugged each other to extinction!

. . . . . .

"Gogo, I cannot find any words to tell you *how*, for there are none in any language that *I* ever knew to tell it; but where I am it is all ear and eye and the rest in *one*, and there is, oh, how much more besides! Things a homing-pigeon has known, and an ant, and a mole, and a water-beetle, and an earthworm, and a leaf, and a root, and a magnet—even a lump of chalk, and more. One can see and smell and touch and taste a sound, as well as hear it, and *vice versa*. It is very simple, though it may not seem so to you now.

"And the sounds! Ah, what sounds! The thick atmosphere of earth is no conductor for such as *they*, and earthly eardrums no receiver. Sound is everything. Sound and light are one.

. . . . . .

"And what does it all mean?

"I knew what it meant when I was there—part of it, at least—and shall know again in a few hours. But this poor old earth-brain of mine, which I have had to put on once more as an old woman puts on a nightcap, is like my eyes and ears. It can now understand only what is of the earth—what *you* can understand, Gogo, who are still of the earth. I forget, as one forgets an ordinary dream, as one sometimes forgets the answer to a riddle, or the last verse of a song. It is on the tip of the tongue; but there it sticks, and won't come any further.

"Remember, it is only in your brain I am living now—your earthly brain, that has been my only home for so many happy years, as mine has been yours.

"How we have nestled!

. . . . . .

"But this I know: one must have had them all once—brains, ears, eyes, and the rest—on earth. 'Il faut avoir passé par là!' or no after-existence for man or beast would be possible, or even conceivable.

"One cannot teach a born deaf-mute how to understand a musical score, nor a born blind man how to feel color. To Beethoven, who had once heard with the ear, his deafness made no difference, nor their blindness to Homer and Milton.

"Can you make out my little parable?

. . . . . .

"Sound and light and heat, and electricity and motion, and will and thought and remembrance, and love and hate and pity, and the will to be born and to live, and the longing of all things alive and dead to get near each other, or to fly apart—and lots of other things besides! All that comes to the same—'C'est comme qui dirait bonnet blanc et blanc bonnet,' as Monsieur le Major used to say. 'C'est simple comme bonjour!'

"Where I am, Gogo, I can hear the sun shining on the earth and making the flowers blow, and the birds sing, and the bells peal for birth and marriage and death—happy, happy death, if you only knew—'c'est la clef des champs!'

"It shines on moons and planets, and I can hear it, and hear the echo they give back again. The very stars are singing; rather a long way off! but it is well worth their while with such an audience as lies between us and them; and they can't help it. . . .

"I can't hear it here—not a bit—now that I've got my ears on; besides, the winds of the earth are too loud. . . .

"Ah, that *is* music, if you like; but men and women are stone-deaf to it—their ears are in the way! . . .

"Those poor unseen flatfish that live in the darkness and mud at the bottom of deep seas can't catch the music men and women make upon the earth—such poor music as it is! But if ever so faint a murmur, borne on the wings and fins of a sunbeam, reaches them for a few minutes at mid-day, and they have a speck of marrow in their spines to feel it, and no ears or eyes to come between, they are better off than any man, Gogo. Their dull existence is more blessed than his.

"But alas for them, as yet! They haven't got the memory of the eye and ear, and without that no speck of spinal marrow will avail; they must be content to wait, like you. . . .

"The blind and deaf?

"Oh yes; là-bas, it is all right for the poor deaf-mutes and born-blind of the earth; they can remember with the past eyes and ears of all the rest. Besides, it is no longer *they*. There is no *they!* That is only a detail.

. . . . . .

"You must try and realize that it is just as though all space between us and the sun and stars were full of little specks of spinal marrow, much too small to be seen in any microscope—smaller than anything in the world. All space is full of them, shoulder to shoulder—almost as close as sardines in a box—and there is still room for more! Yet a single drop of water would hold them all, and not be the less transparent. They all remember having been alive on earth or elsewhere, in some form or other, and each knows all the others remember. I can only compare it to that.

"Once all that space was full only of stones, rushing, whirling, meeting and crushing together, and melting and steaming in the white heat of their own hurry. But now there's a crop of something better than stones, I can promise you! It goes on gathering, and being garnered and mingled and sifted and winnowed—the precious, indestructible harvest of how many millions of years of life!

. . . . . .

"And this I know: the longer and more strenuously and completely one lives one's life on earth, the better for all. It is the foundation of everything. Though if men could guess what is in store for them when they die, without also knowing *that*, they would not have the patience to live—they wouldn't wait! For who would fardels bear? They would just put stones in their pockets, as you did, and make for the nearest pond.

"They mustn't!

. . . . . .

"Nothing is lost—nothing! From the ineffable, high, fleeting thought a Shakespeare can't find words to express, to the slightest sensation of an earthworm—no-

thing! Not a leaf's feeling of the light, not a loadstone's sense of the pole, not a single volcanic or electric thrill of the mother earth!

"All knowledge must begin on earth for *us*. It is the most favored planet in this poor system of ours just now, and for a few short millions of years to come. There are just a couple of others, perhaps three; but they are not of great consequence. 'Il y fait trop chaud—ou pas assez!'

"The sun, the father sun, 'le bon gros père,' rains life on to the mother earth. A poor little life it was at first, as you know—grasses and moss, and little wriggling, transparent things—all stomach; it is quite true! That is what we come from—Shakespeare, and you, and I!

. . . . . .

"After each individual death the earth retains each individual clay to be used again and again; and, as far as I can see, it rains back each individual essence to the sun—or somewhere near it—like a precious waterdrop returned to the sea, where it mingles, after having been about and seen something of the world, and learned the use of five small wits—and remembering all! Yes, like that poor little exiled wandering waterdrop in the pretty song your father used to sing, and which always manages to find its home at last:

> "'Va passaggier' in fiume,
> Va prigionier' in fonte,
> Ma sempre ritorn' al mar'.'

. . . . . .

"Or else it is as if little grains of salt were being showered into the Mare d'Auteuil, to melt and mingle with the water and each other till the Mare d'Auteuil itself was as salt as salt can be.

"Not till that Mare d'Auteuil of the sun is saturated with the salt of the earth, of earthly life and knowledge, will the purpose be complete, and then old Mother Earth may well dry up into a cinder like the moon; its occupation will be gone, like hers—'adieu, panier, les vendanges sont faites!'

"And as for the sun and its surrounding ocean of life—ah! that is beyond *me!* but the sun will dry up too, and its ocean of life no doubt be drawn to other greater suns. For everything seems to go on more or less in the same way, only crescendo, everywhere and forever.

. . . . . .

"You must understand that it is not a bit like an ocean, nor a bit like waterdrops, or grains of salt, or specks of spinal marrow; but it is only by such poor metaphors that I can give you a glimpse of what I mean, since you can no longer understand me, as you used to do on earthly things, by the mere touch of our hands.

. . . . . .

"Gogo, I am the only little waterdrop, the one grain of salt that has not yet been able to dissolve and melt away in that universal sea; I am the exception.

"It is as though a long invisible chain bound me still to the earth, and I were hung at the other end of it in a little transparent locket, a kind of cage, which lets me see and hear things all round, but keeps me from melting away.

"And soon I found that this locket was made of that half of you that is still in me, so that I couldn't dissolve, because half of me wasn't dead at all; for the chain linked me to that half of myself I had left in you, so that half of me actually wasn't there to be dissolved....I am getting rather mixed.

"But oh, my heart's true love, how I hugged my chain, with you at the other end of it!

"With such pain and effort as you cannot conceive, I have crept along it back to you, like a spider on an endless thread of its own spinning. Such love as mine is stronger than death, indeed.

. . . . . .

"I have come to tell you that we are inseparable forever, you and I, one double speck of spinal marrow—'Philipschen!' one little grain of salt, one drop. There is to be no parting for *us*—I can see that; but such extraordinary luck seems reserved for you and me alone up to now; and it is all our own doing.

"But not till you join me shall you and I be complete, and free to melt away in that universal ocean, and take our part, as One, in all that is to be.

"That moment—you must not hasten it by a moment. Time is nothing. I'm even beginning to believe there's no such thing, there is so little difference, 'là-bas,' between a year and a day. And as for space—dear me, an inch is as good as an ell!

"Things cannot be measured like that.

"A midge's life is as long as a man's, for it has time to learn its business, and

do all the harm it can, and fight, and make love, and marry, and reproduce its kind, and grow disenchanted and bored and sick and content to die—all in a summer afternoon. An average man can live to seventy years without doing much more.

"And then there are tall midges, and clever and good-looking ones, and midges of great personal strength, who can fly a little faster and a little farther than the rest, and live an hour longer to drink a whole drop more of some other creature's blood, but it does not make a very great difference.

. . . . . .

"No, time and space mean just the same as 'nothing.'

"But for you they mean much, as you have much to do. Our joint life must be revealed—that long, sweet life of make-believe, that has been so much more real than reality. Ah, where and what were time or space to us then?

. . . . . .

"And you must tell all we have found out, and how; the way must be shown to others with better brains and better training than *we* had. The value to mankind—to mankind here and hereafter—may be incalculable.

. . . . . .

"For some day, when all is found out that can be found out on earth, and made the common property of all (or even before that), the great man will perhaps arise and make the great guess that is to set us all free, here and hereafter. Who knows?

"I feel this splendid guesser will be some inspired musician of the future, as simple as a little child in all things but his knowledge of the power of sound; but even little children will have learned much in those days. He will want new notes, and find them—new notes between the black and white keys. He will go blind like Milton and Homer, and deaf like Beethoven, and then, all in the stillness and the dark, all in the depths of his forlorn and lonely soul, he will make his best music, and out of the endless mazes of its counterpoint he will evolve a secret, as we did from the 'Chant du Triste Commensal,' but it will be a greater secret than ours. Others will have been very near this hidden treasure, but he will happen right *on* it, and unearth it, and bring it to light.

"I think I see him sitting at the keyboard, so familiar of old to the feel of his consummate fingers, painfully dictating his score to some most patient and devoted friend—mother, sister, daughter, wife—that score that he will never see or hear.

"What a stammerer! Not only blind and deaf, but *mad*—mad in the world's eyes, for fifty, a hundred, a thousand years. Time is nothing; but that score will survive....

"He will die of it, of course; and when he dies and comes to us there will be joy from here to Sirius, and beyond.

"And one day they will find out on earth that he was only deaf and blind—not mad at all. They will hear and *understand.*

. . . . . .

"For 'as we sow we reap'; that is a true saying, and all the sowing is done here on earth, and the reaping beyond. Man is a grub; his dead clay, as he lies coffined in his grave, is the left-off cocoon he has spun for himself during his earthly life, to burst open and soar from with all his memories about him, even his lost ones. Like the dragon-fly, the butterfly, the moth....and when *they* die it is the same, and the same with a blade of grass. We are all, 'tous tant que nous sommes,' little bags of remembrance that never dies; that's what we're *for*. But we can only bring with us to the common stock what we've got. As Père François used to say, 'La plus belle fille au monde ne peut donner que ce qu'elle a.'

. . . . . .

"Besides all this, I am your earthly wife, Gogo—your loving, faithful, devoted wife, and I wish it to be known.

. . . . . .

"And then at last, in the fulness of time—a very few years—ah, then—

"Once more shall Neuha lead her Torquil by the hand...."

. . . . . .

"Oh, Mary!" I cried, "shall we be transcendently happy again? As happy as we were—*happier* even?"

"Ah, Gogo, is a man happier than a mouse, or a mouse than a turnip, or a turnip than a lump of chalk? But what man would be a mouse or a turnip, what turnip would be a lump—of anything but itself? Are two people happier than one? You and I, yes; because we *are* one; but who else? It is one and all. Happiness

is like time and space—we make and measure it ourselves; it is a fancy—as big, as little, as you please; just a thing of comparisons.

"I have forgotten all I know but this, which is for you and me: we are inseparable forever. Be sure we shall not want to go back again for a moment."

"And is there no punishment or reward?"

"Oh, there again! What a detail! Is it not enough for either punishment or reward that the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, and to all? Think of it.

. . . . . .

"There are battles to be fought and races to be won, but no longer against '*each other.*' And strength and swiftness to win them, but no longer any strong and swift. There is weakness and cowardice, but no longer any cowards or weaklings. The good and the bad and the worst and the best—it is all mixed up. But the good comes to the top; the bad goes to the bottom—it is precipitated, as papa used to say. It is not an agreeable sediment, with its once useful cruelty at the lowest bottom of all—out of sight, out of mind—all but forgotten. 'C'est déjà le ciel.'

. . . . . .

"And the goal? The cause, the whither and why of it all? Ah! Gogo—as inscrutable, as unthinkable as ever, till the great guesser comes! At least so it seems to me, speaking as a fool, out of the depths of my poor ignorance, for I am a new arrival, and a complete outsider, with my chain and locket, waiting for you.

"I have only picked up a few grains of sand on the shore of that sea, a few little shells, and I can't even show you what they are like. I see that it is no good even talking of it, alas! And I had promised myself *so* much. Indeed it is mere waste of time, and every moment is precious, and you will soon know all about it."

. . . . . .

Then she went on to speak of earthly things, and ask questions in her old practical way. First of my bodily health, with the tenderest solicitude and the wisest advice—as a mother to a son. She even insisted on listening to my heart, like a doctor.

Then she spoke at great length of the charities in which she had been interested, and gave me many directions which I was to write, as coming from myself, to certain people whose names and addresses she impressed upon me with great care.

I have done as she wished, and most of these directions have been followed to the letter, with no little wonder on the world's part (as the world well knows) that such sagacious and useful reforms should have originated with the inmate of a criminal lunatic asylum.

. . . . . .

At last the time came for us to part. She foresaw that I should have to wake in a few minutes, and said, rising:

"And now, Gogo, the best beloved that ever was on earth, take me once more in your dear arms, and kiss me good-by for a little while—'auf wiedersehen.' Come here to rest and think and remember when your body sleeps. My spirit will always be here with you. I may even be able to come back again myself—just this poor husk of me—hardly more to look at than a bundle of old clothes; but yet a world made up of love for *you*. Good-by, good-by, dearest and best. Time is nothing, but I shall count the hours. Good-by. . . ."

Even as she strained me to her breast I awoke.

. . . . . .

I awoke, and knew that the dread black shadow of melancholia had passed away from me like a hideous nightmare—like a long and horrible winter. My heart was full of the sunshine of spring—the gladness of awaking to a new life.

I smiled at my night attendant, who stared back at me in astonishment, and exclaimed:

"Why, sir, blest if you ain't a new man altogether. There, now!"

I wrung his hand, and thanked him for all his past patience, kindness, and forbearance with such effusion that his eyes had tears in them. I had not spoken for weeks, and he heard my voice for the first time.

That day, also, without any preamble or explanation, I gave the doctor and the chaplain and the governor my word of honor that I would not attempt my life again, or any one else's, and was believed and trusted on the spot; and they unstrapped me.

I was never so touched in my life.

In a week I recovered much of my strength; but I was an old man. That was a great change.

Most people age gradually and imperceptibly. To me old age had come of a sudden—in a night, as it were; but with it, and suddenly also, the resigned and cheerful acquiescence, the mild serenity, that are its compensation and more.

My hope, my certainty to be one with Mary some day—that is my haven, my heaven—a consummation of completeness beyond which there is nothing to wish or imagine. Come what else may, that is safe, and that is all I care for. She was able to care for me, and for many other things besides, and I love her all the more for it; but I can only care for *her*.

Sooner or later—a year—ten years; it does not matter much. I also am beginning to disbelieve in the existence of time.

That waking was the gladdest in my life—gladder even than the waking in my condemned cell the morning after my sentence of death, when another black shadow passed away—that of the scaffold.

Oh, Mary! What has she not done for me—what clouds has she not dispelled!

When night came round again I made once more, step by step, the journey from the Porte de la Muette to the Mare d'Auteuil, with everything the same—the gay wedding-feast, the blue and silver courier, the merry guests singing

"Il était un petit navire."

Nothing was altered, even to the dull gray weather. But, oh, the difference to me!

I longed to play at "bouchon" with the hackney-coachmen, or at "la balle au camp" with my old school-fellows. I could have even waltzed with "Monsieur Lartigue" and "le petit Cazal."

I looked in Mère Manette's little mirror and saw my worn, gray, haggard, old face again, and liked it, and thought it quite good-looking. I sat down and rested by the fortifications as I had done the night before, for I was still tired, but with a most delicious fatigue; my very shabbiness was agreeable to me—"pauvre, mais honnête." A convict, a madman, but a prince among men—still the beloved of Mary!

And when at last I reached the spot I had always loved the best on earth ever since I first saw it as a child, I fell on my knees and wept for sheer excess of joy. It was mine indeed; it belonged to me as no land or water had ever belonged to any man before. Mary was not there, of course; I did not expect her.

But, strange and incomprehensible as it seems, she had forgotten her gloves; she had left them behind her. One was on the bench, one was on the ground; poor old gloves that had been mended, with the well-known shape of her dear hands in them; every fold and crease preserved as in a mould—the very cast of her finger-nails; and the scent of sandal-wood she and her mother had so loved.

I laid them side by side, palms upward, on the bench where we had sat the night before. No dream-wind has blown them away; no dream-thief has stolen them; there they lie still, and will lie till the great change comes over me, and I am one with their owner.

. . . . . .

I am there every night—in the lovely spring or autumn sunshine—meditating, remembering, taking notes—dream-notes to be learned by heart, and used next day for a real purpose.

I walk round and round, or sit on benches, or lie in the grass by the brink, and smoke cigarettes without end, and watch the old amphibious life I found so charming half a century ago, and find it charming still.

Sometimes I dive into the forest (which has now been razed to the ground. Ever since 1870 there is an open space all round the Mare d'Auteuil. I had seen it since then in a dream with Mary, who went to Paris after the war, and made pilgrimages by day to all the places so dear to our hearts, and so changed; and again, when the night came, with me for a fellow-pilgrim. It was a sad disenchantment for us both).

My Mare d'Auteuil, where I spend so many hours, is the Mare d'Auteuil of Louis Philippe, unchangeable except for such slight changes as *will* occur, now and then, between the years 1839 and 1846: a broken bench mended, a new barrier put up by the high-road, a small wooden dike where the brink is giving way.

And the thicket beside and behind it is dark and dense for miles, with many tall trees, and a rich, tangled undergrowth.

There is a giant oak which it is difficult to find in that labyrinth (it now stands, for the world, alone in the open, an ornament to the Auteuil race-course). I have often climbed it as a boy, with Mimsey

and the rest; I cannot climb it now, but I love to lie on the grass in its shade, and dream in my dream there, shut in on all sides by fragrant, impenetrable verdure, with birds and bees and butterflies and dragon-flies and strange beetles and little field-mice with bright eyes, and lithe spotted snakes and lively brown squirrels and beautiful green lizards for my company. Now and then a gentle roebuck comes and feeds close by me without fear, and the mole throws up his little mound of earth and takes an airing.

It is a very charming solitude.

It amuses me to think by day, when broad awake in my sad English prison, and among my crazy peers, how this nightly umbrageous French solitude of mine, so many miles and years away, is now but a common, bare, wide, grassy plain, overlooked by a gaudy, beflagged grand stand. It is Sunday, let us say—and for all I know a great race may be going on—all Paris is there, rich and poor. Little red-legged soldiers, big blue-legged gendarmes, keep the course clear; the sun shines, the tricolor waves, the gay, familiar language makes the summer breeze musical. I dare say it is all very bright and animated, but the whole place rings with the vulgar din of the book-makers, and the air is full of dust and foul with the scent of rank tobacco, the reek of struggling French humanity; and the Eiffel Tower looks down upon it all from the sky over Paris (so, at least, I am told) like a skeleton at a feast.

Then twilight comes, and the crowds have departed; on foot, on horseback, on bicycles and tricycles, in every kind of vehicle; many by the "chemin de fer de ceinture," the Auteuil station of which is close by.... all is quiet and bare and dull.

Then down drops the silent night like a curtain, and beneath its friendly cover the strange transformation effects itself quickly, and all is made ready for *me*. The grand stand evaporates, the railway station melts into thin air; there is no more Eiffel Tower with its electric light! The sweet forest of fifty years ago rises suddenly out of the ground, and all the wild live things that once lived in it wake to their merry life again.

A quiet deep old pond in a French forest, hallowed by such memories! What

"GOOD-BY!"

can be more enchanting? Oh, soft and sweet nostalgia, so soon to be relieved!

Up springs the mellow sun, the light of other days, to its appointed place in the heavens—zenith, or east or west, according to order. A light wind blows from the south—everything is properly disinfected, and made warm and bright and comfortable—and lo! old Peter Ibbetson appears upon the scene, absolute monarch of all he surveys for the next eight hours—one whose right there are literally none to dispute.

I do not encourage noisy gatherings there as a rule, nor by the pond; I like to keep the sweet place pretty much to myself; there is no selfishness in this, for I am really depriving nobody. Whoever comes there, comes there nearly fifty years ago and doesn't know it; they must have all died long since.

Sometimes it is a "garde champêtre" in Louis Philippe's blue and silver, with his black pipe, his gaiters, his old flint gun, and his embroidered game-bag. He does well in the landscape.

Sometimes it is a pair of lovers, if they

are good-looking and well-behaved, or else the boys from Saindou's school to play fly the garter—"la raie."

Sometimes it is Monsieur le Curé, peacefully conning his "Hours," as with slow and thoughtful step he paces round and round. I can now read his calm, benevolent face by the light of half a century's experience of life, and have learned to love that still, black, meditative aspect which I found so antipathetic as a small boy—*he* is no burner alive of little heretics! This world is big enough for us both—and so is the world to come!

Sometimes even a couple of Prendergasts are admitted, or even three; they are not so bad, after all; they have the qualities of their faults, although you might not think it.

"I AM THERE EVERY NIGHT."

But very often the old beloved shades arrive with their fishing-nets, and their high spirits, and their ringing Anglo-French—Charlie, and Alfred, and Madge, and the rest, and the grinning, barking, gyrating Médor, who dives after stones.

Oh, how it does my heart good to see and hear them!

They make me feel like a grandfather. Even Monsieur le Major is younger than I—his mustache less white than mine. He comes only to my chin; but I look up to him still, and love and revere him as when I was a little child.

And Dr. Seraskier! I place myself between him and what he is looking at, so that he seems to be looking straight at me, but with a far-away look in his eyes, as is only natural. Presently something amuses him, and he smiles, and his eyes crinkle up as his daughter's used to do when she was a woman, and his majestic face becomes as that of an angel, like hers.

"L'ange du sourire!"

And my gay, light-hearted father, with his vivacity and rollicking laugh and eternal good humor! He is just like a boy to me now, le beau Pasquier! He has got a new sling of his own invention; he pulls it out of his pocket, and slings stones high over the tree-tops and far away out of sight—to the joy of himself and everybody else—and does not trouble much as to where they will fall.

My mother is young enough now to be my daughter; it is as a daughter, a sweet, kind, lovely daughter, that I love her now—a happily married daughter with a tall, handsome husband who yodles and slings stones, and who has presented me with a grandson—"beau comme le jour"—for whatever Peter Ibbetson may have been in his time, there is no gainsaying the singular comeliness of little Gogo Pasquier.

And Mimsey is just a child angel! Monsieur le Major is infallible.

"Elle a toutes les intelligences de la tête et du cœur! Vous verrez un jour quand ça ira mieux; vous verrez!"

That day has long come and gone; it is easy to see all that now—to have the eyes of Monsieur le Major.

Ah, poor little Mimsey, with her cropped head, and her pale face, and long, thin arms and legs, and grave, kind, luminous eyes, that have not yet learned to smile! What she is to *me!!!!*

And Madame Seraskier, in all the youthful bloom and splendor of her sacred beauty! A chosen lily among women—the mother of Mary!

She sits on the old bench by the willow, close to her daughter's gloves. Sometimes (a trivial detail!) she actually seems to sit *upon* them, to my momentary distress; but when she goes away, there they are still, not flattened a bit—the precious mould of those generous hands to which I owe everything here and hereafter.

. . . . . .

I have not been again to my old home. I dread the sight of the avenue. I cannot face "Parva sed Apta."

. . . . . .

But I have seen Mary again—seven times.

And every time she comes she brings a book with her, gilt-edged and bound in green morocco like the Byron we read when we were children, or in red morocco like the *Elegant Extracts* out of which we used to translate Gray's "Elegy," and the "Battle of Hohenlinden," and Cunningham's "Pastorals," into French.

Such is her fancy!

But inside these books are very different. They are printed in cipher, and in a language I can understand only in my dream. Nothing that I, or any one else, has ever read in any living book can approach, for interest and importance, what I read in these. There are seven of them.

I say to myself when I read them: it is perhaps well that I shall not remember this when I wake, after all!

For I might be indiscreet and injudicious, and either say too much or not enough; and the world might come to a standstill, all through me. For who would fardels bear, as Mary said! No! The world must be content to wait for the great guesser!

Thus my lips are sealed.

All I know is this: *that all will be well for us all, and of such a kind that all who do not sigh for the moon will be well content.*

. . . . . .

In such wise have I striven, with the best of my ability, to give some account of my two lives and Mary's. We have lived three lives between us—three lives in one!

It has been a happy task, however poorly performed, and all the conditions of its performance have been singularly happy also.

A cell in a criminal lunatic asylum! That does not sound like a bower in the Elysian Fields! It is, and has been for me.

Besides the sun that lights and warms my inner life, I have been treated with a kindness and sympathy and consideration by everybody here, from the governor downward, that fills me with unspeakable gratitude.

Most especially do I feel grateful to my good friends, the doctor, the chaplain, and

"THIS WORLD IS BIG ENOUGH FOR US BOTH."

the priest—best and kindest of men—each of whom has made up his mind about everything in heaven and earth and below, and each in a contrary sense to the two others!

There is but one thing they are neither of them quite cocksure about, and that is whether I am mad or sane.

And there is one thing—the only one on which they are agreed, namely, that, mad or sane, I am a great undiscovered genius!

My little sketches, plain or colored, fill them with admiration and ecstasy. Such boldness and facility of execution, such an overwhelming fertility in the choice of subjects, such singular realism in the conception and rendering of past scenes, historical and otherwise, such astounding knowledge of architecture, character, costume, and what not, such local color—it is all as if I had really been there to see!

I have the greatest difficulty in keeping my fame from spreading beyond the walls of the asylum. My modesty is as great as my talent!

No, I do not wish this great genius to be discovered just yet. It must all go to help and illustrate and adorn the work of a much greater genius, from which it has drawn every inspiration it ever had.

It is a splendid and delightful task I have before me: to unravel and translate and put in order these voluminous and hastily penned reminiscences of Mary's, all of them written in the cipher we invented together in our dream—a very transparent cipher when once you have got the key!

It will take five years at least, and I think that, without presumption, I can count on that, strong and active as I feel, and still so far from the age of the Psalmist.

First of all, I intend

. . . . . .

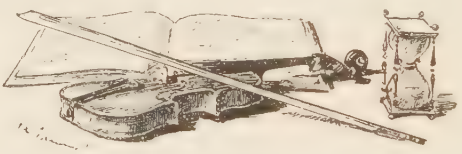
[*Editor's Note.*—Here ends my poor cousin's memoir. He was found dead from effusion of blood on the brain, with his pen still in his hand, and his head bowed down on his unfinished manuscript, on the margin of which he had just sketched a small boy wheeling a toy wheelbarrow full of stones from one open door to another. One door is labelled "Passé," the other "Avenir."

I arrived in England, after a long life spent abroad, at the time his death occurred, but too late to see him alive. I heard much about him and his latter days. All those whose duties brought them into contact with him seemed to have regarded him with a respect that bordered on veneration.

I had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing him in his coffin. I had not seen him since he was twelve years old.

As he lay in his still length and breadth, he appeared gigantic—the most magnificent human being I had ever beheld, and the splendor of his dead face will haunt my memory till I die.

MADGE PLUNKETT.]



THE END.

DAN DUNN'S OUTFIT.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

AT Revelstoke, three hundred and eighty miles from the Pacific Ocean, in British Columbia, a small white steamboat, built on the spot, and exposing a single great paddle-wheel at her stern, was waiting to make another of her still few trips through a wilderness that, but for her presence, would be as completely primitive as almost any in North America. Her route lay down the Columbia River a distance of about one hundred and thirty miles, to a point called Sproat's Landing, where some rapids interrupt navigation. The main load upon the steamer's deck was of steel rails for a railroad that was building into a new mining region in what is called the Kootenay District, just north of our Washington and Idaho. The sister range to the Rockies, called the Selkirks, was to be crossed by the new highway, which would then connect the valley of the Columbia with the Kootenay River. There was a temptation beyond the mere chance to join the first throng that pushed open a gateway and began the breaking of a trail in a brand-new country. There was to be witnessed the propulsion of civilization beyond old confines by steam-power, and this required railroad building in the Rockies, where that science finds its most formidable problems. And around and through all that was being done pressed a new population, made up of many of the elements that produced our old-time border life, and gave birth to some of the most picturesque and exciting chapters in American history.

It should be understood that British Columbia has been but partially explored, and that here in its very heart only the watercourses have been travelled, and there was neither a settlement nor a house along the Columbia in that great reach of

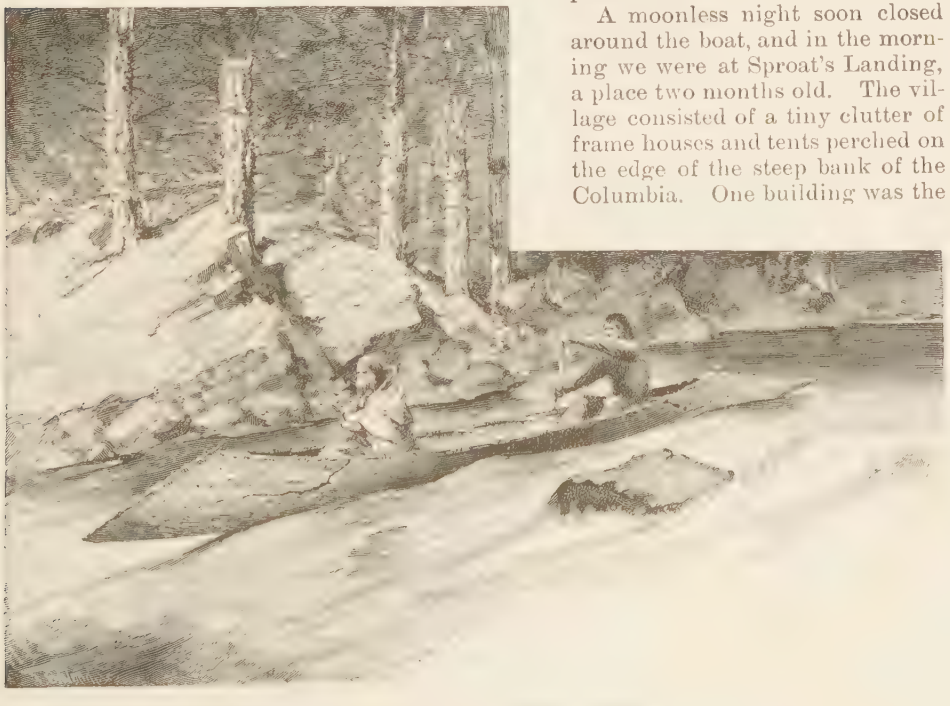
its valley between our border and the Canadian Pacific Railway except at the landing at which this boat stopped.

Over all the varying scene, as the boat ploughed along, hung a mighty silence; for almost the only life on the deep wooded sides of the mountains was that of stealthy game. At only two points were any human beings lodged, and these were wood-choppers who supplied the fuel for the steamer—a Chinaman in one place, and two or three white men farther on. In this part of its magnificent valley the Columbia broadens in two long loops, called the Arrow Lakes, each more than two miles wide and twenty to thirty miles in length. Their prodigious towering walls are densely wooded, and in places are snow-capped in midsummer. The forest growth is primeval, and its own luxuriance crowds it beyond the edge of the grand stream in the fretwork of fallen trunks and bushes, whose roots are bedded in the soft mass of centuries of forest débris.

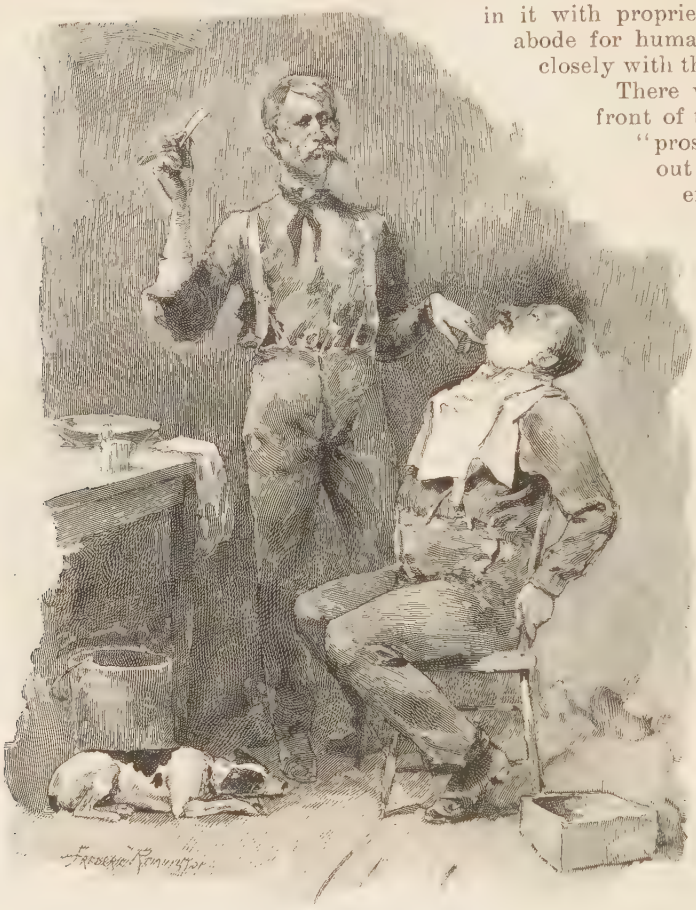
Early in the journey the clerk of the steamer told me that wild animals were frequently seen crossing the river ahead of the vessel; bear, he said, and deer and elk and porcupine. When I left him to go to my state-room and dress for the rough journey ahead of me, he came to my door, calling in excited tones for me to come out on the deck. "There's a big bear ahead!" he cried, and as he spoke I saw the black head of the animal cleaving the quiet water close to the nearer shore. Presently Bruin's feet touched the bottom, and he bounded into the bush and disappeared.

The scenery was superb all the day, but at sundown nature began to revel in a series of the most splendid and spectacular effects. For an hour a haze had clothed the more distant mountains as with a transparent veil, rendering the view dream-like and soft beyond description. But as the sun sank to the summit of the uplifted horizon, it began to lavish the most intense colors upon all the objects in view. The snowy peaks turned to gaudy prisms as of crystal, the wooded summits became empurpled, the nearer hills turned a deep green, and the tranquil lake assumed a bright pea-color. Above all else, the sky was gorgeous. Around its western edge it took on a rose-red blush that blended at the zenith with a deep blue, in which were floating little clouds of amber and of flame-lit pearl.

A moonless night soon closed around the boat, and in the morning we were at Sproat's Landing, a place two months old. The village consisted of a tiny clutter of frame houses and tents perched on the edge of the steep bank of the Columbia. One building was the



AN INDIAN CANOE ON THE COLUMBIA



"YOU'RE SETTING YOUR NERVES TO STAND IT."

office and storehouse of the projected railroad, two others were general trading stores, one was the hotel, and the other habitations were mainly tents.

I firmly believe there never was a hotel like the hostelry there. In a general way its design was an adaptation of the plan of a hen-coop. Possibly a box made of gridirons suggests more clearly the principle of its construction. It was two stories high, and contained about a baker's dozen of rooms, the main one being the bar-room, of course. After the framework had been finished, there was perhaps half enough "slab" lumber to sheathe the outside of the house, and this had been made to serve for exterior and interior walls, and the floors and ceilings besides. The consequence was that a flock of gigantic canaries might have been kept in it with propriety, but as a place of abode for human beings it compared closely with the Brooklyn Bridge.

There was a barber pole in front of the house, set up by a "prospector" who had run out of funds (and everything else except hope), and who, like all his kind, had stopped to "make a few dollars" wherewith to outfit again and continue his search for gold. He noted the local need of a barber, and instantly became one by purchasing a razor on credit, and painting a pole while waiting for custom. He was a jocular fellow—a born New-Yorker, by-the-way.

"Don't shave me close," said I.

"Close?" he repeated. "You'll be the luckiest victim I've slashed yet if I get off any of your beard at all. How's the razor?"

"All right."

"Oh no, it ain't," said he; "you're setting your nerves to stand it, so's not to be called a tenderfoot. I'm no barber. I expected to 'tend bar when I bumped up agin this place. If you could see the blood streaming down your face you'd faint."

In spite of his self-depreciation, he performed as artistic and painless an operation as I ever sat through.

In Sproat's Landing we saw the nucleus of a railroad terminal point. The queer hotel was but little more peculiar than many of the people who gathered on the single street on pay-day to spend their hard-earned money upon a great deal of illicit whiskey and a few rude necessaries from the limited stock on sale in the stores. There never had been any grave disorder there, yet the floating population was as motley a collection of the riffraff of the border as one could well imagine, and

there was only one policeman to enforce the law in a territory the size of Rhode Island. He was quite as remarkable in his way as any other development of that embryotic civilization. His name was Jack Kirkup, and all who knew him spoke of him as being physically the most superb example of manhood in the Dominion. Six feet and three inches in height, with the chest, neck, and limbs of a giant, his three hundred pounds of weight were so exactly his complement as to give him the symmetry of an Apollo. He was good-looking, with the beauty of a round-faced, good-natured boy, and his thick hair fell in a cluster of ringlets over his forehead and upon his neck. No knight of Arthur's circle can have been more picturesque a figure in the forest than this "Jack." He was as neat as a dandy. He wore high boots and corduroy knickerbockers, a flannel shirt and a sack-coat, and rode his big bay horse with the ease and grace of a Skobeleff. He smoked like a fire of green brush, but had never tasted liquor in his life. In a dozen years he had slept more frequently in the open air, upon pebble beds or in trenches in the snow, than upon ordinary bedding, and he exhibited, in his graceful movements, his sparkling eyes and ruddy cheeks, his massive frame and his imperturbable good nature, a degree of health and vigor that would seem insolent to the average New-Yorker. Now that the railroad was building, he kept ever on the trail, along what was called "the right of way"—going from camp to camp to "jump" whiskey peddlers and gamblers and to quell disorder—except on pay-day, once a month, when he staid at Sproat's Landing.

The echoes of his fearless behavior and lively adventures rang in every gathering. The general tenor of the stories was to the effect that he usually gave one warning to evil-doers, and if they did not heed that he "cleaned them out." He carried a revolver, but never had used it. Even when the most notorious gambler on our border had crossed over into "Jack's" bailiwick the policeman depended upon his fists. He had met the gambler and had "advised" him to take the cars next day. The gambler, in reply, had suggested that both would get along more quietly if each minded his own affairs, whereupon Kirkup had said, "You hear me: take the cars out of here to-morrow." The little community (it was Donald, B. C., a very rough place at the time) held its breathing for twenty-four hours, and at the approach of train-time was on tiptoe with strained anxiety. At twenty minutes before the hour the policeman, amiable and

JACK KIRKUP, THE MOUNTAIN SHERIFF.

easy-going as ever in appearance, began a tour of the houses. It was in a tavern that he found the gambler.

"You must take the train," said he.

"You can't make me," replied the gambler.

There were no more words. In two minutes the giant was carrying the limp body of the ruffian to a wagon, in which he drove him to the jail. There he washed the blood off the gambler's face and tidied his collar and scarf. From there the couple walked to the cars, where they parted amicably.

"I had to be a little rough," said Kirkup to the loungers at the station, "because he was armed like a pin-cushion, and I didn't want to have to kill him."

We made the journey from Sproat's Landing to the Kootenay River upon a sorry quartet of pack-horses that were at other times employed to carry provisions and material to the construction camps. They were of the kind of horses known all over the West as "coyooses," because of a humorous fancy begotten of their wildness, and suggesting that they are only part horses and part coyotes. But all the wildness and the characteristic "bucking" had long since been "packed" out of these poor creatures, and they needed the whip frequently to urge them upon a slow progress. Kirkup was going his rounds, and accompanied us on our journey of less than twenty miles to the Kootenay River. On the way one saw every stage in the construction of a railway. The process of development was reversed as we travelled, because the work had been pushed well along where we started, and was but at its commencement where we ended our trip. At the Landing, half a mile or more of the railroad had been completed, even to the addition of a locomotive and two gondola cars. Beyond the little strip of rails was a long reach of graded road-bed, and so the progress of the work dwindled, until at last there was little more than the trail-cutters' path to mark what had been determined as the "right of way."

For the sake of clearness, I will first explain the steps that are taken at the outset in building a railroad, rather than tell what parts of the undertaking we came upon in passing over the various "contracts" that were being worked in what appeared a confusing and hap-hazard disorder. I have mentioned that one of the houses at the landing was the railroad company's storehouse, and that near by were the tents of the surveyors or civil engineers. The road was to be a branch of the Canadian Pacific system, and these engineers were the first men sent into the country, with instructions to survey a line to the new mining region, into which men were pouring from the older parts of Canada and from our country. It was understood by them that they were to hit upon the most direct and at the same time the least expensive route for the railroad to take. They went to the scene of their labors by canoes, and carried tents, blankets, instruments, and what they called their "grub stakes," which is to say, their food. Then they travelled over the ground between their two terminal points, and back by another route, and back again by still another route, and so back and forth perhaps four and possibly six times. In that way alone were they enabled to select the line which offered the shortest length and the least obstacles in number and degree for the workmen who were to come after them.

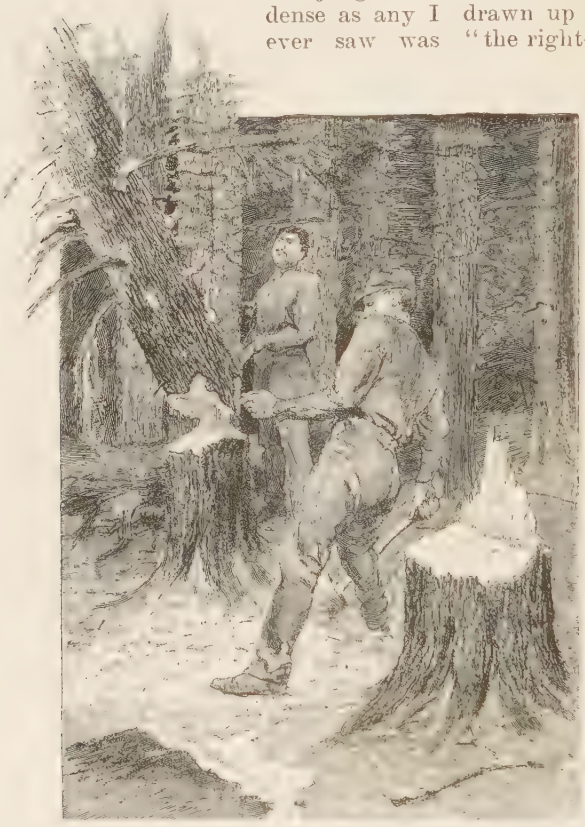
At Sproat's Landing I met an engineer, Mr. B. C. Stewart, who is famous in his profession as the most tireless and intrepid exponent of its difficulties in the Dominion. The young men account it a misfortune to be detailed to go on one of his journeys with him. It is his custom to start out with a blanket, some bacon and meal, and a coffee-pot, and to be gone for weeks, and even for months. There scarcely can have been a hardier Scotchman, one of more simple tastes and requirements, or one possessing in any higher degree the quality called endurance. He has spent years in the mountains of British Columbia, finding and exploring the various passes, the most direct and feasible routes to and from them, the valleys between the ranges, and the characteristics of each section of the country. In a vast country that has not otherwise been one-third explored he has made himself familiar with the full southern half. He has not known what it was to enjoy a home, nor has he seen an apple growing upon a tree in many years. During his long and close-succeeding trips he has run the whole gamut of the adventures incident to the lives of hunters or explorers, suffering hunger, exposure, peril from wild beasts, and all the hair-breadth escapes from frost and storm and flood that

ENGINEER ON THE PRELIMINARY SURVEY.

Nature unvanquished visits upon those who first brave her depths. Such is the work and such are the men that figure in the foremost preliminaries to railroad building.

Whoever has left the beaten path of travel or gone beyond a well-settled region can form a more or less just estimate of that which one of these professional pioneers encounters in prospecting for a railroad. I had several "tastes," as the Irish express it, of that very Kootenay Valley. I can say conscientiously that I never was in a wilder region. In going only a few yards from the railroad "right of way" the difficulties of an experienced pedestrianism like my own instantly became tremendous. There was a particularly choice spot for fishing at a distance of three-quarters of a mile from

Dan Dunn's outfit, and I travelled the road to it half a dozen times. Bunyan would have strengthened the *Pilgrim's Progress* had he known of such conditions with which to surround his hero. Between rocks the size of a city mansion and unsteady bowlders no larger than a man's head the ground was all but covered. Among this wreckage trees grew in wild abundance, and countless trunks of dead ones lay rotting between them. A jungle as dense as any I ever saw was formed of soft-wood saplings and bushes, so that it was next to impossible to move a yard in any direction. It was out of the question for any one to see three yards ahead, and there was often no telling when a foot was put down whether it was going through a rotten trunk or upon a spinning bowlder, or whether the black shadows here and there were a foot deep or were the mouths of fissures that reached to China. I fished too long one night, and was obliged to make that journey after dark. After ten minutes crowded with falls and false steps, the task seemed so hopelessly impossible that I could easily have been induced to turn back and risk a night on the rocks at the edge of the tide.



FALLING MONARCHS.

It was after a thorough knowledge of the natural conditions which the railroad men were overcoming that the gradual steps of their progress became most interesting. The first men to follow the engineers, after the specifications have been drawn up and the contracts signed, are "the right-of-way men." These are partly trail-makers and partly laborers at the heavier work of actually clearing the wilderness for the roadbed. The trail-cutters are guided by the long line of stakes with which the engineers have marked the course the road is to take. The trail-men are sent out to cut what in general parlance would be called a path, over which supplies are to be thereafter carried to the workmen's camps. The path they cut must therefore be sufficiently wide for the passage along it of a mule and his load. As a mule's load will sometimes consist of the framework of a kitchen range, or the end boards of a bedstead, a five-foot swath through the forest is a trail of serviceable width. The trail-cutters fell the trees to right and left, and drag the fallen trunks out of the path as they go along, travelling and working between a mile and two miles each day, and moving their tents and provisions on pack-horses as they advance. They keep reasonably close to the projected line of the railway, but the path they cut is apt to be a winding one that avoids the larger rocks and the smaller ravines. Great distortions, such as hills or gullies, which the railroad must pass through or over, the trail men pay no heed to; neither do the pack-horses, whose tastes are not consulted, and who can cling to a rock at al-

most any angle, like flies of larger growth. This trail, when finished, leads from the company's storehouse all along the line, and from that storehouse, on the backs of the pack-animals, come all the food and tools and clothing, powder, dynamite, tents, and living utensils, to be used by the workmen, their bosses, and the engineers.

Slowly, behind the trail-cutters, follow the "right-of-way" men. These are axemen also. All that they do is to cut the trees down and drag them out of the way.

It is when the axemen have cleared the right of way that the first view of the railroad in embryo is obtainable. And very queer it looks. It is a wide avenue through the forest, to be sure, yet it is little like any forest drive that we are accustomed to in the realms of civilization.

Every succeeding stage of the work leads toward the production of an even and level thoroughfare, without protuberance or depression, and in the course of our ride to Dan Dunn's camp on the Kootenay we saw the rapidly developing railroad in each phase of its evolution from the rough surface of the wilderness. Now we would come upon a long reach of finished road-bed on comparatively level ground all ready for the rails, with carpenters at work in little gullies which they were spanning with timber trestles. Next we would see a battalion of men and dump carts cutting into a hill of dirt and carting its substance to a neighboring valley, wherein they were slowly heaping a long and symmetrical wall of earthwork, with sloping sides and level top, to bridge the gap between hill and hill. Again, we came upon places where men ran toward us shouting that a "blast" was to be fired. Here was what was called "rockwork," where some granite rib of a mountain or huge rocky knoll was being blown to flinders with dynamite.

And so, through all these scenes upon the pack trail, we came at last to a white camp of tents hidden in the lush greenery of a luxuriant forest, and nestling beside a rushing mountain torrent of green water flecked with the foam from an eternal battle with a myriad of sunken rocks. It was Dunn's headquarters—the construction camp. Evening was falling, and the men were clambering down the hillside trails from their work. There was no order in the disposition of the tents,

DAN DUNN ON HIS WORKS.

nor had the forest been prepared for them. Their white sides rose here and there wherever there was a space between the trees, as if so many great white moths had settled in a garden. Huge trees had been felled and thrown across ravines to serve as aerial foot-paths from point to point, and at the river's edge two or three tents seemed to have been pushed over the steep bluff to find lodgement on the sandy beach beside the turbulent stream.

There were other camps on the line of this work, and it is worth while to add a word about their management and the system under which they were maintained. In the first place, each camp is apt to be the outfit of a contractor. The whole work of building a railroad is let out in contracts for portions of five, ten, or fifteen miles. Even when great jobs

of 70 or 100 miles are contracted for in one piece, it is customary for the contractor to divide his task and sublet it. But a fairly representative bit of mountain work is that which I found Dan Dunn superintending, as the factotum of the contractor who undertook it.

If a contractor acts as "boss" himself, he stays upon the ground; but in this case the contractor had other undertakings in hand. Hence the presence of Dan Dunn, his walking boss or general foreman. Dunn is a man of means, and is himself a contractor by profession, who has worked his way up from a start as a laborer.

The camp to which we came was a portable city, complete except for its lack of women. It had its artisans, its professional men, its store and workshops, its seat of government and officers, and its policeman, its amusement hall, its work-a-day and social sides. Its main peculiarity was that its boss (for it was like an American city in the possession of that functionary also) had announced that he was going to move it a couple of miles away on the following Sunday. One tent was the stableman's, with a capacious "corral" fenced in near by for the keeping of the pack-horses and mules. His corps of assistants was a large one; for, besides the pack-horses that connected the camp with the outer world, he had the keeping of all the "grade-horses," so called—those which draw the stone and dirt carts and the little dump cars on the false tracks set up on the levels near where "filling" or "cutting" is to be done. Another tent was the blacksmith's. He had a "helper," and was a busy man, charged with all the tool-sharpening, the care of all the horses' feet, and the repairing of all the ironwork of the wagons, cars, and dirt-scrapers. Near by was the harness-man's tent, the shop of the leather-mender. In the centre of the camp, like a low citadel, rose a mound of logs and earth bearing on a sign the single word "Powder," but containing within its great sunken chamber a considerable store of various explosives—giant, black, and Judson powder and dynamite.

More tremendous force is used in railroad blasting than most persons imagine. In order to perform a quick job of removing a section of solid mountain, the drillmen, after making a bore, say, twenty feet in depth, begin what they call "springing" it by exploding little cartridges in the bottom of the drill hole until they have produced a considerable chamber there. The average amount of explosive for which they thus prepare a place is forty or fifty kegs of giant powder and ten kegs of black powder; but Dunn told me he had seen 280 kegs of black powder and 500 pounds of dynamite used in a single blast in mountain work.

Another tent was that of the time-keeper. He journeyed twice a day all over the work, five miles up and five down. On one journey he noted what men were at labor in the forenoon, and on his return he tallied those who were entitled to pay for the second half of the day. Such an official knows the name of every laborer, and, moreover, he knows the pecuniary rating of each man, so that when the workmen stop him to order shoes or trousers, blankets, shirts, tobacco, penknives, or what not, he decides upon his own responsibility whether they have sufficient money coming to them to meet the accommodation.

The "store" was simply another tent. In it was kept a fair supply of the articles in constant demand—a supply brought from the headquarters store at the other end of the trail, and constantly replenished by the pack-horses. This trading-place was in charge of a man called "the book-keeper," and he had two or three clerks to assist him. The stock was precisely like that of a cross-roads country store in one of our older States. Its goods included simple medicines, boots, shoes, clothing, cutlery, tobacco, cigars, pipes, hats and caps, blankets, thread and needles, and several hundred others among the ten thousand necessaries of a modern laborer's life. The only legal tender received there took the shape of orders written by the time-keeper, for the man in charge of the store was not required to know the ratings of the men upon the pay-roll.

The doctor's tent was among the rest, but his office might aptly have been said to be "in the saddle." He was nominally employed by the company, but each man was "docked," or charged, seventy-five cents a month for medical services whether he ever needed a doctor or not. When I was in the camp there was only one sick man—a rheumatic. He had a tent all to himself, and his meals were regularly carried to him. Though he was a stranger to every man there, and had worked only one day before he sur-

THE SUPPLY TRAIN OVER THE MOUNTAIN.

A SKETCH ON THE WORK.

rendered to sickness, a purse of about forty dollars had been raised for him among the men, and he was to be "packed" to Sproat's Landing on a mule at the company's expense whenever the doctor decreed it wise to move him. Of course invalidism of a more serious nature is not infrequent where men work in the paths of sliding rocks, beneath caving earth, amid falling forest trees, around giant blasts, and with heavy tools.

Another one of the tents was that of the "boss packer." He superintended the transportation of supplies on the pack-trail. This "job of 200 men," as Dunn styled his camp, employed thirty pack horses and mules. The pack trains consisted of a "bell-horse" and boy, and six horses following. Each animal was rated to carry a burden of 400 pounds of dead weight, and to require three quarts of meal three times a day.

Another official habitation was the "store-man's" tent. As a rule, there is a store-man to every ten miles of construction work; often every camp has one. The store-man keeps account of the distribution of the supplies of food. He issues requisitions upon the head storehouse of the company, and makes out orders for each day's rations from the camp store. The cooks are therefore under him, and this fact suggests a mention of the principal building in the camp—the mess hall, or "grub tent."

This structure was of a size to accommodate two hundred men at once. Two tables ran the length of the unbroken interior—tables made roughly of the slabs or outside boards from a saw-mill. The benches were huge tree trunks spiked fast upon stumps. There was a bench on either side of each table, and the places for the men were each set with a tin cup and a tin pie plate. The bread was heaped high on wooden platters, and all the condiments—catsup, vinegar, mustard, pepper, and salt—were in cans that had once held condensed milk. The cooks worked in an open-ended extension at the rear of the great room. The rule is to have one cook and two "cookees" to each sixty men.

While I was a new arrival just undergoing introduction, the men, who had come in from work, and who had "washed up" in the little creeks and at the river bank, began to assemble in the "grub tent" for supper. They were especially interesting to me because there was every reason to believe that they formed an assembly as typical of the human flotsam of the border as ever was gathered on the continent. Very few were what might be called born laborers; on the contrary, they were mainly men of higher origin who had failed in older civilizations; outlaws from the States; men who had hoped for a gold mine until hope was all but dead; men in the first flush of the

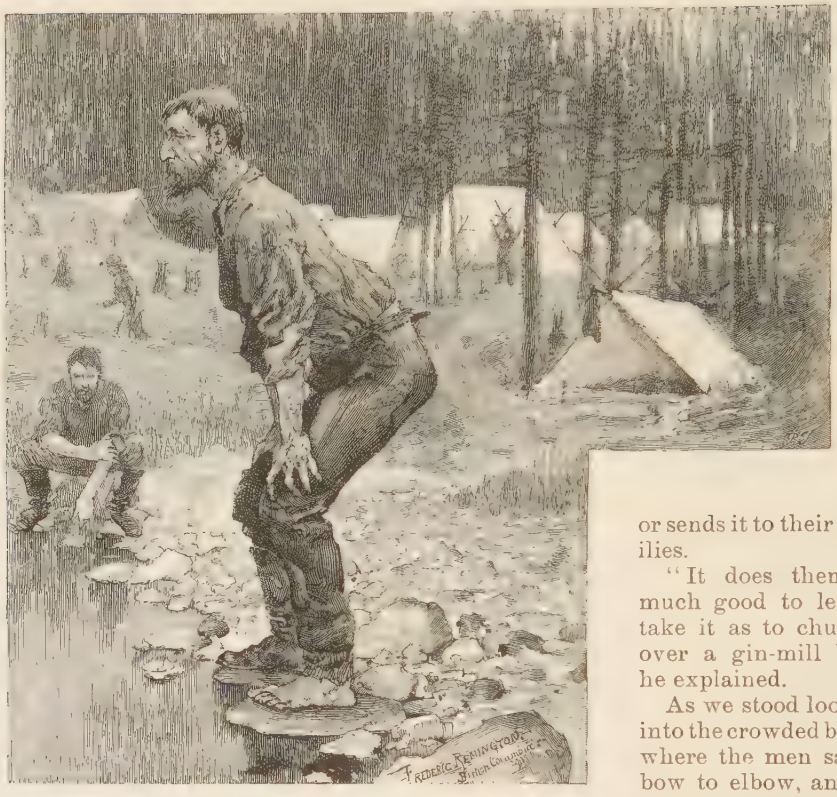
gold fever; ne'er-do-wells; and here and there a working-man by training. They ate as a good many other sorts of men do, with great rapidity, little etiquette, and just enough unselfishness to pass each other the bread. It was noticeable that they seemed to have no time for talking. Certainly they had earned the right to be hungry, and the food was good and plentiful.

Dan Dunn's tent was just in front of the mess tent, a few feet away on the edge of the river bluff. It was a little "A" tent, with a single cot on one side, a wooden chest on the other, and a small table between the two at the farther end, opposite the door.

"Are ye looking at my wolverenes?" said he. "There's good men among them, and some that ain't so good, and many that's worse. But railroading is good enough for most of 'em. It ain't too rich for any man's blood, I assure ye."

Over six feet in height, broad-chested, athletic, and carrying not an ounce of flesh that could be spared, Dan Dunn's was a striking figure even where physical strength was the most serviceable possession of every man. From never having given his personal appearance a thought —except during a brief period of courtship antecedent to the establishment of a home in old Ontario—he had so accustomed himself to unrestraint that his habitual attitude was that of a long-bladed jack-knife not fully opened. His long spare arms swung limberly before a long spare body set upon long spare legs. His costume was one that is never described in the advertisements of city clothiers. It consisted of a dust-coated slouch felt hat, which a dealer once sold for black, of a flannel shirt, of homespun trousers, of socks, and of heavy "brogans." In all, his dress was what the æsthetes of Mr. Wilde's day might have aptly termed a symphony in dust. His shoes and hat had acquired a mud-color, and his shirt and trousers were chosen because they originally possessed it. Yet Dan Dunn was distinctly a cleanly man, fond of frequent splashing in the camp toilet basins—the Kootenay River and its little rushing tributaries. He was not shaven. As a rule he is not, and yet at times he is, as it happens. I learned that on Sundays, when there was nothing to do except to go fishing, or to walk over to the engineer's camp for intellectual society, he felt the unconscious impulse of a forgotten training, and put on a coat. He even tied a black silk ribbon under his collar on such occasions, and if no one had given him a good cigar during the week, he took out his best pipe (which had been locked up, because whatever was not under lock and key was certain to be stolen in half

THE MESS TENT AT NIGHT.



"THEY GAINED ERECTNESS BY SLOW JOLTS."

an hour). Then he felt fitted, as he would say, "for a hard day's work at loafing."

If you came upon Dan Dunn on Broadway, he would look as awkward as any other animal removed from its element; yet on a forest trail not even Davy Crockett was handsomer or more picturesque. His face is reddish-brown and as hard-skinned as the top of a drum, befitting a man who has lived out-of-doors all his life. But it is a finely moulded face, instinct with good nature and some gentleness. The witchery of quick Irish humor lurks often in his eyes, but can quickly give place on occasion to a firm light, which is best read in connection with the broad, strong sweep of his massive underjaw. There you see his fitness to command small armies, even of what he calls "wolverenes." He is willing to thrash any man who seems to need the operation, and yet he is equally noted for gathering a squad of rough laborers in every camp to make them his wards. He collects the money such men earn, and puts it in bank or sends it to their families.

"It does them as much good to let me take it as to chuck it over a gin-mill bar," he explained.

As we stood looking into the crowded booth, where the men sat elbow to elbow, and all the knife blades were plying to and from all the plates and mouths, Dunn explained that his men were well fed.

"The time has gone by," said he, "when you could keep an outfit on salt pork and bacon. It's as far gone as them days when they say the Hudson Bay Company fed its laborers on rabbit tracks and a stick. Did ye never hear of that? Why, sure, man, 'twas only fifty years ago that when meal hours came the bosses of the big trading company would give a workman a stick, and point out some rabbit tracks, and tell him he'd have an hour to catch his fill. But in railroading nowadays we give them the best that's going, and all they want of it—beef, ham, bacon, potatoes, mush, beans, oatmeal, the choicest fish, and game right out of the woods, and every sort of vegetable (canned, of course). Oh, they must be fed well, or they wouldn't stay."

He said that the supplies of food are calculated on the basis of three and a half pounds of provisions to a man—all the varieties of food being proportioned so

that the total weight will be three and a half pounds a day. The orders are given frequently and for small amounts, so as to economize in the number of horses required on the pack trail. The amount to be consumed by the horses is, of course, included in the loads. The cost of "packing" food over long distances is more considerable than would be supposed. It was estimated that at Dunn's camp the freighting cost forty dollars a ton, but I heard of places farther in the mountains where the cost was double that. Indeed, a discussion of the subject brought to light the fact that in remote mining camps the cost of "packing" brought lager-beer in bottles up to the price of champagne. At one camp on the Kootenay bacon was selling at the time I was in the valley at thirty cents a pound, and dried peaches fetched forty cents under competition.

As we looked on, the men were eating fresh beef and vegetables, with tea and coffee and pie. The head cook was a man trained in a lumber camp, and therefore ranked high in the scale of his profession. Every sort of cook drifts into camps like these, and that camp considers itself the most fortunate which happens to eat under the ministrations of a man who has cooked on a steamboat; but a cook from a lumber camp is rated almost as proudly.

"Ye would not think it," said Dunn, "but some of them men has been bank clerks, and there's doctors and teachers among 'em—everything, in fact, except preachers. I never knew a preacher to get into a railroad gang. The men are always changing—coming and going. We don't have to advertise for new hands. The woods is full of men out of a job, and out of everything—pockets, elbows, and all. They drift in like peddlers on a pay-day. They come here with no more clothing than will wad a gun. The most of them will get nothing after two months' work. You see, they're mortgaged with their fares against them (thirty to forty dollars for them which the railroad brings from the East), and then they have their meals to pay for, at five dollars a week they're here, and on top of that is all the clothing and shoes and blankets and tobacco and everything they need—all charged agin them. It's just as well for them, for the most of them are too rich if they're a dollar ahead. There's few of them can stand the luxury of thirty dollars. When they get a stake of them dimensions, the most of them will stay no longer after pay-day than John Brown staid in heaven. The most of them bang it all away for drink, and they are sure to come back again, but the 'prospectors' and chronic tramps only work to get clothes and a flirting acquaintance with food, as well as money enough to make an affidavit to, and they never come back again at all. Out of 8500 men we had in one big work in Canada, 1500 to 2000 knocked off every month. Ninety per cent. came back. They had just been away for an old-fashioned drunk."

It would be difficult to draw a parallel between these laborers and any class or condition of men in the East. They were of every nationality where news of gold mines, of free settlers' sections, or of quick fortunes in the New World had penetrated. I recognized Greeks, Finns, Hungarians, Danes, Scotch, English, Irish, and Italians among them. Not a man exhibited a coat, and all were tanned brown, and were as spare and slender as excessively hard work can make a man. There was not a superfluity or an ornament in sight as they walked past me; not a necktie, a finger-ring, nor a watch chain. There were some very intelligent faces and one or two fine ones in the band. Two typical old-fashioned prospectors especially attracted me. They were evidently of gentle birth, but time and exposure had bent, them and silvered their long, unkempt locks. Worse than all, it had planted in their faces a blended expression of sadness and hope fatigued that was painful to see. It is the brand that is on every old prospector's face. A very few of the men were young fellows of thirty, or even within the twenties. Their youth impelled them to break away from the table earlier than the others, and, seizing their rods, to start off for the fishing in the river.

But those who thought of active pleasure were few indeed. Theirs was killing work, the most severe kind, and performed under the broiling sun, that at high mountain altitudes sends the mercury above 100° on every summer's day, and makes itself felt as if the rarefied atmosphere was no atmosphere at all. After a long day at the drill or the pick or shovel in such a climate, it was only natural that the men should, with a common impulse, seek first the solace of their pipes, and then of the shake-downs in their tents.

I did not know until the next morning how severely their systems were strained; but it happened at sunrise on that day that I was at my ablutions on the edge of the river when Dan Dunn's gong turned the silent forest into a bedlam. It was called the seven-o'clock alarum, and was rung two hours earlier than that hour, so that the men might take two hours after dinner out of the heat of the day, "else the sun would kill them," Dunn said. This was apparently his device, and he kept up the transparent deception by having every clock and watch in the camp set two hours out of time.

With the sounding of the gong the men began to appear outside the little tents in which they slept in couples. They came stumbling down the bluff to wash in the river, and of all the pitiful sights I ever saw, they presented one of the worst; of all the straining and racking and exhaustion that ever hard labor gave to men, they exhibited the utmost. They were but half awakened, and they moved so painfully and stiffly that I imagined I could hear their bones creak. I have seen spavined work-horses turned out to die that moved precisely as these men did. It was shocking to see them hobble over the rough ground; it was pitiful to watch them as they attempted to straighten their stiffened bodies after they had been bent double over the water. They gained erectness by slow jolts, as if their joints were of iron that had rusted. Of course they soon regained whatever elasticity nature had left them, and were themselves for the day—an active, muscular force of men. But that early morning sight of them was not such a spectacle as a right-minded man enjoys seeing his fellows take part in.

LETTERS OF CHARLES DICKENS TO WILKIE COLLINS.

EDITED BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

Part III.

COLLINS was engaged upon *No Name* in 1862; and the Christmas story was *Somebody's Luggage*, to which, by reason of a severe illness, he was able to contribute nothing.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent,
Sunday, January Fourth, 1862.

MY DEAR WILKIE,—When I proposed Thursday for the office I forgot that a choice between Thursday and Friday was given to the Forsters for our going there. I am reminded of it this morning by their writing to fix Thursday. Therefore, will you say *Friday* for the office, and at half past 5 instead of 6? . . .

It is pretty clear to me that you must go in for a regular pitched battle with that rheumatic gout. Don't be satisfied with Frank Beard's patching you, now that you have leisure, but be set up afresh. I don't like that notion of the eight and forty hours. It's not a long enough time, and the treatment *in* the time must be too ferocious. Nature does not proceed in that way, and is not to be proceeded with in that way. With all respect for my Hon. friend M. R. C. S. [Member Royal College of Surgeons], I think it a demonstrable mistake, and I hope you will arrive at the same conclusion.

In the *A. Y. R.* [*All the Year Round*] matter I did not write myself, and I begged Wills to do so, because I regarded it as a simple act of conscientiousness, and wished it so to express itself. I am very sorry that we part company (though only in a literary sense), but I hope we shall work together again one day.

It has been blowing here to the most extraordinary extent. This morning is wonderfully bright and fine, but the weathercock points forever to the Sou' West.

Ever affec'ly, C. D.

Gad's Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent,
(Meaning Office),
Friday, Twenty-fourth January, 1862.

MY DEAR WILKIE,—I have read the story [*No Name*] as far as you have written it, with strong interest and great admiration. As Wills petitions to read it before it comes back to you, and as I know you don't want it at once, *he* will very shortly return it to Harley Street.

I find in the book every quality that made the success of the *Woman in White*, without the least sign of holding on to that success or being taken in tow by it. I have no doubt whatever of the public reception of what I have read. You may be quite certain of it. I could not be more so than I am.

You will excuse my saying, with a reference to what is to follow, something that may be already in your own mind. It seems to me

that great care is needed not to tell the story too severely. In exact proportion as you play around it here and there, and mitigate the severity of your own sticking to it, you will enhance and intensify the power with which Magdalen holds on to her purpose. For this reason I should have given Mr. Pendril some touches of comicality, and should have generally lighted up the house with some such capital touches of whimsicality and humour as those with which you have irradiated the private theatricals.

This is the only suggestion in the critical way that comes into my mind. By-the-bye—except one. Look again to the scene where Magdalen, in Mr. Pendril's presence and that of Frank's father (who is excellent), checks off the items of the position one by one. She strikes me as doing this in too business-like and clerkly a way.

Wills clamours for the name, and that is most difficult to find. Here are some, founded on more than one phase of the book:

(1) Below the Surface. (Used.)
(2) Under-Currents. (Used.)
(3) Through Thick and Thin.
(4) Straight On.
(5) Five Years' Work.
(6) The Twig and the Tree.
(7) The Blossom and the Fruit.
0 (8) Behind the Veil. 1.
(9) Secret Springs.
0 (10) In Account with Michael Vanstone.
(11) The Turning Point.
(12) Lower and Lower.
(13) Latent Forces.
(14) Which is Which?
(15) Working in the Dark.
(16) One Purpose.
(17) Pitfalls.
(18) Changed, or Developed?
(19) The Vanstone Family.
(20) Magdalen Vanstone.
(21) Playing out the Play.
0 (22) Nature's Own Daughter. 2.
0 (23) The Combe Raven Property. 4.
(24) Magdalen's Changes.
(25) Magdalen's Purpose.
(26) The Beginning and the End. 5.
(27) The Combe Raven Tragedy.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent,
Sunday, Twenty-seventh July, 1862.

My dear Wilkie,—I shall be at Dover at half past 3 (as nearly as I—the punctual one—can calculate) next Monday (Monday) afternoon. Supposing I were to take a fly and come over to you until Wednesday morning, when the Forsters are coming here, might that suit your Book—literally as well as figuratively?

When I say "next Monday," I am an Ass. I mean Monday the 4th of August.

Or could you do this?—Would you and yours come over in a fly from Broadstairs and dine with me at the Warden, and then we would all go back to Broadstairs together?

Answer to the office, so that I may find your note there on Wednesday morning when I wake up. I will then arrange accordingly. Of course, if you are busy, you will no more hesitate to say so to me than I should, if I were writing a book, hesitate to say so to you. . . .

Ever affectionately, C. D.

No. 26, Wellington Street, Strand,
London, W. C.,
Saturday, Twentieth September, 1862.

My dear Wilkie,—I have gone through the Second Volume [*No Name*] at a sitting, and I find it *wonderfully fine*. It goes on with an ever-rising power and force in it that fills me with admiration. It is as far before and beyond *The Woman in White* as *that* was beyond the wretched common level of fiction-writing. There are some touches in the Captain which no one but a born (and cultivated) writer could get near—could draw within hail of. And the originality of Mrs. Wragge, without compromise of her probability, involves a really great achievement. But they are all admirable; Mr. Noel Vanstone and the housekeeper, both in their way as meritorious as the rest; Magdalen wrought out with truth, energy, sentiment, and passion, of the very first water.

I cannot tell you with what a strange dash of pride as well as pleasure I read the great results of your hard work. Because, as you know, I was certain from the Basil days that you were the Writer who would come ahead of all the Field—being the only one who combined invention and power, both humourous and pathetic, with that invincible determination to work, and that profound conviction that nothing of worth is to be done without work, of which triflers and feigners have no conception.

I send the books back, by South Eastern Railway to-day.

There is one slight slip, occurring more than once, which you have not corrected. Magdalen "laid down," and I think some one else "laid down." It is clear that she must either lay herself down, or lie down. To lay is a verb active, and to lie down is a verb neuter, consequently she lay down, or laid herself down.

It would be a very great pleasure to me if I could get to you once again at Broadstairs, but I fear it is not at all likely. I forget how long you stay there. Will you tell me? We propose going to Paris on the 20th of October. I have half a mind to read in Paris when I *am* there; but this is as yet an unformed object in my thoughts.

You will not be able, I suppose, to do any little thing for the Xmas No.? I have done the introduction and conclusion, and will send them you by-and-bye, when the Printer shall have (Thos. Wills) "dealt with them." They are done in the character of a Waiter, and I

think are very droll. The leading idea admits of any kind of contribution, and does not require it to be in any way whatever accounted for. Besides having this advantage, it is a comic defiance of the difficulty of a Xmas No., with an unexpected end to it. The name (between ourselves) is "Somebody's Luggage." . . .

Ever, dear Wilkie,
Affectionately yours, C. D.

No. 26, Wellington Street, Strand,
London, W. C.,
Saturday, Fourth October, 1862.

MY DEAR WILKIE,—I write very hastily before going up to see the horrid Poole (who's ill), and then going home to Gad's. Enclosed are the first and last papers of the Xmas No. You will understand that the titles will be something like this:

SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE.

His Leaving it till Called for.
His Portmanteau.
His Desk.
His Boots.
His Collar-Box.
His Brown Paper Parcels.
His Dressing-Case.
His Umbrella.
His Wonderful End.

I am doing a little French story for it, which reproduces (I think, to the life) the ways and means of a dull fortified French town, full of French soldiers. . . .

Ever affec'ly, C. D.

No. 26, Wellington Street, Strand,
London, W. C.,
Wednesday, Eighth October, 1862.

MY DEAR WILKIE,—I am really quite concerned that you should have bothered your sufficiently occupied mind about the Xmas No. Of course it seems very strange and bare to me not to have you in it; but I never seriously contemplated the reasonable likelihood of your being able to do anything for it.

It is a great pleasure to me that you like the notion (and execution) so well. The difficulty of carrying out your suggestion is this: it would destroy a good deal of the effect of the end — *His Wonderful End* — and does not at present seem to me quite reconcilable with it as a piece of execution. But I will turn it over again.

I have done a little story for *His Boots*, very slight in itself, but into which I have tried to infuse (fancifully) every conceivable feature of an old fortified French town. It is very like, I think. When I have the proof I will send it you to read at any odd times. I think I shall now go at some short odd comic notion, to supply your place. I am bent upon making a good No. to go with *No Name*. . . .

Macready was with us from last Saturday to Monday. Very little altered indeed—and with not the end of one single sentence within 450 miles of him.

Of course I will report myself in Paris before we have been there many days (we start on Sunday week), and give you my address as soon as I have such a thing to my back. I am not going to have any establishment there, but intend the dinner to be brought in on a man's shoulders (you know the tray) from a Restaurant.

I saw Poole (for my sins) last Saturday, and he *was* a sight. He had got out of bed to receive me (at 3 P.M.) and tried to look as if he had been up at Dawn—with a dirty and obviously warm impression of himself on the bedclothes. It was a tent bedstead with four wholly unaccounted for and bare poles, each with an immense spike on the top, like four Lightning conductors. He had a fortnight's grey beard, and had made a lot of the most extraordinary memoranda of questions to ask me—which he couldn't read—through an eyeglass which he couldn't hold. He was continually beset with a notion that his landlady was listening outside the door, and was continually getting up from a kind of ironing-board at which he sat, with the intention of darting at the door, but invariably missed his aim, and brought himself up by the forehead against blind corners of the wall. He had a dressing-gown over his night-shirt, and wore his trousers where Blondin wears his Baskets. He said, with the greatest indignation, I might suppose what sort of "society" he could get out of his landlady, when he mentioned that she could say nothing, on being consulted by him touching the Poison-case at the old Bailey, but "People didn't ought to poison people, sir; it's wrong."

Ever affec'ly, C. D.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent,
Tuesday, Fourteenth October, 1862.

MY DEAR WILKIE,—I have read those proofs carefully [*No Name*]. They are very strong indeed.

I am not sure that I quite understand within what limitations you want my opinion of them. The only points that strike me as at all questionable are all details. But not to pass them over, here they are.

I find Mrs. Lecount's proceeding with the new will rather violently sudden, followed, as it is so immediately, by the death. Also, I do not quite like her referring to those drafts she has brought with her. It would be so very suspicious in the eyes of a suspicious man.

I forget whether you want that Laudanum bottle again. If not, I think Mrs. Lecount should break it before Noel Vanstone's eyes. Otherwise, while he is impressed with the danger he supposes himself to have escaped, he repeats it, on a smaller scale, by giving Mrs. Lecount an inducement to kill him, and leaving the means at hand.

I believe it would be *necessary* for a Testator signing his will to inform the witnesses of the fact of its being his will — though of its contents, of course, they would be ignorant. The legal form of attestation in use is: Signed, sealed, and delivered by so and so, the written-named Testator, *as and for his last will and testament*, in the presence of us, etc.

If the story were mine, I should decidedly not put into it the anticipation contained in the last line or two of Norah's postscript. But that is a moot point in art.

Throughout the whole of the thirty-sixth weekly part is there wanting some sense on the part of Noel Vanstone that he may not be legally married at all? This seems to me the most important question.

I do not quite follow the discussion between Noel and Lecount about the eight months' interval, and the puzzling of Magdalen by taking that number. Why? Mrs. Lecount says, "People easily guess a year; people easily guess six months." Suppose she did guess six months, she would only have to bestir herself so much the more. And it is clear that a plotter, bent upon losing no chance, would take the shortest likely time and not the longest. Then what is gained by eight?

Among the many excellent things in the proof, I noticed, as particularly admirable, the manner in which the amount of Mrs. Lecount's legacy is got at, and the bearing and discourse of the Scotch fly-driver.

I break off hastily to get this into the box before it is cleared at the gate here. From Paris I will write again. My address there until further notice Hotel Meurice.

Ever affec'ly C. D.

A second letter from Dickens to Collins written later on the same day, October 14th, and already published by Miss Hogarth and Miss Dickens in their Collection, is given here in part, as showing the thoughtful kindness and sympathy of the writer, and his willingness to give his own time and labor, so valuable to him then as a working man of letters, to help a friend in distress.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent,
Tuesday Night, October 14th, 1862.

My dear Wilkie,—Frank Beard has been here this evening, of course since I posted my this day's letter to you, and has told me that you are not at all well, and how he has given you something which he hopes and believes will bring you round. It is not to convey this insignificant piece of intelligence, or to tell you how anxious I am that you should come up with a wet sheet and a flowing sail (as we say at sea when we are not sick), that I write. It is simply to say what follows, which I hope may save you some mental uneasiness — for I was stricken ill when I was doing *Bleak House*, and I shall not easily forget what I suffered under the fear of not being able to come up to time. Dismiss that fear (if you have it) altogether from your mind. Write to me at Paris at any moment, and say you are unequal to your work, and want me, and I will come to London straight, and do your work. I am quite confident that, with your notes, and a few words of explanation, I could take it up at any time and do it. Absurdly unnecessary to say that it would be a makeshift! But I could do it, at a pinch, so like you as that no one should find out the difference. Don't make much of this offer in your mind; it is nothing except to ease it. If you should want help, I am as safe as the bank. The trouble will be nothing to me, and the triumph of overcoming a difficulty great. Think it a Christmas Number, an Idle Apprentice, a Lighthouse, a Frozen Deep. I am as ready as in any of these cases to strike in and hammer the iron out.

You won't want me. You will be well (and thankless) in no time. But there I am; and I hope that the knowledge may be a comfort to you. Call me, and I come.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent,
New Year's Day, 1863.

My dear Wilkie,—Many thanks for the book [*No Name*], the arrival of which has created an immense sensation in this palatial abode. I am delighted (but not surprised) to hear of its wonderful sale; all that I thought and said of it when you finished the second volume, I think and repeat of it now you have finished the third.

On Thursday in next week I shall certainly be at the office; and I shall sleep there on that night, and on the Friday, and on the Saturday. On the Sunday I vanish into space for a day or two; but I must be in Paris about Thursday the 15th, because on Saturday the 17th I am going to read Copperfield gratuitously at the Embassy.

Will you dine at the office on Thursday in next week, at 6?

Let me strongly advise you to "go in" now for getting thoroughly set up and made well. Don't do it by halves, but go through with it and see it out. Are there no baths that would drive the rheumatic Devil out of that game leg? Who knows but that towards the end of February I might be open to any foreign proposal whatsoever? Distance no object, climate of no importance, change the advertiser's motive.

All the good wishes of the day and year, from
Yours ever affec'ly, C. D.

Paris, Hotel du Helder,
Thursday, January Twenty-ninth, 1863.

My dear Wilkie,—I came back here yesterday, and was truly concerned to read your poor account of yourself. . . .

According to my present knowledge, I shall

be here until next Wednesday morning. I may be here a day later, but cannot positively say at this moment. Of course, if you come over before I go, you will let me know immediately. If you could not get such a look-out as you want at the Louvre, I think you would be sure to get it at the Grand Hotel—the new monster, belonging (I think) to the same company. Its situation on the Boulevard, just at the head of the Rue de la Paix, I should prefer for an Invalid. Nothing can be more cheerful.

You will be interested in knowing that Paris is immeasurably more wicked than ever. The time of the Regency seems restored, and "Long live the Devil" seems the social motto.

I read to-night and to-morrow — horribly against the grain as the grain is at present; but I suppose it will be kinder towards night. I went down to my room to rehearse this morning (a thing I never did in my life before, but I have not read Dombey these twelve months), and I feel as if I could not muster spirits and composure enough to get through the child's death.

John has *no* British prejudices—a very remarkable phenomenon in a man in his station in life, unacquainted with the language, and left here for a week to subsist wholly on Pantomime. Ever affectionately, C. D.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent,
Sunday, Twenty-eighth June, 1863.

My dear Wilkie,—Welcome home! I heartily desire to see you, and hope you will soon be well enough (if you are not already) to come down here for those quiet days you wrote of from Germany.

I want to hear everything about you—whether you are as strong as you ought to be; whether the Baths bore out the Doctor; whether you are going again to Caplin [proprietor of an establishment devoted to medical baths] (whom I discover to be my dearest friend and brother); whether you set up your own Perambulator in that queer place yonder—if so, whether you doubled it up too—and all sorts of things.

Here am I with a swelling on the back of my head, and an itching—not palm, but neck. I cannot think the swelling was meant for me, and conceive that it *must* be a mistake. Macready was to have been here to-day, but is stopped at Cheltenham by (I can't write it) erysipelas. I am rather anxious about him, though his good wife writes very cheerfully.

We shall be at the office on Friday. Are you well enough to dine there at 5, and go afterwards to the German Reed's? I am told that [John] Parry is doing the most amusing thing of its kind that ever was done. If you could come, I would write to Priscilla [Mrs. Reed] for stalls. Give me a word in answer by return here.

Ever affectionately, C. D.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent,
Sunday, Ninth August, 1863.

My dear Wilkie,—Although your account of yourself is not so brilliant as I had hoped you might be able to render by this time, I rejoice to hear from you to any effect. I had divined that you had discovered a yacht and gone on a cruise, and did not wonder at your going as soon as you could. Your plan for the winter is the best you could make, I think. I hope nothing will prevent your coming here, as you propose, for a little while before you depart.

It is extremely hot here—so very hot to-day that I retired to my bedroom (from which I write) after lunch, and reduced myself to my shirt and drawers. In that elegant costume I achieve the present feat of penmanship. The De la Rues, of Genoa, are coming to England; I expect them here for three days this next week. . . .

I am always thinking of writing a long book, and am never beginning to do it. I have not been anywhere for ever and ever so long, but am thinking of evaporating for a fortnight on the 18th. . . .

All send love. Ever, my dear Wilkie,
Affec'ly yours, C. D.

No. 26, Wellington Street, Strand,
London, W. C.,
Thursday, Twenty-fourth September, 1863.

My dear Wilkie,—I hope the abominable gout, having shewn itself in time, will not detain you in this climate long. It is beyond all doubt in my mind that the best thing you can do is to get off.

The Girders* were both got up by 8 o'clock at night. It was ticklish work—nine men gasping, snuffling, heaving, snorting, balancing themselves on bricks, and tumbling over each other. But it really was well done, and with great cheerfulness and spirit, to which three gallons of beer, judiciously thrown in, imparted a festive air.

Nothing has fallen down or blown up since. Yawning chasms abound, and dust obscures all objects; but we hope to weather it.

I shall be anxious to hear how the gout gets on. Ever affec'ly, C. D.

P. S.—Two little men, who did nothing, made a show of doing it all, and drank one gallon of the beer.

Collins spent the winter of 1863–4 in Italy, and, as already published in *The Letters*, Dickens wrote to him on January 24th from Gad's Hill, as follows:

"The Christmas Number [*Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings*] has been the greatest success of all;

[* Iron girders at Gad's Hill, which were necessitated by adding another room to the drawing-room of the house.]

has shot ahead of last year; has sold about two hundred and twenty thousand; and has made the name of Mrs. Lirriper so swiftly and domestically famous as never was. I had a very strong belief in her when I wrote about her, finding that she made a great effect upon me; but she certainly has gone beyond my hope. (Probably you know nothing about her? which is a very unpleasant consideration.) Of the new book [*Our Mutual Friend*] I have done the first two numbers, and am now beginning the third. It is a combination of drollery with romance which requires a great deal of pains and a perfect throwing away of points that might be amplified; but I hope it is *very good*. . . . You will have read about poor Thackeray's death—sudden, and yet not sudden, for he had long been alarmingly ill. At the solicitation of Mr. Smith and some of his friends, I have done what I would most gladly have excused myself from doing—if I felt I could—written a couple of pages about him in what was his own magazine."

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent,
Wednesday, Tenth January, 1866.

My dear Wilkie,—Proofs, Proofs, Proofs! where are the *Armadale* proofs I was to have? O where, and O where!—&c.

If, in the remote dark coming ages, when you shall have done this book, you would care to come back to the old quarters—not for such another labor thereawhile, but for Idle Apprentices and such like Wanderings with the Inimitable Undersigned—always remember that Wills with carte blanche, and I with open arms, await you.

Ever affect'ly, C. D.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent,
Tuesday, Ninth July, 1866.

My dear Wilkie,—I have gone through the play [a dramatization of *Armadale*] very carefully. The plot is extraordinarily got together; its compactness is quite amazing; and the dialogue is very excellent in all the rare essentials of being terse, witty, characteristic, and dramatic.

But insuperable and ineradicable from the whole piece is—*Danger*. Almost every situation in it is dangerous. I do not think any English audience would accept the Scene in which Miss Gwilt in that Widow's dress renounces Midwinter. And if you got so far, you would never get through the last act in the Sanatorium. You could only carry those situations on a real hard wooden stage, and wrought out (very indifferently) by real live people face to face with other real live people judging them—you could only carry those situations *by the help of interest in some innocent person whom they placed in peril, and that person a young woman*. There is no one to be interested in here. Let who will play Midwinter, the saving interest cannot be got out of him. There is no relief from the wickedness of the rest; and in exact proportion to the skilful heaping up of it the danger accumulates.

I know as well as you do that this is merely one man's opinion. But I so strongly entertain the opinion that the odds are heavily against an audience's seeing the play out that I should not be your friend if I blinked it. I see the piece before me on the stage. Then I change my point of view, and act Midwinter, and act Miss Gwilt. A perfect terror of the difficult and dangerous ground oppresses me in both positions, and I feel my inability to carry the situations myself as strongly as I feel the inability of any professed actor or actress alive to carry them for me.

In reference to your two questions, I have no doubt whatever as to the first—that the substitution of the Manuscript for the marked printed pages is a decided improvement. As to the second, I think that any advantage to be gained from acting those events instead of narrating them would be more than counterbalanced by lengthening the play. They don't take long to tell, as they stand, and seem quite clear. Again, I think they would be much more difficult to act than to narrate. . . .

I will send the play-book to you to-morrow by the hands of one of the office people. Next week I purpose being at the office on Saturday at 1. At ten minutes past 2 on the said Saturday in next week I purpose coming down here. Can you come with me?

Ever affectionately, C. D.

No. 26, Wellington Street, Strand,
London, W. C.,
Thursday, Fourth October, 1866

My dear Wilkie,—None of the scenery was painted over, but it was cut down into small panels for the decoration of the Theatre Rooms in Tavistock House. Those canvases still exist in Chapman and Hall's warehouse, where they are carefully preserved. But they are so separated from their contexts (so to speak), and are, for stage purposes, so unintelligible—being small bits of complicated sets that I think they would put the Olympic painter into chains instead of helping him. Moreover, it would be hardly fair to the dear old boy who painted them to reproduce them for such a purpose, at such a disadvantage.

If your memory fails you anywhere as to the position of any practicable parts of the Scenery on which "Business" depends, I have no doubt I can jog it.

Retain your last faith. Trust my stomach as an Institution superior to the cavils of scepticism.

This is a pretty state of things! That I should be in Christmas Labour [*Mugby Junction*] while you are cruising about the world, a compound of Hayward and Captain Cook!

But I am so undoubtedly one of the sons of Toil—and fathers of children—that I expect to be presently presented with a smock frock, a pair of leather breeches, and a pewter watch, for having brought up the largest family ever known. . . . Ever affectionately, C. D.

Dickens's Readings in England for a number of years were under the management of the Messrs. Chappell, of Bond Street, London. They paid all of his expenses, and gave him at first £50 a night, later £60, and finally £80, and in two years they paid him £13,000, besides the £20,000 he made in America.

Dickens was a passenger on the train derailed at Staplehurst June 9, 1865, with great loss of life; he never fully recovered from the shock to his nerves, and, strangely enough, he died on the 9th of June, five years later.

Griffith Gaunt, first published in 1866, excited no little adverse criticism on both sides of the Atlantic—criticism which inspired *The Prurient Prude*, one of Charles Reade's most characteristic performances. Dickens was not called upon to testify in public concerning his views of the novel, but Reade brought suit for libel against the proprietors of *The Round Table*, an American publication, and by an intelligent jury of his peers he was awarded pecuniary damages to the amount of six American cents.

Office, Tuesday, Twelfth February, 1867.

My dear Wilkie,—Coming back here yesterday I found your letter awaiting me.

Owing to my heavy engagements I have not read Charles Reade's last book, but I will take it away with me to-morrow, and do so at once. If the trial should come off in this present month, however, I *cannot* be a witness; for I go to Scotland to-morrow, and come back for only one night at St. James's Hall before going to Ireland. The public announcements are all made, and heavy expenses are incurred by Chappell, wherefore I must be producible, in common honor. But I hope the action may not be tried so soon. I do not agree with the legal authorities, and I rather doubt Cockburn's allowing such evidence to be given on the ground that the *onus probandi* lies with the reviewer, and that it is not disproof that is required—but this is beside the question. Say everything that is brotherly in art from me to Reade, and add that I will write to you again after having got through the story.

I am as fresh as can possibly be expected under the work of the Readings. But the railways shake me, as witness my present handwriting. Since the Staplehurst experience I feel them very much.

This day fortnight I shall be at St. James's Hall in the evening, and perhaps we can then have a word together—unless you are in Paris by that time. Ever affec'ly, C. D.

Bridge of Allan, Scotland,
Wednesday, Twentieth February, 1867.

My dear Wilkie,—I have read Charles Reade's book, and here follows my state of mind—*as a witness*—respecting it.

I have read it with the strongest interest and admiration. I regard it as the work of a highly accomplished writer and a good man; a writer with a brilliant fancy and a graceful and tender imagination. I could name no other living writer who could, in my opinion, write such a story nearly so well. As regards a so-called critic who should decry such a book as Holywell Street literature, and the like, I should have merely to say of him that I could desire no stronger proof of his incapacity in, and his unfitness for, the post to which he has elected himself.

Cross-examined, I should feel myself in danger of being put on unsafe ground, and should try to set my wits against the cross-examiner, to keep well off it. But if I were reminded (as I probably should be, supposing the evidence to be allowed at all) that I was the Editor of a periodical of large circulation in which the Plaintiff himself had written, and if I had [had] read to me in court those passages about Gaunt's going up to his wife's bed drunk and that last child's being conceived, and was asked whether, as Editor, I would have passed those passages, whether written by the Plaintiff or anybody else, I should be obliged to reply No. Asked why? I should say that what was pure to an artist might be impurely suggestive to inferior minds (of which there must necessarily be many among a large mass of readers), and that I should have called the writer's attention to the likelihood of those passages being perverted in such quarters. Asked if I should have passed the passage where Kate and Mary have the illegitimate child upon their laps and look over its little points together? I should be again obliged to reply No, for the same reason. Asked whether, as author or Editor, I should have passed Neville's marriage to Mercy, and should have placed those four people, Gaunt, his wife, Mercy, and Neville, in those relative situations towards one another, I should again be obliged to reply No. Hard pressed upon this point, I must infallibly say that I consider those relative situations extremely coarse and disagreeable.

I am staying in this quiet, pretty place for a day and a half, to recruit a little. To-morrow night I am in Glasgow again, and on Friday and Saturday in Edinburgh (Graham's Hotel, Prince's Street). Then I turn homeward for Tuesday night at St. James's Hall. Enormous crowds everywhere.

Affectionately ever, C. D.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent,
Office, Thirteenth March, 1867.

My dear Wilkie,—By all means let Reade see my letter.

This from a disconsolate Voyager with the Fenians before him. I should as soon have thought of going to Ireland at this time, out of my own head, as of going to read at—what was its name in those geological periods when you sprained your foot?—Aspatria. But Chappell's head thinks differently.

Glad to hear of our friend Regnier [of the Théâtre Français]. As Carlyle would put it: "A deft and shifty little man, brisk and sudden, of a most ingenious carpentering faculty, and not without constructive qualities of a higher than the Beaver sort. Withal an actor, though of a somewhat hard tone. Think pleasantly of him, O ye children of men!"

Ever UnPatrick-iotically, C. D.

No Thoroughfare was the last of the Christmas stories. It was written by Dickens and Collins, each contributing an equal part; and it appeared in 1867, in the holiday number of *All the Year Round*.

Stoke-upon-Trent,
Wednesday, First May, 1867.

My dear Wilkie,—Of course I know nothing of your arrangements when I ask you the following question:

Would you like to do the next Xmas No. with me — we two alone, each taking half? Of course I assume that the money question is satisfactorily disposed of between you and Wills. Equally, of course, I suppose our two names to be appended to the performance.

I put this to you, I need hardly say, before having in any way approached the subject in my own mind as to contrivance, character, story, or anything else.

To-morrow night at Warrington will finish my present course—with the exception of one night at Croydon, and one more night at St. James's Hall, which I count as nothing. I shall be at Gad's from Saturday to Monday, inclusive. After that either Gad's or the office will soon find me.

Ever affectionately, C. D.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent,
Tuesday, Second July, 1867.

This is to certify that I, the undersigned, was (for the time being) a drivelling ass when I declared the Christmas Number to be composed of Thirty-two pages. And I do hereby declare that the said Christmas Number is composed of Forty-eight pages, and long and heavy pages too, as I have heretofore proved and demonstrated with the sweat of my brow.

(Signed) Charles Dickens.

Witness to the signature of the said Charles Dickens: Bumble (Puppy).

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent,
Friday, Twenty-third August, 1867.

My dear Wilkie,—I have done the overture, but I don't write to make *that* feeble report.

I have a general idea which I hope will supply the kind of interest we want. Let us arrange to culminate in a wintry flight and pursuit across the Alps, under lonely circumstances, and against warnings. Let us get into all the horrors and dangers of such an adventure under the most terrific circumstances, either escaping from or trying to overtake (the latter, the latter, I think) some one, on escaping from or overtaking whom the love, prosperity, and Nemesis of the story depend. There we can get Ghostly interest, picturesque interest, breathless interest of time and circumstance, and force the design up to any powerful climax we please. If you will keep this in your mind as I will in mine, urging the story towards it as we go along, we shall get a very Avalanche of power out of it, and thunder it down on the readers' heads.

Ever affec'ly, C. D.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent,
Monday, Ninth September, 1867.

My dear Wilkie,—This note requires no answer, and is merely thrown out to be taken up into your meditations.

Q'ry: whether we require any money fraud from Obenreizer after all? Whether his best fraud may not be, after discovering Vendale to be the real man (a *disappointment to him*, as he hoped to do him an injury, not a service), to resolve to set himself up as the real man, and to put Vendale out of the way forever? Q'ry: whether this, and his resolve to destroy some proof along with Vendale, is not the best fraud for the story?

I am so bringing him out as that he may go with either this design or the other.

Also, I have made Vendale formerly in the Counting House with Wilding, so that they have previous acquaintance with, and confidence in, one another, when we bring them together. This makes the opening of the chapter "The New Partner Acts," far more natural, and makes the way quite easy for Wilding's will. Ever affec'ly, C. D.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent,
Tuesday, Tenth September, 1867.

My dear Wilkie,—Odd that we should be moved to write cross letters!

Let us meet at the office at ½ past 12 on *Friday*. I don't think I shall have done Wilding's death by that time (I have been steadily at work, but slowly, laying ground); but the Obenreizer-reproduction chapter will be ready to run over. All the points you dwell upon are already in it.

It will be an immense point if we can arrange to *start you for a long run, beginning immediately after Wilding's death*, and if I can at the same time be told off to come in, while you are at work, with the Alpine ascent and adventures. *Then*, in two or three days of writing together, we could finish. I am very anxious to finish, my mind being so distracted by America, and the interval so short.

Reverting to my proposed appointment for Friday, let me add that if you are free I could dine with you at the Athenæum on *Thursday*, at ½ past 5, if you would undertake to order dinner. This would give us more time. But perhaps you are engaged?

If Thursday be our appointment, write by return. If Friday, don't write.

Ever affec'ly, C. D.

Kind regards to your mother.

Have you done—or are you doing—the beginning of the chapter "Exit Wilding"? I shall very soon want it.

Collins during this year was contributing to *All the Year Round* his novel called *The Moonstone*, concerning which Dickens wrote to Wills:

"I have read the first three numbers of Wilkie's story this morning [June 13, 1867], and have gone minutely through the plot of the rest to the last line. It gives a series of 'narratives,' but it is a very curious story, wild, and yet domestic, with excellent character in it, and great mystery. It is prepared with extraordinary care, and has every chance of being a hit. It is in many respects much better than anything he has done."

No. 26, Wellington Street, Strand,
London, W. C.
Wednesday, Eighteenth September, 1867.

My dear Wilkie,—Frederick Chapman came here yesterday. After some preparatory references to his own contracts and engagements (which were true), he asked me if he might enter on the question of your copyrights, in partnership with Smith and Son. As nothing could be better for your books than that they should fall into Smith's hands, I graciously replied yes. It then appeared that he had seen Smith, who was "disposed to go into the matter," and who evidently had expressed an opinion that it might be brought to bear. Thereupon I dictated to F. C.—for him to write down—the general purport of your memorandum, wherewith he is to hold conference with Smith before coming back to me. He expressed an opinion that Smith and Elder's demand was very high.

As he asked me whether he might except the new story here [*The Moonstone*] for himself to offer for, and as I don't think you would make as good terms for it in the batch as separately, I again graciously said yes.

I am jogging on (at the pace of a wheelbarrow propelled by a Greenwich Pensioner) at the doomed Wilding. Ever affec'ly, C. D.

Before Dickens sailed for his second American visit, in November, 1867, with George Dolby as his business agent, he gave Collins some assistance in making a stage version of *No Thoroughfare* for Fechter. This is the only one of Dickens's works in the dramatization of which he had any hand, except *The Tale of Two Cities*, the production of which at the Lyceum, under the management of Madame Céleste in 1860, he supervised and superintended. Fechter made a great success in the part of Obenreizer, in London, in the winter of 1867–8, and later in Paris, and in the United States. Mr. William J. Florence was the original Obenreizer in this country. Mr. Lawrence Barrett, learning that he could not control the American rights to the drama, never attempted to produce it.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent,
Monday, Twenty-third September, 1867.

My dear Wilkie,—Like you I am working with snail-like slowness. My American possibility divides my mind so incongruously with this occupation.

But I think I have a good idea. I send it you with a view to your at odd times Thinking-out of the last Act. When Vendale is at the last pass of the murderous business on the Simplon, he conscientiously says some broken words to Obenreizer to the effect: "If it be possible that you are *the man*—as I have lately thought—do so and so. Villain and murderer as you are, my trust to my dead friend remains unchanged." This is so brokenly said that Obenreizer supposes it refers to some obscurity in Vendale's birth—not his own—and so goes on to build up Nemesis.

I have already got Vendale haunted by the possibility that Obenreizer *is* the man.

I will write again by or before Friday. I see a great chance for Act III. out of this leaving of Act II. Don't you?

Ever affec'ly, C. D.

The Demon Illegibility has possession of me.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent,
Saturday, Fifth October, 1867.

My dear Wilkie,—I have brought on Marguerite to the rescue, and I have so left it as that Vendale—to spare her—says it was an accident in the storm and nothing more. By the way, Obenreizer has received a cut from Vendale, made with his own dagger. This in

case you want him with a scar. If you don't, no matter.

I have no doubt my Proof of the Mountain adventure will be full of mistakes, as my MS. is not very legible. But you will see what it means.

The Denouement I see pretty much as you see it—without further glimpses as yet. The Obenreizer question I will consider (q'ry, Suicide?). I have made Marguerite wholly devoted to her lover.

Whenever you may give me notice of your being ready, we will appoint to meet here to wind up.

I don't go until the ninth of November, the *Scotia* being full. I have an officer's cabin on deck in the steamer.

Affec'ly ever, C. D.

No. 26, Wellington Street, Strand,
London, W. C.,
Wednesday, Ninth October, 1867.

My dear Wilkie,—Will you notice in the chapter "Vendale Writes a Letter," that we are in some danger of making him rather foolish or contemptible in the eyes of readers by being so blind to the fact that Obenreizer *is* the man? A very slight alteration or two will remove the objection. I suggest that it should not then be quite so plain, even to the reader, that Obenreizer *is* the man; and that when Vendale might be on the verge of supposing him to be the man, Obenreizer should disarm him by some skilful reference to Marguerite. Make it, in fact, a part of Vendale's fidelity to Marguerite that he should not connect the theft and forgery with Obenreizer.

I am racking my brains for a good death to that respectable gentleman.

Ever affec'ly, C. D.

Parker House, Boston, U. S.,
Thursday, Twenty-eighth November, 1867.

My dear Wilkie,—I have received a letter from one Mr. Barrett, an American actor (dated 308 Regent Street, London, W.), proposing for the dramatic version of *No Thoroughfare*. He says in that letter that he "learns from Mr. Wilkie Collins that I have taken the play to America, intending to arrange for its production there," and offers to come out here with the New Year and play it. As I have not got the play, I am at a loss to know whether this is an intentional or an unintentional mistake.

Now, Dolby is going over to New York this morning, and has it in charge from me to see the most speculative of dramatic men there, and ascertain what terms he will make for the Play. I think it far better to deal with a man here than with a man in Regent Street, London. The excitement in New York about the Readings being represented as quite unprecedented, I have little doubt of being able to make a good thing of the Drama, and, if necessary, I will get it up. But what I shall want *as soon as I can possibly have them*, are:

1. A detailed Scene Plot from Fechter.
2. His notion of the Dresses.
3. A copy of the Play itself, Act by Act, as you do it.
4. Together with any stage Directions that Fechter has in his mind.

Thus armed, I should not be at all surprised if I could get a very handsome addition to our gains. I think it will be worth while for you, on receipt of this, to telegraph to me at the Westminster Hotel, Irving Place, New York City, *when* you will be able to send me *the last of the Play*, because I shall then be in a condition to make a contract. Tell Fechter, with my love and regards, that I will write him a note immediately after my first Reading here next Monday. (Between ourselves, I have already some £2000 in hand before opening my lips.)

I am yearning already for the Spring and Home, but hope to work out the intervening time with a tolerably stout heart. I am wonderfully well in health, and got over the voyage with the greatest success.

This note is left open for Dolby to add Postscript to. He will know, before closing it, whether or no it is certainly worth while for you to telegraph (in 20 words, containing not more than 100 letters). It will be best for you always to address me about the Play, and always to address whatever you send in connection with it, Westminster Hotel, Irving Place, New York City.

Ever, my dear Wilkie, your affectionate
Charles Dickens.

I will not at present reply to Mr. Barrett at all.

Westminster Hotel,
New York, 29 Nov., 1867.

My dear Mr. Collins,—I have only time—to save the Mail—to add a few lines to Mr. Dickens's letter to request you will send out the acting part of the Play as soon as possible, as I am in hopes I may be able to arrange for its production here, possibly at Wallack's; and if you can get models made and sent out of the Scenery, it will also be a great thing to have. I spoke to [Harry] Palmer about the price last evening on my arrival here, and he seems most enthusiastic on the matter.

I have sold to-day the tickets for the first Four Readings in the City, and sold out (8000 tickets in all) in six hours. The enthusiasm with regard to Dickens and all that he does is enormous, and I am in hopes we shall be able to spend the whole of our time in the large cities.

Give my kindest regards to Wills and all London friends, and believe me,

Yours faithfully, George Dolby.

Parker House, Boston,
Monday, Second December, 1867.

My dear Wilkie,—I find that *if the Play be left unpublished in England*, the right of playing

it in America can be secured by assigning the MS. to an American Citizen. That I can do at once by using my publishers here for the purpose. I can make an arrangement with [Lester] Wallack, in New York, to have it produced at his Theatre (where there is the best company), on a sharing agreement after a certain nightly allowance for expenses, and I have arranged to see Wallack next week.

I have made inquiry about Mr. Lawrence Barrett (whose letter to me I enclose), and I find that he has a good reputation as a Star Actor, and that he is a responsible man pecuniarily. Now, I am advised that the best course will be to make an engagement with him to take the play and act in it, and get it up wheresoever he likes in the United States, *except in New York City*. (The exception, because Wallack and he are not *d'accord*, and the other good New York Theatres all have their hands full.) As I read his letter his proposal means that we give the play—that he gives his services—and that the *receipts* of each night's performance be divided between author and actor equally. Will you write to him at once, see him, and bind us both to such an engagement, if he be willing to bind himself to it? We might possibly get a good round sum by such a course. I have advised with one of the most knowing Managers in New York (who came over here this morning to see me)—the *Black Crook* Manager—and he says: "If you have Wallack for New York, and Barrett for the States generally, you could not do better." Mr. Barrett may have left England before this reaches you. If so, I have taken measures to catch [him] on this side when he comes over.

As I read for the first time to-night, I will finish this to-morrow for Wednesday's steamer, which will be my own *Cuba* returning.

Tuesday, Third December.

A most tremendous success last night. The whole city is perfectly mad about it to-day, and it is quite impossible that prospects could be more brilliant.

Ever, my dear Wilkie,
Your always affectionate C. D.

Boston,
Christmas Eve, 1867.

My dear Wilkie,—I am obliged to write very hastily, to catch the mail over at New York.

The Play is done *with great pains and skill*, but I fear it is too long. Its fate will have been decided before you get this letter, but I greatly doubt its success.

Your points follow in their order.

1. Whatever is most dramatic in such a complicated thing as the Clock Lock I think the best for the stage, without reference to the nicety of the real mechanism.

2. I would keep Vendale and Marguerite on the stage, and I would end with Obenreizer's exit.

3. Madame D'Or's speaking unquestionably better out. She herself unquestionably better out. I have not the least doubt of it.

But, my dear boy, what do you mean by the whole thing being left "at my sole discretion"? Is not the play coming out the day after to-morrow???

There are no end of *No Thoroughfares* being offered to Managers here. The play being still in abeyance with Wallack, I have a strong suspicion that he wants to tide over to the 27th, and get a Telegram from London about the first night of the real version. If it should not be a great success, he would then either do a false one, or do none. Accordingly, I have brought him to book for decision on the 26th. Don't you see?

They are doing *Cricket*, *Oliver Twist*, and all sorts of versions of me. Under these circumstances they fence when they have to pay.

I will try to catch the next mail.

Ever affectionately, C. D.

Philadelphia,
Thirty-first January, 1868.

My dear Wilkie,—Your letter, dated on the 11th, reached me here this morning. Mine will be brief, as it must go on to New York presently, and there is much snow on the Line.

I am indeed delighted by your account of the Play, and do begin to believe that I shall see it! Every word of your account of your last visit "Behind" I have read — and shall read—again and again.

Of Mr. Barrett I have seen nothing, heard nothing. Wherever I go they play my books, with my name in big letters. *Oliver Twist* was at Baltimore when I left it last Wednesday. *Pickwick* is here, and *Dot and the Carrier* are here. *Pickwick* was at New York too when I last passed that way; so was *Our Mutual Friend;* so was *No Thoroughfare*.

We are getting now among smaller halls, but the audiences are immense. *Marigold* here last night (for the first time) bowled Philadelphia clean over. I go on to Washington to-morrow morning, and shall be half-way through my Readings on Friday, my birthday.

God bless you.

Ever affectionately, C. D.

No. 26, Wellington Street, Strand,
London, W. C.,
Thursday, Fourth June, 1868.

My dear Wilkie,—I have been to Paris. The piece is a genuine and real success. They all agree that if it could have been done at the Porte St. Martin it would have gone 200 nights. I did not see it on the first night, being far too nervous and oppressed by a terrible sense of the helplessness of the situation. Fechter, too, was lead-colored, and shaking from head to foot. So we took a ride in an open coach, and repaired at intervals to the Café Vandeville, where Didier (the announced translator)

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Tuesday Thirtieth November 1869

My Dear Sir

As I had first intended communicating with you in reference to the cast sheets of my new story (in token of my being perfectly satisfied with our past business relations in that wise), I think it courteous to let you know that I had made a great mistake in my remembrance. Messrs Ticknor Osgood and Co. have reminded me that by an item of agreement between us dating so far back as April 1867, I agreed to sell the advance sheets of my next story to them. The fact had altogether passed out of my recollection.

My Dear Sir
Faithfully yours
Charles Dickens

Messrs Harper & Brothers

came from act to act with his report. Joey Ladle knew nothing of his part, and made less than nothing of it; all the rest did well. Bertrand was loudly called at the end of the second act, and did his very utmost. There is no doubt whatever that it was a success from first to last. It was too late to make the change when I got to Paris, and Fechter had great faith in the retention of the scene besides, but I am quite certain that the piece would go better without Wilding's death scene. The audience are told (in the person of Vendale) that Wilding is dead, and that is quite enough. I saw our French Wilding after his decease, and could very clearly perceive that he had got mighty little out of it.

I thought it as well that they should know about Paris at the Adelphi, so I went behind for half an hour last night.

You are getting on, I hope?

Ever affect'ly, C. D.

Collins and Fechter, in 1869, wrote an original play called *Black and White*. It was produced at the London Adelphi in the month of March of that year, with Fechter as the Count de Layrac and Miss Carlotta Leclercq as Emily Milburn.

A. Y. R. Office,
Monday, Twenty-fifth February, 1869.

MY DEAR WILKIE, — I have read the play [*Black and White*] with great attention, and with a stage eye; and I think it will be *a great success*. It is highly interesting, admirably constructed and carried through, and very picturesque. Characters well marked and contrasted, sharp dialogue, and all good.

I am now going to make a suggestion or two.

The introduction and carrying on of that cane is so new and strong that I don't think the culminating situation of that act up to it. Have you and Fechter ever thought of making the blow fall on Miss Leclercq by accident: of her being struck on the bosom, and declaring that she will bear the mark as a mark of glory and not of shame, because she loves him?

That is what *I* should do with it.

Before that situation, turn back to page 35. Would it not be better if Maurice's "You shall feel my cane on your back" were followed by Wolf's rejoinder (unheard by him on going off), "You shall feel it on yours"?

Page 49: I would be very careful not to have too much measuring, and in particular not too much speaking about it. I would express as much as possible of that in the actor's doubtful manner and indecision — with the fiddles and mutes, etc., in the orchestra.

Page 55 and 56: I cannot understand Fechter's gayety here. I took it for certain, not having read to the end, that he had then got the letter for the Provost Marshal in his pocket and had read it. I cannot conceive his jesting at that time under any other conditions, and I think that it destroys the effect of the letter when it does come.

This is all I have to say, except of praise and high hope—and it's little enough, I think.

Ever affec'ly, C. D.

Dickens died on the 9th of June, 1870. Collins, who saw him laid by the side of Johnson and Garrick, in Westminster Abbey, rests now in Kensal Green, not far from the graves of Sydney Smith and Leigh Hunt.

Dickens's last letter to Collins, so far as is known to the executors of either man, was upon business matters, and was dated five months before Dickens's death. It is here appended.

No. 26, Wellington Street, Strand,
London, W. C.,
Thursday, Twenty-seventh January, 1870.

MY DEAR WILKIE,—At your request I can have no hesitation in stating for your satisfaction that the copyright in any of your novels, tales, and articles which have appeared in the periodicals entitled *Household Words* and *All the Year Round* was never purchased by the proprietors of those Periodicals, they having merely purchased from you the right of first publishing the same therein, and of course of always retaining them as an integral part of their stereotype plates. You have the right, hereby freely acknowledged, of disposing of and publishing the same novels, tales, and articles in any way you think proper, without interference from the proprietors of the said periodicals, their successors or assigns.

Faithfully yours always,
CHARLES DICKENS.

WILKIE COLLINS, Esquire.

No. 26, Wellington Street, Strand,
London, W. C.,
Thursday, Twenty-seventh January, 1870.

MY DEAR WILKIE, — Within you will find the original draft of the formal letter you want from me, with my version of the same under my hand. My departure, even from the original excruciating phraseology, is very slight. May the Spirit of English Style be merciful to me!

I have been truly concerned to hear of your bad attack. Well, I have two hopes of it—first, that it will not last long; second, that it will leave you in a really recovered state of good health. I don't come to see you because I don't want to bother you. Perhaps you may be glad to see me by-and-bye. Who knows?

Affectionately always,
CHARLES DICKENS.

WHO KNOWS?

NOVEMBER.—IMPRESSION.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

A WEFT of leafless spray
Woven fine against the gray
Of the autumnal day.
And blurred along those ghostly garden tops
Clusters of berries crimson as the drops
That my heart bleeds when I remember
How often, in how many a far November,
Of childhood and my children's childhood I was glad,
With the wild rapture of the Fall
Thrilling from me to them, of all
The ruin now so intolerably sad.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

BY THE REV. HENRY M. FIELD, D.D.

THE midsummer of this year witnessed a scene in the mountains of Virginia that recalled the events of a past generation. The 21st of July was the thirtieth anniversary of Bull Run, where North and South met in the first real battle of the war, for the engagements in West Virginia, near the Ohio, hardly rose to the dignity of battles. But Bull Run was a conflict of armies, in which both sides took their first lessons in war, and out of which came at least one great soldier, who stood so firmly while the battle raged around him that others who were broken and dismayed took courage as they saw his unshaken column standing "like a stone wall," from which he received the name of "Stonewall" Jackson. This was the hero to whom a monument was now to be unveiled in Lexington, where he is buried. Of those who stood beside him on that bloody day thirty years ago, almost all had followed him to the grave; but the survivors, the shattered wrecks of war, came from far and near to do honor to him who once led them to battle, and wept with overpowering emotion at the grave of their beloved commander.

The demonstration furnishes an occasion for a Northerner to give his opinion of this extraordinary man. The years that have passed have removed us so far from the great tragedy of the war, and from the passions it aroused, that we can do justice even to those who were in arms against us; and no one can read the history of Stonewall Jackson without recognizing in him all the qualities that go to make a popular hero. As a soldier, some competent critics rank him as the first that the war produced on either side. Not that he was at the head of the largest army, or undertook the most extensive military operations, but that with the means that he had he accomplished more than any other commander. He had made a study of the campaigns of Napoleon, and saw that success lay not merely in having "the strongest battalions," but in secrecy of design and rapidity of execution. In the latter he outdid even Napoleon himself, training his men to such a pitch of endurance that he could "rush" them twenty-five miles a day over a broken country, across rivers, and over mountains, and fight a battle as the sun was going down. Nothing in the war gave more decisive proof of military genius than the campaign in the Shenandoah Valley in the spring of 1862—the only one which he conducted absolutely alone, with no interference from those above him — where he was pitted not against one army, but four (under Banks, Fremont, Shields, and Milroy), advancing upon him from different quarters, and outmanœuvred them all, attacking and defeating each in turn, till he drove them, one after another, out of the valley, when he gave them all the slip, and crossing the Blue Ridge in one of his rapid marches, suddenly appeared on the flank of McClellan's army before Richmond. That decided the Peninsular campaign, when he turned north, and by a bold movement threw himself between Pope and Washington, and the second Bull Run proved far more bloody than the first. All this is matter of history which it is not necessary to recall, nor to follow the tireless soldier to Harper's Ferry, to Antietam, to Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, where he fell at the very moment that the great flank movement which he had conceived and conducted had struck the Union army with a shock from which it reeled and could not recover, but sought safety on the other side of the Rappahannock, which it had crossed only a few days before in all the confidence of victory. This is a record of continued success of which it is hard to find another example in our own history, or, indeed, in any other.

Such was Jackson, the soldier, a man of iron, of whom we think, as we read the histories of the war, that he must have been as unbending as the bronze statue that was unveiled at Lexington. But was he *all* iron? Or were there in his rugged composition some softer elements that bring him more in touch with our common humanity?

These questions are answered in a memorial that will have a unique interest because of the source from which it comes. There is always a peculiar interest in the life of a *man* written by a *woman*, especially if she be his wife (for surely no one

can write of him so truly, as no one knows him so well), and if the man himself be a great character or a great actor in human affairs. All these elements of interest are united in a Life of Stonewall Jackson by his wife, the very mention of which touches a chord of sympathy. When the great soldier fell at Chancellorsville he was in the prime of manhood, not yet forty years old. He died on the 10th of May, 1863, so that it is now twenty-eight years that she who bears his name has pursued her lonely way through the world, nourishing her sad heart with memories of the dead, recalling the incidents of their happy life together, and reading over and over the letters which speak to her as a voice from the unseen. Out of these materials and reminiscences, with the help of more elaborate histories and biographies, she has prepared the simple narrative which she now gives to the world.

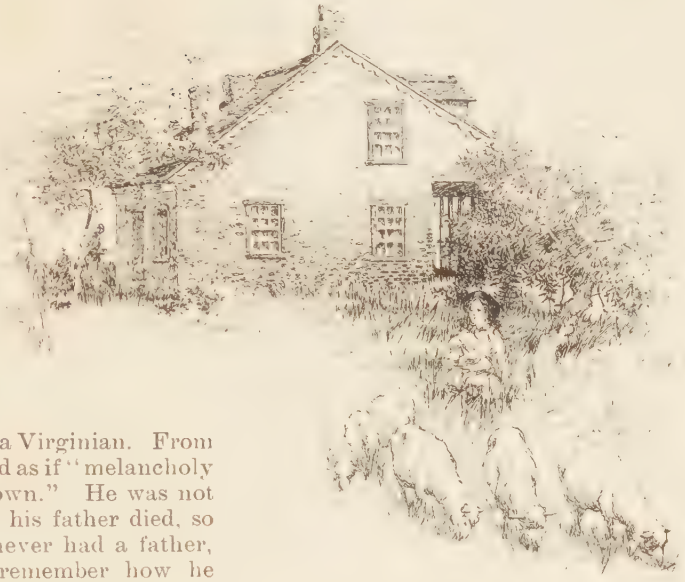
In opening these pages, so full of tender interest, we perceive at once how different is a woman's way of telling a story from that of a man! His style is blunt and abrupt, as he plunges at once into the heart of a subject, while she comes to hers by gradual approaches, soft and slow as her own gentle footsteps, lingering by the way to bring in every incident, however remote the connection, and thus leading us on by a pleasant though somewhat winding path to the end. If a woman has a story to tell, she *begins at the beginning.* Thus our author, to make her narrative complete, prefaces that which is personal to herself by a sketch of the ancestry of her subject, in which she goes back nearly a hundred and fifty years. This may seem a roundabout way of coming to her subject, but it is a woman's way, winding round and round through secluded paths till she comes out at last on the upland, where the broad sunlight falls upon the hero of her story. While we would not anticipate the reader in following her back to an early period of American history, as into the deep shadows of the primeval forest, we may point the way in an outline which condenses many pages into one.

The story begins like a novel, of course with a young woman in the foreground. It is in the middle of the last century (1748) that she steps upon the scene, in the great "London town" where her father is a well-to-do citizen, owning if not keeping a famous hostelry known as The Bold Dragoon. But the good man dies, and his wife marries his brother, to the great disgust of a daughter, who might almost have stood herself as a representative of the bold dragoon, as she was of a masculine beauty, with the stature of a man (she was six feet tall), and his strength as well; and of such spirit that when her step-father would assert his authority over her, she threw a silver tankard at his head, and fled from his home, and took ship for America. On board she meets (in the most approved style of romance) the man who is to be her husband. On the long voyage there is time enough for love-making, but the proud beauty disdains her lover, till (as usual in such cases), after long waiting, his perseverance and devotion are rewarded, and she becomes the wife of John Jackson. At first they settle in Maryland; but soon, ambitious of broader lands, if not of a freer and bolder life, move off into the wilderness, where they are surrounded by Indians, and often startled by the war-whoop, when the wife is not a whit behind her husband in defending their cabin, and inspiring the scattered settlers to resistance. Here are materials for a complete "Romance of the Border," which would find its climax in what no novelist would dare to invent, but was the historic fact, that this queen of the forest lived to be a hundred and five years old!

Such a couple might be expected to be the progenitors of a race of heroes, and when the war of the Revolution came on, the father and the older sons took their places in the ranks on the side of independence. Reaping the fruits, his son George was a member of Congress when Andrew Jackson was Senator from Tennessee; and comparing notes, they found that their ancestors were from the same parish, near Londonderry, and may have taken part in the famous siege in which many a hero fought and fell, while those who survived clung the closer to a freedom that had been bought with blood.

This is a noble lineage from which to have sprung, and it is no wonder that Stonewall Jackson was always proud of his ancestry, and that his highest ambition was to be not unworthy of their honorable name. All this our author records with just womanly pride, tracing their history from generation to generation, till, in the year 1824, January 21st, appeared a little "Thomas," who was born to a des-

tiny greater than them all. The surroundings were humble enough—a one-story, low-roofed house in the little town of Clarksburg, Virginia. It is now, by the division of the State, in West Virginia; but as that sundering in twain of the proud "Old Dominion" was not accomplished till after his death, he had the satisfaction of dying, as he was born, a Virginian. From the beginning it seemed as if "melancholy marked him for her own." He was not three years old when his father died, so that it was as if he never had a father, since he could not remember how he looked nor the sound of his voice. His widowed mother was left penniless, and supported herself and her three children by teaching a little school and taking in sewing, till she was married again, but to a man so shiftless that he could not take care of her family, and at six years of age,

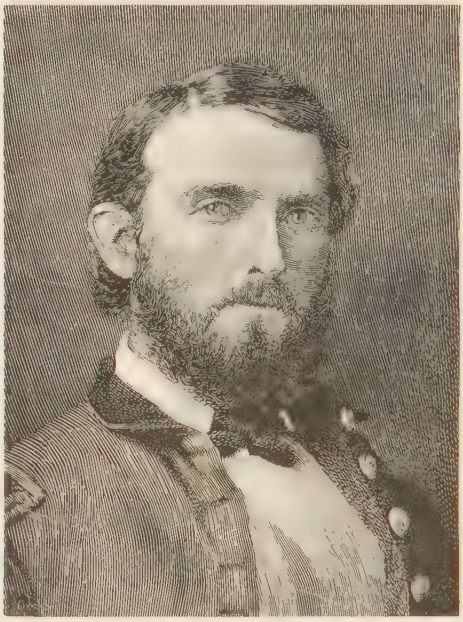


BIRTHPLACE OF GENERAL JACKSON, CLARKSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA.

Thomas, "a pretty, rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed boy, with waving brown hair," the darling of his mother, had to be sent to the care of an uncle. It is a pitiful scene, that of the little fellow, mounted behind an old negro servant, riding away from the mother, who stands at her door with streaming eyes and breaking heart, watching him till he disappears. She was not to see him again till a year later, when she was on her death-bed, and sent for him to receive her last blessing. Thus, while still a child, he was left doubly orphaned. But the mother had lived long enough to imprint her image on the heart of her son, and to his dying day he could not speak of her but with an emotion that showed how he loved her and cherished her memory.

At one time, led away by his older brother, the two boys started in search of adventure, and wandered off to the Ohio and down the river, sleeping on flatboats and on the river banks, till they were shivering with fever and ague, when, after months of absence, the poor little prodigal children came back, too glad to have once more the comforts of a home.

FATHER OF STONEWALL JACKSON.
From a painted miniature.



STONEWALL JACKSON AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FOUR.—From a daguerreotype.

But with all this, Thomas took to habits of industry, and as he grew up had charge of the men on his uncle's farm. Active and high-spirited, he was the most daring rider in a horse-race, and thrashed a bully twice his size because he spoke rudely to a school-girl. Such is the stuff of which heroes are made. The boy was father of the man.

But this country life came to an end on his receiving, quite unexpectedly, an appointment as a cadet at West Point, which determined his military career. He began almost at the foot of his class, and came out nearly at its head, gaining slowly but steadily by his indomitable perseverance, till, when, after four years of hard study, he was sent to Mexico, there was not a better young officer in the army. Whenever he was under fire, he showed the coolness of a veteran, and was twice brevetted for gallantry—in the battle of Churubusco and the storming of Chapultepec.

Then came the unexciting times of peace; but he still remained in the army (being once stationed at Fort Hamilton, in the harbor of New York, and afterwards at Tampa, in Florida), till 1851, when he resigned to accept a professorship in the Military Institute at Lexington, Virginia—the West Point of the South—where he continued for ten years, till the beginning of the civil war.

Here, in 1853, he was married to a daughter of Rev. Dr. Junkin, the president of Washington College, but in little more than a year she died in giving birth to a child, the child also dying, so that mother and babe were buried in the same grave. Thus his house was left desolate, and his only comfort was in the Christian society of his venerable father-in-law, in whose family he lived for two or three years. It was only in 1857, after his return from Europe, that he found happiness again in a second marriage, to one who was, like his former wife, the daughter of a Presbyterian minister, the Rev. Dr. Morrison, of Charlotte, North Carolina, who had also been the president of a college, so that all his associations were academic and scholarly. She is the author of the present volume, and here begin those personal reminiscences which constitute its chief interest and value. As we are introduced into the home life at Lexington, we see how the very atmosphere is changed by the presence of woman, and appreciate the fineness of her observations in the judgment of character. Though this is a delicate test, it is perhaps the truest and the best that can be applied to the complex life of a man—the judgment, which is a kind of instinct, of her with whom his life is associated, as she sees all that he does from a feminine point of view, from the side of the affections, whereby are perceived things invisible to our duller sense. With such keen insight, the wife of a soldier, who looks straight into his eyes, may see beneath those heavy brows a soft and tender look, and the voice that is used to command, subdued to tones as gentle as her own. Thus brought into the closest relations, a fireside study reveals in many cases, and certainly in this, a character quite other than that by which a man has been known in the world.

With Stonewall Jackson for the central figure, it is a great privilege to have the curtain raised on an interior in which our eyes rest upon a beautiful domestic scene. The man of iron is found to be the simplest, the gentlest, and the sweetest of men, who wins our confidence and our strong personal attachment. The author

takes a good-natured—we might almost say a mischievous—delight in showing how far he was from what he has been supposed to be. Instead of sitting apart, stern and silent, he is the most approachable of human beings to those whom he knows well, with whom he talks without reserve. Nor is his conversation only in a grave monotone. It will surprise many to learn that this "grim soldier" was noted in his family for his playfulness, and the quiet humor that often rippled in a smile or a twinkle of the eye. As soon as he enters his door he puts off all military stiffness as he would lay aside his military cloak: the officer is changed into a man, and the man is changed into a boy. Yielding to the natural reaction, he abandons himself to fun and frolic in a way that leaves far behind the dignity of the grave professor and the military officer. We are afraid, if the whole truth were told, that he sometimes indulged in sinful amusements, for his wife confesses (alas, that it should be told of a "blue-light Presbyterian!") that at times, when there was no body looking on, he would draw the curtains, so as not to scandalize the neighbors, and dance a jig round the room.

THE JACKSON DWELLING, LEXINGTON.

With these diversions there was the reading of favorite books in the long winter evenings, which lighted up the room like the glow of the fire on the hearth; and when the scene was closed with the evening prayer, he could but feel that the very peace of God rested on his heart and home. No description of the man in these peaceful days would be complete which did not take note of his desire to make himself useful, though in the humblest ways. He was a devout member of the Presbyterian church in Lexington, though not a ruling elder (as has been often reported); for though in the line of promotion, he never got higher than a deacon, whose duty was to look after the poor and take up the collection. He even stooped to the last extreme of self-abnegation: when there was a good cause begging for help, he would go about the town for a subscription! Thus he never stopped at any service, however humble.

THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE

In Lexington, as in other Southern towns, there were many poor negroes, whose condition, especially that of the children, excited his

VIEW NEAR LEXINGTON.

compassion, and he opened a Sunday-school, into which he gathered the little pickaninnies from the street, and he did not take more pride in the martial appearance of the cadets on parade than in the rows of dark but bright-eyed faces that glistened on the benches of his negro Sunday-school.

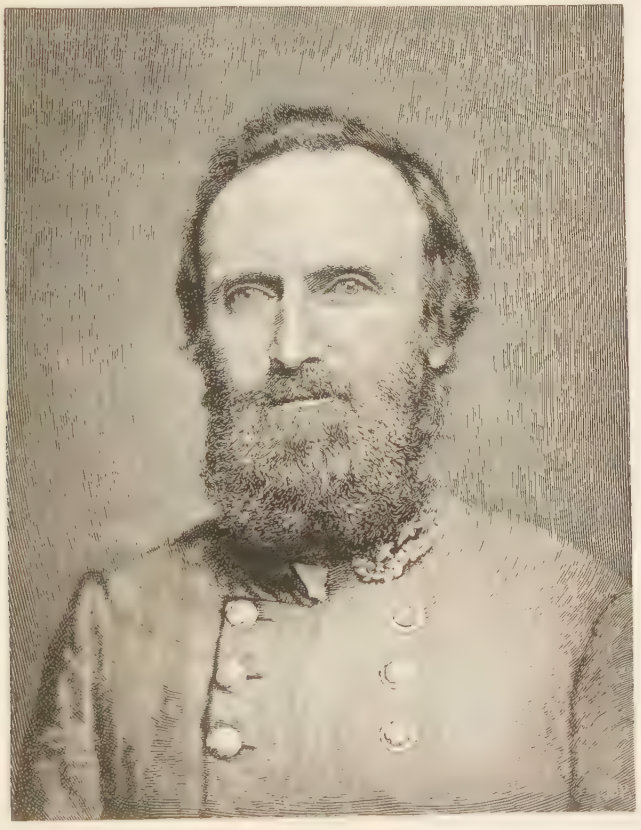
Such was the simple round of this good man's life in those tranquil days, when he was thrice happy—happy in his home, in his professional life, and in doing good. Such was the scene, too bright to last, that was now to be darkened, as suddenly rose the gathering clouds of war.

When Virginia voted to secede, the cadets of the institute, having been already trained to arms, were quickly formed into a company, with Jackson as its commander, and awaited only the order from Richmond to march. It came on a Sunday morning, and they were drawn up on the parade-ground. When all was completed, Jackson returned to his home for a last farewell, and taking the old family Bible, opened to this word of promise: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" and then, in a voice choked with emotion, prayed for her whom he left behind, and for the country, that it might yet be spared the horrors of war. Then rising from his knees, he crossed the threshold which he was never to cross again.

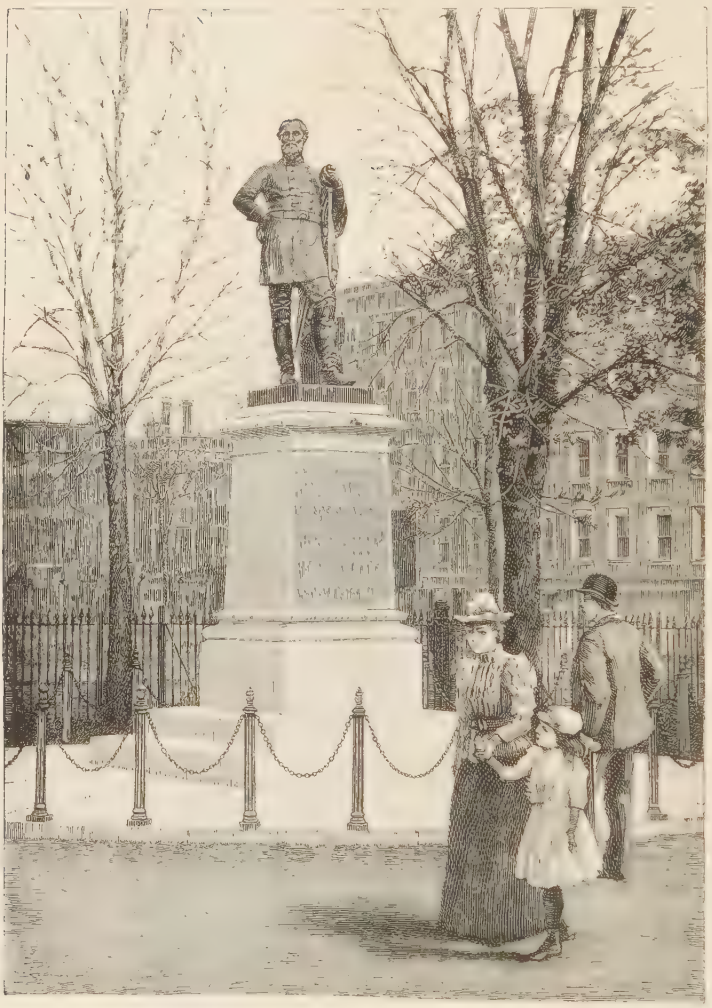
And now came in swift succession the great and awful scenes of battle, at which the very heart of the nation stood still. The present narrative, though it continues to the middle of the war, when Jackson fell, throws but little light on the war itself, of which the writer could have no personal knowledge; though she paid visits to her husband in camp, she never saw a battle, for as soon as one was impending, with his usual tender care, he sent her away to a place of safety, so that all she knows of the issue she has learned from others who were eye-witnesses. Of course she must give some account of the campaigns and battles which were the great events of her hero's life; but these, however interesting in themselves, cannot claim to be an original and independent contribution to history.

One chapter, however, furnished by an-

other pen, *is* new and startling—that which ascribes to Jackson at one moment a proposal to raise the black flag! This is the last extremity of war, and its most horrible barbarity. The very word suggests slaughter without mercy. The black flag floats only at the mast-head of pirate ships, telling by a sign that cannot be misunderstood that quarter will neither be asked nor given. In warfare on land it would be understood as a massacre of prisoners, a thing unknown among nations at the present day, and that would bring upon any man or any government that should attempt it the execration of the whole civilized world. The very idea of such a thing is so alien to the character of Stonewall Jackson that a statement of this kind must be received with great reserve. It would not be deemed worthy of a moment's attention were it not that it is given on the authority of his own brother-in-law, General Rufus Barringer, of the Confederate army, who details at considerable length a remarkable interview that took place after the Seven Days battles, while the army was still encamped near Richmond. But the statement is explicit, and leaves no doubt that Jackson believed in the Cromwellian way of carrying on war: that if war must be, the more tremendous the blows, the sooner will it come to an end; and he would push the war into the North, and make it felt in all its severity. But he would never have dealt with prisoners as Cromwell did with the Irish garrison of Drogheda, or Napoleon with the Turks at Jaffa. The best proof of what he *would* do is in what he *did* do when the fortune of war threw a whole garrison into his hands. At Harper's Ferry he captured eleven



STONEWALL JACKSON



THE JACKSON STATUE BY FOLEY, RICHMOND.

thousand men, and instead of treating them with great severity, he paroled them all; by which, instead of being sent to Southern prisons, they were transported to a camp near Chicago, where they were kept in comparative comfort till they were exchanged. Of course if they violated their parole they would be exposed to the utmost penalty of war. But the policy, instead of being cruel, was the mildest that could have been adopted. It was not, however, on the ground of humanity, but to disencumber his army, that he might move it rapidly, which he could not do with thousands of prisoners dragging on its heels. If at Harper's Ferry he had stopped to look after them, it would have delayed his march to join Lee for the approaching battle. When he declared, therefore, that he would "keep no prisoners," it was for a military reason. He had laid out a plan of campaign, which he believed, if vigorously pursued, would end the war. It was to form three or four great "movable columns" of forty thousand men each, which should be literally stripped for battle, leaving behind not only prisoners but even fortified posts, that the whole fighting force might be concentrated into a few compact bodies, which could be moved with great rapidity into the Northern States and against Northern cities. That this grand strategy would have succeeded we do not believe, for the best of all reasons, that it was twice attempted and failed—at Antietam and Gettysburg—in the first of which Jackson himself took part. But at the time of the interview this had not been attempted, and he was very sanguine of success, even picturing to himself how he would plant his guns within shelling distance of Philadelphia and New York!

But of this midnight council and planning of great campaigns not a whisper came to the heart that trusted in him so safely that she was content not to know.

It might be supposed that letters from a great commander to his wife, written amid the scenes of war, would contain some private information which could not then be communicated to the public,

and is now at this late day for the first time revealed. But the letters reveal nothing. He never told her his plans beforehand, for his rule of absolute secrecy in war extended even to his wife; and, what is still more remarkable, he told her very little after, for he could fight battles better than he could describe them, and he did not like to talk of himself. Her knowledge of the war, therefore, is derived chiefly from others, and almost solely from Southern authorities; we do not remember that she quotes a single Northern writer. It never enters her dear woman's heart that there can be another side to the story. This total oblivion of that "other side," and the absolute faith with which she accepts without question whatever favors her own, would subject her book to severe criticism were it to be set up as an authority, claiming the deference due to the most authentic history. But it makes no such claim. It simply gives the generally known events of Stonewall Jackson's life as the chain to connect her personal reminiscences, to which are added, what only she could supply, the letters written to her during the war. But since these contain but little about the war, or little that is new, what *do* they contain that makes them worthy of preservation? We answer, they furnish the most perfect revelation, not of the soldier, but of the *man*, in which his moral and religious nature, his love and faith and devotion, stand out in splendid relief against the dark background of war.

Stonewall Jackson was a devout man before, but the war made him still more devout, as new trials and new dangers called for a stronger faith. His recognition of God in all things, which might not seem extraordinary if it flourished in the vale of humility and peace, becomes most notable when it keeps its hold and its mastery over him in a conflict of arms mighty enough to rouse all the passions that rage in the warrior's breast.

The religion of Stonewall Jackson is an enigma to many who study the life of the great soldier, while to others it is a scorn and a derision. To those who seek a subject for caricature, the eccentricities in which he carried some things to an extreme furnish plenty of material for their small wit. Such was his rigid observance of the Sabbath. Not only did he refrain from all worldly occupations on that day, he would not even write a letter, nor read one if he received it, even though it was from her who was to be his wife. He was sure that it would keep its sweetness till the next day, and meanwhile he had the pleasure of anticipation. Nay, more, he would not post a letter on Saturday, lest it should travel on Sunday. One exception, however, he was compelled to make. Sometimes he had to fight a battle on that holy day; but that he looked upon as "a work of necessity," if not of "mercy"; and then he would keep Monday! So scrupulous was he not to defraud the Lord of His just due that he would sometimes keep two or three days running to balance the account!

But more than any outward observance was the faith that vitalized his very being.

JACKSON'S TOMB LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA

MONUMENT WHERE JACKSON FELL, AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

This was the iron in his blood. It has been said that he was a fatalist; that he had a blind feeling of "destiny," like that of Napoleon, as if his career was not of his own choosing, but that he was lifted up and borne on by a power that he could not resist. This is the creed of the Moslem, to whom it gives a confidence in battle that is in itself an element of power. But it is a cold, hard, iron creed, which sees nothing around us but material forces that work on and on with tremendous power, caring not for the happiness they destroy or the suffering they inflict, crushing the lives and hopes of men without pity and without remorse. Into this stupendous mechanism — this universe without a soul—faith puts intelligence and love, so that to the soldier who looks up from his tent to the stars above him they are not the cold, stony eyes of a relentless Fate, but the tender eyes of One who looks down upon him, a loving as well as an unsleeping Watcher. That love and care Jackson never doubted. The power above was a Father, into whose hands he committed the issues of life and death with childlike trust. This simple faith was the inspiration of his life. He carried it into war; indeed, it grew stronger as the clouds grew darker. His marvellous successes might well confirm his faith in the Divine protection, which he sought constantly by prayer. His negro servant said he always knew when there was going to be a battle, because his master got up so many times in the night to pray! And he at once packed his haversack, for he knew that he would call for it in the morning. When he was riding to battle and spoke not a word, his lips were observed to be moving in prayer. Thus relying upon a higher power, how could he help looking upon success as the answer to his prayers, and say, what he fervently believed, that it was "not by his own might or power," but that it was God who had given him the victory?

This religious feeling, which was so intense in Jackson, to some extent pervaded the Southern army. Both armies were supplied with chaplains and with devoted men and women, who ministered to the

WAR-HORSE "OLD SORREL," AT THIRTY.
From a photograph by J. H. Van Ness.

sick in the hospitals and to the wounded on the field of battle. But in the Southern army there were at times—especially when in winter quarters, as at Fredericksburg—great musterings, like camp-meetings, to listen to the eloquent preachers of the South. Jackson often refers in his letters to the enjoyment he had in these services. Pious exhorters went from tent to tent talking to the men about their old homes, and the fathers and mothers far away, and how they felt for their sons exposed to the dangers of war, the kindly word ending in a little prayer-meeting, so that those who passed through the encampment in the evening saw here and there soldiers kneeling round their camp fires, and heard their simple but fervent prayers, with the singing not of war songs, but of hymns, such as

> "Jesus, lover of my soul,
> Let me to Thy bosom fly."

It is said that the soldiers of Gustavus Adolphus sang psalms in every tent—a scene that was often repeated in the Southern army, while the religious papers of the South reported great "revivals," with hundreds of conversions. A volume entitled *Christ in the Camp* details these extraordinary scenes, that often preceded battles that were among the most awful of modern times.

Next to the all-pervading faith in God which runs through the letters of Jackson, is the love of home and of that which makes home so dear. This tenderness lends a peculiar grace and charm to a soldier, because it is so alien to his pursuits that it comes upon us as a surprise. In the biography of the late Lord Lawrence, who saved India to England, there is nothing so beautiful as his devotion to his wife, to whom he whispers, with his dying breath, "To the last gasp, my darling!" Of the same heroic mould was Stonewall Jackson. In all epistolary literature there is nothing more tender than some of these letters, written amid the awful scenes of war. They run over with affection. The stern soldier uses the fondest terms of endearment. He addresses his wife as his "pet" and his "darling," his "sunshine" and his "little somebody," as if he would wrap her in a veil of mystery. When he has exhausted the English language he goes to the Spanish, which he learned in Mexico. The terms "husband" and "wife" are too cold and prosaic for his ardent affection, and he betakes himself to the more musical—if not more expressive—Spanish pet names, according to which he is her *esposo*, and she his *esposa;* or, using the diminutive, his *esposita*, his little wife. Indeed, these letters will be criticised, perhaps severely, as being too effusive in their expressions of love to be seen except by her to whom they were addressed. No doubt it cost a struggle to permit other eyes to look upon that which was written only for her own; but, on the other hand, it is in these very things which were *not* written to be seen that the true character is revealed. A soldier might write no end of military despatches, or even personal letters, in the phrases of formal etiquette, and those who read be no wiser as to the real man who is hidden behind the mask of this studied politeness. So, if our opinion were asked as to whether it had not been better for the compiler of this volume to leave out these tender phrases and epithets, our answer would be, *Not one!* Every omission would be a mutilation. "Out of the strong cometh forth sweetness," and no sweetness is like that which comes from a lion heart.

This union of love and faith he kept to the last. If anything more were needed to show how far was Stonewall Jackson from the reproach of cant and commonness, it is furnished by the way in which he met his end. It came not by a long, lingering decay, but in the very front of battle, where, caught between two armies, he was fired upon by his own men. Yet he was not to die amid "the battle's splendor," nor, like Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham, in the moment of victory. Borne from the field, he had full opportunity to contemplate the inevitable future. He did not "long for death," as do some who feel that life has no more to give them. When his wife bent over him with their child in her arms, those little fingers drew him backward. Nor did it seem to him according to the fitness of things that his work should end in mid-career; he felt that "the Lord had more for him to do." But when he saw that this was not to be, when the shadow was on the wall, instantly the warrior's head bowed to the Almighty will. Nay, he recognized the goodness of God in the time of his departure. He said that "he had always wished to die on Sunday,"

and now the Sabbath had come. It was a beautiful morning in May, and the breath of spring was in the air; it was like the breath of heaven itself, and it seemed as if the gates were opening before him. Faintly he murmured, "Let us pass over the river and rest under the trees," and the great heart stood still. Who shall say that he had not a vision of the unseen, and that he did not in that moment pass from a world of conflict to that in which war comes no more?

THE UNSPOKEN WORD.

BY ELIZA CALVERT HALL.

MY love, I would that I could say to thee
A mystic word, wherein should be expressed
This thought, which, like a yearning melody,
Strives in my heart imprisoned and repressed,—
A strange, sweet word known but to thee and me,
And blissful silence should be all the rest.

It is not soiled by passing to and fro
On lovers' lips 'twixt kisses, tears, and sighs.
Once, only once, it fell, ages ago,
Waking Eve's heart to tender, swift surprise,
When Adam's passionate lips pronounced it low
Under the waning moon of Paradise.

And as it fell, piercing the twilight dense,
An echo caught the music of its close;
And, drifted through the fields of space far hence,
The magic sound stronger and sweeter grows,
But lost, lost utterly to mortal sense,
As fragrance shed from Eden's withered rose.

Only in dreams, when thou and I alone
Meet in the shadows of the land of sleep,
I hear, like echo of an angel's tone,
That heavenly word. It thrills my slumbers deep,
But changes on my lips to human moan,
And then is gone beyond my memory's sweep.

O fleeting phantom, long and vainly sought!
Since thou art lost, and lost beyond recall,
All language seems with little meaning fraught,
And fondest words like chilly raindrops fall.
Love, help me to forget this haunting thought,
And let us dream my kiss expresses all.

But when my soul to thy soul shall draw near
In close embrace, both by one rapture stirred,
And in the language of some far, strange sphere
Whisper love's secrets, erst unguessed, unheard,
My spirit lips shall breathe into thine ear
The long-sought, exquisite, all-meaning word.

THE TREATMENT OF CANCERS AND OTHER TUMORS.

BY B. FARQUHAR CURTIS, M.D., AND WILLIAM T. BULL, M.D.

FEW men have a circle of acquaintances so small that they do not know some one who is or has been afflicted with some form of cancer. The natural inclination of one who is attacked by this disease is to conceal the fact from every one except the attending physician, and there is even a tendency to self-deception on the part of the sufferer—an effort to ignore the existence of his malady, as if by refusing to think of it he could restrain its growth. Yet, in spite of all concealment, as we have said, nearly every one has some acquaintance so afflicted, and this fact in itself shows at once how frequent such growths are. As purely medical treatment, without any attempt at removal of the growth by operation or caustic, accomplishes nothing in the way of checking the growth of malignant tumors, it has come to be a generally accepted idea among the people at large that physicians consider all cancers incurable. This belief, and the dread of submitting to an operation, naturally lead the patient into the hands of quacks. But nearly all cancers in their early stages can be entirely eradicated by systematic operations, and it is necessary for laymen to know as much as possible about the malady, in order that they may present themselves for treatment, in case they should be so unfortunate as to fall its victims, while there is still a chance of cure.

Of all the diseases to which humanity is liable, one of the most mysterious is the tumor. Why should one part of the tissues which form the body suddenly begin to grow out of all proportion to the rest, crowding the neighboring tissues aside, causing them to disappear by its pressure, and finally seeming to be endowed with a vitality of its own superior to that of the rest of the body, so that it flourishes with an independent existence, living upon the blood like a parasite, until the victim's strength is exhausted, and there is an end of both body and tumor? This is the question which has baffled scientists, and has given rise to theories innumerable.

The laws which control the growth and life of the various tissues of the body are still almost as great mysteries as they were to the first investigators in the sciences of anatomy and physiology, and we are still far from discovering why the bones and muscles, the skin and glandular organs, maintain their due proportion and their form from year to year. But, like the law of gravity and the other great laws of nature, the operation of these laws is so constant, so invariable, and so unobtrusive that their mystery becomes covered with the gloss of familiarity, and it is only in the apparent exceptions to their working that mystery reappears. We must, however, omit the consideration of these fundamental laws, and confine ourselves to the exception shown in the growth of tumors. Whatever we can learn about the latter will help us to better understand the laws of normal growth.

To make clear what we do not know about tumors, and thus to properly appreciate the mystery which surrounds them and the difficulty of making our knowledge of them complete, it is necessary first to enumerate the facts which are known. By careful and patient investigation a very considerable amount of information has been collected about their mode of origin and the laws which control their growth.

What is a tumor? A tumor is an abnormal growth of tissue in some part of the body, forming a distinct mass, more or less sharply separated from the surrounding tissues, the growth not being due to the processes of ordinary inflammation. This definition is intended to include only the true tumors, or new growths. Cysts may be included whenever there is any new growth, newly formed tissue, in their walls, for their character depends upon the character of this new tissue, rather than upon their fluid contents. According to our definition it will be seen that the common wart, and the masses of fat which grow under the skin of some persons without causing them any inconvenience, are tumors, as well as the dangerous and fatal cancers.

The body is composed of various tissues, each of which has its own peculiar structure, just as different materials are employed to form the various parts of a house. The bones may be compared to the beams; the skin, to the clapboarding upon the outside; the mucous membranes which line the cavities within the body (mouth,

stomach, and bronchial tubes, for instance), to the plastering of the inside of the house wall. The tissues of each variety of tumor have also their peculiar structure, and all tumors may be divided into two groups—the "benign" or innocent tumors, composed of tissues resembling or identical with some of the normal tissues of the body; and the malignant or dangerous tumors, formed of tissues not found in the healthy body. So clear is this distinction that a microscopist can determine in most cases the degree of malignancy of a tumor, by comparing its structure with that of the natural tissues, for its power to do mischief is proportionate to its variation from the latter.

One of the simplest of all innocent tumors is the fatty tumor, which consists of fatty tissue indistinguishable from ordinary fat by the naked eye or microscopically, and differs from the natural fatty tissue of the body only in the fact that it does not shrink and disappear when the individual grows thin. The common wart is the most familiar of the benign tumors, and in structure it is simply a hypertrophy of some of the layers of the skin. The skin is a complex tissue, or rather it is an organ formed of several tissues—a foundation layer of tough fibres (connective tissue), which is thrown up into minute projections on its external surface, and several layers of epithelial cells, which cover these projections (papillæ) and nearly fill up the intervals between them, thus forming a more level surface. The wart is a group of unusually large papillæ, covered with an unusually thick layer of epithelial cells. Equally innocent tumors grow from the bones, some of the glandular organs, and in the connective tissue, maintaining the structure of the normal tissues from which they have taken their origin.

But with the malignant tumors the case is different. In some forms—the epithelial variety of cancer, for instance—the epithelial cells on the surface of the skin, or of the mucous membranes, begin to grow downward at some point, forcing their way into the tissue below them, multiplying there, and spreading rapidly and steadily in all directions. Even in these cases the epithelial cells themselves do not differ from the normal epithelium —the so-called "cancer cell," meaning a cell peculiar to cancers, does not exist. But it is the arrangement of the cells and their mode of growth which make the tissue formed by them different from any normal tissue. In other varieties of cancer (sarcoma) a new tissue, unlike any seen in the healthy adult body, develops by changes which take place in one of the normal tissues—usually in the bone, cartilage, or connective tissue. This group of tumors has a great variety of structure, and to attempt to describe them would carry us too far into the details of pathology, but all members of this group resemble each other in having as a basis a tissue unlike any in the healthy adult body.

It must not be supposed that the line between the innocent and the malignant tumors is sharply drawn. On the contrary, there are many intermediate or transition forms, and sometimes the most experienced microscopists find it impossible to determine with certainty whether a growth is malignant or benign.

We have thus learnt to distinguish the character of a tumor by its minute structure. But the differences between the two groups of tumors, in the history of their growth, development, and consequences, are even greater. The benign tumors grow slowly, do not give pain or even discomfort (unless by their size and position), seldom ulcerate, do not tend to form secondary growths in other parts of the body, and do not return if they are removed by operation. On the other hand, the malignant growths increase rapidly, generally cause more or less pain and a loss of strength and health, are apt to ulcerate, give origin to secondary tumors, and show a marked tendency to return, unless their extirpation has been complete. The secondary growths just spoken of are caused by cells from the original tumor, which enter the blood-vessels or lymphatic vessels, are arrested in the lymphatic glands or elsewhere, and take root there, forming the nucleus for another tumor—the process resembling that of grafting in gardening.

But in the clinical picture of the disease, as well as in the study of the structures of tumors, Nature shows the dislike to sharp contrasts which marks all her work, and which renders the classifications of science so difficult. Many intermediate forms are found—benign tumors which return again and again after removal; malignant tumors which do not recur; benign tumors which grow rapidly; ma-

lignant tumors which remain dormant, as it were, for years after their first appearance; and even some malignant tumors which run a chronic course throughout. Hence it will be seen that while the distinction between the two is easily made in the ordinary cases, there are numerous exceptions in which the diagnosis is difficult, and a few in which it is impossible. This is particularly true of the early stages of malignant tumors, and therefore proper treatment is often postponed until it is too late. This fact explains the hesitation so often shown by physicians in making a positive statement that certain tumors are malignant; and it also explains the cases in which it has been claimed that a tumor which recognized authorities had pronounced to be cancer has been cured by some quack remedy; even the best authorities will sometimes make an erroneous diagnosis.

The oldest theory by which it was attempted to account for the origin of tumors ascribed it to a peculiar state of the system, a "cancerous diathesis," which rendered the tissues of the body liable to "cancerous degeneration." The great answer to this theory is the large number of cases now on record in which complete cure of the disease has been attained by early and thorough operation, for, if the tumor does not return at its previous site or elsewhere, it is manifest that its cause must have been a local one, and must have been removed with the tumor. The coexistence of several tumors has been advanced as proof that there was a constitutional taint, but more careful pathological work has shown that in almost every case it can be proved that where there are several tumors, one of them is considerably older than the rest, and that the latter are secondary and owe their existence to an infection from the first. The old theory also fails to explain why the cancerous growth remains confined to one small portion of the body for so long a time; and why, after removal, it persists in returning in the same locality; whereas both of these facts become clear at once on the supposition that cancer is a local disease.

Heredity has been accused as the chief factor in the origin of tumors. But the evidence is very uncertain, for the disease is so common that not many families are without a history of tumor development in some of their branches. Statistics give a history of heredity in only fourteen per cent. of the superficial cancers, and in twenty-seven per cent. in some of the deeper forms. Similar figures could doubtless be obtained for many of the common fatal diseases, such as pneumonia and Bright's disease.

A previous injury is often thought to be the cause of a tumor, and in some of the rarer forms of cancer (sarcoma) there can be no question that it is the cause in numerous cases. But when it is recalled how many injuries are received in all parts of the body without causing the development of a tumor, it will be perceived that there is but little ground for the general application of the theory. There is more reason for accepting the constant irritation of some spot as the cause for the development of a malignant growth, for many cancers of the tongue and lips have been caused by the irritation of a short tobacco pipe constantly smoked, or the rough point of a decayed tooth.

One of the most fascinating of all the theories which have been advanced is that which supposes that at some time in the development of the body a particle of tissue intended for one part—the skin, for example—has gone astray and been buried somewhere else, and that some accident has awakened its cells to vigorous growth after they have lain dormant for many years. It is almost impossible to make this theory clear to one who has not studied biology, but some idea of it can be formed by studying the development of the body of the chick in the egg during the process of hatching. The mass of living cells in the yolk of the egg can be observed to spread out into a flattened oval, consisting of two layers, each destined to develop into certain organs. This flat mass then becomes folded upon itself, sends out prolongations of its cells in different directions, and gradually assumes the shape of the body and organs of the chick. To one who has followed these changes it seems not at all unlikely that some minute portions of tissue might be displaced, and become the seeds from which tumors might afterwards take their origin. But here, again, we are at a loss to understand what accident finally starts the seed to growing.

The recent discoveries as to the importance of bacteria in the causation of disease have given fresh impulse to the thought that the tumors may be due to

some micro-organism which finds its way into the system. By way of analogy, the tumors which are found growing in some plants, and especially the extraordinary varieties of galls which form around the eggs of insects when deposited in the tissues of plants, also favor this theory, but as yet no decisive facts have been collected, and all is mere conjecture. For the present, we must watch and wait, hoping for enlightenment in the future, and turning the knowledge which we have been able to gain to the practical use of relieving the suffering of the victims of this disease.

What has medical art been able to do against this enemy of health and life? The faint-hearted and the sceptical are disposed to exclaim "nothing!" But in reality much has been accomplished, although almost entirely by surgery, for medicine (that is, any treatment without caustic or operation) can only palliate the sufferings and sustain the strength of the patient. The treatment of benign tumors can be disposed of in a few words. If it does not incommode the patient in any way, and if *the surgeon is certain the tumor is benign*, it may be left untouched so long as sudden increase or other symptoms do not indicate that its character has changed. Many instances of this sudden alteration in the character of a tumor are on record, and every person with an innocent tumor should be warned of the possibility of such a change, so that he can protect himself in time, if it should occur. But the surgeon must be positive as to the innocent character of a tumor if it is to be allowed to remain. We have already seen that it may be impossible to make an accurate diagnosis even after microscopic examination of the structure of the tumor, therefore the surgeon may well be in doubt when called upon to pronounce an opinion merely upon the symptoms and external appearance of a tumor. In any doubtful case there is but one safe rule—always remove the tumor. The risk of operation is trifling in comparison with the risk of leaving the patient exposed to the slightest chance that his tumor is malignant already, or likely to become so. An operation will also free the patient from an ailment which is a constant source of discomfort and anxiety.

But what of cancer? One would naturally suppose that no words could exaggerate the urgent haste with which the despairing patient would fly to the surgeon for relief—anything to remove this terrible disease with its inevitable fate. Yet it is not so. A few of the intelligent and courageous come at once for treatment, but the great majority waste their precious time in using various remedies recommended by would-be friends, deceiving themselves as long as possible, and concealing their trouble from all their acquaintances, as if a refusal to acknowledge the existence of the tumor could prevent its growth. Incredible as it may seem, these unfortunates are sometimes aided and abetted in this fatal delay by the family physician, who, in his anxiety to avoid communicating the appalling truth to the patient, puts off the decision of the question from day to day, so long as any honest doubts can be entertained, until the diagnosis finally forces itself upon him when it is too late, and operation is useless or impossible.

The causes for this state of affairs are, on the part of the patient, ignorance of the need of haste, and a natural dread of the knife; on the part of the physician, the difficulty of the diagnosis of cancer in the earliest stages, the fear of needlessly alarming the patient by suggesting the consultation of some one with wider experience in the diagnosis of cancer, or by advising the removal of a tumor which might prove on microscopical examination to be an innocent growth, and, above all, the lingering influence of the old theory that the disease depends upon some taint in the entire system, and consequently cannot be cured by operation.

The better education of the public in regard to the true nature of malignant tumors is constantly diminishing the delay due to ignorance. The modern surgical methods abolish consciousness and pain during the operation, and enable the dressings applied to the wound immediately after operation to remain untouched until it has entirely healed, so that no pain and but little discomfort is felt by the patient at any time. These improvements will probably entirely remove the dread of the knife, which was formerly so well-founded.

The newer methods also enable the surgeon to make his operations much more thorough; and the results of the treatment of cancer by extirpation are consequently steadily improving, and the

number of cases radically cured is increasing. All that is now needed to make the results excellent is the co-operation of the patient and the family physician in allowing the surgeon to remove the tumor at the earliest possible moment. It is to be hoped that the realization of the facts that cancer is limited at first to a small area, but that it spreads rapidly and inevitably, and tends to infect distant parts of the body, will open the eyes of those afflicted with the disease to the necessity of operation before the tumor has grown too large, and before secondary infection of other parts has occurred. We have seen that there is no hope of cure except by operation, and that the chances of cure depend upon early removal of all of the diseased tissues. The folly of delay can hardly be presented in any stronger light. To delay is to make a deliberate attempt at suicide.

So far as the available statistics are to be trusted, cancer has apparently been increasing of late years. At such a time, when a hope has also revived that cancer may ultimately be radically cured in most cases by prompt and thorough surgical treatment, it was a happy beneficence that prompted several persons, chief of whom were the late Mrs. George W. Cullum, and the late Mrs. John Jacob Astor and her husband, to furnish the means for building and equipping a hospital in New York to be entirely devoted to the treatment of this disease. The advantages to be gained from such an institution are manifest, but they may be briefly enumerated as these: The actual relief of suffering and the cure of patients; the systematic application of the recent advances in the surgical treatment of cancer to large numbers of cases; the following of the patients after they have left the hospital, so that by constant surveillance for a sufficient period the final result can be determined with certainty as to cure or recurrence. There has been a need for such data as this system would supply for the study of cancer, for in private practice it is almost impossible to follow the patients, and in the hospitals too little attention has been devoted to this important branch of investigation.

But this hospital serves another most excellent purpose, as it emphasizes the fact that since the advances of science have made it possible to remove all the disagreeable symptoms which formerly rendered these patients a burden to themselves and their friends, there is now no reason why such a hospital should be less agreeable than the ordinary surgical hospital, or the patients more repulsive than the ordinary surgical cases. Instead of banishing these unfortunates from society like lepers, unusual care has been taken to make the hospital an attractive residence.

Native Americans have an invincible repugnance to hospital life and treatment, and it was therefore a happy idea which was acted on in making the New York Cancer Hospital look as little like a public institution as possible. The architect has constructed a building much in the fashion of a French château, so that it suggests absolutely nothing of the bare walls of ordinary charity, and is an ornament to a neighborhood which is rapidly being built up with handsome private dwellings. The hospital is situated at Eighth Avenue and 106th Street, looking out on the Central Park, and the natural advantages of its position are supplemented by the most approved methods of ventilation. The round towers afford the opportunity of making the wards circular, the best form for ventilation, as is seen in the circular mosques of India, in which a feather has been observed to follow the wall, ascending in a spiral from the floor to the roof, although no current of air was otherwise perceptible. This natural ventilation is supplemented by a steam-fan which forces fresh air constantly into the building; and this system is so perfect that even in the crowded wards the air remains fresh and sweet. The fresh air and sunny, cheerful surroundings undoubtedly have much to do with the speedy recovery of the patients treated here, nearly all of whom could never have had such comforts and care if it were not for the generosity of the founders of the hospital.

While statesmen and publicists and the millionaires themselves are discussing the responsibilities of wealth, we do not hesitate to call their attention and the attention of the public to this institution, which is striving with inadequate means to do the great work for which it was founded, and to demonstrate the truth which is more especially the theme of this paper, namely that cancer is curable by surgical means if it be attacked in time.

AFRICA, AND THE EUROPEAN POWERS.

BY ARTHUR SILVA WHITE, F.R.S.E., SECRETARY TO THE ROYAL SCOTTISH GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

THE practical and decisive steps that have been taken by the European Powers in Africa to bring that long-suffering continent within the sphere of more intimate and reciprocal relationship render the adoption by them of a common or uniform programme a matter of increasing importance. The haphazard and adventitious policy which has regulated the relations between Europe and Africa should, in the interest of the Powers concerned, give place to one formulated on more liberal and expansive lines.

European action in Africa has in the past been largely antagonistic to the first principles of statecraft, the result of which is seen to-day in the limitation of the European domination, which, in as far as concerns the administration of the lands of Tropical Africa, is practically restricted to the coastal zone. But hitherto we have only experimented in Africa, whilst now we are called upon to control its destinies. We are no longer slave-hunters and vagrant exploiters; we have accepted the responsibilities of government. How, then, are we to perform this self-imposed task?

The European Powers in Africa, whatever their original and impelling motives may have been, are nowadays creating extensive colonial establishments, not for philanthropic, but purely utilitarian ends. And, in regard to their ultimate value as colonial possessions, it is necessary that they should return some interest on the capital sunk in their development, otherwise they will prove an encumbrance. The interest may be of more than one kind, however. It may be a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence only, or their equivalent in political weight; but whether material or moral, some profit is sought and expected. That is only reasonable. Yet, to derive profit from colonial ventures, it is sometimes imperative to make initial sacrifices of an alarming extent. Faith, courage, and "a long purse" are essential to ultimate success. Provided the operator has the staying power and the knowledge which seasons judgment, he at least has a good chance of success where others less gifted may fail.

It is not sufficiently recognized by those with whom the responsibility of colonial expansion rests that the conditions which make for success in Africa are very different from those obtaining in other parts of the world. Its conditions and its necessities are, in fact, differentiated from those of every other continent; and, until the former are recognized and the latter provided for, it is difficult to see what progress can be made. My intention in the present paper is to expose the fundamental principles underlying the development of Africa along natural lines, in order to demonstrate a community of interests, and the consequent necessity of adopting a uniform programme, should the European Powers in Africa be serious in their attempt to administer lands which their own subjects cannot at present colonize. Once these general principles are admitted, it would not be impossible to draw up a programme which more or less, according to the special needs of each Power, should regulate the administration of African lands.

The fundamental principles underlying the development of African lands may be classified as under:

I. *Physical conditions.* European political settlement as affected or controlled by the conditions of climate, soil, land-sculpture, vegetable and mineral resources, and the navigability of fluvial highways.

II. *Political conditions.* European political settlement as affected or controlled by the indigenous populations or rival foreign interests.

It may be said at once that it is chiefly with the first set of conditions we shall have to deal, for the African Question, in its present initial stage, is in the main a geographical problem. Upon the solution of this problem will largely depend our capacity for dealing with the wider human interests arising from the mission of Europe in Africa.

Though rival foreign interests are uppermost in men's minds at the present time, their adjustment, which cannot be long delayed, will leave the European Powers each with a sphere of influence of vast extent.

The exploitation of Inner Africa through the agency of chartered companies is regarded by some as a retrogressive step. In effect this is by no means the case.

The conditions affecting the occupation and administration of African lands by European Powers are not wholly dissimilar to those which in the early days of colonial enterprise gave birth to chartered companies. I am prepared to show that in the case of Africa it is only by the adoption of a sound commercial policy that we can hope to overcome the inertia of its arrested development; and it is quite reasonable to assume that such a policy must govern the action of the chartered companies into whose hands has been intrusted the task of opening up Inner Africa.

In a volume* recently published I made a comprehensive survey of physical and political phenomena in Africa, and the conclusions to which I came were, briefly, the following:

I. European political rule in Africa requires for its consolidation a seaboard as an effective base, and for its expansion easy access into the Interior. It naturally follows the lines of least resistance, and these, in a physical sense, are afforded by the great river valleys. But owing to the configuration of the continent, and the consequent disposition of its river systems—all of which are developed *behind* the seaward border of the inland plateau—free access by river from the ocean is interrupted by the cataracts and rapids that are formed in the beds of all the rivers where, at comparatively short distances from their mouths, they break through the rim of the inland plateau in order to reach the sea. Hence, European political rule in Africa, after its consolidation in the coastal zone, for the most part in contiguity to the mouths of the large rivers, has not yet succeeded in penetrating for any great distance into the interior lands.

II. Climatic conditions, however, have in the main exercised the most potent repellent force against the expansion of European political rule and the extension of European settlement. The climate of the coastal lands, being the most dangerous for Europeans and the least favorable for their acclimatization, has generally paralyzed or crippled the settlements that have been established thereon. Unfavorable climatic phenomena have also raised natural barriers in the way of easy access into the Interior: (1) in the Nile Valley, where the Nubian Desert occurs; (2) south of the Mediterranean Littoral, where the Sahara and Libyan deserts occur; and (3) between the Red Sea, parts of the East and West coasts, and the interior lands, where deserts or steppes intervene.

III. The fluvial highways, on the other hand, being so favorably situated in certain parts of Africa, the initial physical obstacles to the extension of European political rule have been eventually overcome: (1) in the Niger basin, where access into the Sudan is both practicable and easy; (2) in the Congo basin, which offers an unrivalled system of waterways conducting into the Interior; and (3) in the Zambezi basin, which gives access by the chain of great lakes to the most valuable land-and-water route across the continent.

IV. Land-and-water routes—of which (1) the Zambezi and the chain of great lakes is by far the most important—are found elsewhere in Africa, namely, (2) from the Lower Nile Valley or from the Red Sea by at least two practicable routes, and from the East Coast into the basin of the Upper Nile, where a junction with route No. 1 can be effected; (3) by the Niger, joining the ordinary caravan routes (*a*) into the Central Sudan and (*b*) across the Sahara to the Mediterranean seaboard; (4) by the Congo and Stanley's most recent path to the East Coast; and (5) from Cape Colony northward by land, and ultimately by railway, to the great lakes. These are only the chief and, for the most part, transcontinental highways; but other practical routes into the Interior also occur.

As regards the respective merits of these natural highways, it has been proved to demonstration that (1) the Sahara caravan route is less valuable than, and not at all able to compete with, the route by the Niger; (2) the Lower Nile route is not so feasible as that from the Red Sea or East Coast; and (3) the Congo route is not nearly so good as that by the Zambezi and chain of lakes. Finally, the best route of any is that which starts from Cape Colony and joins the great lakes.

V. European colonization of the coastal lands has been proved to be impossible without (1) the institution of sanitary precautions, such as the draining or flooding of marsh lands; (2) exceptional attention

* *The Development of Africa.* By A. Silva White. With 14 original maps by E. G. Ravenstein. Demy 8vo. London: George Philip and Son.

to health; and (3) a very gradual process of acclimatization. European colonization of the high-plateau countries has, on the other hand, been shown to be fairly practicable. Whilst, also, in Temperate South Africa colonists are able to thrive, only the people of southern Europe show an increase of the birth rate over the death rate in Temperate North Africa.

VI. The indigenous populations, in their migratory movements, have taken directions the very reverse of European conquest: they have either been (1) thrust back and dispossessed of their lands; or (2) assimilated, and so have deteriorated; or (3) annihilated—rapidly by the sword, slowly by vile intoxicants. Nevertheless, they have evinced a capacity not only for nourishing an original culture, but for taking on and assimilating higher alien forms. What we understand by civilization, or progress, has scarcely yet been planted in Africa. The Negro race must be developed along natural lines.

From the comparative absence of political cohesion in Bantu Africa, the European domination has met with slight resistance. It is otherwise in the Mohammedan states of the Central Sudan, where European conquest has been checked wherever it has deeply penetrated; but, up to the present day, except in the Mediterranean lands, no concerted movements have been made against the strongholds of Islam.

VII. Islam and Christianity, or Arab and European rule, and their attendant evils, namely, the slave trade and the traffic in drink respectively, have resulted in the adoption of very much the same methods of propagandism and conquest. But, in their effect on the Pagan populations, Islam and Arab rule have succeeded in places where Christianity and European rule have failed.

The main reasons of such relative success and failure appear to be: (1) because Islam, now so long established as to be virtually an indigenous force, has been able to rapidly assimilate the conquered peoples and raise them up to its standard, whilst Christianity, an alien force, with insufficient material power behind it, demands of the natives an impossible standard; and (2) because Arab rule is suited to the conditions of life in Tropical Africa, whilst European rule, which has been inconsistent with the teaching of its pioneer missionaries, has introduced social revolutions, followed by moral degradation, of the most far-reaching character. At the same time it is evident that even in the comparatively short time of effective missionary enterprise among the impressionable Bantu a certain measure of success has been attained. This degree of success would have had permanent and important results but for (1) European international rivalries in, and the ineffective administration of, the territories in Africa; (2) the immoral practices of traders; and (3), above all, the debasing and destructive traffic in cheap spirits. Thus, the efforts of the missionaries at ameliorating the lot of the natives, or at inculcating a higher life, have been either discounted or entirely thwarted. It is too obvious that, wherever the European domination has obtained some degree of permanence, the natives have deteriorated or died out, the relatively few exceptions only emphasizing this phenomenon. In the interests not only of humanity, but of national honor, if for no higher or even material reason, the European Powers in Africa should immediately stop the indiscriminate trade in intoxicating liquors, by which their "customers" are slowly but surely being driven either into sodden barbarism, which can have no desires for other European manufactures, or into untimely graves, which will be imperishable monuments of European hypocrisy and disgrace.

VIII. The slave trade has been another mischievous factor against the healthy development of Africa, for it has undermined its social fabric, and introduced a potent element against legitimate commerce. However, it has been demonstrated that the slave trade does not pay in itself, but only in conjunction with the ivory trade. In proof of this statement it may be pointed out that all slave routes are trade routes, and the slave preserves coincide with the areas where elephants are still abundant.

For the suppression of the traffic in slaves it is therefore essential to adopt, in addition to the ordinary and obvious legislation and police measures, a sound commercial policy, with the object of undermining the slave trade by legitimate commerce, and thereby introducing an inimical factor over which the European Powers have complete control.

IX. The value of African lands appears to be sufficiently promising to guarantee their profitable development in those re-

gions where mineral resources or ivory are abundant. All such regions are able to offer an immediate return for capital. In the absence of those resources, however, or failing the presence of a strong and effective European government, the initial cost of opening up new lands is not likely to meet with a fair return for capital in the immediate future.

X. Commerce is the dominant factor in African politics; and commercial supremacy is the underlying motive of European enterprise in Africa.

XI. The commercial exploitation of Africa must therefore determine its political destiny. African lands must and can be made to pay eventually. The initial difficulties to be overcome arise mainly from (1) the traffic in slaves, (2) the traffic in alcoholic liquors, and (3) the absence of skilled native labor. Upon the solution of these problems will depend the ultimate development of Africa as a field for European enterprise.

XII. Chartered companies have proved invaluable for tentative or experimental efforts, because (1) commerce is the natural instrument for effecting the true development of Africa, and (2) because they can advance boldly where it is not expedient for the national flag to venture. But chartered companies, for this very reason, and because native interests might be sacrificed to the interests of the shareholders, should have the strict parental supervision of their respective governments.

XIII. From the fact that the unknown or unexplored regions of Africa at the present day lie behind the European possessions on the coasts, it may be argued that, in consequence of the necessity of the Powers to fix their inland boundaries and to explore and exploit the interior regions, the march of exploration in the future will be directed by and precede colonization and political settlement.

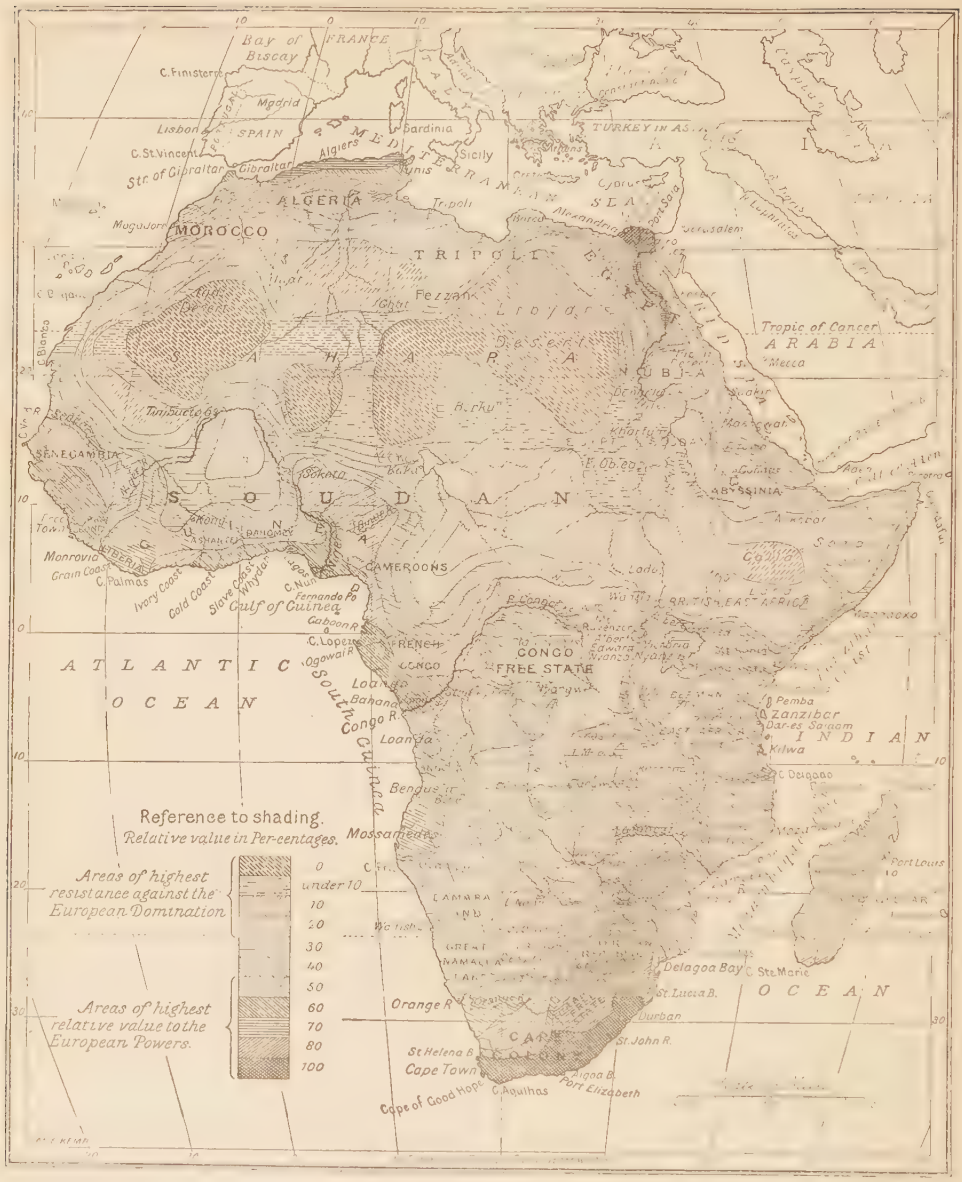
XIV. The European domination over African lands is intermittently felt throughout the greater part of the continent, but only in the Temperate regions and at isolated points in the coastal zone has it been followed by effective occupation. Throughout Tropical Africa European political administration is practically restricted to the coastal lands and to the lower portions of the valleys of the great rivers. Whilst the obstacles to European political rule are not necessarily insuperable, the existing limitations should be judiciously observed, in order that they may eventually be overcome in part or altogether. In place of haphazard administrative experiments, the European Powers would do better to adopt a systematic programme, based on the best principles that experience and knowledge teach us ought to determine the development of African lands.

XV. Finally, the partition of African lands among the European Powers, which practically commenced only after the Berlin Conference of 1884–5, has proceeded so rapidly that, at the present time, the whole of Africa south of the Equator has been appropriated by them, whilst, on the other hand, to the north of the Equator very few internal boundaries are yet fixed. In other words, Pagan Africa is now exclusively dominated by the European Powers, whilst Mohammedan Africa remains for the most part under the rule of Arab and native chiefs. A point of special significance and importance is the fact that, from south to north along the main axis of the continent—by which route, it may be expected, the civilization of Europe will chiefly advance—the territories are under the control of Britain, Germany, and Italy, but chiefly of Britain.

The above summary appears to me to contain a fair, though brief, exposition of the general principles underlying the development of Africa along what may be regarded as its natural lines. American interests, being for the most part unselfish and philanthropic, have not been referred to, but the time may come when the Negro Question in the United States will find its solution in Africa.

I propose now to apply these principles in a manner capable of illustrating or invalidating their truth. This I have done on the map accompanying this paper, which illustrates in a graphic manner what, in my opinion, is the relative value of African lands to any European Power having control over them. The scheme on which the map has been constructed requires, however, some explanation, since, so far as I am aware, it is entirely novel in conception.

Conscientious students of geography cannot fail to be astounded at the loose statements regarding Africa which, under the stamp of quasi-authorities, too often obtain currency, and tend to give the



MAP SHOWING COMPARATIVE VALUE OF AFRICAN LANDS.—By Arthur Silva White, F.R.S.E.

guileless public an entirely false or confused notion of the advantages and disadvantages attending the European domination. Even writers who are competent to give instruction regarding one or more of the well defined regions of Africa allow themselves to be carried away by their enthusiasm, or become lost in their geography, and claim for their descriptions an application that is almost boundless. Yet our present knowledge of Africa, imperfect and limited as we know it to be, is sufficiently comprehensive for us to recognize well-marked physical and political characteristics, which differentiate certain geographical areas within the vast continent. It is therefore quite possible to investigate what may be regarded as distinctive natu-

ral regions, and to compare them one with another. Such a method is, moreover, capable of adjustment to any particular point of view, and of being focussed to the closest scrutiny. We are, in short, able to distinguish, and consequently to appraise, the leading characteristics of comparatively small areas.

In estimating the comparative value of African lands my stand-point has been that of the European diplomatist, who requires to look a little into the future. Our knowledge of the vast Interior is for the most part too imperfect to hazard even an estimate of its potential value, which only time can determine; but on the *Hinterland* principle these remote regions have even now a recognized political value. The energies of the European Powers in Africa are consequently directed partly to the development of restricted regions bordering the coasts, and partly to the acquisition of territories which may at some future time be valuable as *Hinterländer*. The former are capable of appraisement, for in most cases they have been carefully exploited, but of the latter we know so little that a rough valuation is all that can be obtained at the present day.

I conclude, of course, that the value of colonial possessions is regulated by the capacity of the suzerain or dominant Power to make use of them, and is discounted by its incapacity in this respect. All humanitarian motives may be set aside as not being pertinent to the present inquiry.

Now we know, from long experience and from the testimony of history, that in the past, and presumably for many years to come, the coastal lands of Africa have been and must continue to be the most valuable to a European Power, and that they increase in value in direct ratio to their contiguity to navigable rivers. The possession of a political base on the coasts is, as I have said, absolutely essential for the operations of any European Power in the Interior. Isolated *enclaves* of territory decrease in value the further removed they are from the coast or from navigable waterways leading directly to the coast.

Again, it has been abundantly demonstrated that throughout the greater part of Tropical Africa there are very few regions where European colonization is possible. It is only when we enter the sub-Tropical and Temperate zones, or ascend the high-plateaus above a certain altitude —districts which are necessarily at a distance from the coasts—that we find regions adapted to colonization by Europeans.

It follows, therefore, that however valuable a district may be in itself, its value is discounted in proportion to its degree of inaccessibility. At the present day, and for some time to come, the great arterial river highways conducting into the interior of Africa, starting from a base on the coast, indicate, and will continue to indicate, the routes by which European enterprise must enter on its conquest of remote regions. The possession of these natural highways is therefore of prime political importance. Artificial highways, such as railways, can of course be constructed; but such construction, involving the outlay of capital, itself discounts the intrinsic value of the lands they traverse. At the same time, since easy and practicable communications are the main factors in the development of remote regions, other than continuous fluvial highways may serve these ends, as, for instance, a valuable land-and-water route like that by the Zambezi and Great Lakes, or along the comparatively healthy axis of elevation in Southeast Africa.

The first step in my inquiry was to mark off distinctive regions. These, in the main, correspond with the drainage areas, and are all capable of being studied under sub-regions. The following were the regions selected for comparison: Mediterranean Littoral, Northwest Africa, Sahara Desert, Lower Egypt, Red Sea Littoral, Upper Nile basin, Upper Guinea, Niger basin, Central Sudan, Lower Guinea, Eastern Horn, Congo basin, Zambezi basin, East Coast, N'gami basin, Southwest Coast, South Africa.

Having obtained, in the above territorial divisions, large characteristic areas that are capable of being compared one with another, both from physical and political points of view, I selected what appeared to me to be the main factors determining the value of these lands to a European Power. But these factors not being of equal relative importance, it was necessary to assign to each a fair proportion of the highest aggregate value. The following table exhibits the main conditions to which I have alluded, and their percentages of value:

	Percentages of Aggregate Value.
A. Climatic Phenomena— Temperature, 10; Range of temperature and relative humidity, 5; Absence of malaria, 5	20
B. Natural Communications	10
C. Natural Resources— Animal (including elephants or ivory) and vegetable, 10; Mineral, 10	20
D. Exterior Trade and Commerce— Chiefly volume of trade (exports and imports)	10
E. Indigenous Political Conditions— Religion or faith, 5; Native culture, 10; Relations with Europe, 5	20
F. Foreign Political Conditions— Character and extent of European domination or settlement, 10; Capacity for development of European institutions, 10	20
Highest value =	100

It is, however, obvious that having in this way obtained the mean average value of extensive natural regions, these estimates would be subject to considerable modification when one attempted to apply them locally. Each group of graduated values, applying to a distinctive natural region, became more and more affected as it approached another such group, not unlike the crumpling of *strata* under pressure of opposing forces. The final result is shown on the map, so far as such an inquiry can be elucidated by a simple mechanical process; and I feel convinced that, though it may challenge the criticism of gentlemen exclusively interested in particular parts of the continent, the student of African geography will be prepared to endorse its general accuracy.

As a rough and ready means of testing the general accuracy of my map, I may point to three broad generalizations, namely: (1) areas of highest resistance against the European domination, from 0 to 20 per cent.; (2) areas of highest relative value to the European Powers, from 50 to 100 per cent.; and (3) the intermediate or transitional regions. It should be added that these generalizations were drawn *after* the percentages of value were laid down on the map, because they only then became apparent.

Quite apart from the percentages of value that have been given to these regions respectively, a glance at the map will, I think, reveal the approximate progressive value of African lands at the present day. In order to express this in a graphic manner it was essential to adopt the simple method of "contour lines." It does not at all follow that every square mile of land within a given periphery is exactly of the value given, but only approximately. Had I attempted to define areas of equal value, I should have had to discard the present graphic method, and to have adopted one the result of which would have closely resembled a geological chart. The method which I have selected, however, expresses approximately the relative value of the lands themselves, and their progressive value in relation to their geographical position.

It will be observed, for instance, that the highest values lie in contiguity to the coast and to the great river highways leading into the Interior, whilst the lowest values coincide with areas most remote from the coast, or over which climatic or political conditions are in the highest degree inimical to their development. It will further be observed that the salient portions of the peripheries indicate the directions in which, in the case of the highest values, the development of African lands is likely to be profitable; whilst, in the case of areas of low value, they have a precisely contrary signification. Where, also, the lines of graduated values lie close together, the presence of some powerful, political or physical, obstacle is clearly intended to be signalized. These abrupt, or steep, gradients are conspicuous in the neighborhood of desert regions; and they are the more abrupt if, as in the case of Southeast Africa, valuable regions lie in contiguity. The outstanding value of South Africa is, of course, due to its relatively healthy climate, its organized political institutions, its strong base on the coast, and its rich natural resources; whilst the low value given to the fertile regions in the Upper Nile basin is chiefly due to hostile political factors, which at any day may be suddenly reversed.

A free reading of my map should, consequently, illustrate the lines of least resistance against the European domination in Africa. Each characteristic natural region has its strategic base on the coast in the possession of one or more of the European Powers, and from which operations in the Interior can be most profitably directed. Rapid and easy transit to the coast is, in fact, the first essential condition for the profitable development of remote African lands; and it would mutually benefit the Powers if all the great river highways were internationalized.

In other respects the map should explain itself. It exposes more accurately and graphically than any other method known to me the true lines of the natural development of Africa by the European Powers. If, however, the political boundaries of the European spheres of influence were superimposed, it would be found that what I have called the "natural regions," with their respective strategic bases on the coast, are in most cases shared by two or more European Powers. Consequently it would be to the interest of those Powers if, instead of wasting their strength in hostile competition, they were to unite, in all respects where union was possible, against the dangers and difficulties common to them all. If only they would recognize a community of interests and adopt a common programme, the European domination in Africa, instead of being the shadow it now is, would soon bring light and health to the down-trodden and suffering millions of the Dark Continent. Moreover—and I cannot use a stronger argument—it would *pay them* to do so.

THE WIDDER JOHNSING.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

"Monkey, monkey, bottle o' beer,
How many monkeys have we here?
One, two, three—
Out goes she!"

"'TAIN' no use ter try ter hol' 'er. She des gwine f'om fits ter convulsions, and f'om convulsions back inter fits!"

Sister Temperance Tias raised her hands and spoke low. She had just come out of the room of sorrow.

Jake Johnson was dead, and Lize Ann Johnson again a widow.

The "other room" in the little cabin was crowded with visitors—the old, the young, the pious, the thoughtless, the frivolous—all teeming with curiosity, and bursting into expressions of sympathy, each anxious to look upon the ever-interesting face of death, every one eager to "he'p hol' Sis' Lize Ann."

But Temperance held sway on this as on all similar occasions on the plantation, and no one would dare to cross the threshold from "the other room" until she should make the formal announcement, "De corpse is perpared ter receive 'is frien's," and even then there would be the tedium of precedence to undergo.

It was tiresome, but it paid in the end, for long before midnight every visitor should have had his turn to pass in and take a look. Then would begin an informal, unrestricted circulation between the two rooms, when the so-disposed might "choose pardners," and sit out on the little porch, or in the yard on benches brought in from the church, and distributed about for that purpose.

Here they would pleasantly gather about in groups with social informality, and freely discuss such newly discovered virtues of the deceased as a fresh retrospect revealed, or employ themselves with their own more pressing romances, as they saw fit.

There were many present, inside and at the doors, who eagerly anticipated this later hour, and were even now casting about for "pardners"; but Sister Temperance was not one of these. Now was the hour of her triumph. It was she alone, excepting the few, selected by herself, who were at this moment making a last toilet for the departed, who had looked upon the face of the dead.

She was even ahead of the doctors, who, as the patient had died between visits, did not yet know the news.

As she was supreme authority upon the case in all its bearings, whenever she appeared at the door between the two rooms the crowd pressed eagerly forward. They were *so* anxious for the very latest bulletin.

"F'om convulsions inter fits! Umh!" repeated the foremost sister, echoing Temperance's words.

"Yas, an' back agin!" reiterated the oracle. "She des come thoo a fit, an' de way she gwine orn now, I s'picion de nex' gwine be a reverind convulsion! She taken it hard, I tell yer!" And Sister Temperance quietly, cruelly closed the door, and withdrew into the scene of action.

"Sis' Lize Ann ought ter be helt," ventured a robust sister near the door.

"Or tied, one," added another.

"I knowed she keered mo' fur Brer Jake 'n she let orn," suggested a third. "Lize Ann don't mean no harm by her orf-handed ways. She des kep' 'er love all ter 'erse'f."

So ran the gossip of "the other room," when Temperance reappeared at the door.

"Sis' Calline Taylor, yo' services is requi'ed." She spoke with a suppressed tone of marked distinctness and a dignity that was inimitable, whereupon a portly dame at the farthest corner of the room began to elbow her way through the crowd, who regarded her with new respect as she entered the chamber of death, a shrill scream from the new-made widow adding its glamour to her honors, as, with a loud groan, she closed the door behind her.

A stillness now fell upon the assembly, disturbed only by an occasional moan, until Sister Phyllis, a leader in things spiritual, broke the silence.

"Sis' Calline Taylor is a proud han' ter hol' down fits, but I hope she'll speak a word in season fur sperityal comfort."

"Sis' Tempunce callin' out Scripture ev'y time she see 'er ease up," said old Black Sal. "Lize Ann in good han's, po' soul! Look like she *is* got good 'casion ter grieve. Seem like she's born ter widderhood."

"Po' Jake! Yer reck'n she gwine bury 'im 'longside o' Alick an' Steve?"—her former husbands.

"In co'se. 'Tain' no use dividin' up grief an' sowin' a pusson's sorrer broadcas', 'caze—"

The opening door commanded silence again.

"Brer Jake's face changin' mightily!" said Temperance, as she stood again before them. "De way hit's a-settlin', I b'lieve he done foun' peace ter his soul."

"Is 'is eyes shet?"

"De lef' eye open des a leetle *teen*chy *tine*chy bit."

"Look fur a chil' ter die nex'—a boy chil'. Yer say de lef' eye open, ain't yer?"

"Yas—de one todes de chimbly. He layin' catti-cornders o' de bed, wid 'is foots ter de top."

"Catti-cornders! Umh!"

"Yas, an' wid 'is haid down todes de foot."

"Eh, Lord! Haids er foots is all one ter po' Jake now."

"Is yer gwine plat 'is fingers, Sis' Tempunce?"

"His fingers done platted, an' de way I done twissen 'em in an' out, over an' under, dee gwine stay tell Gab'iel call fur 'is han'!"

"Umh!"

"Eh, Lord! An' is yer done comb 'is haid, Sis' Tempunce?"

"I des done wropp'n an' twissen it good, an' I 'low ter let it out fur de fun'al tomorrer. I knowed Jake 'd be mo' satisfider ef he knowed it 'd be in its fus' granger at de fun'al—an' Sis' Lize Ann too. She say she 'ain't nuver is had no secon'-class buryin's, an' she ain' *gwine* have none. Time Alick died she lay in a trance two days, an' de brass ban' at de fun'al nuver phazed 'er! An' y' all ricollec' how she taken ter de woods an' had ter be ketched time Steve was kilt, an' now she des a-stavin' it orf brave as she kin on convulsions an' fits! Look like when a pusson taken sorrer so hard, Gord would sho'ly spare de scourgin' rod."

"Yas, but yer know what de preacher say—'Gord sen' a tempes' o' win' ter de shorn lamb.'"

"Yas indeedy," said another, a religious celebrity, "an' we daresn't jedge de Jedge!"

"Maybe sometimes Gord sen' a tempes' o' win' ter de shorn lamb ter meck it run an' hide in de Shepherd's fol'. Pray Gord dis searchin' win' o' jedgmint gwine blow po' Sis' Lize Ann inter de green pastures o' de kingdom!"

"Amen!" came solemnly from several directions.

An incisive shriek from within, which startled the speakers into another awe-stricken silence, summoned Temperance back in haste to her post.

Crowds were gathering without the doors now, and the twinkle of lanterns approaching over the fields and through the wood promised a popular attendance at the wake, which, after much tedious waiting, was at last formally opened. Temperance herself swung wide the dividing door, and hesitating a moment as she stood before them, that the announcement should gain in effect by a prelude of silence, she said, with marked solemnity:

"De corpse is now perpared ter receive 'is frien's! Ef," she continued, after another pause—"ef so be any pusson present is nigh kin ter de lately deceasted daid corpse, let 'em please ter step in fust at de haid o' de line."

A half-minute of inquiring silence ensued, and that the first to break it by stepping forward was a former discarded wife of the deceased caused no comment. She led by the hand a small boy, whom all knew to be the dead man's son, and it was with distinct deference that the crowd parted to let them pass in. Just as they were entering, a stir was heard at the outer door.

"Heah comes de corpse's mammy an' daddy," one said, in an audible whisper.

It was true. The old parents, who lived some miles distant, had just arrived. The throng had fallen well back now, clearing a free passage across the room. With a loud groan and extended arms, Temperance glided down the opening to meet the aged couple, who sobbed aloud as they tremulously followed her into the presence of the dead.

The former wife and awe-stricken child had already entered, and that they all, with the new-made widow, who rocked to and fro at the head of the corpse, wept together, confessed sharers in a common sorrow, was quite in the natural order of things.

The procession of guests now began to pass through, making a circuit of the table on which the body lay, and as they moved out the door, some one raised a hymn. A group in the yard caught it up, and soon the woods echoed with the weird rhythmic melody. All night long the singing continued, carried along by new recruits as the first voices grew weary and dropped out. If there was some giggling and love-making among the young people, it was discreetly kept in the shadowy corners, and wounded no one's feelings.

The widow took no rest during the night. When exhausted from violent emotion, she fell into a rhythmic moan, accompanied by corresponding swaying to and fro of her body—a movement at once unyielding and restful.

The church folk were watching her with a keen interest, and indeed so were the worldlings, for this was Lize Ann's third widowhood within the short space of five years, and each of the other funerals had been practically but an inaugural service to a most remarkable career. As girl first, and twice as widow, she had been a conspicuous and, if truth must be told, rather a notorious figure in colored circles. Three times she had voluntarily married into quiet life, and welcomed with her chosen partner the seclusion of wedded domesticity, but during the intervals she had played promiscuous havoc with the matrimonial felicity of her neighbors, to such an extent that it was a confessed relief when she had finally walked up the aisle with Jake Johnson, as, by taking one woman's husband, she had brought peace of mind to a score of anxious wives.

It is true that Jake had been lawfully wedded to the first woman, but the ceremony had occurred in another parish some years before, and was practically obsolete, and so the church, taking its cue from nature, which does not set eyes in the back of one's head, made no indiscreet retrospective investigations, but, in the professed guise of a peace-maker, pronounced its benediction upon the new pair.

The deserted wife had soon likewise repaired her loss, whether with benefit of clergy or not, it is not ours to say, but when she returned to mourn at the funeral, it was not as one who had refused to be comforted. She felt a certain secret triumph in bringing her boy to gaze for the last time upon the face of his father. It was more than the childless woman, who sat, acknowledged chief mourner, at the head of the corpse could do.

There was a look of half-savage defiance upon her face as she lifted the little fellow up and said, in an audible voice:

"Take one las' look at yo' daddy, Jakey. Dat's yo' own Gord-blessed father, an' you ain't nuver gwine see 'im no mo' tell yer meet 'im in de kingdom come, whar dey ain't no marryin', neither *givin'* in marriage"; and she added, in an undertone, with a significant sniffle, "nur borrerin' nuther."

She knew that she whom it could offend would not hear this last remark, as her ears were filled with her own wails, but the words were not lost upon the crowd.

The little child, frightened and excited, began to cry aloud.

"Let 'im cry," said one. "D'ain't nobody got a better right."

"He feel his loss, po' chile!"

"Blood's thicker'n water ev'y time."

"Yas, blood will tell. Look like de po' chile's heart was rendered in two quick's he looked at 'is pa."

Such sympathetic remarks as these, showing the direction of the ultimate sentiment of the people, reached the mo-

ther's ears, and encouraged her to raise her head a fraction higher than before, as, pacifying the weeping child, she passed out and went home.

The funeral took place on the afternoon following, and, to the surprise of all, the mourning widow behaved with wonderful self-control during all the harrowing ceremony.

Only when the last clod fell upon the grave did she throw up her hands, and with a shriek fall back in a faint, and have to be "toted" back to the wagon in which she had come.

If some were curious to see what direction her grief would take, they had some time to wait. She had never before taken long to declare herself, and on each former occasion the declaration had been one of war—a worldly, rioting, rollicking war upon the men.

During both her previous widowhoods she had danced longer and higher, laughed oftener and louder, dressed more gaudily and effectively, than all the women on three contiguous plantations put together, and when, in these well-remembered days, she had passed down the road on Sunday evenings, and chosen to peep over her shoulders with dreamy half-closed eyes at some special man whom it pleased her mood to ensnare, he had no more been able to help following her than he had been able to help lying to his wife or sweetheart about it afterward.

The sympathy expressed for her at Jake's funeral had been sincere. No negro ever resists any noisy demonstration of grief, and each of her moans and screams had found responsive echo in more than one sympathetic heart.

But now the funeral was over, Jake was dead and gone, and the state of affairs so exact a restoration to a recent well-remembered condition that it was not strange that the sisters wondered with some concern what she would do.

They had felt touched when she had fainted away at the funeral, and yet there were those, and among them his good wife, who had not failed to observe that she had fallen squarely into Pete Richards's arms.

Now every one knew that she had once led Pete a dance, and that for a time it seemed a question whether he or Jake Johnson should be the coming man.

Of course this opportune fainting might have been accidental, and it may be that Pete's mother was supercensorious when, on her return from the funeral, she had said, as she lit her pipe:

"Dat gal Lize Ann is a she-devil."

But her more discreet daughter-in-law, excepting that she thrashed the children all round, gave no sign that she was troubled.

For the first few months of her recovered widowhood Lize Ann was conspicuous only by her absence from congregations of all sorts, as well as by her mournful and persistent refusal to speak with any one on the subject of her grief, or, indeed, to speak at all.

There was neither pleasure nor profit in sitting down and looking at a person who never opened her lips, and so, after oft-repeated but ineffectual visits of condolence, the sisters finally stopped visiting her cabin.

They saw that she had philosophically taken up the burden of practical life again, in the shape of a family washing, which she carried from the village to her cabin poised on her head, but the old abandon had departed from her gait, and those who chanced to meet her in the road said that her only passing recognition was a groan.

Alone in her isolated cabin, the woman so recently celebrated for her social proclivities ranged her wash-tubs against the wall; alone she soaked, washed, rinsed, starched, and ironed; and, when the week's routine of labor was over, alone she sat within her cabin door to rest.

For a long time old Nancy Price or Hester Ann Jennings, the two superannuated old crones on the plantation, moved by curiosity and an irresistible impulse to "talk erligion" to so fitting a subject, had continued occasionally to drop in to see the silent woman, but they always came away shaking their heads and declining to stake their reputations on any formulated prophecy as to just how, when, where, or in what direction Lize Ann would come out of her grief. That she was deliberately poising herself for a spring they felt sure, and yet their only prognostications were always prudently ambiguous.

When, however, the widow had consistently for five long months maintained her position as a broken-hearted recluse not to be approached or consoled, the people began to regard her with a degree of

genuine respect; and when one Sunday morning the gathering congregation discovered her sitting in church, a solitary figure in black, on the very last of the Amen pews in the corner, they were moved to sympathy.

She had even avoided a sensational entrance by coming early. Her conduct seemed really genuine, and yet it must be confessed that even in view of the doleful figure she made, there were several women present who were a little less comfortable beside their lovers and husbands after they saw her.

If the wives had but known it, however, they need have had no fear. Jake's deserted wife and child had always weighed painfully upon Lize Ann's consciousness. Even after his death they had come in, diverting and intercepting sympathy that she felt should have been hers. When she married again she would have an unencumbered, free man, all her own.

As she was first at service to-day, she was last to depart, and so pointedly did she wait for the others to go, that not a sister in church had the temerity to approach her with a welcoming hand, or to join her as she walked home. And this was but the beginning. From this time forward the little mourning figure was at every meeting, and when the minister begged such as desired salvation to remain to be prayed for, she kneeled and staid. When, however, the elders or sisters sought her out, and, kneeling beside her, questioned her as to the state of her soul, she only groaned and kept silence.

The brethren were really troubled. They had never encountered sorrow or conviction of sin quite so obstinate, so intangible, so speechless, as this. The minister, Brother Langford, had remembered her sorrowing spirit in an impersonal way, and had colored his sermons with tender appeals to such as mourned and were heavy-laden with grief.

But the truth was the Reverend Mr. Langford, a tall, handsome bachelor of thirty years or thereabouts, was regarded as the best catch in the parish, and had he been half so magnetic in his personality or half so persuasive of speech, all the dusky maids in the country would have been setting their feathered caps for him.

When he conducted the meetings there were always so many boisterous births into the kingdom all around him, when the regenerate called aloud as they danced, swayed, or swooned for "Brother Langford," that he had not found time to seek out the silent mourners, and so had not yet found himself face to face with the widow. Finally, however, one Sunday night, just as he passed before her, Lize Ann heaved one of her very best moans.

He was on his knees at her side in a moment. Bending his head very low, he asked, in a voice soft and tender, laying his hand the while gently upon her shoulder, "'Ain't you foun' peace yit, Sis' Johnsing?"

She groaned again.

"What is yo' mos' chiefes' sorrer, Sister Johnsing? Is yo' heart mo' grieveder f'om partin' wid yo' dear belovin' pardner, or is yo' soul weighted down wid a sense o' inhuman guilt? Speak out an' tell me, my sister, how yo' trouble seem ter shape itse'f."

But the widow, though she turned up to him her dry beseeching eyes, only groaned again.

"Can't you speak ter yo' preacher, Sis' Johnsing? He crave in 'is heart ter he'p you."

Again she looked into his face, and now, with quivering lip, began to speak: "I can't talk heah, Brer Langford; I ain't fittin'; my heart's clean broke. I ain't nothin' but des a miser'ble outcas'. Seem lak even Gord 'isse'f done cas' me orf. I des comes an' goes lak a hongry suck-aig dorg whar nobody don't claim, a-skulkin' roun' heah in a back seat all by my lone se'f, tryin' ter pick up a little crumb whar fall f'om de table. But seem lak de feas' is too good fur me. I goes back ter my little dark cabin mo' harder-hearted an' mo' sinfuler 'n I was befo'. Des de ve'y glimsh o' dat empty cabin seem lak hit turn my heart ter stone."

She dropped her eyes, and as she bent forward, a tear fell upon the young man's hand.

His voice was even tenderer than before when he spoke again. "It is a hard lot, my po' sister, but I am positive sho' dat de sisters an' brers o' de church would come ter you an' try ter comfort yo' soul ef you would give 'em courage fur ter do so."

"You don't know me, Brer Langford, er you wouldn't name sech a word ter me. I's a *sinner*, an' a sinner what *love sin*. Look lak de wus a sin is, de mo' hit tas'es

lak sugar in my mouf. I can't trus' myse'f ter set down an' talk wid deze heah brers an' sisters whar *I* knows is one-half sperityal an' fo'-quarters playin' ketcher wid de devil. I can't *trus'* myse'f wid 'em till Gord set my soul free f'om sin. I'd soon be howlin' happy on de devil's side des lak I was befo', facin' two-forty on de shell road ter preditiom."

"I see, my po' sister—I see whar yo' trouble lay."

"Yas, an' dat's huccome I tooken *tol'* yer, 'caze I knowed you is got de sperityal eye *to* see it. You knows I's right when I say ter you dat I ain't gwine set down in my cabin an' hol' speech wid *nobody* less'n 'tis a thoo-an'-thoo sperityal pusson, lak a preacher o' de gorspil, tell my soul is safe. An' dey ain't no minister o' de sperit whar got *time* ter come an' set down an' talk wid a po' ongordly widder pusson lak me. I don't *spect* 'em ter do it. De shepherds can't teck de time to run an' head orf a ole frazzled-out black sheep lak I is, what 'd be a *dis*grace ter de fol', anyway. Dey 'bleege ter spen' dey time a-coaxin' in de purty sleek yo'ng friskin' lambs, an' I don't blame 'em."

"Don't talk dat-a-way, Sis' Johnsing—don't talk dat-a-way. Since you done specified yo' desire, I'll call an' see you, an' talk an' pray wid you in yo' cabin whensomever you say de word. I knows yo' home is kivered by a cloud o' darkness an' sorrer. When shill I come to you?"

"De mos' lonesomes' time, Brer Langford, an' de time what harden my heart de mos', is in de dark berwilderin' nighttimes when I fus' goes home. Seem lak ef I c'd des have some reel Gordly man ter come in wid me, an' maybe call out some little passenger o' Scripture to comfort me, tell I c'd des ter say get usen ter de lonesomeness, I could maybe feel mo' cancelized ter de Divine will. But, co'se, I don't *expec'* no yo'ng man lak you is ter teck de *trouble* ter turn out'n yo' path fur sech as me."

"I will do it, Sis' Johnsing, an' hit will be a act o' pleasurable Christianity. When de meet'n' is over, ef you will wait, er ef you will walk slow, I will overtaken you on de road quick as I shets up de churchhouse, an' I pray Gord to give me de seasonable word fo' yo' comfort. Amen, an' Gord bless you!"

Lize Ann had nearly reached her cabin when the reverend brother, stepping forward, gallantly placed his hand beneath her elbow, and aided her to mount the one low step which led to her door.

As they entered the room, he produced and struck a match, while she presented a candle, which he lit and placed upon the table. Neither had yet spoken. If he had his word ready, the season for its utterance seemed not to have arrived.

"Scuse my manners, Brer Langford," she said, finally, "but my heart is so full seem lak I can't fin' speech. Take a rock'n'-cheer an' set down tell I stirs de fire ter meck you welcome in my po' little shanty."

The split pine which she threw upon the coals brought an immediate illumination, and as the young man looked about the apartment he could hardly believe his eyes, so thorough was its transformation since he had seen it on the day of the funeral.

The hearth, newly reddened, fairly glowed with warm color, and the gleaming white pine floor seemed fresh from the carpenter's plane. Dainty white muslin curtains hung before the little square windows, and from the shelves a dazzling row of tins reflected the blazing fire a dozen times from their polished surfaces.

The widow leaned forward before him, stirring the fire; and when his eyes fell upon her, his astonishment confirmed his speechlessness. She had removed her black bonnet, and the heavy shawl, which had enveloped her figure, had fallen behind her into her chair. What he saw was a round, trig, neatly clad, youngish woman, whose face, illumined by the flickering fire, was positively charming in its piquant assertion of grief. Across her shapely bosom lay, neatly folded, a snowy kerchief, less white only than her pearly teeth, as, smiling through her sadness, she exclaimed, as she turned to her guest:

"Lor' bless my soul, ef I 'ain't raked out a sweet 'tater out'n deze coals! I 'feerd you'll be clair disgusted at sech onmannerly doin's, Brer Langford; but when dey ain't no company heah, I des kivers up my 'taters wid ashes an' piles on de live coals, an' let 'em cook. I don't reck'n you'd even ter say *look* at a roas' 'tater, would you, Brer Langford?"

The person addressed was rubbing his

hands together and chuckling. "Ef yer tecks *my* jedgmint, Sis' Johnsing, on de pretater question, roas'in' is de onies way *to* cook 'em."

His hostess had already risen, and before he could remonstrate, she had drawn up a little table, lifted the potato from its bed, and laid it on a plate before him.

"Ef you will set down an' eat a roas' 'tater in my miser'ble little cabin, Brer Langford, I 'clar' fo' gracious hit 'll raise my sperits mightily. Gord knows I wushes I had some'h'n' good *to* offer you, a-comin' in out'n de col'; but ef you'll please, sir, have de mannerliness ter hol' de candle, I'll empty my ol' cupboard clean inside outen but I'll fin' you *some'h'n'* 'nother to spressify yo' welcome."

Langford rose, and as he held the light to the open safe, his eyes fairly glared. He was hungry, and the snowy shelves were covered with open vessels of tempting food, all more or less broken, but savory as to odor, and most inviting.

"I 'clare, Sis' Johnsing—I 'clare!" were the only words that the man of eloquent speech found to express his appreciation and joy, and his entertainer continued:

"Dis here cupboard mecks me 'shame', Brer Langford. Dey ain't a thing fittin' fo' sech as you *in* it. Heah's a pan o' col' 'tater pone an' some cabbage an' side meat, an' dis here's a few ords an' eens o' fried chicken an' a little passel o' spareribs, piled in wid co'n-brade scraps. Hit don't look much, but hit's all clean. Heah, you gimme de candle, an' you retch 'em all down, please, sir; an' I ain't shore, but ef I don't disremember, dey's de bes' half a loaf o' reeson-cake 'way back in de fur corner. Dat's hit. Now, dat's some'h'n' like. An' now pass down de butter; an' ef yer wants a tumbler o' sweet milk wid yo' 'tater, you'll haf ter hop an' go fetch it. Lis'n ter me, fo' Gord sake, talkin' ter Brer Langford same as I'd talk ter a reg'lar plantation nigger!"

Langford hesitated. "Less'n you desires de sweet milk, Sis' Johnsing—"

"I does truly lak a swaller o' sweet milk wid my 'tater, Brer Langford, but seem lak 'fo' I'd git it fo' myse'f I'd do widout it. Won't you, please, sir, teck de candle an' fetch it fur me? Go right thoo my room. Hit's in a bottle, a-settin' outside de right-han' winder des as you go in."

Langford could not help glancing about the widow's chamber as he passed through. If the other room was cozy and clean, this one was charming. The white bed, dazzling in its snowy fluted frills, reminded him of its owner, as she sat in all her starched freshness to-night. The polished pine floor here was nearly covered with neatly fringed patches of carpet, suggestive of housewifely taste as well as luxurious comfort.

He had returned with the bottle, and was seating himself, when the disconsolate widow actually burst into a peal of laughter.

"Lord save my soul!" she exclaimed, "ef he 'ain't gone an' fetched a bottle o' beer! You is a caution, Brer Langford! I wouldn't 'a' had you know I had dat beer in my house fur nothin'. When I was feelin' so po'ly in my fus' grief, seem lak I craved sperityal comfort, an' I went an' bought a whole lot o' lager-beer. I 'lowed maybe I c'd drink my sorrer down, but 'twarn't no use. I c'd drink beer all night, an' hit wouldn't nuver bring nobody to set in dat rockin'-cheer by my side an' teck comfort wid me. Does you think fur a perfesser ter teck a little beer er wine when dey feel a nachel faintiness is a fatal sin, Brer Langford?"

"Why, no, Sis' Johnsing. Succumstances alter cases, an' hit's de *succumstances* o' *drinkin'* what mecks de *altercations;* an' de way I looks at it, a Christian man is de onies pusson who oughter dare to *trus'* 'isse'f wid de wine cup, 'caze a sinner don' know when ter *stop.*"

"Dat soun' mighty reason'ble, Brer Langford. An' sence you fetched de beer, now you 'bleege ter drink it. But please, sir, go, lak a good man, an' bring my milk, on de tother side in de winder."

The milk was brought, and the Rev. Mr. Langford was soon smacking his lips over the best supper it had been his ministerial good fortune to enjoy for many a day.

As the widow raked a second potato from the fire, she remarked, in a tone of inimitable pathos:

"Seem lak I can't git usen ter cookin' fur one. I cooks fur two ev'y day, an' somehow I fines a little spec o' comfort in lookin' at de odd po'tion, even ef I has ter eat it myse'f. De secon' 'tater on de hyearth seem lak hit stan's fur company. Seein' as you relishes de beer, Brer Langford, I's proud you made de mistake an'

fetched it. Gord knows *some*body better drink it! I got a whole passel o' bottles in my trunk, an' I don' know what ter do wid 'em. A man what wuck an' talk an' preach hard as you does, he *need* a little some'h'n' 'nother ter keep 'is cour'ge up."

It was an hour past midnight when finally the widow let her guest out the back door, and as she directed him how to reach home by a short-cut through her field, she said, as she held his hand in parting:

"Gord will bless you fur dis night, Brer Langford, fur you is truly sacerficed yo'se'f fur a po' sinner; an' I b'lieve dey's mo' true 'ligion in comfortin' a po' lonely widderless ooman lak I is, what 'ain't got nobody *to* stan' by 'er, dan in all de sermons a-goin'; an' now I gwine turn my face back todes my lonely fireside wid a *better hope* an' a *firmer trus*', 'caze I knows de love o' Gord done sont you ter me. My po' little bread an' meat warn't highfalutin nur fine, but you is shared it wid me lak a Christian, an' I gin it to you wid a free heart."

Langford returned the pressure of her hand, and even shook it heartily during his parting speech:

"Good-night, my dear sister, an' Gord bless you! I feels mo' courageous an' strenk'n'd myse'f sence I have shared yo' lonely fireside, an', please Gord, I will make it my juty as well *as* my pleasure to he'p you in a similar manner whensomever you desires my presence. I rejoices to see that you is tryin' wid a brave heart to rise f'om yo' sorrer. Keep good cheer, my sister, an' remember dat the Gord o' Aberham an' Isaac an' Jacob—de patriots o' de Lord—is *also* de friend ter de fatherless *an'* widders, an' to them that are desolate an' oppressed."

With this beautiful admonition, and a last distinct pressure of the hand, the Rev. Mr. Langford disappeared in the darkness, carefully fastening the top button of his coat as he went, as if to cover securely the upper layer of raisin-cake which still lay, for want of lower space, just beneath it within.

He never felt better in his life.

The widow watched his retreating shadow until she dimly saw one dark leg rise over the rail as he scaled the garden fence; then coming in, she hooked the door, and throwing herself on the floor, rolled over and over, laughing until she cried, verily.

"Stan' back, gals, stan' back!" she exclaimed, rising. "Stan' back, I say! A widder done headed you off wid a cook-pot!" With eyes fairly dancing, she resumed her seat before the fire. She was too much elated for sleep yet. "I 'clare 'fo' gracious, I is a devil!" she chuckled. "Po' Alick—an' po' Steve—an' po' Jake!" she continued, pausing after each name with something that their spiritual presences might have interpreted as a sigh if they were affectionately hovering near her. "But," she added, her own thoughts supplying the connection, "Brer Langford gwine be de stylishes' one o' de lot." And then she really sighed. "I mus' go buy some mo' beer. Better git two bottles. He mought ax fo' mo', bein' as I got a trunkful." And here alone in her cabin she roared aloud. "I does wonder huccome I come ter be sech a devil, anyhow? I 'lowed I was safe ter risk de beer. Better git a dozen bottles, I reck'n; give 'im plenty rope, po' boy! Well, Langford honey, good-night fur to-night! But perpare, yo'ng man, perpare!" And chuckling as she went, she passed into her own room and went to bed.

The young minister was as good as his promise, and during the next two months he never failed to stop after every evening meeting to look after the spiritual condition of the "widder Johnsing," while she, with the consummate skill of a practised hand, saw to it that without apparent forethought her little cupboard should always supply a material entertainment, full, savory, and varied. If on occasion she lamented a dearth of cold dishes, it was that she might insist on sharing her breakfast with her guest, when, producing from her magic safe a ready-dressed spring chicken or squirrel, she would broil it upon the coals in his presence, and the young man would depart thoroughly saturated with the odor of her delightful hospitality.

Langford had heard things about this woman in days gone by, but now he was pleased to realize that they had all been malicious inventions prompted by jealousy. Had he commanded the adjectives, he would have described her as the most generous, hospitable, spontaneous, sympathetic, vivacious, and witty, as well as the most artless of women. As it was, he thought of her a good deal between visits; and whether the thought moved backward or forward, whether it took

shape as a memory or an anticipation, he somehow unconsciously smacked his lips and swallowed. And yet, when one of the elders questioned him as to the spiritual state of the still silent mourner, he knit his brow and answered, with a sigh:

"It is hard ter say, my brothers—it is hard ter say. De ol' lady do nourish an' cherish 'er grief mightily; but yit, ef we hol' off an' don't crowd 'er, I trus' she'll come thoo on de Lord's side yit."

If there had been the ghost of a twinkle in his interlocutor's eye, it died out, abashed at itself at this pious and carefully framed reply. The widow was indeed fully ten years Langford's senior—a discrepancy as much exaggerated by outward circumstances as it was minimized in their fireside relations.

So matters drifted on for a month longer. The dozen bottles of beer had been followed by a second, and these again by a half-dozen. This last reduced purchase of course had its meaning. Langford was reaching the end of his tether. At last there were but two bottles left. It was Sunday night again.

The little cupboard had been furnished with unusual elaboration, and the savory odors which emanated from its shelves would have filled the room but for the all-pervading essence of bergamot with which the widow had recklessly deluged her hair. Indeed, her entire toilet betrayed exceptional care to-night.

She had not gone to church, and as it was near the hour for dismissal, she was a trifle nervous, feeling confident that the minister would stop in, ostensibly to inquire the cause of her absence. She had tried this before, and he had not disappointed her.

Finally she detected his familiar announcement, a clearing of his throat, as he approached the door.

"Lif' up de latch an' walk in, Brer Wolf," she laughingly called to him; and as he entered she added, "Look lak you come in answer to my thoughts, Brer Langford."

"Is dat so, Sis' Johnsing?" he replied, chuckling with delight. "I knowed *some'h'n'* 'nother drawed me clean over f'om de chu'ch in de po'in'-down rain."

"Is it a-rainin'? I 'clare, I see yer brung yo' umber*el;* but sett'n' heah by de fire, I nuver studies 'bout de ele*mints.* I been studyin' 'bout some'h'n' mo'n rain or shine, *I* tell yer."

"Is yer, Sis' Johnsing? What you been studyin' 'bout?"

"What I been studyin' 'bout? Nemmine 'bout what I been studyin' 'bout! I studyin' 'bout *Brer Langford* now. De po' man look so tired an' frazzled out, 'is eyes looks des lak dorg-wood blorsoms. You is des nachelly preached down, Brer Langford, an' you needs a morsel o' some'h'n' 'nother ter stiddy yo' cornstitutiom." She rose forthwith, and set about arranging the young man's supper.

"But you 'ain't tol' me yit huccome you 'ain't come ter chu'ch ter-night, Sis' Johnsing?"

"Nemmine 'bout dat now. I ain't studyin' 'bout gwine ter chu'ch now. I des studyin' 'bout how ter induce de size o' yo' eyes down ter dey nachel porportiom. Heah, teck de shovel, an' rake out a han'ful o' coals, please, sir, an' I'll set dis pan o' rolls ter bake. Dat's hit. Now kiver de led good wid live coals an' ashes. Dat's a man! Now time you wrastle wid de j'ints o' dis roas' guinea-hen, an' teck de corkscrew an' perscribe fur dis beer bottle, and go fetch de fresh butter out'n de winder, de rolls 'll be a-singin' 'Now is de accepted time!'"

It was no wonder the young man thought her charming.

Needless to say, the feast, seasoned by a steady flow of humor, was perfect. But all things earthly have an end, and so, by-and-by, it was all over. A pattering rain without served to enhance the genial in-door charm, but it was time to go.

"Well, Sis' Johnsing, hit's a-gittin' on time fur me ter be a-movin'," said the poor fellow at length, for he hated to leave.

"Yas, I knows it is, Brer Langford," the hostess answered, with a tinge of sadness, "an' dat ain't de wust of it."

"How do you mean, Sis' Johnsing?"

"'Ain't I tol' yer, Brer Langford, ter-night dat my thoughts was wid you? Don't look at me so quizzical, please, sir, 'caze I got a heavy sorrer in my heart."

"A sorrer 'bout me, Sis' Johnsing? How so?"

"Brer Langford—I—I been thinkin' 'bout you all day, an'—an'—ter come right down ter de p'int, I—I—" She bit her lip and hesitated. "I 'feerd I done put off what I ought ter said ter you till look lak hit 'll 'mos' bre'k my heart *to* say it."

"Speak out, fo' Gord sake, Sis' John-

sing, an' ease yo' min'! What is yo' trouble?"

She seemed almost crying. "You—you—you mustn't come heah no mo', Brer Langford."

"Who—me? Wh-wh-what is I done, Sis' Johnsing?"

"My Gord! how *kin* I say it? You 'ain't done nothin', my dear frien'. You has been Gord's blessin' ter me; but—but—I 'clare fo' Gord, how *kin* I say de word? But—don't you see yo'self how de succumstances stan'? You is a yo'ng man li'ble to fall in love wid any lakly yo'ng gal any day, an' ter git married, an', of co'se, dat's right; but don't you see dat ef a po' lonesome ooman lak me put *too* much 'pendence orn a yo'ng man lak you is, de time gwine come when he gwine git *tired* a-walkin' all de way f'om chu'ch in de po'in'-down rain des fur charity ter comfort a lonely sinner puss-son lak I is; an'—an' settin' heah by myse'f ter-night, I done made up my min' dat I gwine scuse you f'om dis task while I *kin* stand it. Of co'se I don't say but hit 'll be hard. You is tooken me by the han' an' he'ped me thoo a dark cloud, but you an' me mus' say far'well ter-night, an' you—you mustn't come back no mo'."

Her face was buried in her hands now, and so she could not see her guest's storm-swept visage as he essayed to answer her.

"You—you—you—you—talkin' 'bout *you* k'n stan' it, Sis' Johnsing, an'—an'—seem lak you 's forgitt'n' all *'bout me.*" His voice was trembling. "I—I knows I ain't nothin' but a no-'count yo'ng strip-lin', so ter speak, an' you is a mannerly lady o' speunce, but hit do seem lak 'fo' you'd send me away, des lak ter say a yaller dorg, you'd—you'd ax me could *I* stan' it; an—an', tell de trufe, I *can't* stan' it, an' I ain't *gwine* stan' it, less'n you des nachelly, p'int-blank, out an' out, shets de do' in my face."

"Brer Langford—"

"Don't you say Brer Langford ter me no mo', ef you please, ma'am; an'—an' I ain't gwine call you Sis' Johnsing no mo' nuther. You is des, so fur as you consents, hencefo'th an' fo'ever mo', in season an' out'n season—des my Lize Ann. You knows yo'se'f dat we is come ter be each one 'ners heart's delight." He drew his chair nearer, and leaning forward, seized her hand, as he continued: "Leastwise, dat's de way *my* heart language hitse'f. I done tooken you fur my sweetness 'fo' ter-night, Lize Ann, my honey."

But why follow them any further? Before he left her, the widow had consented, with becoming reluctance, that he should come to her on the following Sunday with the marriage license in his pocket, *on one condition*, and upon this condition she insisted with unyielding pertinacity. It was that Langford should feel entirely free to change his mind, and to love or to marry any other woman within the week ensuing.

Lize Ann arrived late at service on the following Sunday evening. Her name had just been announced as a happy convert who rejoiced in new-found grace; and when she stepped demurely up the aisle, arrayed in a plain white dress, her face beaming with what seemed a spiritual peace, the congregation were deeply touched, and, eager to welcome her into the fold, began to press forward to extend the right hand of fellowship to one who had come in through so much tribulation. It was a happy time all round, and no one was more jubilant than the young pastor, who seemed, indeed, to rejoice more over this recovered lamb than over the ninety-and-nine within the fold who had not gone astray.

The young girl converts of recent date, never slow to respond to any invitation which led to the chancel, were specially demonstrative in their affectionate welcome, some even going so far as to embrace the new "sister," while others were moved to shout and sing as they made the tour of the aisles.

When, however, as soon as congratulations were over, it was formally announced that this identical convert, Mrs. Eliza Ann Johnsing, was then and there to be joined in the holy estate of matrimony to the Reverend Julius Cæsar Langford, the shock was so great that these same blessed damosels looked blankly one upon the other in mute dismay for the space of some minutes, and when presently, as a blushing bride, Lize Ann again turned to them for congratulations, it is a shame to have to write it, but they actually did turn their backs and refuse to speak to her.

The emotions of the company were certainly very much mixed, and the two old crones Nancy Price and Hester Ann Jennings, sitting side by side in a front

pew, were seen to nudge each other as, their old sides shaking with laughter, they exclaimed:

"What I tol' yer, Sis' Hest' Ann?"

"What I tol' yer, Sis' Nancy?"

"Dat's des what we tol' one 'ner Lize Ann gwine do!"

Though no guests were bidden to share it, the wedding supper in the little cabin that night was no mean affair, and when Langford, with a chuckling, half-embarrassed, new-proprietary air drew the cork from the beer bottle beside his plate, Lize Ann said,

"Hit do do me good ter see how you relishes dat beer."

But she did not mention that it was the last bottle, and maybe it was just as well.

THE LONDON OF GOOD QUEEN BESS.

BY WALTER BESANT.

IF the London of the third Edward was a city of palaces, that of Queen Elizabeth was a city of ruins.

Ruins everywhere. Ruins of cloisters, halls, dormitories, courts, and chapels and churches. Ruins of carved altar-pieces, canopies, statues, painted windows, and graven fonts. Ruins of old faiths and old traditions. Ruins everywhere! Only consider what was done to the old monastic buildings. King Edward's Cistercian house, called the New Abbey, was pulled down, and storehouses put up in its place; the Convent of St. Clare was similarly treated; the Monastery of Austin Friars, with all but the nave of the church, was overthrown; the Priory of the Holy Trinity was wholly demolished; the Church of Crutched Friars became a tennis-court; its refectory became a glass-house; St. Mary's Spital was built over; the Nunnery of St. Helen's was pulled down; the Church of the Knights Hospitallers was blown up with gunpowder; that of the Dominicans became a store-house for the "properties" of pageants; St. Martin's le Grand became a tavern; St. Bartholomew the Great was all pulled down except the choir of the church. Now when we speak of destroying a great mass of solid buildings we mean that they were at first dismantled and gradually destroyed. Vast masses of ruins remained for many years. There are ruins still of these buildings. When we consider this record, and think of the smaller foundations, we begin to realize that in the time of Shakespeare London was indeed a city of ruins.

There were other ruins. Cromwell's men were not the only zealots against popish monuments, signs, and symbols. The parish churches were filled with ruins. The carved fonts were defaced; the side chapels were desolate and empty; the altars were stripped; the rood screens were removed; the roods themselves were taken down; the painted walls were whitewashed; the simple service read in the vulgar tongue seemed to the people at first nothing but a ruin of the old mass; the clergyman, called minister or priest, who preached in the black gown, was a ruin of the priest in his gorgeous robes; the very doctrines of the Protestant faith seemed to be built out of the ruins of the old, as the second Temple was built upon the ruins of the first, and proved but a poor thing in comparison. But this was at first only, because the work was thorough, and in a single generation all the traditions of the ancient faith were lost and forgotten.

If, indeed, the Reformation was to be carried at all, it was necessary, for the prevention of civil war, that it should be thorough. Therefore the young generation must be made to believe that a return of the old things was absolutely impossible; that the old religion could never, under any circumstances, be revived. When Queen Mary ascended the throne, the work was only half done; the Protestant faith had not yet taken root; yet when she died, five years later, no lamentations were made over the second departure of the priests. It is a mere commonplace that the flames of Smithfield, more than the preaching of Latimer, reconciled the people to the loss of the old religion. Yet I do not think that this commonplace is more than half true, because the flames

were more than once kindled under Elizabeth without any murmur from the people. Henceforth the old religion was dead indeed, and impossible to be revived. When Shakespeare came up to London there were still many who could remember the monks —grey, white, and black; the Franciscan, innocent of the old simplicity; the rich and stately Benedictine; the austere Dominican; the pardoner and the limitour; the mass and the holydays of the Church; but we find in Shakespeare's writings hardly a trace of any regret for their disappearance, or of any desire for their return. The past was gone; even the poetic side of a highly poetic time was not touched, or hardly touched, by the sadness and pathos of this great fall; the dramatists and poets have made nothing out of it.

The people lived among the ruins, but regarded them not, any more than the vigorous growth within the court of a roofless Norman castle regards the donjon and the walls. They did not inquire into the history of the ruins; they did not want to preserve them; they carelessly took away the stones, and sold them for new buildings.

It was very remarkable and very fitting that on the site of the Greyfriars' House should be erected a great school. The teaching of the new thought was established in the place where those dwelt who had been the most stalwart defenders of the old. It was also very remarkable and very fitting that within the walls of Blackfriars' Abbey, the home of austerity and authority, should rise a playhouse for the dramas of free thought and human passion. It was further very remarkable and very fitting that the house of the Carthusian monks, those who had fled from the work and war and temptations of the world, those who while yet living were already dead, should be converted into a home for those who were broken down and spent with that very work and war, a place where they could meditate in their old age over the storm and struggle of the past.

Once arrived at the second half of the sixteenth century we are in modern times. We have maps, surveys, descriptions of the city; we have literature in plenty to illustrate the manners of the time. There is no longer any doubt upon any point. The daily life of London under Elizabeth and the first James may be learned in all its details, by any one who will take the trouble to read, as easily as the daily life in our own time. Perhaps more easily, because things which seem so trivial and yet mean so much are passed over or taken for granted in the literature of our own day. But let no one be content with reading the modern books upon the Elizabethan period. They contain a great deal, but the literature of the time itself is a storehouse into which every one who wishes, however lightly, to study the time should look for himself. And it is a storehouse so full that no man can hope to exhaust it, though he carry out of it load upon load of treasure.

In considering the people of London in the time of good Queen Bess one is forced to put the poets and dramatists first, because they are the chief glory of this wonderful reign. Yet such a harvest could only spring from a fruitful soil. Of such temper as were the poets, so also—so courageous, so hopeful, so confident—were the inarticulate mass for whom they sang and spoke. Behind Kit Marlowe, Greene, and Peele were the turbulent youth, prodigal of life, eager for joy, delighting in feast and song, always ready for a fight, extravagant in speech and thought, jubilant in their freedom from the tyranny of the Church. Behind Spenser and Sidney were the cultivated class, whose culture has never been surpassed. Behind Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Massinger, Beaumont, and the rest were the people of all conditions, from Gloriana herself down to Bardolph and Doll. We can only get at the people through those who write about them. Therefore we must needs say something about the Elizabethan poets.

Fortunately there are plenty of them; in proportion to the population, far, very far more than we have even at the present day, when every year the reviews find it necessary to cry out over the increasing tide of new books. Of poets, in what other age could the historian enumerate forty of the higher and nearly two hundred of the lower rank? Of the forty, most are well remembered and read even to the present day; for instance, Chapman, Giles and Phineas Fletcher, Robert Greene, Marston, Sackville, Sylvester, Donne, Drayton, Drummond, Gascoigne, Marlowe, Raleigh, Spenser, Wither, may be taken as poets still read and loved, while the list does not include Shakespeare and the dramatists. Nearly two

hundred and forty poets! Why, with a population of a hundred millions of English-speaking people now in the world, we have not a half or a sixth of that number, while in the same proportion we should have, in order to equal in number the Elizabethan singers, about 5000. But in that age every gentleman wrote verse; the cultivation of poetry was like the cultivation of music. Every man could play an instrument; every man could take his part in a glee or madrigal; so, also, every man could turn his set of verses, with the result of a fine and perfect flower of poetry which has never been surpassed.

But there were not only poets. They had every kind of literature in far greater abundance, considering the small number of educated people, than exists in our own time, and in as great variety. Consider. There are now scattered over the whole world a hundred millions of English-speaking people, of whom at least five-sixths read something, if it is only a penny newspaper, and at least a half read books of some kind. In Elizabeth's reign there were about six millions, of whom more than two-thirds could not read at all. The reading public of Great Britain and Ireland, considered with regard to numbers, resembled what is now found in Holland, Norway, or Denmark. Yet from so small a people came this mass of literature, great, varied, and immortal.

In the matter of fiction alone they were already rich. There were the knightly books: the *Morte d'Arthur*, the *Seven Champions*, *Amadis of Gaul*, *Godfrey of Bouillon*, *Palmerin of England*, and many more. There were the story books, as the *Seven Wise Masters*, the *Gesta Romanorum*, the *Amorous Fiammetta*, the jest books of Skogin, Tarleton, Hobson, Skelton, Peele, and others. There were the famous *Euphues*, Sidney's *Arcadia*, all the pastoral romances, and the "picaresque" novels of Nash and Dekker. Then there were the historians and chroniclers, as Stow, Camden, Speed, Holinshed; the essayists, as Sir Thomas Browne, Ascham, Bacon; the theologians, of whom there were hundreds; the satirists, as Bishop Hall and Marston; the writers of what we should call light literature—Greene, Nash, Peele, and Dekker. And there were translations, as, from the Italian, Boccaccio, Ariosto, Bandello, Tasso, and others; from the French, Froissart, Montaigne, Plutarch (Amyot), the *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles* (in the *Hundred Merry Tales*), and the stories of the *Forest* and the *Palace of Pleasure*. And there were all the dramatists. Never before or since has the country been better supplied with new literature and good books.

Remember, again, that everything was new. All the books were new; the printing-press was new; you could almost count the volumes that had been issued. It was reckoned a great thing for Dr. Dee to have three thousand printed books. Every scholar found a classic which had not been translated, and took him in hand. Every traveller brought home some modern writer, chiefly Italian, previously unknown. Every sailor brought home the record of a voyage to unknown seas and to unknown shores. It was a time when the world had become suddenly conscious of a vast, an inconceivable, widening, the results of which could not yet be foretold. But the knowledge filled men with such hopes as had never before been experienced. Scholars and poets, merchants and sailors, rovers and adventurers, all alike were moved by the passion and ecstasy of the time. Strange time! Wonderful time! We who read the history of that time too often confine our attention to the political side of it. We are able quite clearly to understand the perplexities and troubles of the Maiden Queen; we see her, in her anxiety, playing off Spaniard against Frenchman, to avoid destruction should they act together. But the people know and suspect none of these things. State affairs are too high for them. They only see the brightness of the sky and the promise of the day; they only feel the quickening influence of the spring. Their blood is fired; they have got new hopes, a new faith, new openings, new learning. And they bear themselves accordingly; that is to say, with extravagances innumerable, with confidence and courage, lofty, unexampled. Why, it fires the blood of this degenerate time only to think of the mighty enlargement of that time. When one considers when they lived and what they talked, one understands Kit Marlowe and Robert Greene, and that wild company of scholars and poets; they would cram into whatever narrow span of life was granted them all—all—all—that life can give of learning and poetry and feasting and love and joy. They were intoxicated with the ideas of their time. They

were weighed down with the sheaves, the golden harvest, of that wondrous reaping. Who would not live in such a time? The little world had become, almost suddenly, very large—inconceivably large. The boys of London, playing about the river stairs and the quays, listened to the talk of men who had sailed along those newly discovered coasts of the new great world, and had seen strange monsters and wild people. In the taverns men—bearded, bronzed, scarred—grave men with deep eyes and low voices, who had sailed to the Guinea coast, round the Cape to Hindostan, across the Spanish Main, over the ocean to Virginia, sat and told to youths with flushed cheeks and panting eager breath queer tales of danger and escape, between their cups of sack. We were not yet advanced beyond believing in the Ethiopian with four eyes; the Arimaspi with one eye; the Hippopodes or Centaurs; the Monopoli, or men who have no heads, but carry their faces in their breast and their eyes in their shoulders. None of these monsters, it is true, had ever been caught and brought home; but many an honest fellow, if hard pressed by his hearers, would reluctantly confess to having seen them. On the other hand, negroes and red Indians were frequently brought home and exhibited. And there were crocodiles (alive or stuffed), crocodiles' skins, the skins of bears and lions, monkeys, parrots, flying-fish dried, and other curious things. And there were always the legends—that of the land of gold, the Eldorado; that of the kingdom of Prester John; that of St. Brandan's Island; and—but this was later—the theory (proved with mathematical certainty) of the great southern continent. Enough, and more than enough, to inflame the imagination of adventurers, to drive the lads aboard ship, to make them long for the sails to be spread, and to be making their way anywhere—anywhere—in search of adventure, conquest, glory, and gold.

Such an enlargement, such hopes, can never again return to the world. That is impossible—save on one chance. We cannot make the world any wider; by this time we know it nearly all; the pristine mystery—the awfulness of the unknown—has wellnigh gone out of every land, even New Guinea and central Africa. Yet there is one chance. Science may and will widen the world, for her own disciples, in many new and unexpected ways, and yet not bring this chance. The sluggish imagination of the majority is little touched even by such marvels as the electric telegraph, the phonograph, the telephone. For them science cannot enlarge their boundaries. Suppose, however, a thing to be achieved which should go right home to the comprehension, brain, and heart of every living man! Suppose, for instance, that science should prevent, conquer, and annihilate disease! Suppose our span of life enlarged to two hundred, three hundred, five hundred years, and that suddenly! Think of the wild exaltations, the extravagances, the prodigalities, the omnivorous attempts of the scholar; the universal grasp of the physicist; the amazing and audacious experiments of chemist, electrician, biologist, and the long reach of the statesman! Think of these things, I say, and remember that in the age of Elizabeth, of Raleigh, Drake, Marlowe, Nash, Greene, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Spenser, Bacon, and the rest, similar causes produced similar effects.

We have seen the development of the mediæval house from the simple common hall. The Elizabethan house shows an immense advance in architecture. I believe that the noblest specimen now remaining is Burghley House, in Northamptonshire, built by Cecil, Lord Burghley and first Earl of Exeter. The house is built about a square court. The west front has a lofty square tower. Let us, with Burghley House before us, read what Bacon directs as to building. The front, he says, must have a tower, with a wing on either side. That on the right was to consist of nothing but a "goodly room of some forty feet high"—he does not give the length—"and under it a room for a dressing or preparing place at times of triumphs." By triumphs he means pageants, mummings, and masks. "On the other side, which is the household side, I wish it divided at the first into a hall and a chapel (with a partition between), both of good state and bigness. And these not to go all the length, but to have at the further end a winter and a summer parlor, both fair." Here are to be the cellars, kitchens, butteries, and pantries. "Beyond this front is to be a fair court, but three sides of it of a far lower building than the front. And in all

the four corners of the court fair staircases, cast into turrets on the outside, and not within the row of buildings themselves....Let the court not be paved, for that striketh up a great heat in summer and much cold in winter. But only some side alleys with a cross, and the quarters to graze being kept shorn, but not too near shorn." Stately galleries with colored windows are to run along the banquet side; on the household side, "chambers of presence and ordinary entertainments, with bedchambers." Beyond this court is to be a second of the same square, with a garden and a cloister. Other directions he gives, which, if they were carried out, would make a very fine house indeed. But these we may pass over. In short, Bacon's idea of a good house was much like a college. That of Clare, Cambridge, for instance, would have been considered by Bacon as a very good house indeed, though the arrangement of the banqueting-room was not exactly as the philosopher would have it. The College of Christ, in its old form, with the garden square beyond, was still more after the manner recommended by Bacon.

It will be seen that we are now a good way removed from the Saxon hall with the people sleeping on the floor, yet Bacon's house lineally descends from that beginning. All the old houses in London were built in this way, as may be illustrated by many which retain the old form, as well as by those which remain. Hampton Court, for instance, built by Wolsey; Northumberland House, recently taken down; Gresham House, taken down a hundred years ago; Somerset House, still standing, though much altered; the old Navy Office, the court of which still remains; some of the old almshouses, notably the Trinity Almshouse, in the Whitechapel Road; Emanuel, Westminster; and the Norfolk Hospital, Greenwich. Gray's Inn, Clifford's Inn, Staple Inn, Barnard's Inn—which contains the oldest house in London—illustrate admirably Bacon's house, while in the old taverns, of which a few imperfect specimens still exist, we have the galleries which Bacon would construct within his court.

In the reign of Elizabeth, while the merchants were growing richer, and increasing in number as well as in wealth, the great nobles were gradually leaving the city. Those who remained kept up but a remnant of their former splendor. Elizabeth refused license for the immense number of retainers formerly allowed; she would suffer a hundred at the most. It was a time rather for the rise of new families than the continued greatness of the old. The nobles, as they went away, sold their London houses to the citizens. Thus Winchester House and Crosby Hall went to merchants, Derby House to the College of Heralds; Cold Harbour was pulled down in 1590, and its site built over with tenements; the Duke of Norfolk's house, on the site of Holy Trinity Priory, was shortly after destroyed, and the place assigned to the newly arrived colony of Jews. Baynard's Castle, alone among the city palaces, remained in the possession of a great noble, until the fire came and swept it away.

Great beyond all precedent was the advance of trade in this golden age. Elizabeth was wise and wisely advised in the treatment of the city and the merchants. Perhaps she followed the example of King Edward the Fourth. Perhaps she remembered (but this I doubt) that she belonged to the city by her mother's side, for her great-grandfather, Sir Geoffrey Boleyn, had been Lord Mayor a hundred years before her accession. But the rapid growth of London trade seems to me chiefly due to the wisdom of one man—Sir Thomas Gresham.

This great man, even more than Whittington, is the typical London merchant. Not a self-made man at all, but coming of a good old country stock—always a master, always of the class which commands. Nearly all the great London merchants have, as we have already seen, belonged to that class. His family came originally from Gresham, in Norfolk; his father, Sir Richard, was Lord Mayor; his uncle, Sir John, also Lord Mayor, saved Bethlehem Hospital at the dissolution of the religious houses. Not a poor and friendless lad, by any means: from the outset he had every advantage that wealth and station can afford. He was educated at Gonville (afterwards Gonville and Caius) College, Cambridge. It was not until he had taken his degree that he was apprenticed to his uncle, and he was past twenty-four when he was received into the Mercers' Company.

When he was thirty-two years of age a thing happened to Thomas Gresham which proved to be the most fortunate chance that ever came to the city of London. He

was appointed royal agent at Antwerp. The King's loans were at that time always offered at Antwerp or Bruges, and were taken up by merchants of the Low Countries at the enormous interest of 14 per cent. Sometimes a part of the advance had to take the form of jewels. At this time the annual interest on the debt amounted to £40,000; and while the exchange was sixteen Flemish shillings to the pound sterling, the agent had to pay in English money. The post, therefore, was not an easy one to fill.

Gresham, however, reduced the interest from 14 per cent. to 12, or even 10 per cent. He suppressed the jewels, and took the whole of the loan in money; and he continued to enjoy the confidence of Edward's ministers, of Queen Mary, and of Queen Elizabeth. In order to effect this he must have been a most able and honest servant, or else a most supple courtier. He was the former. Now had he done nothing more than played the part of royal agent better than any who went before him, he might have been as much forgotten as his predecessors. But he did much more. The city owes to Gresham a debt of gratitude impossible to be repaid. This is a foolish phrase, because gratitude can never be paid off. A great service, once received, is a possession forever, and generally a fruitful and growing possession.

When Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne the commercial centre of the world was Antwerp; when she died, the commercial centre of the world was London. This transfer had been effected by the wisdom and foresight of one man taking advantage of the times and their chances. The religious wars of the Netherlands brought immense losses to Antwerp. These losses Gresham desired to make London's gains. But he was met with the initial difficulty that the merchants of London had not yet learned to act together. They had, it is true, the old trading Company of Merchant Adventurers, but that stood alone. Besides, its ambitions were modest. They had no experience in uniting; there was no central institution which should be the city's brain, the place where the merchants could meet and receive news and consult together. Now at Antwerp there was a goodly Bourse. What if London could also have its Bourse?

Well, Gresham built a Bourse; he gave it to the city; he formed this place of meeting for the merchants. The Queen opened it, and called it the Royal Exchange. The possession of the Exchange was followed immediately by such a development of enterprise as had been unknown before in the history of the city. Next, he persuaded the citizens to take up the Queen's loans themselves, so that the interest, at twelve per cent., remained in the country. He showed his own people how to take advantage of Antwerp's disasters and to divert her trade to the port of London. As for his Bourse, it stood on the site of the present Royal Exchange, but the front looked south in Cornhill. The west front was blocked up by houses. The building was of brick and mortar, three stories high, with dormer-windows in the high-pitched roof. At every corner was a pinnacle surmounted by a grasshopper—the Gresham crest. On the south side rose a lofty tower with a bell, which called the merchants together at noon in the morning and at six in the evening. Within was an open court surrounded by covered walks, adorned with statues of kings, behind which were shops rented by milliners, haberdashers, and sellers of trifles. This was the lower pawne. Above, in the upper pawne, there were armorers, apothecaries, booksellers, goldsmiths, and glass-sellers. The Bourse was opened by Queen Elizabeth on January 23, 1571. She changed its name from the Bourse to the Royal Exchange. When it was destroyed, in the fire of 1666, it was observed that all the statues were destroyed except that of Gresham himself.

To illustrate this increase in English trade, we have these facts: In the reign of Edward VI., a time of great decay, there were few Merchant Adventurers and hardly any English ships. When Elizabeth began to reign, there were no more than 317 London merchants in all, to whom the Company of Mercers contributed 99. Before her reign it was next to impossible for the city to raise a loan of £10,000. Before she died the city was advancing to the Queen loans of £60,000 each. Before her reign the only foreign trade was a venture or two into Russia; everything came across from Antwerp and Sluys. During her reign the foreign trade was developed in an amazing manner. New commodities were exported, as beer and sea-coal, a great many new things were introduced—new trades, new luxuries.

For instance, apricots, turkeys, hops, tobacco, were brought over and planted and naturalized. Fans, fine knives, pins, needles, earthen fire-pots, silk and crystal buttons, shoebuckles, glass-making, nails, paper, were made in this country for the first time. The Merchant Adventurers, who had been incorporated under Edward I., obtained fresh rights and larger powers; they obtained the abolition of the privileges enjoyed for three hundred years by the Hanseatic merchant; they established courts at Antwerp, Dordrecht, and Hamburg; they had houses at York, Hull, and Newcastle. Further, when we read that they exported wine, oil, silks, and fruits, in addition to the products of the country, it is clear that they had already obtained some of the carrying trade of the world. Of the trading companies founded under Elizabeth and her successors, only one now survives. Yet the whole trade of this country was created by these companies.

Who, for instance, now remembers the Eastland Company, or Merchants of Elbing? Yet they had a long existence as a company, and long after their commercial life was gone they used to elect their officers every year and hold a feast. Perhaps they do still. Their trade was with the Baltic. Or the Russian Company? That sprang out of a company called the "Merchant Adventurers for the Discovery of Lands not before known to or frequented by the English."

This company sent out Sir Hugh Willoughby, with three ships, to find a north-east passage to China. But Sir Hugh was forced to put in at a port of Russian Lapland, where he and all his men were frozen to death. The Russian Company became whalers, and quarrelled with the Dutch over the fishing. It had a checkered career, and finally died, but, like the Eastland Company, it continued to elect officers and to dine together long after its work was over. Or the Turkey Company, which lasted from 1586 to 1825, when it was dissolved? Or the Royal African Company, which lived from 1530 to 1821? There were, also, the Merchants of Spain; the French Merchants; the Merchants of Virginia; the East India Company, the greatest and most powerful of any trading company ever formed; the Hudson's Bay Company, which still exists; the South Sea Company; the Guinea Company; the Canary Company. Some of these belong to a later period, but they speak of the spirit of enterprise and adventure first awakened under Elizabeth.

In the church of St. Martin Outwich, now pulled down, was a monument to the chief actor in the promotion of these trading companies. "Here," said the tombstone, "resteth the body of the worshipful Mr. Richard Staple, elected Alderman of this city 1584. He was the greatest Merchant in his time; the chiefest Actor in the Discovery of the Trade of Turkey and East India; a man humble in prosperity, painful and ever ready in affairs public, and discreetly careful of his private. A liberal housekeeper, bountiful to the Poor, an upright dealer in the world, and a devout inquirer after the world to come.... *Intravit ut exiret.*"

The increase of trade had another side. It was accompanied by protection, with the usual results. "In the old days," says Harrison, "when strange bottoms were suffered to come in, we had sugar for fourpence the lb. that now is worth half a crown; raisins and currants for a pennie that now are holden at sixpence, and sometimes at eightpence and tenpence, the pound; nutmegs at twopence halfpenny the ounce; ginger at a pennie the ounce; prunes at a halfpenny farthing; great raisins, three pound for a pennie; cinnamon at fourpence the ounce; cloves at twopence; and pepper at twelve or sixteen pence the pound." He does not state the increase in price of the latter articles, but if we are to judge by that of sugar, the increase of trade was not an unmixed blessing to those whose incomes had not advanced with equal step.

The city associated the new prosperity with their Maiden Queen, for whom their love and loyalty never abated in the least. When she asked them for a certain number of ships, they sent double the number, fully manned and provided. When the Queen's enemy, Mary of Scotland, was beheaded, they rang their bells and made bonfires. While the Queen was living, they thanked God gratefully for her long reign; when she died, their lamentations were loud and sincere; her monument, until the Fire, adorned many of the city churches. One of the Elizabeth statues yet remains outside the Church of St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street. It is the statue which formerly stood on the west side of Lud Gate.

To return to Gresham. He not only gave the city a Bourse, but he also endow-

ed it with a College, which should have been a rival of Trinity or Christ Church but for the mismanagement which has reduced it to the level of a lecture institute. The idea of the founder will, no doubt, be revived some time or other, and Gresham College will then become a place of learning worthy of the city.

The career of Sir Thomas Gresham strangely resembles that of Whittington. Both were favorites with successive sovereigns. If Gresham built an exchange, Whittington, by his will, added to Guildhall; if Gresham founded a college for the London youth, Whittington founded a college for priests and an almshouse; if Gresham restored the finances of his sovereign, Whittington gave back to his the bonds of all his debts. Both were mercers; both Merchant Adventurers; both kept a shop; both were of good descent.

Gresham's shop was in Lombard Street, at the sign of the grasshopper, his family crest. His shop contained gold and silver vessels, coins—ancient and modern—gold chains, gold and silver lace, rings, and jewels. He lent money, as modern bankers do, on security, but he got ten and twelve per cent. for it. He had correspondents abroad, and he gave travellers letters of credit; he bought foreign coin either to exchange or to melt down. And he lived in his own house, over his shop, until he was knighted, when he built a new house between Bishopsgate Street and Broad Street. Stow calls it "the most spacious of all thereabout; builded of brick and timber." This house became afterwards Gresham College.

Again, this was a great age for the foundation of grammar-schools. The education of London in the Middle Ages is a subject which has never yet been adequately treated. We know very well what was taught at the universities. But what did the merchant learn, the shopkeeper, the craftsman? To what school was the boy sent before he was apprenticed? There was a school, it is said, to every religious house. I think that latterly the monastic school was kept up with about as much sincerity as the monastic rule of poverty. Stow certainly says that when Henry V. dissolved the alien priories, their schools perished as well. On the other hand, consider the great number of religious houses in and round London. There should have been schools enough for the whole population. Yet Henry VI. founded four grammar-schools "besides St. Paul's," viz., at St. Martin's le Grand, St. Mary le Bow, St. Dunstan's in the West, and St. Anthony's. Why did he do this if there were already plenty of schools? And observe that one of his foundations was at a religious house —St. Martin's. The year after, he created four more schools—at St. Andrew's (Holborn), All Hallows the Great, St. Peter's (Cornhill), and St. Thomas of Acon. All these schools perished in the Reformation, with the exception of St. Paul's and St. Anthony's. Why they perished, unless they were endowed with property belonging to some monastic house, is not clear.

For a time the city actually had no schools, no hospitals, no foundations for the poor, the sick, or the aged. These grievous losses were speedily amended. St. Paul's was presently newly founded by Dean Colet. The Blue Coat School arose on the ruins of the Greyfriars'. The Mercers' Company continued the School of St. Thomas as their own, and it still exists. The Merchant Taylors founded their school, which is now at the Charter House. At St. Olave's and St. Saviour's schools were established. A few years later was founded the Charter House School, which is now removed to Godalming.

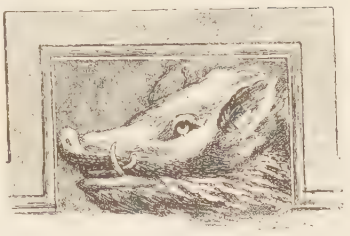
In these narrow limits it is impossible to reproduce much of the Elizabethan daily life. Here, however, are certain details:

The ordering of the household was strict. Servants and prentices were up at six in the summer and at seven in the winter. No one on any pretence, except that of illness, was to absent himself from morning and evening prayers; there was to be no striking, no profane language. Sunday was clean-shirt day. Dinner was at eleven, supper at six. There was no public or private office which was not provided with a Bible. In the better classes there was a general enthusiasm for learning of all kinds. The ladies, imitating the example of the Queen, practised embroidery, wrote beautifully, played curious instruments, knew how to sing in parts, dressed with as much magnificence as they could afford, danced the coranto and the lavolta as well as the simple hey, and studied languages—Latin, Greek, and Italian. The last was the favorite language. Many collected books. Dr. John Dee had as many as four thousand, of

which one thousand were manuscripts. They were arranged on the shelves with the leaves turned outwards, not the backs. This was to show the gilding, the gold clasps, and the silken strings. The books were bound with great care and cost; everybody knows the beauty of the type used in the printing.

Tournaments were maintained until the end of Elizabeth's reign. But we hear little of them, and it is not likely that they retained much of their old popularity. One Sir Henry Lee entered the tilt-yard every year until age prevented him. They also kept up the sport of tilting at the quintain in the water. But their favorite amusements were the pageant and the play. The pageant came before the play; and while the latter was performed on a rough scaffold in an inn yard, the former was provided with splendid dresses, music, songs, and properties of every kind. There were pageants for the reception of the King when he made a procession into the city; there were court pageants; there were private pageants in great men's houses; there were pageants got up by companies.

It was not until 1570 that the first theatre was built. The popularity of the play had already begun to grow with amazing rapidity. In twenty years there were five theatres, with performances every day. The Queen had four companies



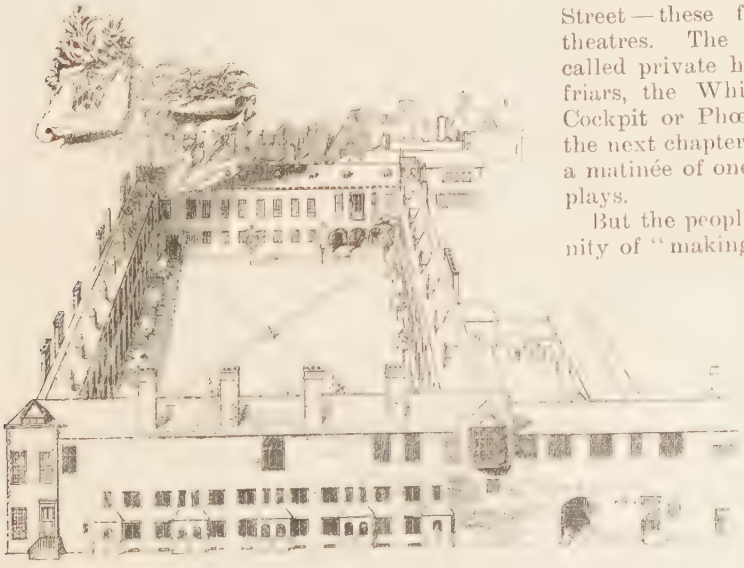
BOAR IN EASTCHEAP.

of children trained to perform, viz., the children of St. Paul's, the children of the Chapel, the children of Westminster, and the children of Windsor. The public actors, too, were often called upon to perform before the Queen.

These companies were: Lord Leicester's company, Sir Robert Lane's, Lord Clinton's, Lord Warwick's, the Lord Chamberlain's, the Earl of Sussex's, Lord Howard's, the Earl of Essex's, Lord Strange's, the Earl of Derby's, the Lord Admiral's, the Earl of Hertford's, and Lord Pembroke's. It is not supposed that all these companies existed at the same time; but the list shows how company after company was begun and maintained on the credit of some great lord.

The theatres at the end of the sixteenth century were seven in number: the Globe, at Bankside; the Red Bull, in St. John Street; the Curtain, in Shoreditch; the Fortune, in Whitecross Street — these four were public theatres. The other three were called private houses—the Blackfriars, the Whitefriars, and the Cockpit or Phœnix Theatre. In the next chapter we shall assist at a matinée of one of Shakespeare's plays.

But the people lost no opportunity of "making up," acting, and dancing. The pageant became more and more a play, the play more and more a pageant. There were pageants of more or less splendor—we all know the great pageant of Kenilworth — held in every great man's



COLLEGII GRESHAMENSIS, A LATERE OCCIDENTALI PROSPECTUS. A.D. 1739.

BURGHLEY HOUSE.

house, in every company's hall, and in private persons' houses, to mark every possible occasion. Thus in the year 1562, on July 20th, took place the marriage of one Coke, citizen (but of what company I know not) —was he a cousin of Edward Coke, afterwards Speaker?—with the daughter of Mr. Nicolls, master of London Bridge. My Lord Mayor and all the Aldermen, with many ladies, and other worshipful men and women, were present at the wedding. Mr. Bacon, an eminent divine, preached the wedding sermon. After the discourse the company went home to the Bridge House to dinner, where was as good cheer as ever was known—Stow says so, and he knew very well—with all manner of music and dancing, and at night a masque till midnight. But this was only half the feast, for next day the wedding was again kept at the Bridge House with great cheer. After supper more mumming, with more masques. One was in cloth of gold, the next consisted of friars, and the third of nuns. First the friars and the nuns danced separately, one company after the other, and then they danced together. Considering that it was only two or three years since the friars and the nuns had been finally suppressed, there must have been a certain piquancy in this dance. One of the first things, for instance, done in Madrid when

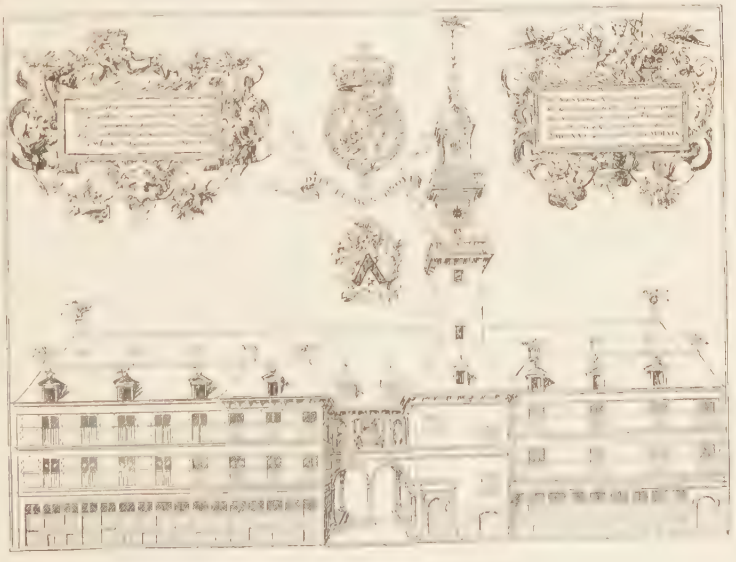
Spain got her short-lived republic was that in every *café chantant* they put a friar and a nun on the stage to dance and sing together.

They still kept the saint's day of their company; in fact, when the old faith was suppressed, the people willingly endured a change of doctrine so long as they were not called upon to give up their feasting, which was exactly what had happened in Italy and elsewhere when the people were induced or forced to become Christians. They made no objection to doctrine, provided that practice was not interfered with. Therefore the Protestant citizens kept up their Whitsun ales, their wakes, their Easter and Christmas feastings. All the saints' days, which brought something better than ordinary to eat, with morris dances, May-poles, bonfires, music, and the Feasts of Misrule, were religiously conserved.

The pages of Stow, Harrison, Hall, Greene, and Nash contain not only glimpses, but also set pictures of the time, from which extracts by the hundred might be made. There are the awful examples, for instance—the judgments—shown in the cases of Sir John Champneys, Alderman and Lord Mayor, and Richard Wethell, citizen and tailor. Both these persons built high towers to their houses, to show their pride and to look down upon their neighbors: one is reminded of the huge leaning towers in Bologna. What happened? The first went blind, so that though he might climb his tower, he could see nothing. The second was afflicted with gout in hands and feet, so that he could not walk, much less climb, up his tower. Stubbes has other instances of judgments, particularly the terrible fate of the girl who invoked the devil to help her with her ruff.

Here is a curious little story. It happened in the reign of King James. One day, in Bishopsgate Ward, a poor man, named Richard Atkinson, going to remove a heap of sea-coal ashes in his wheelbarrow, discovered lying in the ashes the body of a newly born child. It was still breathing, and he carried it to his wife, who washed and fed it and restored it to life. The child was a goodly and well-formed boy, strong and well featured, without blemish or spot upon it. They christened the child at St. Helen's Church, by a name which should cause him to remember all through his life his very remarkable origin. They called him, in fact, Job Cinere Extractus. A noble name, for the sake of which alone he should have lived. What an ancestor to have had! How delightful to be a Cinere Extractus! Who would not wish to belong to such a family, and to point to the ash heap as the origin of the first Cinere Extractus? Nothing like it in history since the creation of Adam himself. What a coat of arms! On a shield azure, an ash heap proper, with supporters of two dustmen with shovels; for crest, a sieve. Motto, like that of the Courtenays, "Quo descensus?" Poor little Job Cinere Extractus, however, died three days afterwards, and now lies buried in St. Helen's Churchyard, without even a monument.

Here is another baby story, though it belongs to Charles I.'s time—it happened,



THE ROYAL EXCHANGE, CORNHILL

in fact, in the last month of that melancholy reign. It was seven o'clock in the evening. A certain ship-chandler became suddenly so foolish as to busy himself over a barrel of gunpowder with a candle. Naturally a spark fell into the barrel, and he was not even left time enough to express his regrets. Fifty houses were wrecked. How many were killed no one could tell; but at the next house but one, the Rose Tavern, there was a great company holding the parish dinner, and they all perished. Next morning, however, there was found on the leads of All Hallows Barking a young child in a cradle, as newly laid in bed, neither child nor cradle having sustained the least harm. It was never known who the child was; but she was adopted by a gentleman of the parish, and lived certainly to the age of seventeen, when the historian saw her going to fetch her master, who was drinking at a tavern. It is two hundred and fifty years ago. That young woman may have at this moment over a thousand descendants. Which of us can say that she is not his great-grandmother?

A reform of vast importance, though at first it seems a small thing, was introduced in this reign. It was the restoration of vegetables and roots as part of daily diet. Harrison is my authority. He says that in old days, as in the time of the First Edward, herbs, fruits, and roots were much used, but that from Henry IV. to Henry VIII. the use of them decayed and was forgotten. Now, he says, "in my time their use is not only resumed among the poore commons—I mean of melons, pompines, gourds, cucumbers, radishes, skirrets, parsneps, carrots, marrowes, turneps, and all kinds of salad herbes—but they are also looked upon as deintie dishes at the tables of delicate merchants, gentlemen, and the nobilitie, who make their provision yearly for new seeds out of strange countries, from whence they have them abundantly."

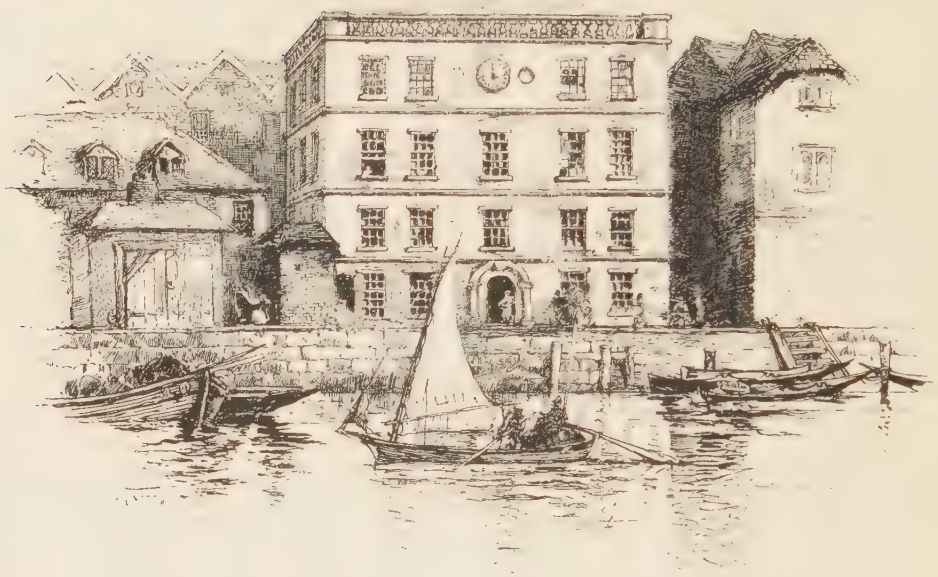
Perhaps the cause of the disuse of roots and vegetables was the enormous rise in wages after the Black Death, when the working classes, becoming suddenly rich, naturally associated roots with scarcity of beef, and governed themselves accordingly.

In the matter of rogues, vagabonds, and common cheats, the age of Elizabeth shows no falling off, but quite the reverse. We have little precise information on English *ribauderie* before this time; but now, thanks to John Awdely, Thomas Harman, Thomas Dekker, Robert Greene, and others, we learn the whole art and mystery of coney-catching as practised under the Tudor dynasty. The rogues had their own language. No doubt they always had their language, as they have it now; and it varied from year to year, as it varies now, but the ground-work remained the same, and, indeed, remains the same to this day. The rogues and thieves, the beggars and the impostors, are still with us. They are still accompanied by their autem morts,

their walking morts, their kynchen morts, their doxies, and their dolls, only some of their cheats are changed with the changes of the time. Under Queen Gloriana they abound in every town and in every street; they tramp along all the roads; they haunt the farm-houses; they rob the market women and the old men. They have their ranks and their precedency. The Upright Man is a captain among them; the Curtall has authority over them; the Patriarch Co marries them, until death do them part—that is to say, until they pass a carcass of any creature, when, if they choose, they shake hands and go separate ways. They are well known, by profession and by name, at every fair throughout the country. There are Great John Gray and Little John Gray; John Stradling with the shaking head; Lawrence with the great leg: Henry Smyth, who drawls when he speaks; that fine old gentleman Richard Horwood, who is eighty years of age, and can still bite a sixpenny nail asunder with his teeth, and continued a notable toper to his dying day; Will Pellet, who carries the kynchen mort at his back; John Browne the stammerer; and the rest of them. They are all known; their backs and shoulders are scored with the nine-tailed cat; not a head borough or a constable but knows them every one. Yet they forget their prison and their whipping as soon as they are free. Those things are the little drawbacks of the profession, against which must be set freedom, no work, no masters, and no duties. Who would not go upon the budge, even though at the end there stand the three trees up which we shall have to climb by the ladder?

> The budge it is a delicate trade,
> And a delicate trade of fame;
> For when that we have bit the bloe,
> We carry away the game.
>
> But when that we come to Tyburn,
> For going upon the budge,
> There stands Jack Catch the hangman,
> That owes us all a grudge.

FRONT OF SIR PAUL PINDAR'S HOUSE, ON THE WEST SIDE OF BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHOUT.



THE STEEL YARD, ETC., THAMES STREET, AFTER THE GREAT FIRE OF 1666.

> And when that he hath noosed us,
> And our friends tips him no cole,
> Oh then he throws us into the cart,
> And tumbles us in the hole.

In the streets of London they separate, and practise each in the quarter most likely to catch the gull. For instance, observe this well-dressed young gentleman, with the simple manner and the honest face, strolling along the middle walk of St. Paul's. Simple as he looks, his eye glances here and there among the throng. Presently he sees a young countryman, whom he knows by the unfailing signs. He approaches the countryman; he speaks to him. In a few minutes they leave the cathedral together, and betake them to a tavern, where they dine, each paying for himself, in amity and friendship, though strangers but an hour since. Then comes into the tavern an ancient person, somewhat decayed in appearance, who sits down and calls for a stoup of ale. "Now," says the first young man, "you shall see a jest, sir." Whereupon he accosts the old gentleman, and presently proposes to throw the dice for another pot. The old man accepts, being a very simple and childlike old man, and loses both his money and his temper. Then the countryman joins in. . . . .After the young countryman gets home he learns that the old man was a "fingerer" by profession, and that the young man was his confidant.

The courtesy man works where the sailors and sea-captains congregate. He accosts one who looks credulous and new; he tells him that he is one of a company, tall, proper men all, like himself—he is well dressed and well mannered; they are disbanded soldiers, masterless and moneyless. For himself he would not beg, but for his dear comrades he would do anything. When he receives a shilling he puts it up with an air of contempt, but accepts the donor's good will, and thanks him for so much. A plausible villain, this.

Outside Aldgate, where the Essex farmers are found, the "ring faller" loves to practise his artless game. Have we not still with us the man who picks up the ring, which he is willing to let us have for the tenth of its value? The fresh-water mariner who has been shipwrecked and lost his all has vanished, the disbanded soldier has vanished, but the army reserve man sells his matches in the street when

he cannot find the work he looks for so earnestly. The counterfeit cranker, who stood at the corner of the street covered with mud and his face besmeared with blood, as one who has just had an attack of the falling-sickness, is gone, because that kind of sickness is known no longer; the "frater," who carried a forged license to beg for a hospital, is also gone; the Abraham man, who pretended to be mad, is gone; the "palliard," or "clapper doger," the angler who stuck a hook in a long pole and helped himself from the open shop; the "prigger of prancers" (horse-thief), the ruffler, the swigman and prigman, are also gone. But their descendants remain with us, zealous in the pursuit of kindred callings, and watched over paternally by a police force 38,000 strong, about one policeman for every habitual criminal, so that since every policeman costs £100 a year, and every criminal steals, eats, or destroys property to the same amount at least, that criminal costs the country, first, the things which he steals—say £100 a year; next, his policeman, another £100; thirdly, the loss of his own industry; and fourthly, the loss of the policeman's industry—making in all about £500 a year. It would be cheaper to electrify him.

CURIOUS PUMP.

In the matter of punishments, we have entered upon a time of greater cruelty than prevailed under the Plantagenets. Men are boiled and women burned for poisoning; heretics are still burned—in 1585 one thus suffered for denying the divinity of Christ; ears are nailed to the pillory and sliced off for defamation and seditious words; long and cruel whippings are inflicted—in one case through Westminster and London for forgery. An immense number are hanged every year: the chronicler Machyn continually sets down such a fact as that "on this day XII were hanged at Tyburn, VII men and V women." Mariners were hanged at low water at Wapping for offences committed at sea; the good old custom of pillorizing was maintained with zeal; and the parading of backsliders in carts or on horseback was kept up. Thus one woman, for selling fry of fish unlawfully, rode triumphantly through the town with garlands of fish decorating her head and shoulders and the tail of the horse, while one went before beating a brass bason. Another woman was carried round, a distaff in her hand and a blue hood on her head, for a common scold. A man was similarly honored for selling measly pork; and another, riding with his head to the animal's tail, for doing something sinful connected with lamb or veal.

The cruelty of punishments only shows that the administration of the law was weak. In fact, the machinery for enforcing law and repressing crime was growing more and more unequal to the task, as the city grew in numbers and in population. The magistrates sought to deter by the spectacle of suffering. This is a deterrent which acts beneficially only when punishment is certain, or nearly certain. The knowledge that nine criminals will escape for one who is whipped all the way from Charing Cross to Newgate encourages the whole ten to continue in their evil ways. Men are like children: if they are to be kept in the paths of virtue, it is better to watch and prevent them continually than to leave them free and to punish them if they fall. But this great law was not as yet understood.

NEWGATE.

TEDDY: "How old are you, Aunt Milly?"
AUNT MILLY (*who owns to* 35): "O, Teddy—almost a hundred!"
TEDDY: "Auntie, I can't believe you—I'd believe you if you'd said fifty!"
—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE centenary of the Constitution was celebrated more than two years ago, and it seemed naturally to close the long series of Revolutionary commemorations. But the Revolution is a story of exhaustless interest, and we cannot hear enough of it. It is, however, curious how little care was taken by the actors in it to preserve its records or its relics. The conscious or dramatic part of it they did not care for. There was some glowing rhetoric in important state papers, but it is only the instinctive form of a real feeling. Even Washington's allusion to "the great theatre of action" befits the occasion. There was little thought of "making history" among the men of the Revolution. They sprang of a resolute and silent stock, and very few of them probably comprehended the historic character of their movement, or forecast the future interest in every incident of the struggle and every memorial of it that should survive.

The original paroles of Burgoyne and his officers were found not long ago in an old trunk among old papers. Their interest and value were apparently unknown to their custodians. A curious indifference had settled upon them, their tradition was lost, and it was only the chance of the trunk falling into the hands of an antiquarian which brought them again to light. But the carelessness of the Revolutionary men themselves is not shared by their descendants. The custodian of the paroles threw them aside among rubbish, but the later owner, had he picked over the heap, would have known his treasures.

The story of the Revolution was soon overspread with romantic traditions. The chroniclers treated it as Weems treated Washington, with a liberal sweep of the fancy. That generous biographer made facts conform to the canons of heroic romance. Doughty paladins raised huge swords in their cradles, and a paragon of all the virtues like Washington must begin betimes and burgeon with premature goodness. He was the soul of honor and of truth, and therefore in his petticoats must lisp, "I cannot tell a lie." Only reprobates and heretics could suppose his lips profane even in the sultry ardors of Monmouth. If the Cid, Sir William Wallace, and William Tell are panoplied in miracle, shall the greatest of men and noblest of heroes go about clad in the scant exactitude of fact? Forbid it, Weems!

The spirit of Weems is as old as man, and it went to work upon the Revolution at once. The school histories of the last generation were full of memorabilia of every kind. The apt phrases, the felicitous exclamations, the heroic orders, flash and glitter in the Revolutionary annals as in all stirring story. But they have begun to fade and vanish. Dispassionate criticism has assailed the lofty remark of the Emperor's soldiers, "The Guard dies, but never surrenders." It has placed a query against Wellington's "Up, guards, and at them!" Even our Mexican hero's "A little more grape, Captain Bragg," begins to waver. But the earlier and long-cherished "Now whip the British, boys, or this night Molly Stark's a widow!" has glimmered quite out of sight. That was one of the most vivid Revolutionary impressions of fifty years ago, and Mrs. Stark, like Moll Pitcher and the Maid of Saragossa, was even depicted as presiding at a gun. But we have not seen that at the late celebration at Bennington there was any flag bearing that memorable legend, while nothing is less probable than such an exclamation from the staid and quiet farmer who led his fellow-farmers at that famous victory.

How justly famous and significant a victory it was, Mr. Phelps told us in his discourse at the late dedication of the monument upon the battle-field, which is a very valuable contribution to the story of the great and decisive campaign of 1777. Mr. Phelps points out that the expedition to Bennington was not merely for supplies. Its cause was military, like that of the Fort Stanwix expedition. It was what Burgoyne called "the gathering storm that was hanging on his left," which he feared, as on his right he hoped by St. Leger's march to dispose of Fort Stanwix and possible trouble in the valley of the Mohawk. This was the vital importance of the movement to Burgoyne.

To the men of the Hampshire grants it was still more vital; for had they failed, the land which Burgoyne would have desolated New York would have taken, while the victorious British would have marched from Bennington to Albany. Mr. Phelps spoke of the decisive charges at critical moments which have made history, and which eloquence and poetry have invested with splendor. But, he said, "I set against the splendor of them all that final onset up yonder hill and over its breastworks of those New England farmers, on whose faces desperation had kindled the supernatural light of battle which never shines in vain."

The vast crowd which assembled at Bennington to greet the President at the celebration, and the admirable discourse of the orator, made the double commemoration—that of the battle and of the entrance of Vermont into the Union—a great day for Vermont. It showed how gladly we seize every opportunity to hear the glorious story, and, again, it justified our pride in the character and heroism of our fathers, and all such days, recalling another war and other sacrifices and courage, also justify our feeling that the heroes of Bennington and Bunker Hill would have smiled upon the heroes of Gettysburg and Shiloh.

THERE is a certain class of rascals who, despite our consciences, are very entertaining. Lady Candid, who is known to so many of us as one of the most charming and upright of women, whose sense of decorum is so high that she seems sometimes to be unmindful of the weakness of human nature, will occasionally be so superlatively tolerant of some particular Lothario that she seems herself almost to lapse from propriety. If she has conceived a regard for him, on whatever grounds, she takes him into general favor, and turns a deaf ear to every sceptic. When, however, doubt is no longer possible, Lady Candid dexterously interposes an extenuation or mitigation, or perhaps, if pushed to extremity, she says merely, "No wonder." But why in Lothario's case it is no wonder, while that of Lovelace is beyond tolerance, and merits only the condigh penalty, she has never condescended to explain.

In the old novels there is the same inconsistency. The hero of some tales that are more generally familiar than often mentioned shall be an unmitigated reprobate, but he carries his wickedness so gallantly and gayly that it is quietly condoned, as a man's defect of speech or eccentricity of dress is politely overlooked. If we are pushed to some expression it is not offended virtue which comments on sin with stern severity; it is Lady Candid's evasion, it is a shrug, or, "Well, I don't know," or, "Indeed there are circumstances," or, "Poor fellow!" or a glance of deprecation; but the good-natured sinner does not fall from favor. We like the rascal still.

The *School for Scandal* dishes up a precious feast of morality. It is a world so awry that Charles Surface, in contrast with Joseph, makes an impression of virtue. But it is only his good nature. He is still only a gay good-for-nothing. Joseph is a solemn good-for-nothing and apes virtue, while Charles cheerily laughs at it. It is ten to one, as they say in the comedies, that Lady Candid would smile upon Charles, and find reason why he should be held by her to be very different from other men who are just like him. He is one of the clever rascals who amuse more than they offend, who our consciences warn us is to be condemned, but for whom we secretly whisper a good word to that austere judge, not, indeed, urging a plea of not guilty, but strenuously recommending to mercy.

Tom Fathom, doubtless descended from the count, was a familiar figure not many years ago. He was in truth conscienceless, but so accomplished and pleasant and clever that he seemed to come upon the scene always with a laugh, and to retire with a jest. If you did not know him, you found him a charming companion, well-read, quick-witted, *comme il faut*, sparkling, and merry, an agreeable man of the world. When you were told of his aberrations from rectitude it was with regretful incredulity, and when doubt was impossible he was still in favor, and you suggested, with a smile, that perhaps something might be pardoned to the spirit of liberty. He was exceedingly amusing; and even Lady Candid, who knew him well, frankly owned that there was no better company.

"But if he had his just deserts"—began a moralist to her one day.

"Good heavens," she interrupted, "if

we come to justice, pray who of us shall stand?"

Tom Fathom, who seemed to have stepped out of a last-century novel, said one day, with great glee, that the day before he had been writing in the outer office of his cousin Moses Fathom—his cousin being perhaps the most scrupulously respectable man in town—when a fellow stepped in and asked for Mr. Fathom. "I looked at him," said Tom, "and saw that he did not know me, and also I saw at once what kind of man he was. In fine, he was what is sometimes called a bumbailiff. He had a wary eye and spoke in a low voice, and said that he was particularly anxious to see Mr. Fathom. In an equally confidential voice I asked, 'Which Mr. Fathom?' In a still softer voice he answered, 'Mr. Tom Fathom.' 'Oh yes,' I said, in a whisper; 'you will find him writing at his table in the inner office.' He went in to encounter Cousin Moses," said Tom, with a twinkling eye, "and I—went out."

It was the story of a clever sharper, of a merry rascal. But he told it with the gusto of Charles Surface. It was very amusing. The sense of rectitude was lulled for a moment by the sense of humor.

"Mr. Easy Chair, did you really smile at such falsehood, such rascality, such—"

Madam, you yourself would have roared.

Whence is this discrimination among offenders? Why does the Lady Candid, who condemns Peter with relentless severity for an occasional excursion from sobriety, extenuate the frequent debauches of Paul? Why do some rascals invite unsparing condemnation, and others melt us into forgiving sympathy with the weakness of our common humanity? When we say that Helen was a lovely sinner, we mean that we are much more aware of the loveliness than of the sin; and it is not a hearty admiration that any man feels for the stern Roman who adjudged his son to death. Does the secret lie in the sense of that common humanity which makes us conscious with John Bunyan that except for grace we had been that dreadful sinner?

Is it really ourselves in the person of another that we are judging all the time, austerely censorious as we know we ought to be in our own case, when there is nothing in the culprit that touches our heart or excites admiration, but softly pitiful and forgiving when a gayety of nature or some personal charm subdues us as the first warm sun of March dissolves a snow bank?

We are all such sectaries or partisans that it is delightful to escape sometimes into a natural freedom, and to meet as men and not *ex officio* as members of a Church or a party. This is the suggestion, oddly enough, of such a little tour as that of the President recently in Vermont, or earlier in the year through some of the Southern States to the Pacific. It is a droll improvement of what probably seems to many persons only a crafty political scheme. But the other view is reasonable, and when the President and the Governor of New York, who represent to us generally only two parties whose business is to denounce and discredit each other, meet in public and exchange congratulations and expressions of official respect, it is an extremely agreeable spectacle.

So at the celebration at Bennington, to which we have elsewhere alluded, nothing could have been more dignified and becoming than the remark of Mr. Phelps, the orator, "It is appropriate and gratifying that the Chief Magistrate of the nation should be at such a time our most honored guest. In this scene party differences are forgotten. We are only Americans. And in loyalty to that great office, and respect for the incumbent who fills it so well, we are all this day on the President's side." Mr. Phelps is not of the President's party, but in that remark his voice was not of rancorous partisanship, but of "his Majesty's opposition," that is, of those who do not regard political opponents as public enemies, but as citizens who differ where honest difference is both permissible and inevitable.

All these instances of courtesy among opponents are illustrations of public good manners. There is no reason that all political contests should not be conducted with similar courtesy. In the most famous of such individual debates in the country, that of Lincoln and Douglas, upon the most absorbing and exciting question, Mr. Lincoln never forgot the line that separates political debate from personal difference. It was evident that,

so far as his own feeling and spirit were concerned, it would be perfectly practicable for him to continue his old personal acquaintance with his opponent and upon the old terms. Mr. Seward also, in the extremest ardor of the antislavery controversy, was passionless as toward his opponents, always speaking of the wrong and impolicy of slavery, but without invective, without personal acerbity. His inflexible logic and calm array of facts and earnest appeal to principle and the conscience were too strenuous not to stir the wrath of those who opposed him, but he gave them no excuse or opportunity to pick a quarrel.

In the midst of an inexorable argument which necessarily forecast emancipation and menaced the whole slaveholding section with radical, but neither in his wish nor belief necessarily revolutionary change, Mr. Seward would quietly reach out his hand for a pinch of snuff from the box of some adjacent Senator from the slave States, and the impersonality of his speech and the total want of an unfriendly spirit were so evident that the Senator could not refuse, and, as the Easy Chair has been told by other Senators, turning his head away, handed his opened box to Seward. The force of his speech was not lessened by the courtesy of his manner. The only ill result of it was the impression upon the advocates of slavery that he was not in as deadly earnest as they. Indeed the chief criticism to be made upon Mr. Seward as a statesman was his inability to see that the pacific solution of the controversy for which he hoped and on which he counted was impossible.

The story of Fontenoy which represents the French soldiers saying to the English, "Gentlemen, fire first," is an extravagance. But its plain moral is that the quarrel of soldiers is impersonal. It is not their own. According to the tradition, Socrates on the battle-field was in action as brave as a lion, in feeling as gentle as a lamb. It is, however, a difficult rule for the contests of politics. The purpose of most politicians is to stimulate party spirit, which is largely done by inflaming personal feeling, and depicting opponents not as holding one course of the same government to be preferable to another, but as foes of the government, or public enemies.

But while this is folly, because men of equal patriotism, honesty, and ability may differ about methods of taxation or a wise regulation of the suffrage, yet there are public enemies who are to be plainly described and opposed as such. Catiline is not to be courteously entreated like Cato. If a politician bribes voters or prostitutes a public trust to private gain, the offence is his own; it is strictly personal, and the truth ought to be told, but cannot be told without accusing him personally. It is idle to urge public courtesy as a reason for silence. Public like private courtesy does not require in such a case silence or falsehood. Truth-telling in such a case is not personal politics, it is public duty. It is the citizen who has bribed or misused his trust, not the citizen who tells the truth and opposes continued trust in the briber, who turns the public mind from the proper range of politics, which is the consideration of public policy.

But public courtesy is not concerned with such persons or such questions. When the Democratic orator speaks of the Republican President and of the great office which he fills so well, he is speaking of an honest man who holds other views of public questions, but who is the personally upright incumbent of the highest public trust. When the President in turn says of the orator, "A son of Vermont, honored by his fellow-citizens, honored by the nation which he has served in distinguished public functions, honored by the profession of which he is an ornament and an instructor, has spoken for Vermont, and it does not seem to me fit that these golden sentences should be marred by any extemporaneous words which I can add," he speaks of a man whom personally he respects.

The advantage of cultivating such personal feeling and personal expressions regarding political opponents is that it moderates party spirit, and tempers the heat of political difference. It reminds the country that our politics are not revolutionary, but constitutional; that the success of the other side is not the triumph of evil or the ruin of free institutions; and that if we are capable of a republic, it is because we are capable of changing our opinion and trying the practical experiment of different policies of administration. Government by the majority does not mean that the majority is always right, but that if it be some-

times wrong, it will, of course, change its view and its conduct.

Mr. Lowell's death is not recent, but it will be always fresh in many memories, for it was the vanishing of a presence and a power which time cannot restore. The perfect simplicity of his funeral was most fitting. Only a chaplet from his own trees lay upon his closed coffin, and the service of the Episcopal Church was read by his friends Bishop Brooks and Mr. Lawrence. The profound stillness of the vast throng—the stillness of intense feeling—could hardly have been broken without a jar by any voice, however tender, of commemoration or eulogy. It was not the moment to attempt any characterization or to express any emotion. There would be ample opportunity for that, and the ancient words so long associated with the burial of the body solemnly restrain the excess of expression to which such a moment is exposed.

Some regret and even wonder was expressed that the son of a Unitarian clergyman, who had never relinquished the form of Christian faith in which he was bred, should have been buried with the ceremony of another Church. But it was his expressed wish, not implying any change of sympathy, but simply a shrinking from the chances and probability of speech at such a moment. Like all men, Lowell had seen too often the invasion of the sober propriety of burial by the cruel recklessness of well-meant but untimely words, which becomes often a rhetorical gloating over sacred privacies of sorrow, searching out by name those who are most sorely smitten, and apparently probing for a quivering heart. The familiar service of the English Church is very distasteful to many spiritually minded persons, but it is at least a measured and definite form of expression for a public occasion which involves profound emotion, and in which the risks of chance and unregulated utterance are very great.

The sense of loss in the case of Lowell is remarkably personal even among those who did not know him; but it is very much more than personal. His nature was singularly rich and full. As one of his most intimate friends said, he was an extraordinary intelligence. Another observed that what he said or wrote seemed but a drop from a vast reserve of resources. He never lost his playfulness of mind or manner, although they did not appear to all men. He was not readily accessible to everybody, because he was not willing that his life should be devastated by the dull and merely curious and idle. Yet his charm of manner was fascinating, and his graciousness and kindness were often remarkable to those who had no claim of any kind upon his regard. No one among us probably was so familiar as he with literature in general, or held his resources more completely at command. The felicities of his conversation were incessant and remarkable. To talk with him was like reading a good book, and his slightest notes have some happy word or hint which makes them precious.

Indeed, it is true of Lowell as of almost every one of our greater authors, the fathers and masters of our literature—although Mr. Theodore Watts denies that we have any—that in estimating the man it is not necessary to forget his personality, or to apologize for it. It is this that has given such tenderness to the recollection of all our masters as they have left us. Even Cooper and Bryant, although perhaps tenderness is not the word which best describes the feeling with which they are remembered, share the praise which belongs to the whole group of our greater authors, and to no similar group in any other country, that they were men of spotless lives, representative and exemplary citizens, and as uniformly pure in their writings as in their conduct and conversation.

The eccentricities of genius, the recklessness of Grub Street, the lawlessness of Bohemia—

> "Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail"—

as the scholar who knew his fellows wrote in London long ago, all these are unknown in the story of those who are the pride of American letters. Our chief authors have been illustrations of the character and the virtues which make a republic practicable. They have deprived genius of its plea of self-indulgence, and civic sloth and indifference of a coveted example. If we were challenged to produce a class of citizens who especially commend republican society as the nursery of noble character, should we hesitate to point to the chief American authors?

Their works demand no more excuse than their lives. There is no doubtful page in them, nothing which for its spirit or insinuation or tendency need be withheld from any eye. Spenser's praise of Chaucer, "well of English undefyled," befits better these later drawers of those waters. It is with a quickening of the heart that an American sees it said of Lowell that his place is with Carlyle and Ruskin, to kindle the faith, to stimulate the conscience, and to direct the energies of their time. This is the truth. His literary work is not a cloister of retirement, or what he himself called the Chartreuse of verse in which to meditate. It is a school of training in which to strengthen every nerve and thew, to quit ourselves like men. It is true of him, it is true of his peers, most of whom preceded him in passing from our sight.

Our debt is great to our statesmen and our soldiers. But the debt of no nation is greater than ours to its authors, not only for intellectual delight and spiritual cheer, but for inspiration to humane endeavor. For who truly break for us the bread of life? Lowell's Sir Launfal answers:

"The holy supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share—
For the gift without the giver is bare.
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—
Himself, his hung'ring neighbor, and me."

Editor's Study.

I.

FROM time to time there comes a voice across the sea, asking us in varied terms of reproach and entreaty, why we have not a national literature. As we understand this voice, a national literature would be something very becoming and useful to us as a people, and it would be no more than is due the friendly expectation of the English witnesses of our destitution, who have denied from the beginning that we ever could have a national literature; and proved it. The reasons which they still address to our guilty consciousness in demanding a national literature of us are such and so many that the American who reads their appeals must be a very hardened offender if he does not at once inwardly resolve to do all he can to have one. For our own part, we scarcely know how to keep our patience with the writers who have as yet failed to supply us with it. We are personally acquainted with a dozen Americans who could any one of them give us a national literature, if he would take the pains. In fact, we know of some Englishmen who could produce a very fair national literature for us. All they would have to do would be to write differently from those American authors whose works have failed to embody a national literature, and then they would create for us a literature of unmistakable nationality. But with a literature of their own to maintain, it is too much to ask this of them, and we should not hope for help from English writers, except in the form of advice and censure. We ought to be very glad to have so much, but whether we are glad or not we are likely to have it, for there is nothing mean about Englishmen when it comes to advice and censure; and if we cannot get them to make a national literature for us, we had better learn from them how to make it ourselves.

II.

We do not understand the observers of our literary poverty to deny that in certain qualities and colors we have already something national in literature. Perhaps if they were to extend the field of their knowledge a little in the direction of their speculations they might discover that we had something more positive than these colors and qualities; but it never was necessary for an Englishman to know anything of American affairs before writing about them. Here and there an Englishman, like Mr. Bryce, takes the trouble to inform himself, but we do not fancy he is the more acceptable or edifying to his countrymen on that account; and the fact remains that he really need not do it. In treating of American literature the English critic's great qualification is that he should be master of the fact that Mr. Walt Whitman is the only American who writes like Mr. Walt

Whitman. It must be owned that the English critic works this single qualification very hard; he makes it go a long way; but we do not blame him for his thrifty use of it; and we should be sorry to quarrel with the simple economy of the inference that we have not a national literature in the proportion that we do not write like Mr. Whitman. If this will serve the turn of the English writer with the English public, why should he be at any greater pains in the matter?

Usually the English writer is not at any greater pains, and the extravagance of knowing something more than what is necessary to such an inference is rare. Even Mr. Watts, who has lately exposed our literary lack to the world in *The Nineteenth Century*, and Mr. Quiller-Couch, who has blamed our literary indifference to the working-man in *The Speaker*, do not go much beyond this inference in their philosophization of our case. Yet, if we were to allow ourselves to bandy words with our betters, we think we might make a suggestion in the interest of general criticism which would perhaps advantage them.

III.

In the first place we should like to invite observation to the fact that for all æsthetic purposes the American people are not a nation, but a condition. They are the old, well-known Anglo-Saxon race, affected and modified by the infusion of other strains, but not essentially changed by these, and not very different from the English at home except in their political environment, and the vastness of the scale of their development. Their literature, so far as they have produced any, is American-English literature, just as the English literature is English-European, and it is as absurd to ask them to have a literature wholly their own as to ask them to have a language wholly their own. In fact, we have noted that where our language does differ from that of the mother English, or grandmother English, the critics who wish us to have a national literature are not particularly pleased. They call our differences Americanisms, and they are afraid of their becoming the language of the whole race.

They ought to be very careful, then, not to chide us too severely for our lack of a national literature. If ever we should turn to and have one, there might be a serious risk of its becoming the literature of the whole race. There is no great danger of an event so mortifying at present, and we merely intimate its possibility as a warning to our critics not to press us too hard. If things should ever come to that pass, we notify them that not only will the American parlance become the English language, but it will be spelled according to Noah Webster. The "traveller" will have to limp along on one *l*, and the man of "honour" will no longer point with the pride of long descent to the Norman-French *u* in his last syllable.

IV.

In the mean time we wish to ask our critics if they have not been looking for American literature in the wrong place; or, to use an American expression which is almost a literature in itself, whether they have not been barking up the wrong tree. It appears to us that at this stage of the proceedings there is no such thing as nationality in the highest literary expression; but there is a universality, a humanity, which is very much better. There is no doubt, judging from the enterprising character of our people in other respects, that if we had not come upon the scene so very late in the day we should have had a literature of the most positive nationality in form as well as spirit. It is our misfortune rather than our fault to have arrived when all the literary forms were invented. There remained nothing for us to do but to invent literary formlessness, and this, we understand, is what the English admire Mr. Whitman for doing; it is apparently what they ask of us all. But there is a curious want of variety in formlessness; the elements are monotonous; it is their combinations that are infinitely interesting; and Mr. Whitman seems to have exhausted the resources of formlessness. We cannot go on in his way without servile imitation; the best we can do, since we cannot be national in form, is to be national in spirit and in ideal, and we rather think that in many good ways we are unmistakably so. This is evident from the comparison of any American author with any English author; the difference of qualities is at once apparent; and what more of nationality there might be

would, we believe, come of error. There may once have been a time in the history of literature when nationality was supremely desirable: the nationality which expressed itself in the appropriation of forms; but in our time this is not possible, and if it were we think it would be a vice, and we are, above all, virtuous. The great and good things in literature nowadays are not the national features, but the universal features. For instance, the most national fiction at present is the English, and it is the poorest, except the German, which is not at all; while the Russian and the Spanish, the Norwegian and the Italian, the French and the American, which are all so much better, are distinguished by what they have in common rather than by what they have in severalty. The English, who have not felt the great world-movement towards life and truth, are national; those others who have felt it are universal; and perhaps the English critics could be more profitably employed in noting how much the American fiction resembles the Continental fiction than in deploring its want of that peculiarity which renders their own a little droll just now.

Besides, it seems to us that even if we were still in the dark ages when nationality seemed a valuable and admirable thing in itself, they would not find it in our literature in the way they have taken. In any research of the kind we think that the question is not whether this thing or that thing in an author is American or not, but whether upon the whole the author's work is such as would have been produced by a man of any other race or environment. We do not believe that any American writer of recognized power would fail to be found national, if he were tried by this test; and we are not sure but the general use of such a test would result in the discovery of an American literature commensurate in weight and bulk with the emotions of the warmest patriot. The distinctive character of a man's face resides in that complex called his looks; and the nationality of a literature is embodied in its general aspect, not in its particular features. A literature which had none of these would be remarkable for their absence, and if it were produced by one people more than any other would be the expression of their nationality, and as recognizable from its negativity as if it abounded in positive traits.

We do not know, however, that our censors reproach our literature for a want of positivity. Their complaint seems rather to be that it is inadequate to a people who are otherwise so prodigious and original. It strikes them that it is but a small and feeble voice to be the utterance of such a lusty giant; they are listening for a roar, and they hear something very like a squeak, as we understand them. This disappoints them, to say nothing worse; but perhaps it is only our voice changing, and perhaps it would not sound like a squeak if it came from a less formidable body, say San Marino, or Andorra, or even Switzerland. We ought to consider this and take comfort from the possibility, while we taste the tacit flattery in their expectation of a roar from us; from a smaller republic our comparatively slight note could very well pass for a roar, and from a younger one for a mature utterance.

What it is, it is; and it is very probably the natural expression of our civilization, strange as the fact may appear. Our critics evidently think that the writers of a nation can make its literature what they like; but this is a fallacy: they can only make it what the nation likes, involuntarily following the law of environment.

It has been noted that our literature has always been distinguished by two tendencies, apparently opposite, but probably parallel: one a tendency toward an elegance refined and polished, both in thought and phrase, almost to tenuity; the other a tendency to grotesqueness, wild and extravagant, to the point of anarchy. The first has resulted in that delicate poetry which is distinctively American, and in that fiction which has made itself recognized as ours, wherever it is liked or disliked. The last has found its outcome in our peculiar species of humor, which no one can mistake for any other, not even for the English imitations of it. Our literature has these tendencies because the nation has them, and because in some measure each and every American has them. It would take too long to say just how and why; but our censors may rest assured that in this anomalous fact exists the real nationality of our literature. They themselves have a half perception of the truth when they accept

and advance Walt Whitman as the representative of our literature. With a supreme passion for beauty, and impatient of all the trammels and disguises of art, he is eager to seize and embrace its very self. For the most part the effort is a failure; the divine loveliness eludes him, and leaves only a "muddy vesture of decay" in his grasp. He attains success often enough to make good his claim to the admiration the English yield him, and he misses it often enough to keep the more intelligent American observer in doubt. We understand better than they how and why Walt Whitman is; we perceive that he is now and again on the way to the way we should all like to find; but we know his way is not the way. At the same time we have to own that he is expressive of that national life which finds itself young and new in a world full of old conventions and decrepit ideals, and that he is suggestive if not representative of America. But he is no more so than the most carefully polished writer among us. He illustrates the prevalence of one of our moods, as Longfellow, say, illustrates the other. No one but an American could have written the poetry of Whitman; no one but an American could have written the poetry of Longfellow. The work of both is a part of that American literature which also embraces the work of Mark Twain and of Lowell, of Artemus Ward and of Whittier, of Bret Harte and of Emerson, of G. W. Cable and of Henry James, of Miss Murfree and of O. W. Holmes, of Whitcomb Riley and of T. B. Aldrich.

V.

The great difficulty with America is that she has come to her consciousness at a moment when she feels that she ought to be mature and full-grown, the Pallas among the peoples, with the wisdom of a perfectly trained owl at her bidding. It will not do to be crude when the farthest frontier has all the modern improvements, and the future is penetrated at every point by the glare of an electric. If we are simple we must know it; if we are original, it must be with intention and a full sense of originality. In these circumstances we think we have done not so badly in literature. If we listen to our censors, in generals we shall probably do still better. But we do not think we shall do better by heeding them in details. We would not have any considerable body of our writers set about writing novels and poems concerning the life of toil, which Mr. Quiller-Couch says we have neglected; because in the first place Mr. Quiller-Couch seems to speak from rather a wide-spread ignorance of the facts; and because in the last place the American public does not like to read about the life of toil; and one of the conditions of producing an American literature is that it shall acceptably address itself to the American public. Nearly all the Americans are in their own persons, or have been in those of their fathers or grandfathers, partakers of the life of toil; and anything about it in literature is to them as coal is to Newcastle, or corn-bread to a Kentuckian. They have had enough of it. What they want is something select, something that treats of high life, like those English novels which have chiefly nourished us; or something that will teach us how to escape the life of toil by a great stroke of business, or by a splendid marriage. What we like to read about is the life of noblemen or millionaires; that is our romance; and if our writers were to begin telling us on any extended scale of how mill hands, or miners, or farmers, or iron-puddlers really live, we should very soon let them know that we did not care to meet such vulgar and commonplace people. Our well-to-do classes are at present engaged in keeping their eyes fast shut to the facts of the life of toil, and in making believe that the same causes will not produce the same effects here as in Europe; and they would feel it an impiety if they were shown the contrary. Our finest gentilities do not care anything about our literature; they have no more concern in it than they have in our politics. As for the people who are still sunk in the life of toil, they know enough of it already, and far more than literature could ever tell them. They know that in a nation which honors toil, the toiler is socially nothing, and that he is going from bad to worse quite as if the body politic had no interest in him. What they would like would be some heroic workman who superhumanly triumphs over his environment and marries the boss's daughter, and lives idle and respected ever after. Almost any class of readers would like a hero of that mould; but no class, and least of all his fellows,

would like the life of a workman shown in literature as it really is, and his condition painted as hopeless as the condition of ninety-nine workmen out of every hundred is. The life of toil will do very well for nations which do not honor toil, to read about; but there is something in the very reverence we have for it that renders the notion of it repulsive to us. This is very curious; we do not attempt to explain it; but we can promise the foreign observer that he need not look for American literature in that direction. The life of toil! It is a little too personal to people who are trying to be ladies and gentlemen of elegant leisure as fast as they can. If we have had to dig, or if we are many of us still digging, that is reason enough why we do not want the spade brought into the parlor.

VI.

In literature it is very much as it is in love: people desire their opposites. We need not go farther than the English of our day for illustration. A people refined to the last degree of sensibility, instinctively delicate, subtle in perception, peculiarly gracious and hospitable in their mental attitude, their delight is to read of rude adventure; of high crimes and misdemeanors of all kinds; of battle, murder, and sudden death; of direful toil and penury; and their fiction responds to this demand of their taste. On the other hand, the Americans, whose lives are passed in the midst of miseries and hardships, such as the English like to dream of, are fond of tales and poems treating of aristocratic refinement and of motives and actions attenuated almost to effeminacy by the highest civilization; and their literature, as Mr. Quiller-Couch has seen, is of a patrician character, which is scarcely to be surpassed, if equalled, in its hauteur and disdain.

Perhaps his impression of this trait of our literature is derived from too slight an acquaintance with it. We know it is rather hard to ask a critic to examine the premises of his conclusions, but it seems to us that this might sometimes lead to a change of opinion in our English witnesses. The authors whom Mr. Quiller-Couch specifically alleges in proof of his charge of a high, Pooh-Bah indifference to the claims of common humanity upon their literature have rather appeared to us to have a sneaking affection for the plebeian life we Americans have all sprung from, and to have slyly celebrated it in some of their works. But we do not insist upon this, because, for one thing, if it were a fact, it would disable the theory which we have just been at some pains to build up concerning American literature. So we do not urge it, and upon the whole we prefer to withdraw from a position too hastily taken. It is tenable, but it is not desirable to hold it.

VII.

It is interesting to have the adequacy of American literature inquired into and its traits scrutinized just at this time when there is the hope, if not the promise, of a change in its conditions. It seems now as if American literature were to have, for the first time, a fair chance with the American people. Until now it has been cramped and crowded out by the great mass of English literature which our people found it so cheap to borrow without the consent of its owners. At last this species of forced loan can no longer be levied; and the English "book honestly come by" is to be our competitor in the future. Perhaps the American people, who have not before really deserved a great literature, will hereafter have one commensurate with their tardy virtue.

It may be that we shall presently see our English brethren, who have long observed our inadequacy from afar, bringing over their literary plants, and turning out a literature proportionate to the grandeur of the republic on our own soil. Our breweries are already largely in the hands of English syndicates; why should not our literature be so? Nobody apparently knows the defects of our literature so well as the English, and it stands to reason that they will be able to remedy them. We are sure that we should welcome some such transfer of their industry, subject, of course, to the law against contract labor. Superannuated poets and decaying novelists would be excluded by the statutes against assisted emigrants; but young authors and authoresses, with fresh, new ideas of what a true American literature ought to be, and the critics who have guided and instructed them, would always be welcome to the citizenship of the republic; and we should be only too glad to have them show us by example how we ought to write here.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 14th of September.—Redfield Proctor, Secretary of War, was appointed by the Governor of Vermont, August 24th, to succeed George F. Edmunds as United States Senator.

On the 27th of August the Republicans of Maryland nominated William G. Van Nort for Governor of that State.

On the 9th of September the Republicans of New York nominated Jacob Sloat Fassett for Governor of that State.

On the 4th of September the President appointed John S. Durham, of Pennsylvania, to be United States Minister to Haiti in place of Frederick Douglass, resigned.

The official vote at the late State election in Kentucky gave Brown (Democrat), for Governor, 144,168; Wood (Republican), 116,087; Erwin (People's), 25,631; Harris (Prohibitionist), 3291. For the new Constitution, 212,920; against, 74,581.

The Canadian census was completed in August. The population was shown to be 4,823,344—an increase of 11.52 per cent. in ten years.

After a battle of several days' duration near the city of Valparaiso, Chili, that city was taken, August 28th, by the army of the revolutionists, under General Canto. Santiago was soon afterwards occupied, and all the Presidential forces, together with the government offices, were surrendered. President Balmaceda fled secretly from the capital.—On the 4th of September a provisional government, with Jorge Montt as President, was universally accepted by the people, and tranquillity was restored throughout the country. A cabinet was formed, which included representatives from all political parties, except only the Balmacedists.—On the 7th of September the new government was officially recognized by the Department of State at Washington.—A general election, to be held in October, was ordered by the Junta, and universal suffrage was proclaimed.

The prohibition upon the importation of American pork into Germany was removed by the German government September 3d.

The Senaputty of Manipur, who instigated the recent massacre of English officers at the capital of that state, and was the leader of the late rebellion, was hanged, August 13th, by order of the Military Court of Inquiry, before whom he had been legally tried. On the 22d of August the British government issued a proclamation stating that on account of the rebellion Manipur was liable to the penalty of annexation, and was at the disposal of the crown of Great Britain, but that the Queen had been pleased to forego the right to annex the state, and had consented to re-establish the native rule under such conditions as the Governor-General of India in Council should consider desirable.

The anti-foreign movement in China appeared to be increasing, and there were hostile demonstrations in several places. On the 1st of September a riot occurred at Ichang, on the Yang-tse-Kiang River; the British consulate and an establishment of American missionaries were destroyed. The French gunboat *Aspic* was immediately despatched to the scene of the disturbance, with strict orders to act decisively. A strong protest was made by the British minister against the dilatory manner in which the Chinese government dealt with the leaders of the riots, and it was plainly intimated that if China could not control her own people, the foreign powers would take the matter in hand.—At Lung Chow 20,000 Chinese assembled to prevent workmen from putting up telegraph lines; 10,000 poles were burned, and the men driven over the boundary.

DISASTERS.

August 12th.—By the falling of the hurricane-deck of the barge *Republic*, in a gale in Oyster Bay, Long Island, fourteen persons were crushed to death and many others were injured.

August 17th.—Fourteen persons were killed in a railroad collision near Berne, Switzerland.—A bridge over the river St. Marc, in Haiti, was swept away by a flood, and fourteen persons were drowned.

August 18th.—The village of Koilman, Austria, was partially destroyed by a cloudburst, and forty people were drowned.—A cyclone in the island of Martinique, French West Indies, destroyed property to the amount of $10,000,000, including the bulk of the shipping; 340 persons perished in the storm.

August 22d.—By the falling of a building in Park Place, New York city, sixty-two persons were crushed to death.

August 25th.—An Italian steamer and two cutters were wrecked in a hurricane at Rufisque, Senegal, Africa, and eighteen persons were drowned.

August 27th.—In a railroad accident near Statesville, North Carolina, twenty persons were killed and more than thirty others injured.

August 28th.—A collision occurred between the steamers *Easby* and *Gambier* inside Port Philip Heads, on the Australian coast. The *Gambier* immediately sank, and twenty-six of the passengers and crew were drowned.

August 31st.—News was received of a great typhoon in Japan that caused the loss of 250 lives, mostly Japanese and Chinese sailors.

September 9th.—News was received of an earthquake shock in San Salvador, Central America, by which about forty persons were killed and more than sixty others injured. Several villages were partially destroyed.

September 11th.—A collision occurred off Cape Colonna, Greece, between the Italian steamship *Taormina* and the Greek steamship *Thessalia*, and the former was sunk. Sixty-four lives were lost.—By the capsizing of the schooner *Georgiana*, near Halifax, Nova Scotia, sixteen persons were drowned.—A steam-launch plying between Dublin and Londonderry collided with a steamer, and sank with fifteen persons on board.

OBITUARY.

August 14th.—At Nashville, Tennessee, Sarah Childress Polk, widow of James K. Polk, President of the United States 1845–1849, aged eighty-eight years.

August 24th.—In London, England, the Right Hon. Henry Cecil Raikes, M.P., Postmaster-General for Great Britain, aged fifty-three years.

September 9th.—At Mont-sous-Vaudrey, France, François Jules P. Grévy, ex-President of the French Republic, aged seventy-eight years.

Editor's Drawer.

IT is the fashion for girls to be tall. This is much more than saying that tall girls are the fashion. It means not only that the tall girl has come in, but that girls are tall, and are becoming tall, because it is the fashion, and because there is a demand for that sort of girl. There is no hint of stoutness, indeed the willowy pattern is preferred, but neither is leanness suggested; the women of the period have got hold of the poet's idea, "tall and most divinely fair," and are living up to it. Perhaps this change in fashion is more noticeable in England and on the Continent than in America, but that may be because there is less room for change in America, our girls being always of an aspiring turn. Very marked the phenomenon is in Europe this year; on the street, at any concert or reception, the number of tall girls is so large as to occasion remark, especially among the young girls just coming into the conspicuousness of womanhood. The tendency of the new generation is towards unusual height and gracious slimness. The situation would be embarrassing to thousands of men who have been too busy to think about growing upward, were it not for the fact that the tall girl, who must be looked up to, is almost invariably benignant, and bears her height with a sweet timidity that disarms fear. Besides, the tall girl has now come on in such force that confidence is infused into the growing army, and there is a sense of support in this survival of the tallest that is very encouraging to the young.

Many theories have been put forward to account for this phenomenon. It is known that delicate plants in dark places struggle up towards the light in a frail slenderness, and it is said that in England, which seems to have increasing cloudiness, and in the capital more and more months of deeper darkness and blackness, it is natural that the British girl should grow towards the light. But this is a fanciful view of the case, for it cannot be proved that English men have proportionally

increased their stature. The English man has always seemed big to the Continental peoples, partly because objects generally take on gigantic dimensions when seen through a fog. Another theory, which has much more to commend it, is that the increased height of women is due to the æsthetic movement, which has now spent its force, but has left certain results, especially in the change of the taste in colors. The woman of the æsthetic artist was nearly always tall, usually willowy, not to say undulating and serpentine. These forms of feminine loveliness and commanding height have been for many years before the eyes of the women of England in paintings and drawings, and it is unavoidable that this pattern should not have its effect upon the new and plastic generation. Never has there been another generation so open to new ideas; and if the ideal of womanhood held up was that of length and gracious slenderness, it would be very odd if women should not aspire to it. We know very well the influence that the heroines of the novelists have had from time to time upon the women of a given period. The heroine of Scott was, no doubt, once common in society—the delicate creature who promptly fainted on the reminiscence of the scent of a rose, but could stand any amount of dragging by the hair through underground passages, and midnight rides on lonely moors behind mailed and black-mantled knights, and a run or two of hair-removing typhoid fever, and come out at the end of the story as fresh as a daisy. She could not be found now, so changed are the requirements of fiction. We may assume, too, that the full-blown æsthetic girl of that recent period—the girl all soul and faded harmonies—would be hard to find, but the fascination of the height and slenderness of that girl remains something more than a tradition, and is, no doubt, to some extent copied by the maiden just coming into her kingdom.

Those who would belittle this matter may say that the appearance of which we speak is due largely to the fashion of dress—the long unbroken lines which add to the height and encourage the appearance of slenderness. But this argument gives away the case. Why do women wear the present fascinating gowns, in which the lithe figure is suggested in all its womanly dignity? In order that they may appear to be tall. That is to say, because it is the fashion to be tall; women born in the mode *are* tall, and those caught in a hereditary shortness endeavor to conform to the stature of the come and coming woman.

There is another theory, that must be put forward with some hesitation, for the so-called emancipation of woman is a delicate subject to deal with, for while all the sex doubtless feel the impulse of the new time, there are still many who indignantly reject the implication in the struggle for the rights of women. To say, therefore, that women are becoming tall as a part of their outfit for taking the place of men in this world would be to many an affront, so that this theory can only be suggested. Yet probably physiology would bear us out in saying that the truly emancipated woman, taking at last the place in affairs which men have flown in the face of Providence by denying her, would be likely to expand physically as well as mentally, and that as she is beginning to look down upon man intellectually, she is likely to have a corresponding physical standard.

Seriously, however, none of these theories are altogether satisfactory, and the Drawer is inclined to seek, as is best in all cases, the simplest explanation. Women are tall and becoming tall simply because it is the fashion, and that statement never needs nor is capable of any explanation. Awhile ago it was the fashion to be *petite* and arch; it is now the fashion to be tall and gracious, and nothing more can be said about it. Of course the reader, who is usually inclined to find the facetious side of any grave topic, has already thought of the application of the self-denying hymn, that man wants but little here below, and wants that little long; but this may be only a passing sigh of the period. The Drawer is far from expressing any preference for tall women over short women. There are creative moods of the fancy when each seems the better. The Drawer chronicles, but never creates. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

QUATRAINS.

SUCCESS.

For years I painted patrons as they were,
And neither fame nor fortune came to me;
But now I'm rich—I changed my method, sir,
And painted each as each one wished to be.

ART.

He had no tale to tell, and yet he wrote
A novel with a first and second part;
Became a man of literary note,
He nothing said with such consummate art.

LOYALTY.

The diva's voice is cracked, her eye is dim,
Her figure once so slender's far from trim,
And yet the public madly surge to see
And cheer her on for what she used to be.

A COMMON TROUBLE.

He bought a pad of paper, one gold pen,
A pot of writing-fluid, and some glue,
Yet failed to wear the bay—forgot that men
Who write great epics need a brain or two.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

A DESIRABLE QUALITY.

DURING the temporary absence of Mrs. C——'s cook, a woman was secured to take her place. Finding many things that needed her attention, Mrs. C—— was kept busy where the substitute was also at work. After many admiring glances, the latter exclaimed, "Well, Mis' C——, you *are* smart to work. You must be a great help to a hired girl."

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

A STORY illustrating the force of habit, as related by a clergyman who claimed to have heard it in its spontaneity, seems good enough to repeat.

A college professor and his daughter sat at a hotel table with the narrator of the story. In the course of conversation the professor, wishing to express negation, made use of the objectionable form "nope."

"Father," said the daughter, energetically, "you shouldn't say 'nope'; you should say no."

"I suppose so, my dear," acquiesced the father. "It is the force of habit that makes me say nope."

"Why, father, have you always said nope?" inquired the young lady.

The father reflected for a moment. A dreamy smile lit up his features, and he gently and peacefully murmured, "Yep."

DINAH'S PRAYER.

DINAH is fond of good living, but, strange to say, has an intense dislike for clams, and did not hesitate to make this fact known when called upon to ask a blessing. Dinah said:

"O Lord, bress all dese good vittles—all 'cept dem clams—you don't get any of dem inter me! Amen."

A VERY EASY LANGUAGE.

"IBRAHIM" (Abraham), said a European traveller in Palestine to his native guide, "I want you to teach me some Arabic. If I wish to go into an Arab's house, how am I to say to him, 'Let me rest here, and give me some food?'"

"You needn't say anything at all to him, effendi" (master), "but just walk in and sit down. As for food, if it is his meal-time he will give you some without being asked; and if it is not, you won't get any, whatever you say."

"And if I want to buy anything from him, how do I ask the price of it?"

"You *don't* ask it, master, but just point to the thing and show him some money. If it is not enough, he'll hold out his hand for more; and if he does not give you enough of the things that you want to buy, whatever they are, you hold out *your* hand for more, and so it goes on till you are both satisfied."

"And in case we fall in with robbers, what's the Arabic for 'Halt! or I fire'?"

"There is no Arabic needed in *that* case, master. If there were only a single robber, my comrade Yakob" (Jacob) "and I would kill him before he could say a word; and if there were a band of them they would kill *us* before *we* could say one."

"And supposing I want to climb up on to the roof of a house to look at the view, what shall I say to the people of the house?"

"Say nothing at all, but just climb right up. Then the people to whom the house belongs will climb up after you and ask for money, and you'll give them some."

"And if they are not satisfied with what I give them, and begin to threaten me, what shall I say to them?"

"Don't say a word; just whistle for *me*," replied Ibrahim, with stern significance.

"But if I am thirsty, and see a man coming along with a pitcher of water, how am I to say in Arabic 'Give me a drink'?"

"Don't say it at all, effendi; just catch hold of the pitcher, take a drink, and pass on."

"And supposing I go into a native village, and see there a pretty girl whom I wish to compliment," asked the traveller, with a somewhat sentimental air, "how am I to express in Arabic 'You are a beautiful child'?"

Ibrahim's small black eyes twinkled appreciatively. "If you take *my* advice, Effendi, you will not try to express that at all, for if you do, her father and her friends will come up and begin throwing big stones at you."

"Oho!" cried the traveller; "do you speak from experience, my friend?"

Ibrahim answered only by rubbing the back of his head with a meaning grin; and here the Arabic lesson ended, the traveller being by this time fully convinced that Arabic, if studied in the right way, is one of the easiest languages in existence. DAVID KER.

A STORY OF NAPOLEON III.

NAPOLEON III., who had no fewer poor relatives to help on than any other sovereign, was trying one day to convince a cousin, whom he had already generously aided, that it was impossible for him to increase her allowance. The princess took the refusal angrily, and, as she was leaving, said, in a taunting manner,

"Decidedly you have nothing of the great Emperor, our uncle."

"You mistake, ma chère cousine," replied Napoleon, with a cheerful smile, "I have his family."

DIDN'T LOSE MUCH.

THE recent death of Mr. C——, a well-known publisher, recalls the following incident. One day a gentleman named Fleming called on Mr. C——, and both being members of the same society, the conversation drifted in that direction.

"You were not at the last meeting," said Mr. C—— to Fleming.

"No," replied the latter; "I was unavoidably absent. I have lost my wife."

Now Mr. C——, who was somewhat deaf, failed to hear the last remark, and said, emphatically, "Well, you didn't lose much!" referring, of course, to the meeting of the society.

When Miss C——, who was present, explained the situation, her father was overwhelmed with shame, and made most humble apologies. Fleming understood at once, and had no thought of being offended, as Mr. C—— was known to be scrupulously polite and tenderly considerate.

AN UNWARRANTED LIBERTY.

ENGLISH DUKE (*to American wife, who has perched herself on his knee*). "My first wife never took this liberty, and she was a Percy!"

A POPULAR RECIPE.

"DOESN'T Willie come to the table any more?" asked grandma, who was paying a little visit to the family.

"No," answered Willie's father. "His manners were too bad. He is banished to the kitchen until he learns to eat like a gentleman."

UNDENIABLE.

"BEGORRY," said Pat, as he tried to stop the leak in his roof, "it's a thrue sayin' that it niver pours but it rains."

FROM SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

"JOHNNIE, why did not the lions eat Daniel?"

"'Cause they didn't know he was so good."

THE DEVIL'S REVENGE.

I. II. III. IV.

TO BE DECIDED LATER.

JUDGE GREENE, of the State of ——, is a good lawyer, and somewhat of a stickler for niceties of pronunciation. Ex-Judge Dennison, in arguing a motion before him, had occasion to refer to *Browne on Torts*, and pronounced the author's name as though it were spelled "Browny." The judge passed the first mistake without notice; at the second he shrugged his shoulders; at the third he said, "The name is Brown, not Browny, Brother Dennison."

"But it is spelled B-r-o-w-n-e," said the counsel, in his very deep and measured tones; "and if that does not spell Browny, what does it spell?"

"'Brown,' of course," sharply answered the judge, whose patience was becoming ruffled. "My name is spelled G-r double e-n-e, but you would not call me 'Greeny,' would you?"

Mr. Dennison turned to his books, saying, apparently to himself, but loud enough to be heard all over the court-room,

"That will depend upon how your Honor decides this motion."

Judge Greene loves a joke too well not to lead in the laugh that followed.

A NOTEWORTHY EXCEPTION.

A SEVERE wind-storm was prevailing on wash-day in the capital city, and playing havoc with the clothes-lines. The colored maid-of-all-work rushed into the house with excitement written upon her dusky countenance. Emerging from the basement, she called out, in tones that carried her startled information throughout the house, and even to the ears of the callers in the parlor, "Fo' de Lawd, missus, all de hau'ke'chi'fs done bin stole, 'cep'n de socks!" G. A. LYON, JUN.

LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

THE subject of American nomenclature in English fiction seems never to have attracted the particular attention of the terminologists of either country, although it is one of curious interest to all deep-thinking persons. The native of "the States" who is made to figure in the British novel may be probable and even possible in character, but he is always given an impossible and an improbable name. His creator may refrain from burlesquing his speech or his raiment, but he cannot resist the temptation of parodying his visiting-card, or the sign on his shop window or his office door. It was Mr. John Paul Jefferson Jones, it may be remembered, who, as a nominal *attaché* of the American embassy in London, and as the special correspondent of the New York *Demagogue*, sent to that well-known journal full and particular accounts of the personal appearance of Mrs. Rawdon Crawley one famous night at a dinner given at Gaunt House, in the days of "Vanity Fair;" Captain Joshua Fullalove, of the American schooner *Julia Dodd*, bound for Juan Fernandez with a cargo consisting of the raw material of civilization, was a favorite character of Charles Reade; Hannibal Challop, Elijah Pogram, and Mr. Julius Washington Merryweather Bib were introduced to the two unlucky Englishmen whom Charles Dickens brought to the Western Eden a good many years ago; Leonidas Shaver Quackenbos, "a Yankee," was "One of Them"—and the best of them—in a once popular novel of Charles Lever; Gilead P. Beck was an American who figured in the "Golden Butterfly" of James Rice and Walter Besant; and now, and lastly, comes Mr. Rufus Snapper, a Philadelphian, in a new and interesting American-English romance from the Anglo-American pen of Mr. Louis J. Jennings.

Mr. Jennings is better known on both sides of the Atlantic as a journalist and as a political writer than as a writer of fiction. He was born in England upward of half a century ago. For some years he was the correspondent, in India, of the London *Times*, and later, in New York, he occupied the same position upon the same journal. During the famous struggle here against the Tweed Ring he edited the New York *Times*, doing to the State and to the City no little service. He then returned to London, where he has since remained. He is a member of the British Parliament, and the author of several books pleasantly descriptive of English country walks and rambles, as well as the author of a history of Republican Government in the United States. His first novel, "The Millionaire," published in 1883 or 1884, attracted a good deal of attention; his second novel, *The Philadelphian*,[1] is the work here under consideration.

Mr. Rufus Snapper, the Philadelphian, belongs to the school of Lever's Quackenbos, of a generation ago; he is a credit to his nationality and an entertaining personage. He is the central, as he is the titulary, character in the book; he pervades everything, he controls everything, and in the end he brings out everything right. He is a shrewd and successful business man, with a good deal of social polish; he is well educated; he is appreciative of the proper things in literature and in art; in short, he is a gentleman whom one would be glad to meet anywhere, and who would pass unnoticed, because of his innate refinement, in a crowd of English-speaking persons in any part of the world. But why he should be called Snapper, and why he should be a Philadelphian, Mr. Jennings has failed to make clear to his American readers. Snapper, in the first place, is not a typical Philadelphian; his family is not a Philadelphia family; he has none of the local characteristics; he does not seem to have had a grandfather, or to care in what part of the town he lives; and there is no more flavor of terrapin about his personality than there is about his name. That he is a Philadelphian is not even to his credit; for he might as well have been a Bostonian, a Buffalonian, a Baltimorean, or perhaps a citizen of Perth Amboy.

The scenes of the story open and close in the valley of the Shenandoah, although most of the action takes place in London and Wales. The time is the present. There is a murder, an unsigned will, two or three mysteries, an unacknowledged wife, and a ghost; and the Americans are almost the only respectable persons in the book. The English adventurers, however, the Welsh squires, the Irish Fenians, and the cockney swindlers make an excellent foil to the honest Philadelphian, to the gallant Virginian Colonel, and to the beautiful girl from Winchester. Take him for all in all, therefore, the City of Brotherly Love has no reason to be ashamed of her social representa-

[1] *The Philadelphian.* By Louis J. Jennings, M.P. 8vo. Paper, 50 cents. [*Harper's Franklin Square Library.*] New York: Harper and Brothers.

tive in Great Britain, even if his name is not to be found in her "Élite Directory."

THE scenes of the touching tales told by Mr. James Lane Allen are laid in Kentucky, a field for fiction which the story-teller has hitherto but rarely explored, and the period of which he treats is generally that which is known as "before the war"; although "The Two Gentlemen of Kentucky"—one black and the other white—are not introduced until the whole vast social system of the ancient régime had passed away, and had left the old master and his old servant in a perfect equality of helplessness and homelessness. Mr. Allen, in this little sketch, points out that of all the agriculturists of this continent, the inhabitants of the blue-grass plains of his native State had spent, until the great trouble came upon us all, the most idyllic life; the beauty of their climate, the richness of their soil, the spacious comfort of their homes, the fidelity and the efficiency of their negroes, and the constitutional contentment of their own natures leading to this result. He describes them as being "a cross between the bucolic and the aristocratic, as simple as shepherds and as proud as kings, and not seldom exhibiting among both men and women types of character which were as remarkable for pure, tender, noble states of feeling as they were commonplace in powers and cultivation of mind."

From this pastoral community of gentlefolk, with all of their stately simplicity, he has taken the individuals of his stories, and they are as pure and as lovable and as noble, as commonplace and as cultivated, as he declares them to be, while they are as delightful and as fresh as are the French creoles of Mr. Cable or Miss Grace King, as are the Dukesborough folk of Colonel Johnston, as are the people of middle Georgia of whom Uncle Remus sings, and as are the mountaineers of Tennessee immortalized by Miss Murfree.

"Flute and Violin," which gives its name to the volume,[2] is a story of Lexington, Kentucky, in the early years of the century. It has two heroes; the first is a forgetful, eccentric, impulsive, sweet-tempered, morbidly remorseful, shy, and dry old parson, who has but one passion and but one accomplishment—playing upon the harmonious pipe; the second is a lonesome, forlorn, idle, but amiable little boy, who has but one leg, and who has a grand and overwhelming ambition to possess a fiddle of his own. Like the other tales in the collection, "Flute and Violin" is pathetic, even tragic, in character, and it appeals to the heart by its tenderness as it appeals to the intellect by its force. "Sister Dolorosa" and "The White Cowl" are sketches of convent and monastic life in this New World of ours which read like chapters in the annals of Southern Europe in the Middle Ages; and "King Solomon of Kentucky," the best story in the book, is one of the best short stories of the present decade. "Gentlemen," said the sheriff of Lexington, one hot day in the summer of 1833—"gentlemen, by an ordah of the cou't I now offah this man at public sale to the highes' biddah. He is able-bodied but lazy, without visible property or means of suppoht, an' of dissolute habits. He is therefore adjudged guilty of high misdemeanahs, an' is to be sole into labah foh a twelvemonth. How much, then, am I offahed foh the vagrant? How much am I offahed foh old King Sol'mon?" How much the sheriff was offered and paid for King Solomon by the free negress who became his temporary owner, and how much more King Solomon was worth than the price he brought, what a rich prize he was to the whole community, what King Solomon did to win his crown, Mr. Allen himself must be permitted to explain. Few writers of fiction in these modern times have had a better story to tell, and few could have told it better.

Mr. James Lane Allen was born upon a small farm near Lexington, Kentucky, to which State his father's family had emigrated from Virginia several generations before. Upon his mother's side he is descended from the Scotch-Irish Pennsylvania stock of the Revolutionary period. His childhood was passed in the old homestead, where he had but few companions, and where he was much alone with Nature, drawn to her and influenced by her in entire unconsciousness. Under the stimulus and guidance of his mother, he was attracted to literature at an early age, reading, as she read, the best of books and the best of books only. Taught by her at home, he knew little of school life, and almost nothing of the outside world, until he entered the Kentucky University at Lexington, from which institution he graduated at the head of his class. For some time he taught school in his native State, and finally he drifted to New York, writing, for a number of years, prose and verse for the best of the weekly and monthly publications in this city. In the fragment of autobiography, hitherto unprinted, from which this brief sketch is taken, Mr. Allen says: "My literary aim in writing the articles descriptive of life and nature in Kentucky has been to train my eye to see, my hand to report, things as they were, as a preparation for imaginative work, which I hoped in time would follow; and the result of my first experiments in the field of Kentucky fiction is embodied in the collection now published under the title of 'Flute and Violin'.... It is always of service to know the relation in which a writer stands to his own work; and I am frank to declare that I look upon these tales as so many pieces of wreckage, for I have written them in the face of a storm of obstacles. Some day I hope to come into port with richer cargo, and from longer, calmer voyages."

[2] *Flute and Violin, and Other Kentucky Tales and Romances.* By JAMES LANE ALLEN. With Illustrations. pp. viii., 308. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

"THE voyage across the North Pacific," writes Miss Eliza R. Scidmore, in the opening chapter of her *Jinrikisha Days in Japan*,[3] "is lonely and monotonous." The cargo she brings home is rich in interest and quaint in character, for all that, although it is as unlike the rich cargo for the transportation of which Mr. Allen is building his ships as is light from darkness, or the Orient from the Occident, or Lexington from Tokio or Yokohama. Mrs. Scidmore's days in a jinrikisha must have been delightfully spent; and the jinrikisha itself seems to be an agreeable conveyance. She describes it as the big two-wheeled baby-carriage of the country, the comfortable flying arm-chair, the little private, portable throne, in which one is rolled through the streets and roads of Japan at a charge of ten cents an hour or seventy-five cents a day. The vehicle is said to have been the invention of an American missionary, and its name, in Japanese, is thus derived—*jin*, a man; *riki*, strength, power; and *sha*, a wagon. It has found its way into India, where it is familiarly known as a "'Rickshaw," and where Mr. Kipling has even made a ghost of one, and had it propelled by phantom *jhampanies*.

Miss Scidmore writes in a gossipy way of Japanese manners and customs, historical, religious, dramatic, and sacred; and she takes her readers into Japanese palaces, Japanese temples, Japanese theatres, and Japanese clubs and homes. Perhaps the most interesting chapter in her book is that which is devoted to the Japanese stage; and the story of the writing of one Japanese play is worth quoting at length. The manager had cut the reports of a theft, a murder and a shipwreck from one of the newspapers of the day, and discussing them with the star performer, they evolved the outlines of a connected drama, and decided upon the principal scenes and effects. A hack-writer was then employed, who, under dictation, shaped the plot and divided the play into acts. The managerial council elaborated it further, allotted the parts, and the star then composed his lines to suit himself. In rehearsal the play was rounded, the diction altered, and each actor requested to write his own part. After all of which a full transcript was made for the prompter. The first-night performances, she remarks, by no means indicate success or failure. The drama is tried on the audience, changed, cut, lengthened, from night to night, as manager, actors, scene-painters, stage-carpenters, orchestra-leaders, call-boys, may suggest. This method is respectfully recommended to those American authors who are ambitious to evolve a national American drama.

Another chapter, which will appeal particularly to feminine readers and to male gourmets, is that which tells of "Japanese Hospitalities," and in which is given accounts of most elaborate dinners, lasting for hours, with jugglers, dancers, and musicians between the courses. One particular feast began at three o'clock in the afternoon, and ended at nine at night. The dainty dishes and curious drinks are not all enumerated, but some space, illustrated by diagrams, is given to a lesson in the manipulation of chopsticks. There are no after-dinner speeches in Japan, but the professional dancers and singers are necessary adjuncts at every elaborate entertainment, and their business is to amuse and charm the guests with their accomplishments, their wit and their sparkling conversation; to all of which they are especially trained from their earliest youth. They are called *maiko* and *geisha* in Japan. In America they have hardly yet been classified, but they may be said to belong to what Mr. Brander Matthews has lately defined as "a strange tribe of creatures, the male of which is known as a 'club man,' and the female as a 'society lady.'"

MRS. CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK'S *What to Eat*[4]—in America, not in Japan—comes as a natural sequel to the same lady's "House-keeping Made Easy" and "Cradle and Nursery," previously noticed in these columns. They are hardly books which the Authors Club would designate as "proper to literature," and it is not an easy matter for the ordinary male writer to sit in judgment upon their merits or their usefulness. That three eggs, one and a half cups of graham flour, half a cup of white flour, two cups of milk, and a pinch of salt are the proper components of Graham Pop-overs is a proposition which the masculine mind can hardly grasp; and it is safe to assert that not one man in a thousand knows whether his doilies are worked, or fringed, or both. Every husband and father, nevertheless, will agree with Mrs. Herrick when she says that the dining-room should be a bright and light and cheerful apartment, that everything in reason should be done to make the breakfast a tolerably pleasant meal, and that the heads of the household should set the example of deliberate eating, and should strive by the introduction of interesting subjects of conversation to encourage the pleasant chat which is a potent aid to digestion; although every father and husband and son must regret that Mrs. Herrick has not been able to suggest some remedy for that dismal state of affairs when breakfast becomes anything but a pleasant repast, when there is no conversation whatever, when nothing goes right, because the presiding genius of the table is confined to her own room with a sore throat. This would seem to be a subject much more serious and important than the selection of Holbein cloths, the removing of crumbs, or even than the making of coffee.

[3] *Jinrikisha Days in Japan.* By ELIZA R. SCIDMORE. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[4] *What to Eat—How to Serve It.* By CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Mrs. Herrick writes almost exclusively for the many who dine in basements, or who possess but one dining-room, no matter in what part of the house or the flat it may be placed; her book will hardly interest the limited few who have private dining-rooms as well as state dining-rooms, and even breakfast-rooms besides, who have nursery-maids to rock their cradles for them, and butlers to tell them "What to Eat, and How to Eat It"—in style. For this class of the community Mr. Theodore Child's "Delicate Feasting," and kindred works upon dining as a fine art, can be recommended. But even the uninitiated reader can see that those wives and mothers and housekeepers generally who have the good-fortune to have to do their own house-keeping cannot fail to get some benefit out of what Mrs. Herrick has to say to them in her various chapters about all of the many things which ought to make house-keeping easy to that blessed member of the family who keeps the house.

Mrs. Herrick, in this recent book of hers, says that there has been a great deal of discussion among furnishers lately as to what style of picture should be hung in a dining-room. One declares that the stereotyped paintings and engravings of fruit, fish, and fowl are the only appropriate works of art for this apartment, while another argues that it is enough to see the food in its prepared condition upon the table, without being forced to contemplate it in its natural state upon the walls. She sums up the matter by saying that, in her opinion, "the wiser course to follow seems to lie between the two," adding that "nothing should be hung in the dining-room which is not good of its kind," and closing by expressing her sympathy for those sensitive persons who are forced to sit for an hour or two every day directly opposite some cheap chromo, some poorly executed water-color drawing, or some indifferent photograph—all of which are bound to offend every taste, and to jar upon every artistic nerve.

Concerning dining-room mottoes, however, Mrs. Herrick is strangely silent, and this is a subject which has inspired more serious thought among modern "furnishers" than almost any other topic of domestic decoration. How many hours have been spent in the study of Mrs. Clarke's "Concordance of Shakespeare" or of Mr. Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" only the interested students themselves will ever know, although how unsatisfactory the result is apt to be when it is painted in old English letters, and obsolescent spelling, on fireplace or frieze is patent to every eye.

Not very many miles from the "Xenophon," where Mr. and Mrs. Basil March found a furnished flat when they first made their hazard of new fortune in New York, a year or so ago, stands a sideboard, over which, in modest frames, are two dining-room mottoes worthy of consideration here, if only on account of the remarkable contrasts in style and sentiment which they exhibit. The first is attributed to Robert Burns, and is said to have been an impromptu utterance of the poet when asked by the Earl of Selkirk to say grace at dinner. Thus its reads:

> "Some hae meat, and canna eat,
> And some wad eat that want it;
> But we hae meat, and we can eat,
> And sae the Lord be thankit."

The other Mr. Howells puts into the mouth of Winthrop Putney in "Annie Kilburn," the deformed child, who dropped his little head over his folded hands, and in his clear piping voice said: "Our Father who art in heaven, help us to remember those who have nothing to eat. Amen!" Which of these contains more of the spirit of the divine Master it is not difficult to see. The elder Putney explained that the boy "got up" his grace himself, and it seemed to both of them that "it would suit the Almighty as well as anything." That Burns "got up" the "Selkirk grace," as it is called, is not so certain. It probably existed in some colloquial shape long before his day, and when he gave it its present rhythmic form, he never intended to make himself responsible for its doctrine. He loved his fellows, and it was not in his modest nature to thank Heaven that he was better than other men, even in the mere matter of appetite or in the possession of means by which his appetite could be gratified. He knew too well how many countless thousands are made to mourn by man's inhumanity to man; and those who had nothing to eat were as sure of the sympathy of Robert Burns a century ago as are the starving of to-day sure of the prayers of the little children of whom Mr. Howells's little child is a touching type.

Mr. and Mrs. Basil March, whose acquaintance we first made by a lucky chance on their wedding journey, and with whom we were again brought into contact lately during the passage of the shadow of a dream, seem to have had no personal intercourse with Judge Kilburn, of Hatborough, Massachusetts, or with his only daughter. Their *Hazard of New Fortunes*,[5] however, and the story of *Annie Kilburn*[6] follow the same strain of thinking, and belong, in a literary way, together. Their appearance now in the Franklin Square Library is the result of a popular demand for them on the part of those who appreciate the value of standard books in cheap but enduring form; and it is also an encouraging sign that the popular taste is by degrees being educated up to a proper understanding of the moral worth of a healthy, sensible realism in fiction, in which women are shown to be pure, and men are shown to be honest, and both are shown to be human.

[5] *A Hazard of New Fortunes.* By W. D. Howells. Illustrated. 12mo, Paper, $1 00. [*Harper's Franklin Square Library.*] New York: Harper and Brothers.

[6] *Annie Kilburn.* By W. D. Howells. 12mo, Paper, 75 cents. [*Harper's Franklin Square Library.*] New York: Harper and Brothers.

LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

DR. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, of New York, in a private letter written after the appearance of the first edition of *The Journal of Sir Walter Scott*[1] some few months ago, describes a touching scene at Sir Walter's funeral which, so far as is known, has never before appeared in print, and which, with Dr. Taylor's permission, is given here in his own words. "In the summer of 1879," he writes, "I visited Abbotsford, Melrose, Dryburgh, and other places in that neighborhood, imperishably associated with the memory of Scott. I was accompanied for the day by my friend, the Rev. Hugh Stevenson, the United Presbyterian minister of Melrose, whose familiarity with the locality and acquaintance with current tradition added immensely to my enjoyment. We drove from Abbotsford to Dryburgh Abbey, taking the route followed by the cortége at Sir Walter's funeral; and when we came to the place, at the top of Bremerside, where Sir Walter invariably rested his horses for a short time in order to show to the visitor who might be with him, and for the sake of enjoying by himself when alone, the beauty of the prospect from that particular spot, Mr. Stevenson told me that on the occasion of the funeral, Sir Walter's own carriage being in the procession, the horses stopped at the point *of their own accord*. They had been so accustomed to halt there for a season when he was with them that from the very force of habit they halted again, and after staying as long as they had been used to stay, they moved on as before. Mr. Stevenson spoke of this as being attested by those who were present. Since the date of my visit to Melrose I have met in New York a venerable and very worthy man, now deceased, who had, when a youth, driven the hearse at Sir Walter's funeral, and he corroborated the story told me by Mr. Stevenson."

Lockhart, in his "Life of Scott," says that "by some accident" the procession came to a stand-still on the summit of the familiar hill at Bremerside; but he does not seem to have been aware of the cause. The story as here told by Dr. Taylor might well serve as an epilogue to the "Journal" itself—that marvellous record of a good man's life, the pathos and subtle charm of which have already touched so many hearts wherever the English language is spoken and read, and which is now reprinted in handier and cheaper form. Concerning the book, an honest and conscientious reviewer said, not very long ago, that he questioned whether "there be any living critic who can utter the final word in relation to the most delightful if also the saddest chapter of autobiography which for many a year has been added to the literature of England." It is pleasant, therefore, to be able to note the fact that such a critic has been found, a gentleman signing himself D. F. Hannigan—the name is unknown in this country—having contributed to the March number of the *Westminster Review* an article upon the "Journal" so remarkable in tone that it deserves a much wider circulation than it is likely, on this side of the Atlantic at all events, to find in the periodical in which it was originally printed. Confessing that it is impossible for any one of ordinary sensibility to read this Diary without admiring the manliness, independence, and perseverance of that gifted and strong-souled Scotchman, and admitting that Scott was a prodigy of industry, who possessed rare narrative power and a marvellous faculty of invention, Mr. Hannigan proceeds to deny that Sir Walter's imagination was of the highest order, and to declare that in spite of his religious orthodoxy he was an absolutely worldly man. "The truth is," says Mr. Hannigan, "that in Matthew Arnold's sense of the word, Scott was a thorough Philistine. He believed in success rather than in culture. To him literature was only a species of shop-keeping, more respectable, perhaps, than ordinary trade, but in no way different in kind. . . . . On his own showing, he was more ambitious of founding a family than of producing immortal work. We must look upon him as a man of aristocratic views, who took to literature as a means of rapid self-enrichment, and as one who attained the kind of success he desired, losing it, however, subsequently, owing to a commercial disaster."

Quoting him almost at random during the half-dozen closely printed pages which follow, Mr. Hannigan puts himself thus on record: "He [Scott] is affected by his financial ruin just as an encumbered land-owner or an unsuccessful speculator might be. He cannot bear the idea of 'treading his hall' with 'a diminished crest,' or of living a poor, indebted

[1] *The Journal of Sir Walter Scott*, 1825–1832. From the Original Manuscript at Abbotsford. In Two Volumes (with Two Portraits and Engraved Title-pages), 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $7 50. Popular Edition in One Volume. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

man where he was once the wealthy, the honored. He is grateful to Providence because his children are not without a provision. He even thinks about his dogs, but in a purely self-regarding fashion"[!]. "Curiously enough, his embarrassments did not interfere much—scarcely at all—with Scott's somewhat luxurious mode of living." "He saw nothing high or sacred in the vocation of an author. The measure of his works was the price paid for them." "There is something pitiful in the idea of an author manufacturing books with no more enthusiasm than a bricklayer exhibits in doing his daily work for a day's pay." "He was in no sense an idealist. His ambitions were worldly, and even his religion was devoid of spirituality. While professing himself a Christian, he could say nothing better in defence of Christianity than that it improved society by abolishing slavery and polygamy"[!]. "By writing merely with a mercenary object, he, to some extent, degraded literature, and threw a shadow on his own reputation." "His work is unequal; some of it excellent, some of it wretchedly poor.... 'The Journal' shows him as he was, with all his solid virtues and paltry weaknesses.... His code was a narrow one; his prejudices were intense, and modern progress seemed to him an absurdity. The school of which he was the founder in English literature has by this time passed away. If historical novels are to be written in the future they will not be modelled on 'Waverley' or on 'Ivanhoe'"!

Thus Mr. Hannigan! Let us read now what the author of "Esmond" and "The Virginians" thought of the author of "Ivanhoe" and "Waverley." "I do not think," said Mr. Thackeray to a popular novelist once—he is reported by Mr. Herman Merivale—"I do not think that it becomes either you or me to speak of Sir Walter Scott as if we were his equals. Such men as you or I should take off our hats at the very mention of his name!"

Perhaps Mr. Hannigan, as Mr. Robert J. Burdette said once of William Penn, "was born with his hat on"!

On the 14th of November, 1889, Miss Elizabeth Bisland, at a few hours' notice, started from the city of New York upon what she truly calls *A Flying Trip Around the World*.[2] Seventy-six days later she landed in the same city upon the return voyage, having beaten the hero of Jules Verne's famous romance by more than half a week. It was a very brave and a very remarkable undertaking for a young and by no means an uncomely woman, absolutely unattended as she was by man or maid; and for its successful accomplishment she deserves no little praise. What she saw, and how rapidly she saw it and understood it, she has set down for the amusement of those who could hardly put the same girdle roundabout the earth in forty months, and very entertaining reading it will prove to be, containing as it does a series of flash-light pictures of peoples and places, from steamers' decks, from railway carriages, from 'rickshaws, and from hansom-cabs; and all amateur photographers know what excellent work can be done in that way by the quick-eyed, ready-handed, wise-headed owner of a literary pocket-camera, who can develop, and print, and mount, and glaze artistically, as well as press the button.

One of the most interesting features of this unusual journey, as Miss Bisland points out, is the fact that although she was doing a somewhat conspicuous and eccentric thing, she never met with other than the most unfailing and thoughtful courtesy and consideration. The army of martyrs to curiosity certainly afflicted her sorely in the course of her two days upon the Pacific coast, sending their cards to her in her hotel with urgent messages, and confessing on admission, with placid impudence, that their sole excuse for intrusion was their desire to look upon her, or, as she expresses it, "to gape"; but she adds: "If I had been a princess with a suite of half a hundred people I could have felt no safer or happier. It seems to me that this speaks very highly for the civilization existing in all travelled parts of the globe, when a woman's strongest protection is the fact that she is unprotected."

There is upon the continent of Europe one delightful spot which Miss Bisland missed; to wit, Puget-Maure, situated in a land called Provence, a land all light and beautiful reality, where, among cloudless horizons, luminous nights unhaunted by visions, M. Paul Arène, broad awake, has been having lately the most marvellous of dreams about *The Golden Goat*.[3] Puget-Maure, it is true, is not in one of the travelled parts of the globe; it was not at all in Miss Bisland's way; it is not to be found in any of the gazetteers, and perhaps it exists only in those wide-awake visions which poetic dreamers see. It is a sort of inland St. Michel, transported from the coast of the British Channel to the neighborhood of Nice, on the Mediterranean. It is visible from the sea on a clear day, and, occasionally it is said, that one can get a glimpse of it from Monte Carlo. It is a hamlet perched upon a lofty rock, to which there is no road but a ravine, the bed of a torrent, fordable when it is dry. The inhabitants of the village are a race with gypsy faces, who, as a rule, marry only among themselves, and who mingle but little with the world below them; the men poach, the women practise witchcraft, and on market-days sell cheese and mountain plants, sometimes, in the

[2] *A Flying Trip Around the World.* By Elizabeth Bisland. With Portrait. pp. 206. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[3] *The Golden Goat.* (La Chèvre d'Or.) By Paul Arène. Translated by Mary J. Safford. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents. [*Harper's Franklin Square Library.*] New York: Harper and Brothers.

lowland towns at their feet. "The Golden Goat" is seen only at night, and feeding upon the moss of the hills; it runs so fast that nobody but M. Arène has ever been able to catch it—and whether he caught it or dreamed he caught it is not very clear. He caught somebody else, however, better than a Golden Goat, and he found a treasure in Puget-Maure richer than that which the Goat was believed to guard.

M. Paul Arène is a Provençal poet, playwright, novelist, and journalist. He is an intimate of Daudet's, with whom he collaborated once in the writing of a small volume of parodies. He is what Mr. Frederick Barnard would call "of about the usual age," having been born in 1843; and although he is as yet hardly known in this country, his work is much admired in his own land and in its own language. He terms "The Golden Goat" a "little fantasy." It is a very tender, refined, and agreeable little fantasy; it has been very prettily illustrated; and Miss Mary J. Safford has done full justice to fantasy and style in her translation. It is not intended to be taken very seriously, but not many dreams are made of such pleasing stuff.

Mr. Munkittrick is a young American writer of an unusually serious turn of mind. To him, as he has revealed himself so far in his prose and his verse, life is real, life is earnest. In the columns of *Puck* and of kindred journals he has, despite his youth, already done much to depict the solemn, unromantic side of humanity, and that he should now turn from the busy haunts of men to commune alone with Nature in her severest forms can be a matter of little surprise to those who have followed him in his philosophical course. In his latest published work, entitled simply *Farming*,[4] he explains that he has always had a wild ambition to be a farmer, and to be transported far from the hurly-burly of metropolitan existence. Of farming itself he confesses that he knew nothing but what he had heard from those frivolous persons who delight in ridiculing its independence, and who persist in looking at it from a serious stand-point merely to prove it a comic occupation. He realized that Horace and Washington had tilled the soil, and he felt that it would be nobler to farm with them than to pass his life in the society of well-meaning book-keepers and book-makers who, in their ignorance, laugh at agriculture or horticulture as an idyllic profession. Mr. Munkittrick's experiences at "Dove's Nest," near Cranberry Corners, in a State the identity of which he is careful to conceal, while they suggest the Summer Mr. Warner spent in a Garden rather than the Week Mr. Thoreau passed on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers, are filled, nevertheless, with deep thought, to which he gives piquant and happy expression. He agrees with Emerson that "dilettanteism in nature is barren and unworthy"; he studies the beasts of his fields and the insects that molest them, and him, with a keen anatomical, zoological, and entomological instinct, and he has for the first time, perhaps, succeeded in revealing the true nature and disposition of the familiar *Doryphora decemlineata*—faithfully depicted upon the cover of his book—when he says that in spite of its vulgar name—"potato bug"—it is fond of everything that is green, except green paint.

Mr. Munkittrick's "Farming" is delightfully and profusely illustrated Mr. A. B. Frost. It does not pretend to be didactic, and it is written for those inhabitants of cities who know nature only as they see it depicted on their own walls in landscapes of oil and water-colors, not for those who have, as he himself says, an acre of Corots at their own back doors, whose hired men, working in the potato patch against the gathering shadows of the after-glow, make their own Millets, and who have a Rosa Bonheur every time that Uncle Duncan captures the horses in Sutherland's meadow.

An English writer, probably young, and also of a serious turn of mind, who elects to hide his own identity under the pen name of "Clo Graves," has just given to the world a novel called *A Field of Tares*.[5] It tells the tragic story of a beautiful adventuress, who hopes, and attempts, to obliterate a criminal past by marriage with a good man, and by the leading thereafter of a pure life. Her sin, of course, finds her out after many happy years of honorable, tranquil existence; to escape from it she sins again and more deeply. The ruin and misery she would avert from herself fall upon those she loves, and Mr. Graves leaves her, as he expresses it, "combating to the last with Death, as she had combated with Circumstances and with Destiny."

Notwithstanding the sombreness and seriousness of the tale, it is a strong and attractive one. It has a sensational but a cleverly constructed plot; the situations are effective, novel, and dramatic; and, above all, it is free from coarseness or vulgarity. The time is the present, and the scenes are laid chiefly in England. The crippled young Squire is well drawn, and an interesting character, as is Pleasant Weather, his gypsy nurse; the only commonplace persons in the book are the heroine, who is borrowed from Miss Mulock, and the villain, who is appropriated from Miss Braddon. The story is told in part in the third person, in the ordinary narrative form, and in the shape of newspaper extracts, and in part in the first person, by a man who has but little to do with the tragedy and who keeps a private journal. This is sometimes

[4] *Farming.* By R. K. Munkittrick. Illustrations, by A. B. Frost, printed in tint. pp. 106. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[5] *A Field of Tares.* A Novel. By Clo Graves. 8vo, Paper, 40 cents. [*Harper's Franklin Square Library.*] New York: Harper and Brothers.

confusing, and is always suggestive of Wilkie Collins, whose mantle Mr. Clo Graves has evidently taken as a pattern for his own cloak.

THE first impression made upon the unromantic reader by Mr. Thomas Hitchcock's *Unhappy Loves of Men of Genius*[6] is one of mild surprise, not that the men of genius in question should have lived and loved and lost, but that the women whom they loved should ever have cared to have had love affairs with them. As they are here exhibited in their love-making and in their love-letters, they do not seem to be particularly amiable or peculiarly lovable. Gibbon's epistles to Madame Necker, his first love, are, as Mr. Hitchcock shows, indicative of anything but ardent passion; even his madrigals and sonnets to the same lady are artificial and cold; and tradition cruelly affirms that when he fell upon his knees to make his unsuccessful offer of marriage to Lady Elizabeth Foster, his last love, he was so fat and so infirm that his servants had to be called from an adjoining room to get him on his feet again. Cavour, madly in love with his unknown, grew tired of his frantic epistolary intercourse with her at the end of six months, and in the course of a year he seems to have forgotten her altogether. Edward Irving was no doubt a handsome man in many respects, but Mr. Hitchcock must be wrong in saying that the obliquity of his vision did not materially detract from his looks, for most of his contemporaries insinuate the contrary, and many of them positively assert it.

Johnson, in his turn, was repulsive, uncouth, and forbidding; he ate ravenously, and in his food he preferred quantity always to quality. Boswell himself bears frequent testimony to his rudeness, his slovenliness, and to his ill manners on most occasions; and Lord Chesterfield described him once as "a respectable Hottentot." Mozart, according to Mr. Hitchcock, was small of stature and insignificant in figure; his eyes were well formed and of a good size, but, as a rule, they looked languid, and his gaze was restless and absent. Even the superlatively beautiful Goethe became an object of contemptuous pity to Charlotte von Stein; and she spoke of him more than once as "poor Goethe," as "horribly fat," and as having "indeed gone back to the earth from whence he was taken." This, however, it must be confessed, was not until Frau Von Stein's old lover had transferred his affections to somebody else.

Despite all of this unfortunate and too frequent obesity, despite all of this almost universal indifference and forgetfulness, all of this gluttony, all of this restless and absent glancing of languid eyes, even despite this unromantic and unattractive squint, most of Mr. Hitchcock's men of genius succeeded in making themselves irresistible to the women of their acquaintance who did not happen to be their own wives, and particularly to those who happened to be the wives of other men. That their loves should have been unhappy is hardly to be wondered at, and not at all to be deplored; and how and why they were unhappy it is very easy to see. Men of genius very often make good husbands, and because a man knows more than other men, it does not of necessity follow that he must behave worse than other men in his domestic relations. Mr. Hitchcock touches only incidentally upon the subjects of his sketches as married men, and, whether he so intended it or not, the moral of his story teaches that the reason why his men of genius were unhappy in their loves as he records them, is that they did not love wisely or honestly, but that they loved, as a rule, too much, and too many, and too often, and too far away from home.

Goethe must have been the most wretched of Mr. Hitchcock's galaxy, because he was the most universal and the most scattering of lovers; he had sweethearts in almost every town he entered, and a page and a half of this volume is devoted to the mere enumeration of the names of the objects of his adoration, from Werther's Charlotte, who went on cutting bread and butter, to the aristocratic and fascinating Charlotte to whom his famous letters were addressed, and who finally ended by cutting Goethe.

Not the least entertaining of the many interesting chapters in this book is that one which is devoted to "Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale"; but even those readers of the present day who are most familiar with the life and character of the great lexicographer will be not a little surprised to find him figuring as the hero of an unhappy affair of the heart. He was thirty-two years the senior of Mrs. Thrale. He was seventy-two years of age when Mr. Thrale died, and he was seventy-five years old when she married Piozzi. He certainly objected to her alliance with the Italian, and he certainly died within five months of the event—but not for love!

No such shadow of doubt, however, can be cast upon the flirtations of the rest of these intellectual worthies. Goethe was assuredly a comprehensive and catholic lover; Gibbon undoubtedly thought himself in love with Mademoiselle Curchod; Mozart unquestionably made love to Aloysia von Weber before he married her sister; Cavour certainly was desperate in his adoration of the Unknown—while it lasted; and it seems to be an accepted fact that Edward Irving and Jane Welsh—though not Mrs. Carlyle—had a tenderness for each other.

The book is full of gossipy matter, most of which has been already published, although never in such compact shape. It will be new and entertaining, for all that, to many readers, and even those who have read it all before will be glad to read it again.

[6] *Unhappy Loves of Men of Genius.* By THOMAS HITCHCOCK. With Portraits. pp. xii., 213. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25. New York: Harper and Brothers.

LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

MR. WALTER BESANT, in a pleasant article entitled "Over Johnson's Grave," contributed to a late number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, speaks of the author of "Rasselas" as a hack-writer who, notwithstanding his method, his style, and the consideration with which he was regarded from the beginning, was nearly all his life a bookseller's pot-boiler, in the sense that he lived by finding out subjects which the public are supposed to like, and by writing on those subjects. This is unquestionably true, not only of Johnson, but of every author who is at all dependent upon his pen for his daily bread. It is true, no doubt, of Mr. Besant himself, who adds, in the article in question, that "a popular novelist, it may be generally observed, produces his books in a certain sandwich fashion: first, a good book, showing art, study, and inspiration; then a poor book, showing art without study, and with no inspiration; then another good book. In the one he is an artist, a Maker; in the other he is a hack." This of Mr. Besant himself, however, is not true at all. It can be said of Mr. Besant's work, as was once said by a philosophic Scotchman concerning a certain stimulating spirit distilled from barley, that "some of it may be not so good as others, but none of it is ever bad." His latest story, *St. Katherine's by the Tower*,[1] is not his very best novel; it shows art, study, and inspiration—perhaps more study than art, and mayhap more art than inspiration—but it is anything but hack-work. He is quite right in supposing that his public will like his subject, and he is perfectly justified in writing upon a subject which he feels his public will like. "Armorel of Lyonesse," which he sandwiched between "The Bell of St. Paul's" and the tale now under consideration here, is a story of London and of the Scilly Islands, and the period is this latter end of the nineteenth century. "The Bell of St. Paul's" is a London tale of the present time, in which most of the characters live in the past, while "St. Katherine's by the Tower" is a London tale of the past, in which some of the characters live in the future. It is told in the first person by one Master Nevill Comines, son of the high bailiff of the Hospital of St. Katherine, who was a witness of all he has related, and a sharer in the adventures he has here set down in that obsolescent diction of the last decade of the eighteenth century, with which Mr. Besant is so familiar, and of which he is so fond. Great and mighty events happened in the year 1793, when his story opens, and continued to happen for many a year to follow it. The Corsican Usurper was making his bloody mark upon the history of the world; the theory of the divine right of kings was being rapidly exploded in France; America had a free and independent government of its own; and some of those subjects of King George the Third of England who lived in the neighborhood of Tower Hill, London, were beginning to preach liberty, equality, and fraternity with a vain and disastrous notion that they might, perhaps, succeed in practising what they preached. Master Nevill Comines was wellnigh crushed to death by the wheels of the Revolutionary car which passed over him; and some of his compatriots, who threw themselves beneath the broad tires of the vehicle in question, were flattened out of existence, and out of all recognition; but when he wrote—evidently after the Bourbon restoration in France—he still rejoiced, he still gave thanks, he still praised and magnified the Lord, who had suffered him to live in what he enthusiastically called "that great day which is to mark the advent of a new and better time"; although neither Master Comines nor Mr. Besant succeed in making very clear what he had to rejoice at, or how England was much better, or much happier, under the regency of the Fourth George, who was wicked, than under the regnancy of the Third George, who was mad.

It must not be supposed from all this that the sanguinary and the political elements predominate in these annals of "St. Katherine's by the Tower." There is love in it—wild and frenzied and desperate love—as well as war. "'He is mad with love' are the words"—so Master Comines proclaims in his Prologue—"which are to serve as a motto for my history. They announce beforehand what is to follow. It is of love, and of madness caused by love, that I have to write." And writes he of them in a most interesting and delightful way.

Those American visitors to London this summer who, inspired by the reading of this book, go Eastward to see for themselves the scenes which it describes, will find, unhappily, no traces now left of the Hospital or the Church of St. Katherine. They were founded by Matilda, the Queen of Stephen, they were restored by Philippa, the Queen of Edward the Third,

[1] *St. Katherine's by the Tower.* A Novel. By WALTER BESANT. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25; 8vo, Paper [*Harper's Franklin Square Library*], 60 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

and they were wiped off of the face of the earth, to make way for the famous docks which bear their name, before Victoria, the Queen, came to her throne. They were beautiful and picturesque as Mr. Besant has drawn them, and as they are still to be seen in contemporary prints. Master Comines no doubt lived to witness their demolition in that "better time" for which he prayed; and it is to be regretted that his readers will never know how far he rejoiced and gave thanks for the advent of the progress which flooded his old home, and washed out of existence all of its sacred associations.

THE moral of Mr. Hardy's *Group of Noble Dames*[2] seems to be that it is not always wise for Noble Dames to marry beneath themselves in the social scale; and that it is very unpleasant and very uncomfortable, sometimes, for young men of humble birth to aspire to the hands of Noble Dames. The great majority of these aristocratic ladies of Mr. Hardy's get themselves and their lovers and their husbands into very serious trouble by their matrimonial complications; and their post-nuptial conduct, as a rule, is as little to be admired as is their antenuptial behavior.

The ten stories are told at one of the meetings of the Mid-Wessex Field and Antiquarian Club, held probably at Casterbridge, although Mr. Hardy does not say so, in the autumn of a year not very long ago. Heavy and persistent rain interfered with the out-door examination of the entomological treasures and the prehistoric relics of the town, and the regulation papers upon deformed butterflies, fossil ox-horns, and the like, gave place to lighter essays upon the legends and traditions of the Ladies of High Degree who had flourished in Wessex in other times. And curious tales they are, of fair gentlewomen, of their loves and their hates, their actions and their passions, their joys and their misfortunes, their beauty and their various fates, which the scientific members of the learned society relate for their mutual instruction, and which Mr. Hardy here collects for the entertainment of the outside world. The Local Historian opens the ball by dancing down the middle of the local Museum with "The First Countess of Wessex," who had eloped from her husband and then eloped with him. The Old Surgeon cuts a pigeon-wing with "Dame Barbara, of the House of Grebe," who had two husbands at once, one of whom was a graven image. The Sentimental Member waltzes with "Lady Mottisfont," who had but one husband, and who, curiously enough, loved him. The Man of Family walks a stately minuet with "The Lady Penelope," who married three husbands in turn, and unfortunately began at the wrong end of the list. The Crimson Maltster balances to corners with "Squire Petrick's Lady," who only dreamed that she had deserted her husband for somebody else. And so for ten chapters all goes merry as a peal of marriage bells; and, thanks to Mr. Hardy and to the galaxy of Noble Dames whom he resuscitates, the heavy and persistent rains which fell in Wessex during a previous autumn will help to enliven many rainy days in many rural counties of America, during the summer and autumn months to come.

"REALISM," says Mr. Howells, in his *Criticism and Fiction*,[3] "is nothing more and nothing less than the truthful treatment of material, and Jane Austen was the first and the last of the English novelists to treat material with entire truthfulness. Because she did this, she remains the most artistic of the English novelists, and alone worthy to be matched with the great Scandinavian and Slavic and Latin artists." Next to Miss Austen, and, in his opinion, the only observer of British middle-class life to be mentioned with her, Mr. Howells places Anthony Trollope. "Mainly," he writes, "his [Trollope's] instinct was too much for his ideal, and with a low view of life in its civic relations and a thorough bourgeois soul, he yet produced works whose beauty is surpassed only by the effect of a more poetic writer in the novels of Thomas Hardy."

There can certainly be very little in this latest collection of Mr. Hardy's short stories which will suggest to Mr. Howells either Miss Austen or Mr. Trollope. For, although they do show a thoughtful treatment of material, they exhibit but few traces of that low view of life in its civic relations which is to be found in some of his earlier tales, and they hardly lay bare his bourgeois soul at all. Their realism is the realism of the romantic and picturesque marriages and baptisms of the Directory period, which Kaemerrer has painted so charmingly; not the every-day realism of the every-day brides and grooms, and the every-day mothers and babes, who get themselves photographed in awkward and woodeny and self-conscious groups in their wedding garments or their christening clothes, along the line of the Eighth Avenue or the Bowery. These latter, perhaps, are the common whom Emerson embraced, the familiar and the low at whose feet he sat. It is all very well and very proper to recognize and proclaim "the worth of the vulgar," but, nevertheless, "the great, the remote, the romantic," should not be despised and ignored, even in realistic fiction; and they are not despised and ignored by Mr. Howells himself. As Mr. Joseph Jefferson said not very long ago concerning a realistic Ibsdenian play, "the truth should be told, and nothing but the truth — but not the whole truth!" Because we see him so often, and know him so well, the tall policeman who is stationed at the junction of Broadway, Sixth Avenue, and Thirty-fourth

[2] *A Group of Noble Dames.* By THOMAS HARDY. With Illustrations. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[3] *Criticism and Fiction.* By W. D. HOWELLS. With Portrait. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Street can not possibly be so delightful to us as are the musketeers whom we see only in the novels of Dumas, and who are the very epitome of the romantic; even Mrs. Stowe's perfectly familiar "Oldtown Folks," are less enjoyable to us, who are their neighbors for at least a few weeks of the year, than are this same Mr. Hardy's "Wessex Folk," who figure as the remote; and the carefully-darned night-gown of Anna Karénina, with all of its truthfulness, is not an object of half so much interest as is the simarre of the richest Persian silk worn by Rebecca at the famous Tournament, because the simarre is the embodiment not only of the remote and the romantic but of the great as well, and it tells only half the truth.

It may be, as Mr. Howells suggests, that Keats's line should read, "Some things of beauty are sometimes a joy forever," but distance of time and space assuredly lends enchantment to the view of all things, whether they are beautiful or true, or both. There is room in fiction surely for the roc, or the dragon, or the nightingale, as well as for the croton-bug; and if "Fiction," as it is defined in the dictionaries, is "that which is feigned, invented, or imagined," while "Realism" is "the effort to exhibit the literal reality and unvarnished truth of things," then Fiction which is purely realistic is not Fiction at all, and is not to be criticised as Fiction. When Mr. Howells, in these later days, opens "The Carol," "The Chimes," "The Haunted Man," "The Cricket on the Hearth," and finds that to him the pathos appears false and strained, that the humor is largely horse-play, that the character is theatrical, that the joviality is pumped, that the psychology is commonplace, and that the sociology alone is funny, he must shock a great many readers to whom all of these "monstrosities," as he calls them, have still as much symmetry and verity as they had when they moved the most cultivated intelligences of the time in which they were written, when they touched true hearts everywhere—Mr. Howells's own true heart among the rest—when they made the whole world laugh and cry. The writer of these "Literary Notes," who never knew a child of his own, has really known but two *real* children—the child he himself once was, and Paul Dombey; and to him one child is quite as real as the other! If it be the object and the effect of Realism to make monstrosities of Little Dombey, of Old Mortality, and of Colonel Newcome, he prays, in his semifatuity, that "the entire truthful treatment of material" may still be confined almost exclusively to the great Latin, Slavic, and Scandinavian artists, with whom he is not of necessity brought into frequent or intimate contact. If this was Mr. Howells's object in writing his own realistic novels, the result, as a rule, is not what he intended. The material he uses in his *April Hopes*,[4] for instance, is treated with entire truthfulness, the scenes of the story are all very natural, and the men and women are all very human. His Cambridge on Class Day is the real Cambridge, and Class Day is Class Day itself. We know intimately his Daniel Mavering and his Mrs. Pasmer, we enjoyed them when we first made their acquaintance three or four years ago, and we are glad to meet them again in the popular shape in which they are now reprinted; their pathos and their humor, their psychology and their sociology, being quite as true and as faithful to the life as ever it was.

While Mr. Howells, in his "Criticism and Fiction," does not always apply his own rules of Criticism in criticising the Fiction of other times and of other schools, even those who do not agree with him in his views upon the one can not fail to be impressed by the soundness of his reasonings in regard to the other. "It is evident," he says, "to any student of human nature that the writer who is obliged to sign his review will be more careful of an author's feelings than he would be if he could intangibly and invisibly deal with him as the representative of a great journal. . . . He will be in some degree forced to be fair and just with a book he dislikes; he will not wish to misrepresent it, when his sin can be traced directly to him in person." Mr. Howells's courage in signing his name to expressions of strong adverse opinion of the works of men, which have been accepted as standard and as perfect works by the readers of his own generation and of generations which preceded him, is very great; and because it is evidently honest, it is worthy of our admiration and respect. The man who can publicly assert himself against any deeply rooted popular prejudice, as Mr. Howells has done in these brilliant essays of his, is, alas, so rare a character in this weak world of ours, that he would figure as "a type," almost as "a creation," if he were introduced into any realistic modern novel.

Mr. Howells is inclined to believe that the Americans have brought the short story nearer to perfection "in the all-around sense" than almost any other writers; not merely because it is a literary form peculiarly adapted to the American temperament, which is one of hurry and impatience, but because it is, next to the illustrations, perhaps, the strongest and most popular feature of the American magazine; and the American magazine, with its enormous success, is a most potent factor in the creation of American literature, nearly all of the American books so regularly read in these later days in England, even by the direct descendants of the Sydney Smiths of half a century ago, appearing first in the American periodical press. The monthly and weekly journals, and the Sunday editions of the daily journals in this country, demand short stories; the supply is equal, and more than equal, to the demand, the art of preparing them has become disciplined and

[4] *April Hopes.* A Novel. By W. D. Howells. Popular Edition, Post 8vo, Paper, 75 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

diffused, and they certainly seem to be gradually eclipsing the best work of the Russians, the Norsemen, and the French in their own peculiar line. Mr. Howells calls particular attention to the Thanksgiving story, grafted upon the imported Christmas story, finer in flavor and more beautiful in shape than the first which grew upon the original stock, and almost to be considered now as native to our American air. His remarks upon what is known as holiday literature are as original and as interesting as anything his "Criticism and Fiction" contains, and it is only to be regretted that he has not specified what he considers the most meritorious of the later productions in that branch of Fiction. Mr. George A. Hibbard has written a Christmas—not a Thanksgiving—story, called "Papoose," which deserves to rank very high. It is tender and touching, it is full of peace and good-will, and of the gentle influence of a little child; it is told admirably well, and its moral is as good as its style is bright. It is, in an all-round sense, very near to perfection, and with the other short stories he has collected in the volume he has just published, and which is called, from the initial tale, *Iduna*,[5] it is an excellent example of the art, study, and inspiration which our younger American authors are putting into their short stories.

Mr. Howells believes, too, that the crudest expression of any creative art is better than the finest comment upon it; that more thinking, more feeling, goes to the creation of a poor novel than to the production of a brilliant criticism; and he asks if any novel of our time fails to live a hundred years, will any censure of it live half so long? The neglected or the overlooked author, he asserts, need not despair if he will reflect that criticism can neither make nor unmake authors, that there have been greater books since criticism became an art than there were before. The history of literature, he adds, and truly, shows that even with the youngest and weakest author criticism is quite powerless against his will to do his own work in his own way. It neither killed nor cured Keats; it wounded, it cruelly hurt him, no doubt, but he lived to see that he had outlived it.

Mr. Rider Haggard is an admirable example of the futility of the power of criticism. "She," and "King Solomon's Mines," and even "Jess," were stoned and tortured by the critics, and they are still sold, and still read, while the criticisms upon them are dead already. Mr. Haggard still exerts his will to do his own work in his own way, and his admirers are legion. He puts some thinking and no little feeling into *Eric Brighteyes*,[6] his latest production, and no matter what his critics may say about it, his readers will enjoy it, and ask for more. Mr. Haggard is neither overlooked nor neglected by the critics of the time; he has had his full show of praise and blame—more blame than praise, perhaps; but he has outlived his critics; and how long his work is to live not even his critics can say.

"Eric Brighteyes" was an Icelander who figured in that far-away country of the North, before Thangbrand preached the White Christ there. He is introduced as a hero, strong and of great stature, whose hair was yellow like gold, and whose gray eyes shone with the light of swords; men held him in honor and spoke well of him, but women loved him sore, and that was his bane. He loved but one woman, however, and her he loved from a child and until the day of his death. The temptation to describe this sweetheart of his, this Gudruda, is very strong; but Mr. Haggard must be left to tell their story and the story of the course of their true love; and other critics must say whether or not it is what Mr. Besant would call hack-work, whether it is the upper or the nether crust of the sandwich, or the savory slice between. It will certainly outlive this and other criticisms upon it.

The question of the vitality of a book is answered, of course, by the popular demand for it, and by the length of years during which that demand exists. Three volumes, curiously remote in point of time and equally divergent in character, have lately responded to the popular call for their reappearance in new editions. "April Hopes," noticed briefly in another column, has achieved a vigorous childhood. *I Go a-Fishing*,[7] born in 1873, has nearly grown out of its teens, and "The Poems of Wordsworth" have reached an old age which is almost patriarchal; for his earliest verse, "An Evening Walk," was originally printed in 1793. Matthew Arnold, who edited and selected this Wordsworth collection, reported in his Preface that the old poet told him once, that for very many years his poems had never brought him money enough to pay for his shoestrings. Their bibliography is proof enough now that criticism did not kill them. Mr. William C. Prime's delightful book has had no severe criticism to outlive, and it is to be hoped that the royalties upon it have kept him in lines and leaders during all of these years. It was written, no doubt, for summer reading, but it has served to brighten many a fireside as well as many a brookside since it first appeared, eighteen summers ago. The best of anglers, as he himself says, do not always find fish; and the most skilful casting of a fly does not always bring a trout out of the water; but he has filled his basket with anything but chub and suckers, and pumpkin seeds and bull-heads; and the contents of that basket will be found to be as fresh to-day as on the day on which its owner first went a-fishing.

[5] *Iduna, and Other Stories.* By George A. Hibbard. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[6] *Eric Brighteyes.* A Novel. By H. Rider Haggard. 16mo, Half Cloth, 75 cents; Paper, 25 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[7] *I Go a-Fishing.* By W. C. Prime. Post 8vo, Paper, 50 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

LAURENCE OLIPHANT was one of the most eccentric and one of the most unique figures of the nineteenth century. Rarely has great wit been so near allied to madness. Never in the whole history of Man has been seen so clever a man guilty of such monumental folly. He could have won a degree in no College of Common Sense in the universe. To paraphrase the familiar epitaph upon a certain Stuart king, he rarely said a foolish thing, he seldom did a wise one. He was a man of the world, and a missionary in the slums of Westminster—long before slumming was made fashionable. He was a student of the Scotch and English Bars, a barrister in Ceylon, "engaged in twenty-three murder cases," to quote his own words, "before he was so many years of age"; and he was a hunter of wild elephants at Benares. He was a journalist, an editor, an essayist, a novelist, a special war-correspondent, and an entomologist. He was a spiritualist, a traveller, an explorer, a diplomat, an adventurer, a Member of Parliament, a stock-broker on Wall Street, a Communist, a religious fanatic, an assistant to the hired-man in a Western cow-stable, the promoter of a scheme for the colonization of Palestine, a public lecturer, a *chargé d'affaires* at Yedo, a cynic, a philosopher, a brilliant social favorite in two continents, the friend of princes and of savants, the dupe of a vulgar charlatan, a man of unusual intellect and of great integrity. The biography of such a character should be most entertaining reading, and Mrs. Margaret Oliphant, his friend and kinswoman, has made it so. She has had every facility for her task, including the help and encouragement of his family, as well as access to a great number of his letters, beginning with the boyish missives to the home-circle and ending with the visionary epistles of his later years. He was a mystery all his life, even to those who knew him best; and, unfortunately, she has not been able to clear the mystery up—a mystery which never can be solved.

The first volume of the *Memoir of the Life of Laurence Oliphant and of Alice Oliphant, his Wife*,[1] to give it its full title, is cheerful and amusing. His father seems to have been "a religious prig"—the phrase is Mrs. Oliphant's own—but a simple and bright spirit, lovable and loving. His mother, for whom his devotion was beautiful, if not always judicious, was hardly a very wise woman, and she was grossly deceived not only by others but by herself. The boy was original and active; always eager for new experiences, and for novelty and movement. He was never subjected to scholastic discipline of a severe kind, and, as his biographer expresses it, "he was one of the pupils of Life—with a big L—educated mainly by what his keen eyes saw, and his quick ears heard, and his clear understanding and lively wit picked up, amid human intercourse of all sorts." Whether this accidental system was the best for the boy is very questionable. He does not seem to have regretted it, however, and he never exhibited any of that traditional respect for university training which is so general in the social class from which he sprung, and among which the rational portions of his life were spent.

With Volume I. closes the career of "Lowry" Oliphant, the happy, hopeful, promising lad, the man of genius and of rare success. With Volume II. begins what he himself termed "The New Life" of Laurence Oliphant, the career of foolishness and of wretchedness, bordering so close upon insanity. There can be found very few sadder chapters than those which record the experience of Lady Oliphant, of her son, and of her son's first wife at Brockton—or Salem-on-Erie—the communal settlement controlled by Thomas Lake Harris, that clever impostor under whose evil influence they lived and suffered for years, and under whose influence the unhappy mother died. With his eyes wide open Oliphant gave up everything that had previously charmed him—his position, his prospects, politics, literature, society, his ambitions, every personal possession and hope, to do manual labor of the coarsest kind and for the hardest and driest of daily-bread, dragging—with his eyes open even wider than before—his mother, and later his wife, after him. Lady Oliphant and Mrs. Oliphant, like the son and husband, laid aside all of the habits of their refined and luxuriant lives, to engage in the washing, cooking, scrubbing, of a large vulgar household; and laid aside, as well, their ladyhood, their motherhood, their wifehood, and every one of their strong natural affections and predilections, in order to live what the unregenerate and the uninspired must still consider the utterly unnecessary absurdities of "The New Life."

[1] *Memoir of the Life of Laurence Oliphant and of Alice Oliphant, his Wife.* By MARGARET OLIPHANT W. OLIPHANT. With Two Photogravure Portraits. Two Vols. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $7 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

What they endured and how they endured it must be read in the detailed accounts from his own pen which his biographer has preserved. She is wrong, however, in calling Harris "an American." We have, as a nation, many cranks and frauds to answer for; but happily for the national credit Harris is an Englishman, born, by-the-way, in the very English town of Stratford-upon-Avon. It is but just, too, in defence of a very estimable body of Christians, to say that the English Swedenborgians repudiate Harris, and deny Mrs. Oliphant's statement that he ever belonged to their Church. It may be added that Harris is still living in California, where, it is said, he is still controlling the minds and bodies of fresh disciples, and is enjoying with them, no doubt, the many comments upon his "religion" and his system of exercising it, which are to be found in all of the public journals in the land. He began his career of theological deception many years ago as one of the "Two Witnesses" of the Apocalypse; and in 1867 he devised and organized "The Brotherhood of the New Life," for his own secular benefit and power.

The end of Oliphant's career was as full of wonderful and curious adventure as the beginning; the story of the enterprise at Haifa, as told by himself in book form some years ago, reads like a romance; and his reasons for marrying his second wife — having already in heaven a first wife whom he always loved, as well as a "natural affinity" whom he had never met on earth—are as mad and as eccentric as are any of his earlier performances. He survived this last act of the farce-tragedy of his life but a few months, dying, apparently, in 1889—Mrs. Oliphant does not give the date—in the sixtieth or sixty-first year of his age.

It is not possible, of course, to sum up the character of Laurence Oliphant in the two or three columns of a "Literary Note." Mrs. Oliphant has not succeeded in doing so in the seven hundred pages of her "Memoir." In her closing paragraph she says: "There has been no such bold satirist, no such cynic philosopher, no such devoted enthusiast, no adventurer so daring and gay, no religious teacher so absolute and visionary, in this Victorian Age." His would have been a beautiful life if this were all there were to tell.

Until the French vicomtesse and the American millionaire began to roughen the course of *An Old Maid's Love*,[2] there was more excitement and more adventure crowded into any one week of the life of the author of "Altiora Peto" than in the entire existence of all of the Hollanders of Mr. Maarten Maartens put together. These latter, in the beginning, are simple, stolid, honest Dutch folk; very soothing and very comforting after the feverish narrative of the experiences of Laurence Oliphant and of Alice, his wife; but the foreign element alters all that, and there are fevers and chills enough in the latter half of the novel to have shaken the equanimity of the Oliphants themselves.

The "Old Maid's Love" is purely platonic and entirely nepotic, the pure love of an aunt for her nephew, the innocent love of a childless old woman for the man who ought to have been her own son. She is described as a person of industrious repose, who loves her God and her store-cupboard. She is prim, gray, neat; she prefers what she thinks is good to what she thinks is agreeable. She is severe with her nephew, but quite as severe with herself. "My aunt's game is little foxes," he said of her once. "She has a splendid nose for smaller sins." She does not like foreigners, whom she considers superfluities and the epitome of all that is evil in manners and morals; and she has an equally strong prejudice against feminine beauty, imported or domestic, for this, also, she can see no necessity, and in this, also, she is convinced that there is more harm than good. When the beautiful French woman, therefore, crosses her simple threshold and upsets all of the economy of her homely home, carrying away the Love of her Old Maidish Heart, she is ready to do desperate things; and thereonto hangs Mr. Maartens's tale. Quite as interesting, in his way, as Suzanna Varelkamp, is Mynheer Van Donselaar, the retired coffee merchant of the Amsterdam Exchange. His characteristics are petty tyranny, pig-headedness, and punctuality; and "when he knows what time it is, everybody else in the household must find out, as best he can, exactly what o'clock Mynheer Van Donselaar knows it to be." They are all unlike the every-day folk we meet in contemporary English or American novels, and they are well worth knowing. The chief fault to be found with the history of them, as here told, is the fact that it ends too abruptly, and that the reader is not permitted to know these Hollanders of Mr. Maartens well enough.

The story as it now appears is not, as it would seem, a translation from the Dutch. It was originally written in English by a Dutchman, who is certainly very familiar with his acquired tongue. "The precious bird was frizzling in the oven," he writes, "beautiful in death, the ruddy brown of its fragrant breast a-sparkle with luscious bubbles;" which has a foreign and a Continental sound. But as a rule his English is British English rather than American English, and it contains not a few of those peculiar Anglicisms used in this country by those young gentlemen and young ladies of our race who are afraid of getting their boots wet, or their skirts bedraggled, when it is muddy in St. James's Street or Piccadilly. His hero "comes a cropper" now and then; and once, while in a state of great ex-

[2] *An Old Maid's Love.* A Dutch Tale Told in English. By Maarten Maartens. [*Harper's Franklin Square Library.*] 8vo, Paper, 45 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

citement, his heroine cries, "Lawk-a-daisy me!" But they are very Dutch for all that, and very delightful.

MR. KIELLAND'S *Tales of Two Countries*[3]—to wit, France and Norway—are prefaced by an appreciative and thoughtful Introduction from the pen of Mr. H. H. Boyesen, himself a Norwegian, whose scholarly and refined English shows no signs of twang, or burr, or h'accent. Concerning Mr. Kielland's volume of "Novelettes," published first in 1879, from which this collection of tales is chiefly taken, Professor Boyesen says: "It was to all appearance a light performance, but it revealed a sense of style which made it, nevertheless, notable. No man had ever written the Norwegian language as this man wrote it. There was a lightness of touch, a perspicacity, an epigrammatic sparkle, and occasional flashes of wit, which seemed altogether un-Norwegian." Professor Boyesen, of course, refers to the tales as he is familiar with them in the language in which they were written. That they must, of necessity, have lost much in the translation is very evident. In literal English, Mr. Kielland's sentences appear unduly terse and occasionally abrupt; and his tautology, studied and intentional, no doubt, in the original, is at times unpleasant in Mr. Archer's careful version. Mr. Kielland's lightness of touch, his flashes of wit, his sparkle, are often dimmed by the fogs of Anglo-Saxon prose, although through no fault of the conscientious translator, and his epigram and perspicacity, sown in French soil and transplanted to Norwegian soil, have withered visibly in the box of unpoetic English earth which holds them here. Ibsen grafted upon Daudet and watered by James, bears, naturally, a fruit which is rich and mellow enough, but the taste for which must be acquired.

The tales of Norway, as is to be expected, are more characteristic and more original than the tales of France. The latter show the writer's familiarity with the best of the Gallic authors of modern times, from whom he has learned, as Professor Boyesen points out, "that clear and crisp incisiveness of utterance which was supposed, hitherto, to be untransferable to any other tongue," and which, as has been pointed out above, is hardly transferable to the tongue spoken on the British Isles or the American continent. "The Parsonage," on the other hand, "Hope's Clad in April Green," "Romance and Reality," and the rest of the sketches of the folk and the customs of his own land, while French in style and expression, are purely Norwegian in tone and sentiment, and make one wish for a further acquaintance with their author and his countrymen.

Alexander Kielland was born some forty-two or forty-three years ago in the town of Stavanger, situated on the west coast of Norway; and he inherited from an old patrician family of that section, intellect, refinement, wealth, and the commercial instinct. In 1869 he graduated at the University, where he was a classmate of Professor Boyesen, from whom these facts concerning him are gathered, although they are not contained in the Introduction, which is critical rather than biographical. Later Kielland studied, but never practised, law. After a somewhat prolonged sojourn in France, a country for which he unquestionably has a strong social as well as literary predilection, he returned home, bought a tile and brick factory near his native town, distinguished himself by his interest in the welfare of his employés, and finally retired from business to devote himself to politics and letters. His first volume of "Novelettes" at once attracted a great deal of attention throughout the northern country, and was quickly followed by his first long novel, "Garman and Worse," which brought him decided and substantial fame. In it he describes, with what is considered "exquisite style," but with fearless realism and truth, the life in the Norwegian community in which he was born and lived, particularly the manners and habits of the commercial gentry to which he himself belongs; and Professor Boyesen believes that it contains a great deal of matter of an autobiographical quality. Mr. Kielland's other works are "New Novelettes," "Laboring People," a strongly realistic story in the style of Zola, "Snow," "Elsie Fortuna," and a number of acting dramas. His "Skipper Worse" was done into English, some years ago, by the Earl of Ducie, and he figures as one of the authors of "Modern Ghosts," published in "The Odd Number Series," in the autumn of 1890. With these exceptions, until his "Tales of Two Countries" appeared, he had blossomed only as an exotic in British and American literary fields.

ANOTHER comparatively new name in the long list of the producers of fiction is that of Mrs. Avery MacAlpine, who appears this month as the author of *A Man's Conscience*,[4] a story of the present time, of two continents, and of international flirtation. It opens and closes in Minnesota, although much of the action takes place in Great Britain. It has one hero, the Man with the Conscience, and two heroines. The English heroine is the keeper of the Man's Conscience, the American heroine catches the Man's Conscience, and gives it a thousand tongues. He loves each of them, and he does not love either of them, and he is not sure whether he loves them both or not. That the Man's Conscience should trouble him is not to be wondered at; and if its still small voice is hushed in the end, the Man gets more than he deserves.

[3] *Tales of Two Countries.* By ALEXANDER KIELLAND. Translated by WILLIAM ARCHER. An Introduction by H. H. BOYESEN. With Portrait. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00. [*The Odd Number Series.*] New York: Harper and Brothers.

[4] *A Man's Conscience.* A Novel. By AVERY MACALPINE. pp. iv., 308. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Mrs. MacAlpine is as much at home on Western prairies and in August cyclones as she is in London drawing-rooms and in Scottish castles; and while it is not possible to judge of her own nationality from the tone of her work, there is in it enough of the atmosphere of both countries to suggest that she is herself, perhaps, the heroine of an international match.

THE author of "The Captain of the Janizaries" needs no note of introduction to American readers. His admirable romance founded upon the life and adventures of Scanderbeg, at the time of the fall of Constantinople, has made for him many friends who will turn with eager interest to his latest tale, and will not be disappointed in what they find there. Hiram, *A King of Tyre*,[5] reigned over the island city of the Phœnicians in the middle of the fifth century before the coming of the Christian Messiah, and two thousand years before the Albanian hero of the earlier tale planned and carried out his famous crusade against the Turks. Hiram, like Scanderbeg, figured in troublous times, and saw many and strange things, all of which are described with that literary skill and close following of geographical and historical detail for which Dr. Ludlow is distinguished. We are shown the sea-girt city with its dense mass of inhabitants; its tall, wooden houses of many stories; its narrow streets often entirely closed to the sky by projecting balconies and arcades; its looms, its foundries, and its dyeing vats; its two harbors; its people of fashion, its moneyed merchants, its hard-handed artisans, its priests of Baal, its young men and its maidens, its friends and lovers, and its councillors of State; and they are made to seem as real to us, despite the vast distance of time, as are the communal homes on Lake Erie or in California, as are the straight, quiet, tidy roads of Holland, as are the humble study and the homely farm-yard of the Norwegian country parson, and as are the wheat farms of Minnesota.

When this King of Tyre came to the throne of his fathers the Phœnician prestige among the nations of the earth had, for many years, been steadily waning. The Greeks had not only beaten them in naval warfare, but they were displacing Phœnician products in foreign markets, and were teaching the Greek language, customs, and religion to all the world. The Tyrian priesthood preached the doctrine that the cause of the decadence lay in the growing laxity of public worship, and in the natural anger of their gods; while the king believed, and proclaimed, that the great trouble was due to the narrowness and provincialism of the priests themselves, who had attempted to pilot the Ship of State up and down the channels of their own prejudice only, and had succeeded in running it high and dry upon the beach of their own ignorance. And thus were sown the seeds of discord between Church and State, between political freedom of thought and religious superstition, which lead to revolution; thus was written one of the earliest chapters in that history which has repeated itself at least once in every one of the five-and-twenty centuries which have passed since Hiram reigned in Tyre.

[5] *A King of Tyre.* A Tale of the Times of Ezra and Nehemiah. By JAMES M. LUDLOW, D.D., Author of *The Captain of the Janizaries*, etc. pp. 301. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

A HISTORY which is too young to be able to repeat itself, and which has hardly yet had time to repeat the history of any other section of the globe, is the history of that great West of America which lies upon the borders of the Pacific Ocean. Upward of thirty years ago Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft, a native of the wonderful State of Ohio, began in the city of San Francisco a work upon this subject, which has become monumental in character and execution, and colossal in size and results. In a supplementary volume, happily entitled *Literary Industries*,[6] he now gives the history of his History, the account of the organization, foundation, and working of a great literary machine-shop, which, like everything else in California, is the biggest thing of its kind in the world. Mr. Bancroft could not have made a sonnet or even an epic poem in his factory, but he has turned out a magnificent engine which will furnish power to every mill grinding in the future the grist of the history of a land whose civilization he believes "is destined in time to be superior to any now existing." He has collected and preserved a vast amount of rich but raw material which would otherwise have gone to waste; he has extracted from it, and properly graded and sifted, all of the lumps of any value; he has employed as firemen and as engineers experts from all parts of the world; he has kept up the steam of enthusiasm; his wheels and levers from the very beginning have been oiled by practical common-sense, untiring energy and excellent judgment; and the result certainly seems to justify the pride with which he sits down now to view and to review the great work of his hand and his head.

Quite as remarkable as the making of his History is the account of "The Literary Industry" which resulted in the formation of his great library, composed of every species of printed and manuscript matter pertaining to the Pacific States, from Alaska to Panama. This certainly is monument grand and enduring enough to satisfy the ambition of any man; and it is only the pedestal upon which is placed that greater monument—his History. Literary workers may scoff at his manner of procedure, but the most hypercritical of them cannot deny the magnificent value of what he has accomplished.

[6] *Literary Industries.* By HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT. With Steel-plate Portrait. pp. xxxii., 446. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

A GREAT many years ago—it was in the first quarter of the last century—there lived in the old town of St. Andrews on the German Ocean, and in the Kingdom of Fife, a bad boy. He was a care to his father, a trial to his mother, a sorrow to his betrothed, and a curse to the community. Having done at home all the evil it was possible for him to do, he ran away to sea one stormy night, and St. Andrews was well rid of him. One bright sunny morning long afterwards he came back again with a chest full of Spanish dollars, and a changed heart. He brought rest and peace to his father's house and to his mother's soul, he married the lassie who had forgiven but never forgotten him, and he behaved in every respect, thereafter, like an exemplary member of society. But he never told where he had been, or what he had done, or how he had found his dollars. Naturally, he was the object of unceasing and unkindly gossip; his little world looked at him askance, and rumor insinuated that he was at least a slave-dealer or a pirate. And still he made no sign, although he carved one. Over the lintel of his door he cut with a rude chisel, and in rude letters, this legend, "They Have Said, And They Will Say. Let Them Be Saying." And nobody knows to this day from whence those dollars came. The man is dead and the door and cottage are gone, but in a "dry dike" close to the Pends, and thanks to the antiquarian instincts of Dr. A. K. H. Boyd, the minister of the Established Kirk in the old university town, the stone and its inscription are still preserved. Many hundreds of miles from St. Andrews, in a dining-room well known to Mr. Warner, a tracing of it hangs, and from this, perhaps, has been taken the suggestion for the title of the little book he has just given to the world; for over his Drawer-ful of gems of thought and nuggets of wisdom he has engraved the sentence *As We Were Saying*.[1]

Mr. Warner, however, never left his country for his country's good. His life has been a clean and an open one. He has had much to say, and he has said it bravely and very well; those who have not listened to his speech have lost much; and he can never be accused of illegal appropriation of the ideas of his fellow-men, or of concealing anything he thinks it right for his fellow-men to know. Mr. McVickar, Mr. Gibson, and other clever statuaries have sculptured delicate figures and images upon this the latest Ebenezer he has raised to help and comfort tired readers. "He has said, and he will say. Long let him be saying!"

Mr. Warner in his essayet upon "The Clothes of Fiction"—why not essayet? It is no worse, surely, than booklet, or leaflet, or leaderet, or tractlet, or even than novelette—Mr. Warner in this particular little essay says that the publishers understand the rigid laws of fashion, and furnish to their books a summer or, as the case may be, a winter covering, which is fitting not only to the season, but to the style and complexion of the book itself. They bind their tales of love, for instance, during the warmer months in paper or dotted muslin, during the colder months in cloth, or boards, or leather, or prunella; even the authors, he adds, "realize how much depends upon the clothes that are worn by the characters in their novels—clothes put on not only to exhibit the inner life of the characters, but to please the readers who are to associate with them." No author realizes this more than does Mr. Black; his people are clad in kilts or yachting-suits or wading boots which always fit, which are always becoming, and which, no matter how much they are worn, are always worn well. *Donald Ross of Heimra*,[2] his latest hero, is as picturesque in appearance and as attractive in disposition as was "Macleod of Dare"; while Mary Stanley, the "Ban-sassinach," who inherited the estates which Ross's father had sold to the English, is as pretty and as winning as was "Madcap Violet" or "That Beautiful Wretch." The scenes of the tale are laid, of course, in the Highlands of Scotland, which Mr. Black knows and loves so well, and the chief episodes are the frequent conflicts between the wealthy Saxon landlords and the miserable crofters native to the soil. The selfish, pitiless factor or bailiff is a prominent figure; fish and game are poached; brandy is smuggled; the landless laird is possessed of enormous influences and of one poor little island, all that is left of the estates of Heimra; and the good-hearted generous heiress is made to feel that she is an intruder in her own king-

[1] *As We Were Saying*. By Charles Dudley Warner. Illustrated by H. W. McVickar, C. D. Gibson, and others. pp. 223. 16mo. Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00. New York: Harper & Brothers.

[2] *Donald Ross of Heimra*. A Novel. By William Black. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25; 8vo, Paper, 50 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers.

dom, and that she is regarded as an usurper by the folk she is so anxious to help.

Mr. Black, perhaps, has written this story as a protest against the somewhat sombre pictures of life in the Highlands painted by Mr. and Mrs. Pennell in their "Journey to the Hebrides," against which he protested in print, and very forcibly, when their book first appeared a year or two ago. With every other good Scotchman he objects, naturally, to the statement that the people in the far north of Scotland "are the most down-trodden on God's earth," and he gives his Donald Ross an opportunity to show here that while their condition is bad enough, it is not altogether hopeless. "They know nothing about the law courts and agents' offices in London," said Miss Stanley once. "They only know that as far back as they have heard, down to their own day, the land had belonged to the Rosses; and their Highland loyalty remains stanch and true, it is not to be bought over by the stranger, and, perhaps, it is not to be acquired by kindness—but we'll see about that in time." And see about that in time, and with no little patient effort, she does.

The novel is not altogether devoted to the action of the Highland Land League and its agents and sympathizers, however; it is full of the breezes that blow white wings, of the perfume of white heather, and of sunrise, and of strange adventures; and to one reader, at least, it seems to be among the best of Mr. Black's later productions.

There has been a great deal of newspaper conjecture lately in regard to the nature and the authorship of "The Novel of the Future." That the American story of the immediate present—whether it be the short story or the long story—is generally from the pen of a woman and usually dialect in character, there can be little question. Miss Wilkins, Miss Murfree, Miss Jewett, Mrs. Slosson, and now Miss Pool, are rapidly coming to the front in this country as producers of native fiction; and *Dally*,[3] by this last lady, is worthy almost to take her place among the best of recent creations, by the side of "Fishin' Jimmy," of the "New England Nun," or of any of "The Stranger People" of Tennessee. Dally is described by her guardian as "a critter brought up in White Crow Mounting down in Caroliny," and she is a very remarkable mixture of good and evil—the former innate, the latter acquired. She is introduced to us as a beautiful child of fourteen, with a sweet voice, a divinely innocent face, lovely pink lips, soft white skin, light hair, and brown eyes; and she turns out to be a veritable "imp of Satan." She swears with her sweet voice; she lies and she steals; she drinks whiskey, raw and undiluted, through her lovely pink lips; her innocent face is rarely clean; she heaves rocks and carving-knives at her enemies; she is affectionate; she is sensitive; she is conscientious; she does almost everything she ought not to do; she leaves undone nearly everything she ought to do; and she never neglects to do the proper thing when she is made to understand what the proper thing is. Naturally, she astonishes an entire community in New England by her ignorance of the mixing of doughnuts, by preferring cornbread to "light bread," by calling tomatoes "poma-toes," harness "gears," going to meeting "gwine ter preachin'," and by wanting to know where persons and objects are "at." How much the New England community astonishes Dally it is hardly necessary to say. Like most little girls who are blessed with golden curls, there is no happy medium about Dally's conduct; nevertheless, she proves the exception to the general rule by making herself irresistible even when she is horrid.

While Dally is perhaps an abnormal creation, "the widow ladies" and "the widower gentlemen," and all of the folk of Ransom, Massachusetts, among whom Miss Pool places her, are very true to the life. Miss Pool knows the Yankees thoroughly, and she knows how to reproduce them in print in a very natural way. Her dialect is simple to the eye, and it will come trippingly to the tongue of those who attempt to read it aloud, and her bits of philosophy and humor, that which Mr. Lowell called "wit and gumption and shrewd Yankee sense," are as natural and as characteristic as are any of the "mosses on an old stone fence." The calico pantalettes of Marietta Winslow, who had to wear such things because her mother wore them when she was a girl, and her father's blue overalls, "much faded from frequent washings, and held upon his portly form by one strap of the same material going up from the left front over his shoulder to the right back," are familiar to all the citizens of the great commonwealth over which young Governor Russell rules. And Ransom is not alone in the possession of a Widow 'Bijah, who attends every service held in the Congregational church; who is always present at the "preparatory lecture" in the Sunday-school; who even goes to hear the "sopranos try to toss their voices entirely out of reach of the bass and the alto singers" at choir meetings; who buys a ticket every time there is "an apron party" or "a necktie party" in the vestry, to eke out the minister's salary; and who enjoys as much as anybody hearing three or four "fellers and girls" try to speak a dialogue which they have imperfectly learned, and in which they invariably "giggle in the wrong place." If Dally had done nothing else, she would deserve permanent recognition for having introduced the Widow 'Bijah and the Winslows to the admirers of "Butterneggs," and to the large circle of readers who are in such hearty sympathy with "The Revolt of Mother."

[3] *Dally*. A Novel. By Maria Louise Pool. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Janvier has given to his new volume of short stories the name of the initial tale, *The Uncle of an Angel*.[4] He might have gone further and have called it "The Uncles of Several Angels," Mr. Hutchinson Port, the uncle of the titular Angel, standing in that relationship to at least two divinities, while Susan, the angelic heroine of "Our Pirate Hoard," is by marriage the niece of a great many times great-uncle, who, like Captain Kidd—and perhaps he *was* Captain Kidd—long ago had buried treasures on the coast of Delaware, in the search for which, this particular great-great-niece finds treasure quite as valuable and much more negotiable. The character of the entire work is purely avuncular. Andreas Stoffel, the trainer of canary-birds in East Fourth Street, New York, is brought to this country by a rich uncle, the proprietor of a prosperous delicatessen shop in that humble neighborhood. Aunt—not Uncle—Hedwig plays a very prominent part in "A Romance of Tompkins Square"; and the brave old soldier who was decorated in the Crimea "For the Honor of France," receives his Cross of the Legion from the imperial hands of that distinguished Frenchman who was willing to go down to posterity as his Uncle's Nephew!

Added to their charm of style, these stories of Mr. Janvier's have the great charm of variety, his characters ranging from Dutch journeymen bakers to the sons of all the Biddles, and the ground he covers extending from Narragansett Pier to Avenue B. His Mr. Hutchinson Port is the Major Pendennis of the Schuylkill; he is a member of the First City Troop (although on the retired list), a single gentleman, Philadelphian by birth, who admits that he is forty-seven, and who is "rising sixty." His disposition is introspective, but less in a philosophical than a physiological sense, for the central point of his introspection is his liver, and his views of life, naturally, are bounded, more or less, by what he can eat with impunity. He is not popular in society, but he is exceedingly agreeable in fiction, and his readers, who part from him with sincere regret when his first angelic niece marries Mr. Pennington Brown—also of Philadelphia—will be very glad to meet with him again when his second angelic niece falls in love with "A Border Ruffian." It is but just to Mr. Port to say that his nepotism is purely involuntary, that he shrinks from it and pronounces it "distinctively diabolical," and that he is no more to be held responsible for his ward than is she for her guardian. Their relationship, therefore, is hardly so tender and so sympathetic as is that which exists between the canary-fancier and his adopted child in "An Idyl of the East Side," which is, perhaps, the most tender and sympathetic piece of work in the line of short story-writing which Mr. Janvier has yet done. He has caught and transcribed the atmosphere of Tompkins Square with wonderful fidelity; and this friend of the birds, with his quiet habits of body, his great gentleness of nature, and his true tenderness of heart—traits, as Mr. Janvier points out, which are characteristic of all men who love the fowls of the air—is not only one of the most winning personages in the book, but one of the most lovable creations in the fiction of the present decade.

[4] *The Uncle of an Angel*, and Other Stories. By Thomas A. Janvier. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25; Paper, 50 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers.

It seems easier for Mr. W. Clark Russell to write new sea stories than for the ordinary reviewer to find new words to describe them. They are all alike, and they are all different; and *My Danish Sweetheart*,[5] the latest of them, is one of the most entertaining. It is told in the first person by Hugh Tregarthen, coxswain of a life-boat on the coast of Cornwall, and the time is the present. It has all of Mr. Russell's familiar strength and dash, and it is full of absorbing interest, of danger, rescue, bravery, and nerve from beginning to end. Helga, the heroine, as an old seaman said of her, "might ha' been born and bred in a lugger." She is a veritable child of the sea; she makes her first appearance on the deck of a Danish vessel in a heavy storm, dressed as a sailor-lad in a suit of pilot-cloth, and with a red silk handkerchief around her throat; her hair cut short, rough and plentiful, is "as pale as amber in the dim lamp-light" of the cabin of the doomed ship; "her eyebrows of a darker color are very perfectly arched as though pencilled"; her eyes "soft and liquid," seem of a dark blue, "such as might prove violet in the sunshine"; her cheeks are plump; her mouth small, the underlip a little pouted; and her teeth are pearl-like and very regular. With such a Sweetheart, and with a brave and handsome sailor-lad to protect her through a month of adventures by flood and storm, with fore-peaks, and bobstays, and bulkheads, and davits, and scuttle-butts, and courses, and royals thrown in, all of the admirers of Mr. Russell will understand the great treat that is before them in the perusal of this tale.

[5] *My Danish Sweetheart*. The Romance of a Month. By W. Clark Russell. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 60 cents. [*Harper's Franklin Square Library*.] New York: Harper & Brothers.

In reviewing in these columns a few months ago Mr. Justin McCarthy's "Life of Sir Robert Peel," one of the most satisfactory of the "Prime Minister" series, the curious fact was noticed that the author did not even allude to the existence of Sir Robert's distinguished son, the late Speaker of the House of Commons. When the younger Peel was called to that high office, many years after his father's death, Mr. Gladstone was sitting in Sir Robert Peel's seat as the Queen's Prime Minister and Leader of the House, and in offering his con-

gratulations to the new incumbent, he spoke of him as the son of a man whose follower he, Mr. Gladstone, had always been, and as one for whose name and character down to that late hour of his own life, he had retained an unbroken and undiminished veneration. Mr. Gladstone is indeed one of Peel's most enthusiastic disciples, and he very rarely lets any occasion pass, when he can consistently do so, in which he does not candidly and cordially avow himself as such. The points of sympathetic contact between them, as has often been shown, were many and great, and they were not only political but personal as well. It is not a little surprising, therefore, that Mr. Gladstone's latest biographer should neglect to speak of this potent factor and strong influence in the political education of his subject. There are frequent references in the book to Melbourne, to Palmerston, to Derby, to Salisbury, and, of course, to Disraeli, but the name of Peel is seldom to be found.

Mr. Gladstone first took his seat in the old House of Commons on the meeting of what is called the first Reformed Parliament, January 29, 1833. He was then entering his twenty-fourth year, and the English nation, as Mr. Russell shows, had just "reached one of the main turning-points of its history; that which the Duke of Wellington so aptly described as a revolution by due course of law had taken place, and the most extravagant expectations of its results filled the air." Mr. Gladstone was "very bitter against the Reform Bill, and when he came to deliver his sentiments in debate, his genuine indignation raised him to an unusual pitch of eloquence. He denounced the bill as destined to change the British form of government and to break up the foundation of social order." This was in 1831, and while he was still an undergraduate at Oxford and a prominent member of the "Union." He never spoke, of course, upon the Reform Bill in Parliament, his maiden address there being made in defence of the system of slave labor in the West Indies, particularly upon the estate of his own father at Demerara. He has lived to change his mind upon both of these subjects, as upon many others.

American readers will naturally turn to those chapters of Mr. Gladstone's life which relate to our civil war and to the *Alabama* claims. Concerning his famous statement uttered at Newcastle in the autumn of 1862, to the effect that there could be no doubt that Jefferson Davis had made a nation of the South, he said five years later that he was willing to confess that he was wrong; that he took too much upon himself in expressing such an opinion; that his sympathies were then, as always, with the whole American people; that he did not understand the nature and the working of the American Union; that he had conscientiously believed the North would be happier and stronger without the South; that he thought the negroes would be much nearer emancipation under a Southern government than under the old system of the Union; and he closed by saying that he had always contended that it was for the best interests of England that the American Union should be kept entire. All of which would lead the dispassionate onlooker at this distance to conclude that while it is very noble to apologize for mistakes made, it would be a little better, particularly in the case of a Prime Minister, not to make mistakes.

James Grant, a gentleman who edited the *London Advertiser* in the beginning of the reign of her present Majesty, and who published between 1830 and 1836, "Random Recollections of the House of Commons and the House of Lords," wrote of Mr. Gladstone in the latter year: "He is well informed on most of the subjects which usually occupy the attention of the Legislature, and he is happy in turning his information to good account.... His contemporaneous resources are ample.... He is a man of very considerable talent, but he has nothing approaching to genius.... I have no idea that he will ever acquire the reputation of a great statesman [!].... He now and then indulges in sarcasm, which is, in most cases, very felicitous. He is plausible, even when most in error," etc., etc., etc. This last remark suggests an epigrammatic speech of the late Lord Houghton, made many years afterwards, to the effect that "Gladstone's method of impartiality consists in being furiously in earnest on both sides of a question."

Neither of these is to be found in the *Life of William Ewart Gladstone*,[6] by Mr. G. W. E. Russell, lately added to the series of "The Queen's Prime Ministers," but they are interesting in themselves; and how far contemporary judgment upon Mr. Gladstone in his youth and middle age was, or was not, correct, his admirers and his enemies in his old age must determine. It is but just to his earlier reputation to add, however, that Mr. Monckton Milnes was fond of saying sharp things; and that our own Mr. Longfellow, writing in the *North American Review*, when Mr. Grant's work first appeared, said of it and its author, "In a word, the book has very bad manners."

Mr. Russell's memoir, like the volumes that have preceded it in the same series, is political rather than personal. The author has a sincere admiration for his subject. But he is just and honest—so just and so honest that it is doubtful whether he will please Mr. Gladstone's political or domestic circle, or whether he will lead strangers to like Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Gladstone's politics any better than they did before. That it will not disturb Mr. Gladstone for a moment, however, is very certain. "They have said, and they will say. Let them be saying!"

[6] *The Right Honourable William Ewart Gladstone.* By GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL. With photogravure portrait. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $1 25. ("The Queen's Prime Ministers.") New York: Harper & Brothers.

LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

AN anonymous British critic, who has evidently been making a careful and, for a Briton, a conscientious study of modern American literature, in writing lately upon that subject in one of the English periodicals, placed Miss Murfree at the head of the list of the producers of fiction in this country. "Her gift of characterization," he said, "is superb; and her other gifts are also splendid. She makes mistakes. Her style might be simpler. Her descriptions are often gorgeous, but there are too many of them, and they are too long. And in her desperate desire to get local color [he spells it *colour*] she makes too free a use of dialect. But with all her defects she is a writer of genuine power; a writer, indeed, of genius; and by far the first of the younger novelists of America." This is intended to be very strong praise; but it is neither altogether wise nor altogether just. "Superb" and "splendid" and "gorgeous" are hardly the terms to apply to Miss Murfree's work; and they are hardly the terms she would expect her own countrymen, or even her personal friends, to apply to it. Indeed, their use in this connection would lead one to suspect that the anonymous British critic in question is a woman and an American; and if the same adjectives, thus employed, had found their way into Mr. Brander Matthews's otherwise exhaustive paper entitled "Briticisms and Americanisms," they would certainly have been considered as coming under the latter category.

In the "Stranger People's" Country,[1] recently published by Miss Murfree, is neither "gorgeous" nor "splendid" nor "superb." She is merely at her best in this production; and that is very good. Her style is simple enough, she does not show undue anxiety to obtain "local color," and her "descriptions" are not too many nor too long; but she does exhibit genuine power, and, perhaps, something that nearly approaches to genius. Even her "dialect" is not so freely used as other writers use it, and as it is sometimes to be seen in Miss Murfree's own work. To those readers who are familiar by birth and by association with the provincialisms of Scott or Lever or of Mr. Thomas Hardy, the familiar talk of Miss Murfree's characters may seem awkward and uncouth; and there are, no doubt, in this country many persons unfamiliar with the fact that in Tennessee the word Tennessee very frequently is accented on the first syllable instead of the last, who will find the speech of Fee Guthrie, of the country of the Leetle Stranger, much more trying than the colloquialism of Colonel Carter, of Cartersville, or of Samuel Lawson, Esquire, of Old Town. Both the eye and the ear will become quickly accustomed to it, nevertheless; and it does not, as a rule, appear to fatigue the mind to follow it in print. Steve Yates's description of Miss Letishy Pettingill will give a fair idea of Miss Murfree's "dialect," and at the same time exhibit what her British critic styles "her gift of characterization": "She looks at ye like she *warn't* lookin' at ye, but plumb through yer skull inter yer brains, ter make sure ye war tellin' her what ye thunk. She talks cur'ous, too, sorter onexpected an' contrariwise, an' she never *could* git religion. That's mighty cur'ous in gal-folks. I ain't so mighty partic'lar 'bout men Christians, though I'm a perfesser myself, but religion 'pears ter me ter kem sorter nat'ral ter gal-folks. 'Tain't 'kase she's too religious that she ain't a-danciu'. It's jes 'kase nobody hev asked her. She ain't no sorter favo*rite* 'mongst the boys."

"The Stranger People" were the mysterious pre-historic "pygmy dwellers" of Tennessee, concerning whom nothing is now known. Who they were, and whence they came, no one can say. The mountains where they found their home—their long home—keep silence, says Miss Murfree. The stars they knew look down upon their graves, and make no sign. The action of the present story turns upon the endeavor of a "valley lawyer" to open the mounds in which they lie, and to reveal, if possible, the long-kept secret of their origin and history. The instinct of the present inhabitants of the region is to curse the man who attempts to dig the dust enclosed there, and to put serious obstructions, in the shape of rifle bullets, in the way of him who tries to move those bones; and almost as strange as "The Stranger People" themselves are the strange people who guard their graves to-day. Miss Murfree is giving these latter people local color, and in breaking the silence

[1] *In the "Stranger People's" Country*. A Novel. By CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental. New York: Harper and Brothers.

of the stars and the mountains concerning them, has undoubtedly exhibited genuine power of characterization and description.

Mrs. Edward Roberts, a very queer little person of Massachusetts, with many proofs of an afternoon's shopping in her hands and arms, is discovered in the town of Boston, and at the door of "The Ladies' Room" opening from the public hall of *The Albany Depot*,[2] when the curtain rises upon Mr. Howells's farce of that name. Mrs. Roberts is one of those delightfully inconsistent, incoherent, inconclusive, but entirely harmonious incarnations of womankind so prominent always in Mr. Howells's work, whether it be farce or tragedy. She forgets her little plush bag—that little plush bag without which the Boston woman who lives on the line of the Boston and Albany Railroad is never seen—at the Ninety-nine-Cent Store on Tremont Street; and she goes back to get it in a herdic—that uncomfortable but economical hansom of Boston—leaving Mr. Roberts to take care of her bundles, and to look for the advent of a new cook, whom he has never seen, and whose personal appearance she neglects to describe to him. Her perfectly consistent inconsistency is shown in her honest inability to discover the funny side of the situations which follow; and in this utter absence of the sense of the ridiculous she is ably supported by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Campbell. "'Then you don't see anything to laugh at,' says Mr. Campbell, 'in Roberts's having to guess who the cook was; and going up to the wrong woman, and her getting mad, and going out, and bringing back her little, fiery-red, tipsy Irishman of a husband that wanted to fight Roberts; and my having to lie out of it for him, and their going off again, and the husband coming back four or five times, between drinks, and having to be smoothed up each time.'" And then follows the moral which, no doubt, Mr. Howells intends to teach in the present fable. "'Well, by the Holy Poker!' continues Mr. Campbell, 'this knocks me out! The next time I'll marry a *man*, and have somebody around that can appreciate a joke!'"

It is pretty safe to infer that wives as well as husbands, sisters-in-law as well as brothers-in-law, will appreciate the jokes of "The Albany Depot"; for womankind is but humankind, and we all appreciate jokes—upon somebody else! The joke is upon Mrs. Roberts, not upon Mr. Roberts, until the cook appears, and turns the joke upon Mr. and Mrs. Michael McIlheny; and everybody, male and female alike, will enjoy and appreciate that joke, except the members of the Council which sits in the Boston City Hall! The present farce, while it is more adaptable, perhaps, for the closet than the stage, is quite as clever as any of Mr. Howells's earlier parlor dramas; and the entrance of the "lady" who is to cook for the household at Auburndale, and the consequent exit of the "gentleman" who married her cousin, make a most effective and artistic climax.

Mr. Howells, however, has done great injustice, although, of course, quite unintentionally, to an innocent railway corporation in speaking of "The Ladies' Room" of the "Albany Depot." Women are called Women on that line, and Men Men, in every car and in every "daypo'" from one terminus to the other, with a fearless honesty and a love of truth which have met with the unqualified approval of all of the Men and Women who are not ashamed of the fact that they *are* Men or Women, while it has offended mortally all of the "Ladies" who take in the wash, and all of the "Gentlemen" who tend the bar, between the back door of the Delavan House and the front door of the United States Hotel. And the statement here made that more than one village community between Albany and Boston has protested formally against giving Men and Women the names given to them by their Creator in the book of Genesis is a joke which Women as well as Men cannot fail to appreciate, no matter what their station in life.

Mr. Howells's *An Imperative Duty*[3] is a work of a very different kind, and it treats of a social problem much more serious than the conundrums is a man a gentleman because he wears a "stove-pipe hat," and is a woman a lady, no matter who she is, or what she does, or how much she knows? The story turns upon that peculiar condition of our mixed population in this country, which, as Mr. Howells observes, "vexes our social question with its servile past, and promises to keep it uncomfortable with its civic future"; and the chapter in which he describes the momentous interview between the niece and the aunt, where the girl learns for the first time that her grandmother was a slave, and that she herself has black blood in her veins, is as powerful as anything in modern fiction.

Mr. Howells does not attempt to solve the Negro Problem, as it is called. He does not try to explain why a man who would not think of sitting at table with his white servants is considered inconsistent because he does not sit at table with his servants who are black. He does not even affirm that all negroes are *not* servants. He simply asks in an indirect way why a man who is one-eighth African, is not as good as a man who is one-quarter European, or one-half Asiatic, or all American Indian. He simply wonders if the soul of a negro Bishop of Georgia is not as white as the soul of the newly elected Bishop of Massachusetts. He only wants to know why a good,

[2] *The Albany Depot.* A Farce. By W. D. Howells. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, 50 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[3] *An Imperative Duty.* By W. D. Howells. 12mo, Cloth. New York: Harper and Brothers.

pure, intellectual girl, who is in every respect a lady, but who has inherited a small percentage of negro blood, should not marry the whitest man that ever lived in Boston.

When Mr. John L. Sullivan goes through the Southern States upon a professional tour, he is lodged in the best apartments of the best hotels, and he rides in parlor cars; when Mr. Frederick Douglass travels over the same roads and visits the same towns a few days later, he is compelled to accept second-class accommodation (upon a first-class ticket), and to dine, like a leper, in a pen set apart for a contaminated and a contaminating race. The former is the prophet of brutality, but he is white. The latter is an educated and refined gentleman, whose name will live in the history of the nation as a heroic figure, but his mother was a slave. These are not extreme cases. There are scores of negroes in America treated, of course, as Mr. Douglass is treated, who are in no sense inferior to him; while most of the pure Caucasians who encourage the prize-fighter by their applause and their support are quite as low and quite as brutal as is Mr. John L. Sullivan himself. This is "The Color Line" which Mr. Howells draws in his latest story. And he draws it finely, although not too fine. Rhoda Aldgate is quite unlike any of the women Mr. Howells has previously pictured. Her aunt, Mrs. Meredith, on the other hand, belonged to the regulation type. She had nerves, and she lived on them; like Mrs. Marsh, she was amusingly illogical; she was also intense, and she would have left her husband alone in the Albany Depot to solve the problem of a new cook and a dozen bundles as fearlessly and as placidly as she lied to her stricken niece when asked if she had ever revealed the secret of that niece's birth to anybody else.

"An Imperative Duty" is, perhaps, taken all in all, the strongest piece of work Mr. Howells has done since the appearance of "A Foregone Conclusion."

A PROBLEM quite as important, in a social and in a political way, as the negro problem upon which Mr. Howells touches, is the problem of the future of the Jews in Russia, Austria, and their provinces, which is the *motif* of a new novel, entitled *Judith Trachtenberg*,[4] lately published in Germany and the United States, and written by Mr. Karl Emil Franzos. It is not a very cheerful story, as is to be expected, and Miss Trachtenberg is not so attractive a character as the heroine of such a tale might be expected to be. Nathaniel Trachtenberg, her father, however, is admirably drawn. He lived in a small town in Eastern Galicia, some years ago, and he won the confidence and esteem of Jews and Christians alike by his commercial integrity and by his intellectual progress. While he differed widely from the great majority of his co-religionists —he was, of course, a Jew—as to the aims and purposes of life, he nevertheless bound himself closely to them in matters of dress and style of living, and he not only conformed to every command of the Hebraic law, but he carried out every injunction of the rabbis with punctilious exactitude. He gave his son and his daughter all of the advantages of study, under the best of tutors, and he himself attended to their religious training. "'I wish my children educated with the most profound reverence for Judaism,' he said. 'The humiliations which will come to them because of their nation I can neither prevent nor modify, so I wish they should have the comfort of realizing in their struggles in life that they are suffering for something which is dear to them, and is worth the pain.'"

By this means he strove to stifle in their minds every germ of hatred towards the Christians, and at the same time he accustomed them to the feeling that sooner or later they must run the gauntlet because of their creed, and even because of the cast of their features. The result was that these children were separated from their Jewish compeers by every mode of life, every manner of speech, and every method of education, while at the same time they were divided from their Christian playfellows by the instincts of race, and by social prejudices which made anything like sympathetic intercourse virtually impossible. Whether this plan was a wise one the readers of the book must judge for themselves. The son of the Trachtenbergs did not think it so, and the daughter soon learned, to her great cost, that her brother was right. "You are a Jewess," he said to her once, "and they [the Christians] think no more of you than I do of our house-dog. Were you as beautiful as the Shunamite, as wise as the Queen of Sheba, and as good as an angel of the Lord, still you are a Jewess, and not a being like themselves."

Judith's story need not be repeated here. It will excite the interest and the profound indignation of thousands in this country, whose blood will boil at the narration of the treatment of the Jews in the lands of the Tzar and the Kaiser, and who will go on treating the men and women of African blood, who are their neighbors in the land of the free, in a manner quite as cruel and quite as unjust.

Mr. Franzos first attracted the readers of serious books in this country by a very strong novel, called "For the Right," published a few years ago. He is himself a Hebrew, born in Russian Podolia, near the Austrian frontier. He graduated with distinguished honors at the University of Vienna, and he has been a successful lawyer and a successful journalist in that city, although during the last fifteen years he has devoted himself entirely to literature and to the cause of his own people. "Judith Trachtenberg" is not his best work,

[4] *Judith Trachtenberg.* A Novel. By KARL EMIL FRANZOS. Translated by (Mrs.) L. P. and C. T. LEWIS. 8vo, Paper, 40 cents. [*Harper's Franklin Square Library.*] New York: Harper and Brothers.

but it is very well worth reading because of the moral it strives to teach.

THE account of the scattering affections, misplaced and otherwise, of Mr. Richard Pryce's Miss Maxwell is much more entertaining and much more amusing than is the history of the single and absorbing passion of the Jewish maiden who is the heroine of Mr. Franzos's tale. The English girl is by no means as good as the average angel is said to be; she is certainly not as wise as was that famous Sabian Queen who called once upon King Solomon, and she is not even as "very fair" as was Abishag, or as is Judith Trachtenberg herself; but she is the recipient of a great deal of attention from the Christians who would not pay much attention to Miss Trachtenberg, unless she were rich, and who would not pay any attention whatever to Miss Aldgate if they had the slightest indication of the nature of her aunt's Imperative Duty towards her.

Although *Miss Maxwell's Affections*[5] are focussed upon nobody but Miss Maxwell when we first make her acquaintance, she soon sets her heart, which is said to be the seat of the affections, upon one, if not upon two, particular objects, and she quickly becomes the central figure in a very pretty and harmless little love story, told by a writer comparatively new to this country, and known in his own country only by one or two novels which have met with much success. The present tale is not particularly strong or likely to be immortal; it is simply a summer novel, very well written for its kind, full of bright dialogue, possible situations, and original characters. The interest is sustained to the end, and it will prove attractive even to those serious thinkers who like to have their fiction seasoned with social problems.

Romain Kalbris[6] is a novel from the French of M. Hector Malot, translated by Mrs. Mary J. Serrano. The story is told in the first person by the titular hero, who was born at Port Dieu, near the Channel Islands, and who saw and took part in many strange and exciting adventures. His father was a sailor on a French gunboat; and Romain himself had so strong a predilection for the sea that the earlier chapters of his autobiography would lead his readers to expect a narrative in the vein of Mr. Clark Russell. His experiences, however, were not unlike those of Mrs. Lillie's "Phil and the Baby," noticed briefly in these columns a twelvemonth since. He joined the company of a travelling circus—much against his will—and he proves conclusively enough that barebacks are just as slippery and that sawdust is quite as hard in the Old World as in the New.

The most interesting character in the book is M. de Bihorel, who befriended Romain in his babyhood, and who is too rarely seen in its pages. He disappears suddenly on page fifty-four to return as suddenly on page two hundred and fifty-one, and it is pleasant to think of him as still living, on the last page of all, in good health and happy, at the age of ninety-two. A little story he tells of how his life was saved in the Russian campaign upon the bank of the Elbe, because he stooped to pick a tiny blue flower to send to his wife on her birthday, is as pretty as a poem, and it deserves to be told here in full, in his own words, did space permit.

Romain sees a little of life before the mast; that is, so far as such life can be seen by a stowaway shut up in a sailor's chest; and he is still a boy when his author leaves him. Boys, therefore, as well as older persons, will enjoy the account of his adventurous career. Mrs. Serrano has done her share of the work carefully and well. She will be remembered as the translator of the morbid vaporings of that self-conscious Franco-Russian young woman called Marie Bashkirtseff.

COLONEL KNOX'S *Boy Travellers in Northern Europe*[7] did not, unfortunately, stop on their way to Amsterdam at the birthplace of Romain Kalbris on the west coast of France, and it is greatly to be regretted that the world should have lost the results of their shrewd observations upon the condition of the Hebrew race in Russia, Prussia, and Austrian Poland. We left these widely experienced young persons in London, not very long ago; and we are asked to rejoin them now in the same city to make a prolonged and very interesting journey with them through Holland, Germany, Denmark, Norway and Sweden, and even to such out-of-the-way places as Heligoland and the North Cape. They travel, as usual, with their eyes and their ears and their notebooks wide open; and they talk as learnedly concerning what they have seen and heard and jotted down as they have always talked in their previous and greatly varied wanderings by land and sea. The fact that Fred is beginning to quote poetry—and Byron's poetry—and that he places particular emphasis upon a certain *thou* in "Childe Harold," as giving him double joy by her presence, is proof enough that these Boy Travellers are growing up, and are no longer the children we met first in "The Far East" in 1879 or 1880. May they, and we, and Colonel Knox travel as Boys together for many years to come.

[5] *Miss Maxwell's Affections.* A Novel. By RICHARD PRYCE. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents. [*Harper's Franklin Square Library.*] New York: Harper and Brothers.

[6] *Romain Kalbris.* The Adventures of a Runaway by Land and Sea. By HECTOR MALOT. Translated by MARY J. SERRANO. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents. [*Harper's Franklin Square Library.*] New York: Harper and Brothers.

[7] *The Boy Travellers in Northern Europe.* Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey through Holland, Germany, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, with Visits to Heligoland and the Land of the Midnight Sun. By THOMAS W. KNOX. Illustrated. Square 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $3 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

AT THE HOME OF THE KODAK.

IN a recent number of THE CENTURY James Whitcomb Riley, in his inimitable Hoosier dialect, tells how

> "Uncle William last July
> Had his picture took,"

and describes with charming simplicity the old Indiana farmer who couldn't see why they should want his "likeness." But one morning they got him into town,

> "Bragged how well he looked, and fleshed
> Up around the face,"

till the old fellow succumbed to the flattering and "sat." The conclusion of the poem is touching in the extreme:

> "All so providential! Why,
> Now he's dead and gone,
> Picture 'pears so lifelike I
> Want to start him on
> Them old tales he ust to tell
> And old talks so sociable,
> And old songs he sung so well
> 'Fore his voice was gone!"

But the most important pictures taken by the Kodak, after all, are the pictures of the baby! The reign of a man as master of his own house lasts only till the baby comes. After that he resigns in favor of the new administration. A friend of mine has several series of Kodak pictures subdivided as follows:

1 set of his horse,	4 sets of his wife,
3 sets of his dog,	41 sets of his baby.

He is still adding to the last series. I looked over some pictures at the factory, that had been sent for finishing. I picked them out at random. The first lot consisted of a full roll, 100 pictures. Six were marked imperfect, and ninety-four good. The ninety-four were of the baby, the other six I don't know what they were; but that man has a gallery of pictures that money can't buy, that will be a source of pleasure to him to the end.

The click of the Kodak button is now heard around the world. It has not only brought photography within reach of the general public, but has done more to deepen the popular interest in the science of photography than any other discovery in the art. Photography is no longer the secret of the darkened laboratory. Through the Kodak, thousands of persons have now more or less acquaintance with chemicals and processes employed in making photographs, though not one of them knew more at first than to press the button. But gradually the fascination of the work took hold of them, and unconsciously they acquired practical knowledge of a business which, if necessity demanded, would earn them a first-class livelihood, and which to an ambitious mind offers a field of unlimited pos-

INSPECTING KODAKS.

Light, it is exclusively an American invention, and largely the product of one man's efforts, Mr. George Eastman, founder of the company which now bears his name.

Mr. Eastman's career is typical of this country, and is a striking illustration of what energy, industry, and perseverance can accomplish in the face of all obstacles. Mr. Eastman's first start was in an experimental laboratory in his own house. From that insignificant beginning he has seen a business grow till his company has become of international reputation, with important business connections in all parts of the world. The business having grown beyond the capacity of the old factory, it has been turned into an office and shipping department, and immense new works erected in the outskirts of the city for the manufactory. These new factory buildings are unique. No others are like them. They were built specially for the specific business, and embody every suggestion that previous experience proved practical. The man with an eye for machinery will be interested in the Engine-House, with its boilers, engines, ice-machine, etc. The Electric-Light Plant furnishing power and light will further impress him, and the peculiar construction of the buildings themselves will excite his curiosity. The main buildings are detached from the Power House, to avoid vibration and dust. Two hundred horse-power is required to operate the plant, and over five hundred people are now engaged in manufacturing the Kodak and the supplies connected therewith.

The first step is making the Camera itself.

sibilities. Who knows but that it remains for a Kodaker to make the first successful print in colors? That is only one of the coming things in photography. I cannot tell you to what an extent the industrial and mechanical arts would be affected by such a discovery; it is beyond human calculation.

A few words, therefore, about the home of the Kodak may not be without interest. Although there is a great factory devoted to the manufacture of the Kodak in England, and others contemplated for France and Germany, yet the parent house is American, and is located in the thriving town of Rochester, New York State. Like the Telegraph, Telephone, and Electric

IN THE EMULSION ROOM.

REMOVING SPOTS IN PHOTOGRAPHS.

If it takes nine men to make a pin, it takes apparently nine times nine to make a Camera, so many different groups are at work on it. One set prepare the wood by cutting it, seasoning it, and drying it again. Others put it together, while still others arrange the interior mechanism. When all the parts are completed the final touches are put on. The Lens is properly focused, then thoroughly tested, several pictures being made under varying conditions to practically demonstrate the perfect working of the Kodak. After this examination is made it is loaded, sealed, and packed for shipment. When a sealed camera is delivered to the purchaser, that seal indicates that it left the factory in perfect condition. There is no fear about its getting out of order by rough usage. It is made for that purpose, and will stand all the wear and tear incident to its career.

FINISHING THE CASE.

The light yellow transparent film which is on the roll-holder, and which is rarely seen by many persons, as it is never exposed to light, is what takes the picture, and the sensitive coating on it is made in the Emulsion Room. Locked in this room is a great secret. No tale of the romancer can equal the mystery that surrounds this weird place with its perpetual gloom. Shadowy figures move noiselessly about preparing the Emulsion, which is so sensitive to light that should one ray of white light enter this room all its contents would be instantly destroyed. Small incandescent lights covered with deep orange paper relieve this room of absolute darkness, but the inexperienced visitor would be unable to distinguish anything. Constant association, however, enables the workman to see as well in this gloom as you and I do in the light.

PRINTING KODAK NEGATIVES IN THE GALLERY.

When the Emulsion is finally prepared it is spread over large sheets of transparent material 34 inches wide and 300 feet long, $\frac{3}{1000}$ of an inch thick. When dried it forms a thin coating which adheres to the transparent material, and the two form a perfect substitute for the former cumbersome glass dry plates. The sheets are subsequently cut in strips to suit the different-size roll-holders. This is one great feature peculiar to the Kodak.

When the Kodak comes back to have the negatives developed, each roll is numbered, and each separate exposure is marked with the same number. At the height of the busy season thousands of negatives come back every day, and the system which provides for a proper handling of each order is perfection itself. The number of exposures is first ascertained, and when they are all developed a complete record of the result is returned to the office. As some are occasionally spoiled, directions for avoiding the trouble in future accompany the returned negative. Thus, some are marked "over-timed," some "under-timed," "double exposure," "insufficient light," etc., etc., so that when the operator learns the result of his first experience he is in a position to make his next attempt with almost absolute success.

MOUNTING PHOTOGRAPHS.

After the roll-holder has been removed from the camera, which is done in the dark room, the development commences. The roll is cut into short lengths to facilitate handling, and is first immersed in water. After soaking a short time it is put in a solution of pyrogallic acid and soda, and in this bath the picture slowly appears. When the picture is brought out sufficiently the image is "fixed" in a solution of hyposulphite of soda. Then the negative is

washed and dried and taken to the printing galleries. Here are sheets of albumenized paper, sensitized with silver. The negative is laid face down on this paper, and placed in a small printing frame. Small springs close the frame and bring the face of the negative and the prepared paper into close contact. The frame has a glass face through which the light penetrates, and the action of the light through the negative gives the picture. When each of the negatives has been printed the prints are toned in a solution of gold, to give them the right color, and then sent to the Finishing Room. Here small imperfections are removed, and the picture is mounted on heavy cardboard. It has a dull finish up to this point and lacks brilliancy. But several turns through a burnishing machine — a contrivance like a wringer, the cylinders being of steel and heated by steam — give a beautiful, highly polished appearance, and the completed picture is ready for the customer again. As many of these pictures as

FOCUSING THE LENS.

BURNISHING PHOTOGRAPHS.

required can be printed from these negatives at any time.

There is a popular impression that because the roll-holder is arranged to take 100 pictures the operator must necessarily wait till the entire series is taken before sending them back to be finished. This is an error. You can have any number developed at any time by merely removing the roll-holder and cutting off such pictures as may be required and forwarding them by mail. Kodakers are naturally impatient to see their work, and it would be unreasonable to ask them to finish the whole hundred before they saw the results of the first ten, and that point is fully recognized by the makers of the Kodak.

Seldom indeed has an advertising phrase so caught the popular fancy as "You press the button; we do the rest." It is heard on the street, in the cars, at the theatre, in the clubs, and, in fact, wherever men and women most do congregate. The comic papers have burlesqued it, statesmen have paraphrased it, and it is repeatedly used to point a moral or adorn a tale. Chauncey M. Depew, in a great speech before the New York Chamber of Commerce, made one of his most telling hits by aptly quoting Mr. Eastman's aphorism. Speaking of reciprocity, Mr. Depew said, among other things referring to needed legislation:

"With the control we already possess of the markets of Europe in breadstuffs and provisions, we can relegate the burning question of the pig and his international rights to the realm of diplomacy if wise legislation by Congress will give to the American merchant the opportunity to carry the product of the American farm to the republics of South and Central America.

"As merchants and bankers and business men, we say to Congress in the language which advertises that most universal production of our institutions, the 'Kodak': 'You press the button; we do the rest.' (Loud and continued applause.)"

The word Kodak itself has often been ascribed to Greek origin. As a matter of fact the word is an arbitrary coinage, used to identify the manufactures of the Eastman Company, and until used in this connection had no existence, and meant nothing.

Many women who have a natural talent for writing have encountered the greatest difficulty in having suitable illustrations made. It is hard to describe exactly what one most wishes to preserve, and the disappointment of work done under such circumstance is invariable. There is but little doubt that books handsomely illustrated are more readily sold, and with the Kodak any number of illustrations are at hand for the author at any time. A case in point is Mrs. General Collis's interesting book, "A Woman's Trip to Alaska." In it

DEVELOPING KODAK NEGATIVES IN THE DARK ROOM.

she describes in a charming manner her trip along the Northern Pacific and up the coast of British America to Alaska. All through her book are delightful pictures of the things that most impressed her, and underneath each is the line "Kodak'd by the author." There are some very humorous suggestions in her snap-shots from the rear of the last vestibule; and when she describes the Yellowstone Park and illustrates her work with Kodaks taken by herself, she adds at once a wonderful degree of interest to her trip, and has a record of an experience so good and so novel that not only were her immediate friends interested in her tale, but the general public as well, and her book now enjoys a wonderful popularity all over the country. No wonder Mrs. Collis becomes enthusiastic over the beauties of our country when she has so much to remind her of them. To Mrs. Collis also belongs the credit of using the word Kodak as a verb. Doubtless Mrs. Collis's book will do much to stimulate other efforts in the same direction, and such a rivalry cannot fail to be of benefit.

As a phrenologist the Kodak takes high rank. It is an index to character unerring in its conclusions. If a man is a lover of horseflesh you will find his Album filled with pictures of all the crack trotters in the country. If he is a yachtsman, all the chief participants in the leading regattas find an honored place in his cabinet. Bacon said you can tell a man by the letter he writes. You can do it more easily by the picture he takes.

If he has been abroad the route is as plainly indicated as if it were laid out before you. He finds no difficulty at the custom-houses. All nations know the Kodak, and it is pronounced the same in every tongue. There is the scene on leaving the dock, the Departure of the Pilot, Incidents on Board, and the First View of Land on the Irish Coast. Few prints come from London, probably because the smoke and fog are not favorable to the taking of good pictures.

From France come some interesting bits of Paris. Italy seems to reawaken the spirit, and the Coliseum, the Leaning Tower, and many familiar scenes follow in quick succession. Venice seems to lead in a pictorial sense: more views of Gondolas, Incidents of Canal Travel, coming from there than from almost any other point except possibly Switzerland. Lake Como, Luzerne, the Matterhorn, Châlets, Peasants, Hotels, etc., mark the tourist's path to Germany. Berlin, the Home of the Kaiser, comes in for a goodly share of attention; The Schloss, Unter den Linden, and Bismarkiana figuring prominently. A good deal of taste is displayed in the selection of subjects, those showing hackneyed themes being pretty well eschewed. From the number of views given of any particular place it is easy to tell what has most pleased the traveller. The immense amount of interest added to a trip under such circumstances cannot be denied; and when an unusually interesting event occurs, such as the Passion Play at Oberammergau, the series contains material that cannot be duplicated under any circumstances.

At home the Kodaker finds innumerable practical uses for his camera. The man who has a house to sell or a stock farm finds a great ally in his Kodak. Purchasers who cannot spare the time to visit the place personally receive an exact representation of the article by the next mail, and much time and trouble are saved in consequence.

There are many scenes and incidents connected with summer life which endear themselves to the young people, and it serves to bring back many a pleasant hour in after-years when nothing remains but a distant memory.

Young parents, as we all know, have a habit of promising themselves and each other that baby's photograph shall be taken every six months until he is four or five years old. Yet how rarely is this noble resolve put into execution! The inconvenience and expense of obtaining such pictures are apt to put all enthusiasm on the subject to flight. With a

IN THE SHIPPING DEPARTMENT.

Kodak in the house—ready for use upon a moment's notice—every whim in this direction is easily gratified.

The future of photography is alluring in its possibilities. No other science holds out such inducements to the searcher after the secrets locked in the heart of chemistry. When the first successful photograph was made, all the art centres were shaken to their foundation, and the prejudice against it among the artists in Paris was formidable. Painting, they said, was doomed. But the camera has become an ally of the palette, and the two work in harmony for the good of all mankind. We cannot all own great pictures, but the numerous reproductions at a slight expense are brought within our reach by the camera.

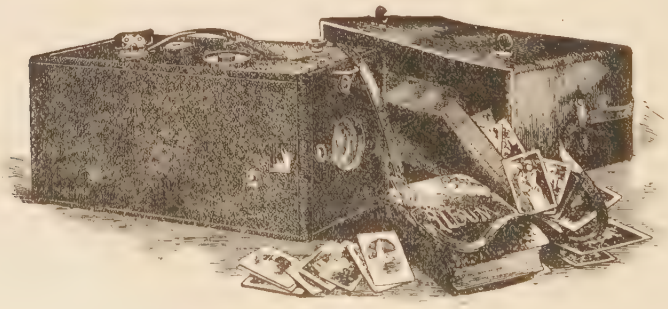
But not only in peace is the camera great, for in war its utility is startling to contemplate. With a balloon and a Kodak every plan and detail of the enemy's fortifications can be laid before the opposing army. A view of the country for many miles around can be had, and the movements of an army detected long before the action begins. In this direction the Kodak may become an instrument of warfare more to be dreaded than a dynamite gun.

All sorts and conditions of men and women to-day use the Kodak. Presidents and Emperors, Kings and Princes, Statesmen and Theologians, Littérateurs and Ministers, Doctors and Lawyers, Artists and Artisans, and, in short, the whole range of human society, find an endless source of pleasure and profit in the unassuming Kodak.

The Kodak is made in several sizes, and is kept in stock by photo dealers in all parts of the world. A visit to the nearest dealer will enable you to see the goods, and give you other information which our space forbids. If your dealer does not keep them, write to the Company direct, and they will gladly answer all questions.

Every effort is made by the Eastman Company to provide inquirers by mail with full information regarding the Kodak. There is a Manual of Photography, which accompanies each Kodak, which gives every particular regarding the practical working of the instrument, together with directions for developing. Several other pamphlets are in course of preparation—one, "Through Europe with a Kodak," of particular interest, which will be mailed to those interested. Almost every dealer in the United States has the Kodak in stock, but if you live in a remote point write to the Company direct.

H. C. Brown.



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